TRUE VALUE OF LIFE FOUND IN GREATNESS OF FRIENDSHIPS

Rev. William Wallace Youngson Cites History and Mythology as Argument in Favor of Sacrifice of All on Altar of Love for Friend.

A friend loveth at all times and a brother is born for adversity.—Proverbs 17:17.

BY REV. WILLIAM WALLACE YOUNGSON, D. D.
Rose City Park Methodist Episcopal Church.

WE are told that the bay of Naples, one of the most beautiful sheets of water on the earth, is the cup of an extinct volcano, that at last the internal fires died down, the glowing lava ceased to flow, the clouds rolled back, and lo! the blue Mediterranean Sea, rushing in, covered the black, cavernous depths with its own bosom, until the placid waters reflected all the splendor of the heavens.

So it seems to me that at last the play of the master passions in the heart and life of Saul has ended; the tragedy of the clamorous, overwhelming appetite of the garrulous giant of Gath is played out, and amid the turbulent passion for dominion and the clashing of human interests comes the plaintive story, which reveals at once the glory and the pathos of human nature. Thus we have in the brief compass of this bit of human history the secret of our deepest woe and the spring of our highest endeavor. After the thundering cataract of Niagara and the roaring, grinding rapids, comes the placid waters of Ontario, calm and serene as a sea of glass.

The jarring notes of thunderous discord unite in glorious harmony and at last die away in melodies of fathomless peace and joy. Out of all chaos of the time and the disorder of their lives, David and Jonathan meet! By that subtle elective affinity there arose for these kindred souls a new and beautiful world, wherein reigned peace and love and sweet content.

Friend Shielded by Jonathan.

Jonathan lost a throne; but envy and jealousy and pride were dispelled by the smile of God. He was saved from the temptations of a squalid court; he withstood a father's anger to shield his friend. David forgot his ambition; he was saved from the sourness of an exile's life; he was patient with Saul for his son's sake.

We are told in Persian story of a Vizier who dedicated one apartment in his palace to the memory of earlier days, ere royal caprice had lifted him from lowliness to honor. There, in a tiny room, with bare floors, was simple equipment of shepherd life—the crook, the wallet, the coarse dress, the water cruse—and there he spent a part of each day remembering what he had been, as an antidote to those temptations which beset men in the dazzling light of royal or popular favor.

I can see this shepherd boy pushing his way into the night and storm, wading the streams, fighting in the valley on his way to the throne. Ah! David, let these days burn into your soul. Keep one chamber in your heart whither you can retire to meditate and pray. Forget not that way back here, in these ember days of your life God is giving you your noblest friendship. Poor, friendless and unknown, Jonathan's love is to make you rich. Jonathan's friendship is to make you strong. Jonathan's devotion is to make you well known. Rise now! In the majesty and frankness of your nature, and meet the magnanimity of this princely soul.

The classic story of "David and Jonathan" represents the typical friendship. Old Testament history would be impoverished if Jonathan's friendship for David were eliminated from its pages. Literature abounds in graphic delineation of beneficent friendships. Plato's "Phaedo" is the beautiful story of Socrates and his devoted friends, Simias and Cebes, in the rugged prison opening upon the Agora in Athens, in the last hours of the philosopher's life. The discussion hovered and fluttered a little at first before it settled to its work, but it soon became a sustained argument for immortality. It is very hard to think that this man is just going to die and knows it.

Death of Socrates Pictured.

The old man sits on the bed at first, with his leg drawn up, rubbing the spot from which the fetter has just been taken off preparatory to his death. The relief that he finds in his leg opens his talk with a remark upon the strange connection between pain and pleasure. By and by he drops his feet upon the floor, and so sits on the bedside, calmly talking. Once he drops his hand affectionately upon the head of Phaedo, as if he, too, like that other one about to die, in the chamber of the Passover, 400 years later, would have a "disciple whom he loved," and draw one trusting heart closer to him than the rest. Hear him! Calmly arguing that the soul must be immortal.

