

Our Women and Children

Conducted by Lucille Skaggs Edwards.

The Heart of a Friend

People who use the word "friendship" loosely are often unaware that it is not possible for any of us to have more than a few real friends. Acquaintances—yes; of these we may have hundreds, but friendship implies intimacy, and there is not time in this short span of life to contract intimate relations with many persons. It is an exceptional human being who has more intimate friends than he can count on his ten fingers. Most of us are satisfied with half that number.

In every new community there is at first a general sociability and then, as people of like tastes and interests find each other, a process of elimination begins to work itself out. You thought at first that your next-door neighbor was just the kind of person you would like, but she turns out to be uninteresting, and over at the other side of the village you find one whom you understand and who understands you. These understandings are the warp and woof of friendship. But human nature is perverse, and in the very intimacy of friendship may be planted the seeds of disruption. The Browns see the Robinsons almost every evening and Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Robinson call on each other or talk over the telephone. That is all one needs to know about the friendship between these two families to be able to predict a misunderstanding of some sort, for they have become "two thick." Lifelong friendships do not depend upon daily meetings, but rather upon occasional ones, for absence is a stronger link than outworn attendance.

I have said that one can have but few real friends, but it will be well from time to time to make a new one here and there. Otherwise the death or other departure of those we already have will make sad inroads upon our resources for friendly converse and companionship. But this does not mean that a newcomer can ever replace a true friend of long standing, for true friendship mellows and ripens with the years.—Woman's World.

WHAT IS HOME?

Home's not made of palace walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls—
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded;
Home to which the faithful dove
Sails beneath the heaven above us.
Home is where there's one to love—
Home is where there's one to love us.

Home's not merely roof and room;
Home needs something to endear it,
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!

What is home with none to meet,
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet!—and only sweet—
Where there's one we love to greet us.
—An Old Favorite.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

When you see an old woman, grey hair, hands kotted by years of toil, calloused fingers, poorly dressed, on the street at an early hour of the morning, hurrying to her work what do you think?

Has some man failed in his duty to provide for her in old age? Was she

extravagant, neglecting to save when she had enough to spare? Where is the blame? Who is responsible?

These questions ought to appeal to YOU.

The men in the poor house are not there from choice.

The woman of 60 or 70 compelled to stand all day at the wash-tub, was once just as confident of the future as you are today.

But confidence in the future will not get you anywhere unless that confidence has some backing.

Back up your confidence with a safe, profitable investment.

Save a few cents today, a few more tomorrow and the next day; keep it up persistently.

—Home Builders Monthly.

Going to Bed by Candle Light.

A dear, dim nursery, a tiny crib,
A great wide feeling of night,
And crickets chirruping far away
Outside where once it was light.
A doting old nurse with a cracked
old voice,
Who sang to me shrill and low,
Going to bed by candle light,
Hundreds of years ago.
'Tis true my rocking horse would
not move.

I had watched him long through the door,
I could get no salt on the robin's tail.

And the coachman, my idol, swore.
Yet all these miseries passed away,
Away in a drowsy glow,
Going to bed by candle light,
Hundreds of years ago.
If grown-up sorrow would die at dusk,
And care go down with sun,
If hearts surrendered with sleepy heads,
And thought, with the day, were done.

If only I knew once more,
The bliss I used to know,
Going to bed by candle light,
Hundreds of years ago.

—Eugene Field.

FULL COURT MUST HEAR ARGUMENT.

Washington, D. C., May 12.—The Louisville, Ky., race segregation ordinance, which was recently argued before the United States Supreme Court, with seven justices sitting, has been by order of the court put back on the docket for reargument before a full bench.

In doing this Chief Justice White gave no reason for the step, but it is believed that the court is so evenly divided on the question that it is necessary for the full court to consider the question.

Hear the rich basso, Mr. John Jeltz, as King Ahasuerus at the Brandeis 18th.—Adv.

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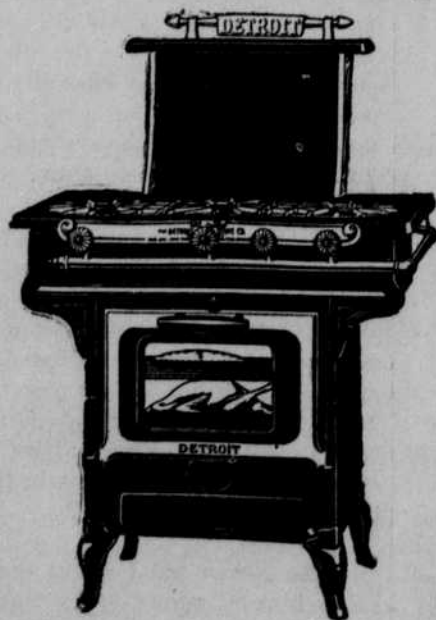
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