The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Responsibility in Friendship

By MRS. FRANK LEARNED.

"The Etiquette of New York" "Ideals for Girls," 'etc.

There is great responsibility in friendship. We are apt to forget that we owe much to a friend who comes into our We like to be cheered and stimulated ourselves in the companionship of congenial friends, but we do not always think what we may be to them, what they may be looking for, waiting or hoping for; just a word of cheer, or sympathy, or encouragement, or, it may be, a word of counsel. We are often too self-absorbed to see what they want, orperhaps, we are selfishly indifferent, provided we have been pleased and cheered ourselves. Truly, we are not fit to be a friend until we realize responsibility in friendship. The essential thing is to be a friend.

A word may save a friend from a foolish of an imprudent action, or a very grave mistake. But we need to have much tact in speaking the word. gentle suggestion often belps. Friendship does not take for granted the rough telling of faults, or the making of harsh criticisms. If it is necessary to speak a strong word which will arouse conscience and clear the way to nobler things, the word must be spoken bravely. A true friend is not one who flatters, not one who is blind to our faults, but who inspires us to do our best. To give strength to a friend in time of weakness or discouragement is a glorious privilege,

"I shall never quite understand your interest in me," said a girl to an older woman, in a talk which had given her ourage and inspiration. "Few friends old take the trouble to be so kind and

Try to understand that I like to be trusted, like to help," said the older. 'Anything that I have to give, or share, in experience, knowledge of the world, insight into the problems of life and haracter is given with glad service."

Problems, yes, there seem to be plenty of problems and struggles," said

"Life would be dull without them," re plied her friend. "We have our proboms and our fights of different kinds entinually. It is worth many fights not make a mistake."

It seems hard that everyone should have to fight so constantly," the girl

But one learns many things in the process," answered the older woman. "By one's own efforts life becomes better and fuller and character is built up."

Confidences in friendship need to be entrusted only to a strong sympathetic nature. A friend needs to be tested be fore one's inmost thoughts are divulged. It is safe not to be hasty in rushing into intimacles. Girls too often find excitement in thrilling outpourings to each other, overflowing confidences to a new friend. The friend who is tested, whom we trust, will be true, loyal, generoushearted, never disappointing and never hurting us. The friend in whom we may depend will not make professions of af fection and turn away in moments of perplexity or be cold in time of our joy, but will show sincere interest in our life, giving sympathy in hours of distress and in hours of happiness. It is easy to be sorry for a friend's misfortune, but to rejoice honestly in a friend's success or prosperity is a true test of friendship and part of friendship's re-

Modesty and Dignity. Dear Miss Fairfax: Recently I was ntroduced to a young girl to whom I mmediately took a liking, because she cemed to possess good qualities, and a yoek later had the pleasure of taking Teek later had the pleasure of taking iter out on a boat trip with two other bbys and girl friends of mine, and while on the above trip she seemed to ignore me entirely, although I am positive that I did not offend her in any way.

While on the above trip I seemed to lose all respect that I ever had for her, for she told one of my boy friends—who was a total stranger to her—that if he wanted he could rest his head on her shoulder.

wanted he could rest his head on he shoulder.

I did not say anything about it until we all reached home, and then one of the coys asked me why I was a slow poke, meaning, of course, why I did not get agore familiar with the girl I had taken out, and my answer to him was that since I have known the young lady for so short a time I did not think it proper. Do you think that a girl who invites such attentions from a stranger is worth the name "lady," also if I should give up the friendship of the above girl, as I am in a very good position to marry a am in a very good position to marry a nice young girl, but have never given up hope of finding my ideal of girl that I could love and trust, as I have found out that the only things that the average New York girl cares for is dancing and good times.

A MODEST BOY.

There are numerous girls in New York, as I have only the girls and abruptly took his departure.

Still weeping, the little girl found her.

It she would give him a kias. This was at the corner of a slum, a man in tattered rags, with the forehead of the first Napoleon and the lion-roar voice of Mirabenum and the unfortunate, and the idle and the mischievous, and filled their hearts with fire and passion and hate.

