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Exclusive Friendships

By ELBERT HUBBARD

Friendship is noble, but it should not be exclusive.

No two persons of the same sex can compliment each other, neither can they benefit one another.

We should have many friends of one sex.

When two men begin to "tell each other everything," they are hating for enmity. There must be a bit of well defined reserve.

We are told that in matters of solid steel, for instance—the molecules never touch. They never surrender their individuality. We are all divine molecules.

And our personality should not be abandoned. Be yourself, let no man be necessary to you—your friend will think more of you if you keep him at a little distance.

Friendship, like credit, is highest where it is not used.

I can understand how a strong man may have a great and abiding affection for a thousand other men, and call them all by name, but how he can regard any one of these men much closer than another and preserve his mental balance, I do not know.

Let a man come close enough and he'll hush you like a drowning person, and own you both go.

In a close and exclusive friendship each person partakes of the other's weaknesses.

In shops and factories it happens constantly that men will have their chums. These men relate to each other their troubles—they keep nothing back—they sympathize with each other, they mutually console.

Their friendship is exclusive, and others see that it is.

Jealousy creeps in, suspicion awakens, and these men combine in mutual dislike for certain things and persons.

They foment each other, and their sympathy dilutes sanity—by recognizing fan-

cies troubles and making them real. Things get out of focus, and the sense of values is lost.

By thinking some one is an enemy, you evolve him into one.

Soon others are involved, and we have a clique.

A clique develops into a faction, and a faction into a feud, and soon we have a mob, which is a blind, stupid, insane, crazy, ramping, roaring mass that has lost the rudder. In a mob there are no individuals—all are of one mind, and independent thought is gone.

A feud is founded on nothing—it is a mistake—a fool idea fanned into flame by a fool friend.

Every man who has had anything to do with communal life has noticed that the clique is the disintegrating bacillus. The clique has its rise always in the exclusive friendship of two or three persons of the same sex, who tell each other all unkind things that are said of each other—"so be on your guard."

Respect all men and try to find the good in all. To associate only with the sociable, the witty, the wise, the brilliant, is a blunder—go among the plain, the stupid, the uneducated, and exercise your own wit and wisdom.

You grow by giving—have no favorites—do not hold your friend as much by "keeping away from him as you do by following after him.

Revere him—yes, but let space intervene. Be a divine molecule.

Be yourself and give your friend a chance to be himself. Thus do you benefit him, and in benefiting him you benefit yourself.

The finest friendships are between those who can do without each other.

The beautiful dream of socialism, where each shall work for the good of all, will never come about until 51 per cent of the adults shall abandon all exclusive friendships.

Until that day arrives we will have cliques and denominations—which are cliques grown big—factions, feuds and occasional mobs.

Do not lean on any one, and let no one lean on you. The ideal society will be made up of ideal individuals.

Be a man and be a friend to everybody. When the Master admonished His disciples to love their enemies. He had in mind the truth that an exclusive love is a mistake—love dies when it is monopolized—it grows by giving.

The Latest in Paris Modes

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A Princess model of navy blue taffeta, with pinked ruching outlining the skirt, sash in the back and white linen collar and cuffs. Fans of foliage trim a coral soutache straw.

To a full skirt and a flaring jacket and green check, buttons are added; belt and collar of oil-cloth. The Chinese hat is in green Milan and black satin.

Mysteries of Woman's Soul

By PAOLA LOMBRISO.

To the superficial observer the impression of the majority of every day women, that surround him is one of a woman who conceals rather than reveals of woman in general.

What does he see? Young, pretty, beautiful girls, wise in the matter of dress, hungry for attention, shy and superficial, always on the outlook for a husband.

He sees young women who are tyrannical and distrustful if they are adored, unattractive and pretentious if they believe they are gifted, taken up with petty scandals and gossip, interested mostly in shopping, calling, and other amusements on the rules of etiquette.

He also sees good housewives, mothers, wives, good-hearted, but narrow-minded, anxious for their husbands to be decorated, infatuated with their children and believing it not to be a crime to humiliate in their smallest whims. Slaves to their embroidery and knitting, upset and despair if the cook happens to waste a titte butter.