There comes a message from the executioner to tell him about the poison he will have to drink. For an instant the coming woe starts up dramatically real. There is one beautiful moment when the disciples are half-convinced, but still frightened and trembling. At last, without a shock, continuing the calm and peaceful teaching to the last, the great man takes the cup and drinks the poison, and all is over. There lies his body before them, more eloquent in silence than any of the words he had spoken.

Reverence and gratitude to God, affection for his disciples, and a tender sense of duty—these play around and through the whole discussion and give it softness and richness. It is not hard and cold. It does not rely wholly upon the worth of its argument for its power. The arguments in the shape in which Socrates puts them would convince no man today of the truth of immortality, and yet the scene remains as one of the sacred pictures of the human soul. That prison scene is one of the temples of man's faith, one of the vestibules of immortality.

Story of Achilles Recounted.

Dantes' "Divine Comedy" is the friendship of Dante, Virgil and Beatrice enameled in fire. Homer's "Iliad" finds its exquisite peroration in the grief of Achilles over the tragic decease of his friend Patroclus. Achilles was the chief of the Greek warriors, the terror of the Trojans and the pride of the Greek army. He was not a coward, but he was a shirk. Because of a feud between him and Agamemnon, Achilles sulked in his tent and refused to fight. Many efforts were made to induce him to be reconciled to his commander and join the forces before the walls of Troy, but without avail. Seven hard battles were fought, the Greeks were pushed back to the water's edge and the Trojans came near setting fire to their ships. Still Achilles held back.

At last a messenger ran into the tent of Achilles and cried, "Oh, Achilles, Achilles, thy friend Patroclus lies dead upon the field of battle." To that one influence the hero responded after all else had failed and went forth to victory and to glory. But not until his friend was slain did Achilles buckle on the armor. When he did the Trojans were driven back with great slaughter, and the mighty Priam fell at the hands of Achilles before the gate of the city.

Engaged in an arduous enterprise, Orestes and Pylades, two sworn friends, landing on the shores of the Chersonesus, find themselves in the domains of a king whose policy was to seize all strangers and sacrifice them at the shrine of Diana. Arrested, carried before the tyrant, they are doomed to death and delivered to Iphigenia, priestess of Diana's temple, for immolation. But before the knife is buried in their bosom she learns that they are Greeks.

Anxious to open up a communication with her native land, she offers to spare one of the two on condition that the survivor will become her messenger, and carry a letter to her friends in Greece. But which one shall live and which one shall die? That is the question! The friendship which has endured for years, in travels and courts and battlefields, ins now put to a strain it never bore before. And nobly it bears it! Neither will accept the office of messenger, leaving his fellow to the stroke of death. Each implores the Priestess to accept him for the sacrifice and let the other go. While they contend for the honor of dying, Iphigenia discovers in one of them her own brother! She embraces him, and sparing both, flees with them from that cruel shore. Both are saved and borne on the wings of fame, the story flies abroad and fills the world with wonder. Carried to distant shores, it excites such admiration among the barbarous Scythians that they paid divine honors to Orestes and Pylades, and erected temples to their worship.

The misanthropy of Shakespeare's "Hamlet" is dissipated in some measure by the bond of friendship between Hamlet and Horatio. What more felicitous tribute in all literature is to be found than that of Hamlet to his friend:

"Horatio, thou art e'en to me a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal."

Friendships Found Abundant.

Church history abounds in such friendships as united Farel, Viret and Beza to Calvin; the high-spirited Knight of Chlum and John Huss; Melancthon and Luther; Florentius and Thomas a Kempis; Ridley and Latimer; George Wishart and John Knox; friends all that loved at all times, brothers indeed, born for adversity.

"What is a friend but one whom I can trust; one who, in sorrow's hour, will mingle his tears with mine, one on whose support I can reckon with my back is at the wall?" Hugh Black is enthusiastic, and rightly so, in affirming friendship to be the appointed means of saving our life from worldliness and selfishness. It is an ethical imperative that every man contribute of himself toward the rescue of friendship. And surely, that need is all the more urgent today, because, on all hands, in business, in society, in politics, there was for a time a serious lowering of the moral standard.