Still weeping, the little girl found her.

as well as through the cities and countryside, who are sweet and dignified. You are sure to meet them in time. In the meantime suppose you act the part of a loyal friend and tell this silly and misguided girl how bold conduct such as hers will lose for her the best and highest form of regard. She probably has a foolish notion that she must act as she does in order to be popular. If you talk to her with kindness and tact perhaps you can raise her standard of womand. If not, keep your own standards high and wait for the finest type of wo-

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N. Y.

"What Are Little Girls Made Of?"



No. 1 HATS



By Nell Brinkley
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flowery and turn me a neat glorification of girl-kind to pass on to you. But he didn't say it. Said he: "Why-girls are made of hats, and boots, and slippers, and things that smell sweet, and a bewildering number of hair-do's, and gloves (mitts, this year, I hear), and parasols, and smiles, and neck-fluffs, and silk stockings, and frocks as many as the stars that fly and wheel in the diamond-powdered bowl of the night sky! That's what girls are made of! Those things and something else undefinable that makes them adorable and desirable, in spite of the fact that they are cats, every one!"

I'll begin with hats, chapeaux, lids, bonnets-whatever they look like

Hats! Where in the deepest, wildest, lonesomest, goldenest desert is the little woman who doesn't adore hats? And who ever

This summer hats are gems. They are as dainty as the Lady chin, or back of your ears, or around your hair, or above your eyes.

There are tiny little hats fitted on like a half of a cocoanut shell. There are soft, gardeny hats for the English type. You know-slim and tall, and pink as a blush-rose. There are little hats like saucers, smacked flat on the front of mademoiselle's head and tied down with

And there is, oh, little picture bat, little hat made for the delight of the artist-he who "scratches for a living"-the little hat

BRINKLEY.

Read It Here-See It at the Movies.

INTRODUCING EARLE WILLIAMS ANITA STEWART as The Goddess

Written by Gouverneur Morris (One of the Most Notable Pig-ures in American Literature) Dramatised Into a Photo-Play by CHARLES W. GODDARD. Author of Fauline

(Copyright, 1915, by Star Company.) FIRST EPISODE.

During the moment in which he had occeeded in diverting her attention the oung man had slipped the three photographs in their folded leather frame into one of his capacious pockets. His mission in the house finished, he asked her

way to a plaza that opened off the liv- guns, with poles, with hatchets, with ing hoom. Here she seated herself on a hammers, stopping a limousine on Fifth o rich and repressed in its moldings and the tion-roar voice of Mirabeau. turnishings, where Gordon Barclay re-

Semmes and Sturievant, of all men, crawled no elevated trains, beneath deepest in his confidence, were strangely which no subways ran, a city in which moved. The great man for once had not no statues or things of beauty remained been dealing with facts, but with fancies. Very quietly and earnestly he had been ness, drunkenness, murder and rapine.

of the world were driving. every bottle, 10c, 25c, hypnotic effect upon the two men. He taken, now begging, now commanding, change in that care now? stood in shadow against the wains- now wheedling, now killing, and then he

> the achievements of capital-steamers too sigh frenties, accourse miles of corrugated

that they staggered belief and swayed in whether we want to the wind; hospitals, hotels, banks, or not? libraries, cathedrals, great acreages of That's what they're rock and gravel turned into green um- discussing in the brageous playgrounds for a free people. | war zone just now, He showed them department stores teem- for thousands and ing with life, vast terminal stations, tun- hundreds of thousnels passing under broad rivers, great ands of war cables libraries, free to rich and poor alike, are on the way-The waters of whole counties coaxed by poor, little, friendless one miracle after another into one city things-and some one to keep its millions healthy and clean must take care of And they stood with him upon the bridge of a warship and passed from the world's second ocean to its first, through the in- when they arrive. credible ditch, which capital was to build, and which men already called the sending nurses and Panama canal.