Such is the average woman—an elegant, graceful, conventional doll on every point, justifying the expression "the weaker sex." But this is only apparent, for it is in this kind of woman that I have found the purest, greatest, strongest and most indomitable force: it is this kind of woman that can show firmness and courage, dignity and sense of justice, self-reliance, feeling of duty, and who in an emergency can fight to the bitter end.

The contrast between the commonplace of woman's everyday life, and her capacity for more strength in a decisive moment is indeed wonderful and striking. Here is an essential point where the moral strength of woman differs from men. A morally strong man is strong as a result of instinct, or education, and he remains so whether his life is happy or full of suffering, but the men who are strong not only physically, but morally are more rare than one should think.

Woman, on the other hand, allows her moral strength to remain dormant, while her life is placid, happy and normal. But when the necessity arises—when poverty, ailments or sickness overtake her—she only acts upon her like magic. It is not only a woman, it is all, the most commonplace, the poorest, the weakest, who, suddenly without any warning, without preparation, unhesitatingly are ready to devote themselves, sacrifice themselves, release, fearless, humble and ardent, sustained by an interior fire, which is suddenly ignited and does not go out.

The most simple, most frivolous woman lies at the bottom of her soul a spark of exaltation which neither she herself nor anybody else suspects, which she never knows if her life runs its normal course, or which springs into evidence and manifests itself by actions of devotion and self-sacrifice, if fate strikes a cruel blow against her, or those whom she loves.

When she does not fire, she does not complain, nor give way to useless despair; it rushes into the breach. The woman hesitates to put her feet into cold, acid water throws herself into the arms of the roaring, surging sea-ström.

I can give you one striking instance. A lady whom I knew personally had been married eighteen years to a very rich, cynical, depraved banker, who neglected her and abused her so cruelly that each time she was on the point of asking for a divorce. Then came a financial scandal; the banker was ruined, treated, found guilty of a fraud, and sentenced to several years imprisonment.

When this abused wife saw her husband rushed and condemned to prison, she forgot the reasons she had to hate him, although she could not love him, he was the only one who remained faithful to him. For two years she regularly bought him a basket of luncheon she

had prepared with her two hands, waiting her turn in the long row of waiting persons, exposed to the humiliating and impudent remarks of the gendarmes.

When her husband was sent to the penitentiary, she pinched, starved, and saved in order to be able to send him books, flowers and fruit to his prison cell.

Here is another case. It was also a woman whom I knew intimately. She is dead now, but while she was alive she was known as a rather disagreeable person. While she was prosperous, she was tyrannical and jealous of her husband, unkind to her children, miserly, cruel to her servants, haughty toward her acquaintances, and more than condescending toward those whom she considered her inferiors. Her husband lost his fortune and they were without any means of existence. She then took up her forgotten studies, applied for a position as

a teacher, and got on at an annual salary of 1,500 francs, and on this she supported her husband and children. She became the most devoted of wives and mothers—changed her character entirely. From morose she became gay, though she now had to work late and early and she tried in no way to pose as a victim of unfortunate circumstances. She did

this for fifteen years until her death, while her husband made no effort whatsoever to get on his feet again, but simply sat down with idle hands cursing his ill-luck, and grumbling at the meager fare her salary provided. This is one of the most salient characteristics of woman's moral strength. She finds a "raison d'être" in her devotion and self-sacrifice.

She goes up into her part and shuts her ears to any outside voice. A man is hardly ever thus able to consecrate his whole life to one person, one individual. I do not mean to say that he is not capable of the same zeal, the same sacrifices, but he is eminently social and his devotion is more apt to be to a cause than to an individual.

Dancing is the Best Exercise

As Practiced Today it is the Most Effective Road to Good Health

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Recently a young man who found himself worn out from the exciting work of being secretary to a big corporation, went to one of New York's cleverest specialists to be, as he put it, "built up."

The doctor looked the young business man over thoroughly and announced that he was suffering from nothing in the world but lack of exercise. "You need at least three hours of strenuous exercise a day," said he.

"But doctor, how am I going to get three hours' exercise? My work keeps me at my desk from 9 to 5, with a possible hour out for lunch. Precious little chance for fresh air in that six days a week schedule."

"I'm not insisting on sunshine and fresh air," replied the physician. "I told you to exercise. Do it at night. Do it in an attractive environment with music and laughter and pleasant companions to spur you on Dance."

And this great specialist advocated a course which is coming more and more to be respected by physicians and laymen: Dance. There is no more healthful, stimulating and altogether pleasant exercise in all the list of body builders.