Unjust but legalized monopoly privileges, the increase of wealth, the sacrifice of principle to personal greed and party advantage, commercial dishonesty and political corruption have been poisoning our social life. It is a repudiation of the brotherhood when the notion prevails that goodness is a "mere will-o'-the-wisp" and the "honor of a gentleman" but a figure of speech. The atmosphere of distrust and cynicism chills and checks the impulse of progress. The cynic, whether he be a common highwayman, a blase politician, a skillful grafter or a recluse professor, is the most dangerous enemy of the republic.

An English gentleman lamented, in the presence of Horace Walpole, that he had recently lost by death, a very dear friend. "Why mourn about it?" asked Walpole. "You can easily find another by going to the coffee-house." His libelous wail is grossly deficient, even though his notion is shared by Goldsmith in his "Angelina":

What's friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?

Contrast this with what Trumbull says: "Friendship is to be valued for what there is in it, not for what can be gotten out of it. When two people appreciate each other because each has found the other convenient to have around, they are not friends, they are simply acquaintances with a business understanding. To seek friendship for its utility is as futile as a seek the end of the rainbow for its bag of gold.

True Friends Always Useful.

"A true friend is always useful in the highest sense; but we should beware of thinking of our friends as brother members of a mutual benefit association, with its periodical demands and threats of suspension for non-payment of dues."

If you have caused one smile the more
On any face to glow,
Then, friend, you have not lived in vain.

"Friendship, mysterious cement of the soul, sweetener of life and solder of society, I owe thee much: thou hast deserved of me, far, far beyond what I can ever pay."

We cannot live a self-centered life without feeling that we are missing the true glory of life. We need sympathy. We crave friendship. Even the most perfect of the sons of men felt this need of the heart. Friendship gives strength to character.

When men face the world together and are ready to stand shoulder to shoulder, the sense of comradeship makes each strong. Ah! my soul's unpaid debt of gratitude and love! Here in the words of Robert Burns in his "Lament for James, the Earl of Glencairn," I place my tribute to the dear friends whose loving interest has nerved me for the battle of life:

The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yester e'en;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me!

Friendship calls out our utmost strength and endeavor; therefore have noble friendships and keep them in repair.

We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and sculptures,
But we cannot buy with gold
The old associations.

I shall never forget a song which I heard when a boy, the memory of which has tided me over many a crucial hour:

Keep the old friends with the new,
Never turn from them away:
Cling to those that cling to you
In misfortune's dreary day;
They have stood time's fiery test,
Often tried and always true;
Then remember it is best
Keep the old friends with the new.

Keep the old friends with the new,
For the new may pass you by,
But the old are tried and true,
And their friendship cannot die;
Hearts we trust are ever dear,
Be they very far or few;
With them we should be sincere,
Keep the old friends with the new.

Keep the old friends with the new,
Don't forget their kindness then,
When they're dead and gone from you,
You will wish them back again;
New friends may be sweet and kind,
And perhaps their friendship true,
Still 'tis better, you will find,
Keep the old friends with the new.

One day Charles Kingsley, the great English novelist, and Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning were in conversation, and Mrs. Browning referred to the beautiful life of the novelist

Secret of Life Revealed.

She made bold finally to ask the secret of it all. A smile came over his countenance, and he answered her by saying: "I had a friend!" That was all; he had a friend, and out of that friendship there had come that which had shaped his life!

When Chevalier de Benson was dying he looked into the face of his wife and said, "In thy face I have seen the Eternal!"—more than in the rocks or stars or book divine—one of the world's learned men. Such was his tribute to the genuineness of the faith of his noble wife! Yes! the spirit of man is the candle of the Lord. It takes a million years to harden the ruby, yet the ruby caught up into the sunlight loses nothing of its native quality because of the light that fills it. It only increases its beauty in the light. So human life only comes into full possession of itself in God. "They shall see his face and his name shall be in their foreheads."