And then he showed them some of the failures of capital-men and women starving in hundreds, rotting of diseases or perishing of sheer disappointment and babies born of German fathers and father of her child or not." despair. Bread lines, soup kitchens he showed them; roofless men dying of exposure. And then in swift dashes he showed them, standing upon a soap box if she would give him a kies. This was at the corner of a slum, a man in tat-

He showed those same men, armed with

very small chair that was her very own avenue, dragging out an old man in a and Rept on crying until she had almost fur-lived coat, and hanging him, more forgotten what she was crying about. | dead than alive, to the nearest lamp post Tommy Barclay, still lingering about He showed them that same crowd, ever the premises, traced the infantile wails growing in numbers and anger, tearing to their sources. The sight of his sym- a policeman to pieces; he showed them pathetic fave above the veranda railing, banks and other strongholds of capital across which he had thrown one leg, that rose suddenly heavenward in puffs started tears again, for he was her best of sordid-smelling gray smoke, and were friend in the world, and she wished to -not. He showed them short sleges, in of the same unhappy history tell him all about the wicked man with which for a while rifles flashed from the the black-rimmed spectacles. Tommy windows of Fifth avenue palaces. He took her on his knees and listened and showed them these same palaces a few for the last hundred years for the same gave comfort. Presently he took from minutes later, turned inside out, half in nort of babies when there was no war. his pocket a little rag doll, and very ruins, the defenders mangled upon the shyly, for now that he looked at it again, sidewalks. And, ever growing in power t seemed a poor gift, he offered it to her. and leadership, he kept showing them the same kind of mothers as they have There was silence in the room, at once the man with the head of Napoleon and always been-poor things-and always

the man with the head of Napoleon and the lion-roar voice of Mirabeau.

He showed them a city of pedeatrians, a city through which neither carriages nor automobiles could move, so great more automobiles could move, so great which crawled no elevated trains, beneath which no subways ran, a city in which no subways ran, a city in which no statues or things of beauty remained whole, a city given over at night to darkness, murder and rapins. And he showed them themselves fieeins by night, in disguise, a price upon them, dead or silve; and he showed them the Mapoleon-Mirabeau bringing order out of chaos, and preparing to hold what he had deem to the map of ceived and gave orders to such of his a city through which neither carriages fellow millionaires as were in his con- nor automobiles could move, so great painting for them that terrific future to And he showed them themselves fleeting to wear a soldier's uniform when which, as he saw it, the restless forces by night in disguise, a price upon them. the unhappy mother of his child?

cotting, and his eyes never left the back showed them battles and leaping cannon has always been the commonest thing in girl. Is it not possible for you to call on making an attempt at a reconcilisation of their heads.

-and at last a white flag raised over a the world to see a peasant woman so to your friend at her home? If you meet send him a pleasant, but not avening At first Barclay showed them some of fortress, and themselves personally all her wedding with a haby in her arms, her father it is likely that he would be little note and tell him that it was a (To Be Coninued Tomorrow.)

to you.

had enough and would turn up her nose at another one?

who lives on a fan! They are bridled, almost all, either under your And some of them have a manner of drooping far down over the eyes and nose, and even the lips, with a brim of tulle or chiffon. And

a band of old-fashioned, watered ribbon.

we must thank Lucile for, the Pie-Pan hat! So this is one thing little girls are made of-Hats.-NELL

War Babies a Problem---Virtue of Women a Much Greater One

By WINIFRED BLACK

fron roofs, the chimneys belching black war babies and the mothers of the war who are supposed to still have some conquence of her own weakness—but because smoke; streets as bright as midnight as babies over there in the dreadful nightat noon, and as crowded; buildings so tall mare we have to read about in the papers new kind of hysterical delusion that a gay coat with brass buttons on it and

> them and of their mothers, somehow-The Germans are

hospital equipment into Pelgium and northern France to

bring home safe and sound the war French or Belgian mothers. For Germany needs citizens.

England is considering all manner of plans for the care and protection of such one end of England to the other for saychildren and their mothers. It is even proposed to legitimatize the war babies, and there are many who insist that the state shall partly pension

the mother or adopt the children immedistely upon birth. worry about the war babies. France greater even than the winning of the war has always faced the truth in matters of this wing and sees the necessity for and sudden revision of method or of point of view just because there happens

to be a war. What shall be done with the war babies wars that were ever won. and their mothers?