Have you never wondered why the dancing craze swept the country so broadly and gathered in citizens from 17 to 70?

The best way to figure the thing out is to dance a full four-minute phonograph record to the steps of the old-fashioned waltz or two-step. Repeat the same step over and over with no change in tempo or accent for four minutes. At the end of that time you have had a period of strenuous exercise, and unless you are young and in the prime of condition, you are likely to be red-faced, panting, excessively warm and much too worn out to look forward to the next waltz or two-step with any enthusiasm.

Here is the answer as to why the dancing of our early youth was never as popular as that of the present decade. The waltz and two-step were "too much like work" to become popular for parents and grandparents, as well as josty young children. They were good exercise, but you couldn't use them to put yourself in condition; you had to be in condition before you could venture into these over-strenuous whirls.

The dancing of the present day permits combinations of steps, changes of positions, variations from half time to double quick, glides and walks which combine into whole in which each new position you rest and readjust yourself from the last. The followers of the new dance may begin with simple steps which are pleasing and enjoyable and exercise themselves gradually back into a condition of health or forward into a condition of strength, where the most strenuous dips and evolutions are possible.

The new dancing is self-adjusting. You fit it to your desires, to your lung capacity, to your ability to keep cool, and to the nimbleness of your feet. Each personality may be fitted. So grandfather and grandson both rise joyfully to the measures for fox trot, canter waltz or one-step, and, to the self-same tune, dance joyously according to their conception of how to "take a step."

"Everybody's doing it" does not quite explain the new dance and its popularity. Everybody can do it—this is the main reason for the spread of the craze—and

there are several very good minor causes.

We all tire easily of the same thing over and over again. There is no monotony to the new dancing. The music to which it is performed has a swing and syncopated catchiness that fairly expresses the mood and temperament of our nation and generation.

Rhythm is a very natural expression of feeling. Out of rhythm grew poetry and music. Primitive peoples, when they meet for joyous festivals, awayed naturally to their own chanting.

Dancing is a splendidly perfected expression of rhythm. But when dancing was a hard and fast one-two, one-two, one-two, it did not allow the individual much chance for self-expression.

The man who comes out of his office at 6 o'clock and who fairly drags his feet along as he sets out mechanically to "walk home through the park" for the splendid exercise it affords, misses anything splendid in the exercise he takes because he thinks he ought to. There is no joy, no uplift in the sudden way he drags himself along or lashes himself to proceed on the balls of his feet performing dull and uninteresting deep-breathing exercises the while.

Exercise to perform its functions in the way that is best for the body, ought to be crisp and joyous. It ought to fill the mind. "The tired business man" who takes his exercise at walking, at driving home in his motor car, or with some mechanical exercise, may get fresh air or movement or both. But all the while he is probably going over his business problems and missing the relaxation of tired nerves and stimulation of feeling which would make his exercise worth while.

The man who can go out early in the morning and ride horseback or have a good game of tennis or can follow a golf ball over the undulating links for hours is getting splendid exercise.

But for the average business man who hasn't a chance at the outdoor world, except on Sundays or at vacation time, the dance craze is a blessing. The busy society woman whose most violent form of exercise has hitherto been to let her manicure work at flabby thumbs, now rises to the occasion and joyfully whirls in the dance. Men and women who though themselves too old for active enjoyment, find youth and light hearts rising up from their own tripping feet.

The doctor who advises the young business man of frenzied nerves was wise in his day and generation.

Exactly what will this tired man find in dancing? First, his one chance of exercise. Second, his one chance of relaxation and forgetfulness of all his business problems together with stimulation of stagnant blood and outworn muscles. Then joy and pleasant companionship. And finally from the music, the lights, the laughter and the gaiety all about him an invitation and an incentive to youth and gaiety in his own heart which will renew his for the grind of the next business day.

Dancing in moderation and with sanity is probably the most healthful as well as the most pleasant, form of exercise. And dancing is within the reach of all—rich and poor, young and old.

regard it on the high plane where it is meant to be, as sane, healthy, pleasant exercise. Remember that once it was held in such high repute that it was a religious rite. Respect it as a fine chance for muscles and lungs and heart. Then this splendid chance for self-expression will be kept on the high plane its health-giving qualities and joy-promoting ability deserve.



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