Recall the old fable. The Sun and Wind entered into a contest to compel the traveler to take off his coat. What the Wind could not do through compulsion the Sun accomplished by the warmth of its rays. As the morning glory opens, not to the frost or the night, but to the genial sun, so love is the secret of conquest over human hearts. A son can take large liberties sometimes. He will run the risk of being misunderstood. Love can be very silent and yet happy, yet, love has the boldest and bravest of all tongues. There are hours when only love dares to say nothing. There are hours when only love dares to say everything. Jonathan loved David as his own soul. He made provision for his present safety. He promoted his future prosperity. He was willing to be misunderstood. Therein lies his glory and power.

Human love, it is true, in the intensity and extravagance of its devotion, will not, in a crisis, calculate to a nicety, either its words or possessions, but will fling forth all eagerly, tumultuously and even recklessly. There are deeds so fine that only Christ can understand them. There is a wasteful spending that is supremely selfish. There is a lavish giving that is disowned in heaven. Mary's way, like Jonathan's, was love's way. Christ's love had broken her alienated heart, now it breaks her alabaster box.

Glory of Arctic Sunset Great.

Arctic explorers tell us that in the distant North there is an unsurpassable glory in the sunset. For a brief season in declining day the levels of the snow are touched with gold, and every minaret of ice is radiant. And every sunset has been so for centuries and never an eye has looked upon it until now. Why this waste! Think of the gifts of God's Providence—sight, speech, hearing, memory, thought, imagination—lavished so royally on worthless man. Why this waste! The teeming multitudes of the continents could never exhaust the merits of his blood. To what purpose was that wasted agony!

Ah! Jonathan, yours is a fine illustration of human friendship, the exhibition of a truly magnanimous spirit of genuine and disinterested friendship, but tell us, why did you not claim the throne for yourself? Why should the King's son give way to the shepherd boy? It is the tale of the Aloe plant—the swan—the savior of the world! Verily, love gives and lavishes and dies because it is love! Love never asks how little can I give; it is always how much? It is the paradox of love that, to live, it must give, and that to the utmost. Love identifies itself with its object, and with it must give all and endure all, even to the farthest extremity.

"The Philistines have slain Jonathan and knew not the moral beauty of which they deprived a house." Alas! Alas! Other swords than those of steel and other men than soldiers repeat the catastrophe of Gilboa. Go anywhere in society and you will see men who are no more like their former selves than the corpse was like the living Jonathan. Greed and avarice and covetousness; envy, jealousy and selfishness have dwarfed their souls and new shrivelling and moribund they talk abroad.

If there was any man in Israel who had reason to fear and be jealous of David, it was Jonathan. David's coronation meant Jonathan's dethronement. Jonathan knew this, and yet he loved David—loved him as his own soul. Every selfish interest stood in the way of that friendship, yet he did not stop to weigh questions concerning his personal interests. It takes a true man to be a friend like that.

Power Attracts People.

On the other hand there was little that David could do for Jonathan except love him. But this is true about friendship. There is no love that is genuine which is not fostered and fed by mutual acts of kindness. If anyone seems to love you but is unwilling to make any sacrifices for you, depend upon it, such love is mere pretense.

It is easy to be friendly with the "coming man." As soon as people find that a man is on the road to power they begin to fawn upon him in the hope of favors to come. They make haste to climb on his chariot. It is not so easy to be friendly to a "going man," one on the down grade and about to step out. To all appearances David was a "going man." Yes! David was going out of the court life! But the heart of Jonathan went with him. Real friendship can never be tested as long as a man is a "coming man." Wait until a man is a "going man" and see how the friendship holds out.

Jonathan sacrificed his own prospects for the advancement of his friend. He could forego a crown rather than prejudice the future of a friend. Just there, at the flaming point of self-sacrifice, Jonathan's highest self is revealed. Through his sacrifice of love he discovers that God himself is love, and that the most central and potent thing in the universe, greater even than power or wisdom or justice is love. At the very point where Jonathan apparently lost all he found all. When he seemed to be putting all in a grave he was passing to a throne. "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone." Follow that grain of wheat into the dark earth. Hear it exclaim, "I must pull myself together amid these unfavorable surroundings, and resist to the utmost forces closing in upon me." But nature kindly whispers, "O little grain, let go, let go!" And as it lets go and begins to die it begins to live and to push its way up into a world of light and glory. The law of the seed is the law of human life. Use your life for present gratification and you lose it forever. Renounce self, yield yourself to God, spend your life for good and you find its best and highest enjoyment. Your life is a seed now not a developed plant. It can only become a plant by casting it into the soil of other men's needs.