I don't see how anything can be done what has always been fore for children Just exactly, it seems to me, what all

civilized people have been trying to do For they are the same kind of bables born of the same" kind of fathers and

It may have been that the presence of Napoleon-Mirabeau bringing order out of cent care of such mothers and such chilProf. Stilliter in the room had a kind of chaos, and preparing to hold what he had dren. Why should there be any radical My dear boy, I think you are a youth of the companies of below stide and of the companies of t

three, in the uniform of generals, led and the man who married her was not impressed by the same quality of sin- pleasant surprise to hear from an o'd rest to be tossed by the waves, forth billdfolded and bound and stood at all sure to be the father of the child. cerity I found in your letter and be friend, and that you will have against a whitewashed wall. These are usly facts—pitiful facts—distribution, accompany to hear of his work and interests. The constraint facts—but they are facts just you to some well-chosen place of amuse—next move is "up to him."

the same. It seems to me that this is no who loved too deeply for her own happi- them-as we have always tried to do for time to refuse to face them.

trol of our senses, to encourage every

irregular relations should be sanctioned level-handed justice is this? upon the birth of a child, not only by society and by the state, but by the tion lead? church itself.

How about the girl whose lover happens to be already married to another wife before she bore him children?

just such misery and humiliation by the fear of public opinion and public dis-England needs soldiers," says one eminent enthusiast. "And the women

who give children to England must be And the man who said this is not only

a statesman of prominence, but a church Do you agree with him? I do not.

I am not one of those who believe in peace at any price, but there is to me something that is greater even than courage, greater even than victory, and that is the virtue of the women of a nation.

Any nation that loses that wins something that will destroy that nation; that strange new theory to its incredible end surely and more terribly than all the bat- and turn the world into a huge breeding ties that were ever fought and all the place for human targets-and nothing

Legitimatize an illegitimate child and make the mother of it a heroine; noot be- them. for them which is any different than cause she was a good and trusting girl Pity them, love them, take care of

ness, but because she was unwillingly be-Because half of the world seems to trayed into folly; not because she is What are they going to do with the have gone stark, staring mad, and we, brave edul who faces bravely the consearises out of all the misery and the bor- to march in time to the tuck of a drum. What sort of logic, what sort of rea-

soning, what sort of sanity, what sort of And where would such a course of ac-

Because the men have all gone mad must we women go mad, too? Are there to be no ideals, is there to

voman, who waited until she was his be no standard? You may make us be-Heve, somehow, that it is right and noble How about emotional easily led girls to rob and pillage and burn and murder of every country who are only kept from We must also believe that purity is a forgotten name and that chasity in selfish fad.

All civilization is built upon the on foundation of the family and the home. Destroy that and you might as well go back to chaos and begin the world over honored - not disgraced - no matter again, as it was in the days when any whether she knows the name of the woman belonged to any man who could carry a big enough club with which to knock her down.

Father, mother, sister, brother, love, man as well, and he is applauded from fidelity, faith, home-must we erase these words from the English language with the charred torch of war?

Are we to have nothing left that is sacred, nothing that we can venerate and protect and believe in? Is war the only thing that is?

Are soldiers the only things that must

again? Or must we follow the logic of this

else? The war babics-what shall we do with

Advice to Lovelorn : By Beatrice Fairfax

Call at Her Home and Meet Her ment occasionally. In any stent don't

excellent principles, and that you would the impression of being rude and of As for France, Belgium and Germany, it be a splendid companion for a young wishing to snuh an old friend who was

babies born as they are born. The mothers of the war bables-let's be sorry for them, too, and take care of

them and help them up out of the misery in which they have fallen, and let's do it. without, oh, Mary pity them, one trace of cold and narrow prejudice. But let us save the laurels for the woman bears her children to her own husband in her own home, and uphold the one thing that we have left in all this chaos of murder and apine-the ideal, upon which our civilization rests.

Purity, virtue, chastity-when we no longer give that the seat of honor it is time for utter darkness to fall upon our particular phase of civilization.

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