Law Observed Even by Christ.

This, then, being the law of human life, Christ himself must not only enounce it, but observe it. His disciples thought they had never seen such promise in his life as now, but Jesus told them that, like the grain of wheat, he must die if his life were to be abundantly fruitful. He had more to do than wear the crown and accept the scepter. The world's throne was the cross.

One of the most popular legends of Brittany is that relating to an imaginary town which is supposed to have been swallowed up by the sea at some unknown time. The fishermen have many strange tales to tell of it. According to them the tips of the spires of the churches may be seen in the hollow of the waves when the sea is rough, while during the calm the music of their bells, ringing out the hymn appropriate to the day, rises above the waters. So, as Meyer suggests, amid the submerged masses, among the shepherd lads and the street arabs, deep down also at the bottom of the ocean of human life there are yearnings and desires for a better life that ring out sadly and perpetually. As David's frank nature rose to meet the magnanimity of his friend Jonathan, so under the rough crust of men of all classes there are noble and generous qualities, crushed by long years of lovelessness, passion and self-will, waiting for the touch of human kindness to bring them to the light.

Those who knew him best tell us that "What can I do for you?" was the question with which Maltbie Babcock searched every human face, and the greeting with which he put himself at the service of all sorts and conditions of people, maintaining toward the world the superb attitude of philanthropist and benefactor, Christ-like lover, helper, servant of mankind.

"What can I do for you," my Mephibosheth, for my old friend Jonathan's sake? I will be a friend that loveth at all times, and a brother born for your hour of adversity!

COSMOPOLITAN CLUB AND FOREIGN STUDENTS ACTIVE AT CORVALLIS

Japan, China, Russia, India, Sweden and Other Countries Represented and Members All Take High Place in Scholarship at Oregon Agricultural College—Most Plan to Return to Homes in Later Years.

FORMER O. A. C. STUDENT HANGED IN INDIA FOR REVOLUTIONARY ACTIVITIES.

The young man who is second from the right in the upper row of the accompanying picture is Sant, a young Hindu, who attended Oregon Agricultural College a few years ago. Later he returned to his native town in India and became prominently identified with the revolutionary party that is trying to wrest control of the country from Great Britain and restore it to the natives.

A short time ago a report was received at Corvallis that Sant has been hanged on order of the British authorities for his revolutionary activities among his countrymen. His tragic fate caused no surprise among his former college mates, as he was continuously preaching his revolutionary doctrines while at Corvallis.

CORVALLIS, Or., Feb. 12.—(Special.)—The secretary of the O. A. C. Cosmopolitan Club received a letter recently from the central organization of cosmopolitan clubs at Cambridge, Mass., stating that the Oregon Agricultural College chapter had been selected as the vice-presidential chapter of the seventh district. The seventh district comprises all the territory in the Northwest. The O. A. C. chapter now has the privilege of appointing one of its members to supervise and organize clubs in the Northwestern states. The man appointed will also attend the 19th annual convention at Cambridge, Mass., next December.

The Cosmopolitan Club of the Oregon Agricultural College is a chapter of the Corda Fratres, association of cosmopolitan clubs of the world. It was organized in 1919 by Professor Hetzel, and at the present time students from nine nations are enrolled as members.

Humanity Is Keynote.

The motto of the Corda Fratres, "Above all nations is humanity," strikes the keynote in the harmony of peace, and seems at this time to be especially impressive.

At the Fete Internationale, which was given recently at the Y. M. C. A. in Corvallis, the cosmopolitans proved efficient entertainers. The programme was unusually interesting and original.

Governor Withycombe, Dr. Kerr and Professor E. D. Ressler are honorary members of O. A. C. Chapter. Booker T. Washington was also made an honorary member when he visited here in 1913. Always afterward he had a warm spot in his heart for the O. A. C. Cosmopolitan Club.

Among the associate members of the club are Mrs. G. E. McElfrish, Mrs. Ida A. Kidder, Professors R. D. Hetzel, G. F. Sykes, F. D. Beckwith, Dean J. A. Bexell, Dr. McPherson and Dr. E. J. Brown.

Just now the subject of student exchange is engrossing the attention of American Cosmopolitan clubs.

Many of the foreign students who are registered here are graduated from universities in their own country.

Nao Uyei, of Mie, Japan, president of the O. A. C. Cosmopolitan Club, is considered to be a brilliant young man. He has a perfect command of the English language and is a successful debater, and winner of the interclass oratorical contest for two successive years. In addition to his other talents, he is unusually gifted as an artist.

Mr. Uyei is a graduate of an agricultural academy in Japan and is specializing in agricultural chemistry.

Robert T. Ono is another student from the land of chrysanthemums and cherry blossoms. He translates his name "Ono" as meaning "big field."

Schools in Japan Not Equipped.

Francis Yamasota is a zealous student of electrical engineering. He says the schools in Japan are not equipped to teach the the subject thoroughly. He is a graduate of a Seattle High school and also attended the University of Washington before coming to O. A. C. After completing the course here he intends to pursue his studies still further at the Boston School of Technology.

Juemon Sato is another ambitious Japanese student. He is taking an agricultural course. All four of the Japanese students are members of the class of 1916.

There are 47,000 students of collegiate rank in India. Of the nine enrolled at O. A. C. five are specializing in agriculture, two in commerce and two in engineering. Patriotism and loyalty are characteristic of all the students. Their hearts are in India.

India Well Represented.

Charm S. Sodhi, a graduate of the Khalsu College, is secretary of the Cosmopolitan Club. His father is a supreme judge in India.

It is interesting to note the different parts of India represented by the students.

Ram Lal Bajpai, Nagpar.
Chet R. Kohli, Jammu.
A. F. Lascar, Calcutta.
J. V. Sahasabudha, Naghur.
Mahadeo Singh, Hasanpore.
S. R. Varma, Batala.
Ambala S. Vihara, Baroda.
Charm S. Sodhi, Quetta.
Dakshula R. Guhu

There are 10 Chinese students at the Oregon Agricultural College. Seven of them are specializing in agriculture, two in commerce, and one in electrical engineering.

H. H. Jewell, treasurer of the Cosmopolitan Club, F. F. Kan and Frank Ding are all graduates of Lincoln High School, Portland. Mr. Kan intends to go back to China, after he is graduated and do extension work there. Mr. Kan and Mr. Ding are the songbirds of the club.

Y. Long, Canton, China, is a graduate of Portland Academy and a senior here. He is taking the commercial course with the view of entering into the silk industry upon his return to China.

Chinaman Wonderful Student.

Anching Kung, of Shanghai, China, is taking post-graduate work in agriculture. He is considered to be a wonderful student, a man of high ambitions and broad culture. He was graduated from the Paradise House School, London, Eng., Christ's College, Cambridge, and the Royal Agricultural College of Manchester, Eng.

T. M. Hung is a graduate of Berkeley High School, and the University of California. After completing his course here he intends to teach in China.

Taki H. Soo comes from Canada. He was graduate from the Royal City High School and the Columbian College. Mr. Soo's ambition is stated in a few words. He says:

"After I am graduated I expect to go back and serve China."

Return to China Planned.

N. H. Loo is also from British Columbia, and is a graduate of Victoria High School. He intends to return and extend agriculture in China.

Benjamin B. Cohen, vice-president of the club, comes from Kieve, Russia. For four years he has been instrumental in furthering the progress of the club along different lines.

Alfred Hamblet is another Russian member of the club.

Eric Englund claims Sweden as his native land. Mr. Englund is considered to be one of the most successful debaters of the college.

Among the American students actively interested in the club are: Emma Glines, Lewis Sanders, Bert Howell, Harold Hansen and E. H. Reichart. Mr. Reichart is the corresponding secretary of the club, the man who keeps in touch with all the chapters of the Corda Fratres in the United States.

Oregon Agricultural College Cosmopolitan Club

PET DOG EATS AT TABLE

Exclusive Club at Palm Beach Pays Respects to Canine.

PALM BEACH, Fla., Feb. 4.—Persons lunching at the Beach Club were interested in a party there, comprising Mr. and Mrs. John C. King, of New York, who are here for the season, and Mrs. Harlan K. Bolton, of Chicago, and her cinnamon-colored Pomeranian, Ruby.

Ruby goes to the Beach Club almost daily for the noon meal. A waiter spreads a napkin on the chair for the fluffy pet, which sits with her paws resting on the table until the others are served. Then Everhardt, head waiter, is requested to bring buttered toast for Ruby. This she nibbles while another waiter stands behind her chair. The next course is new peas or beans. To eat this dish Ruby jumps to the floor, where the waiter has spread another napkin.

After finishing her meal the finger bowl is brought on, and Ruby is ready to go home in a wheel chair, which is in front of the clubhouse ready to carry the other members of the party to the beach or back to the Breakers Hotel.

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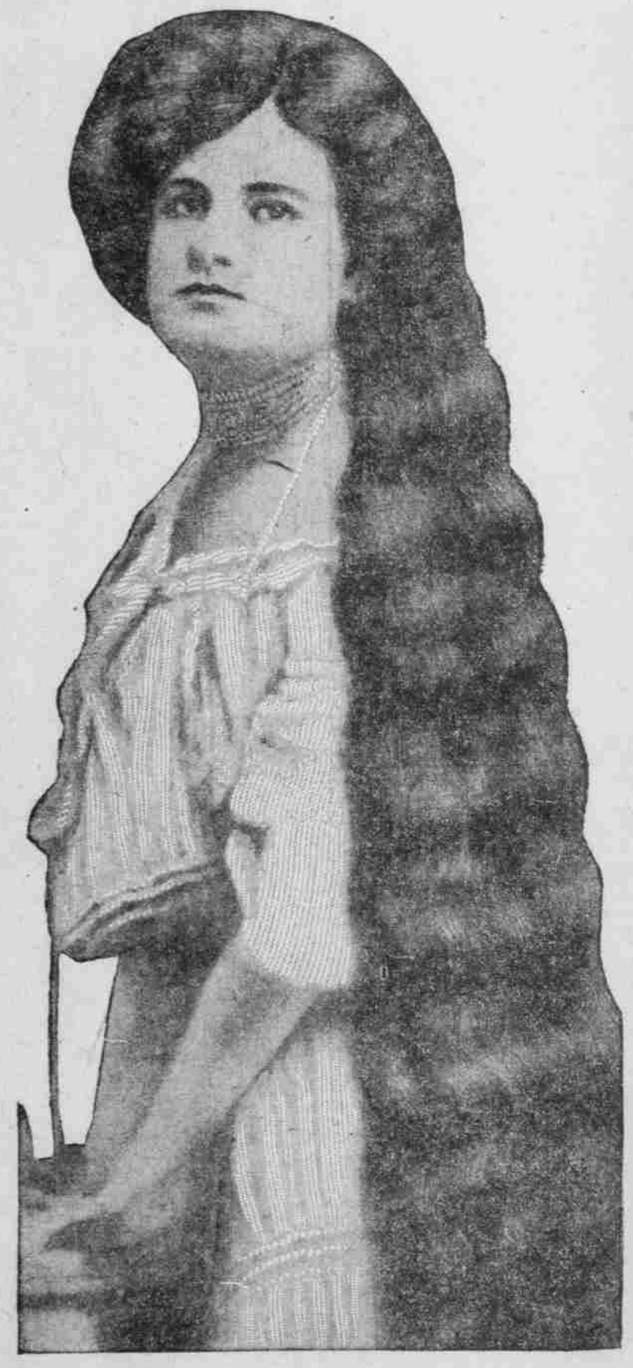

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