



OFFERING A DRINK—After the painting, in the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris.

### A Bystander's Notes.

Do you know—I rather like coming in contact with my enemies? It nerves one up. It sort of arouses sluggish ambition. It—oh, of course you are shocked you good people shrug your shoulders, elevate your nose, glare at me indignantly, and say you have no enemies, that you live your life without making enemies. Well! well! perhaps you do. Perhaps you don't. If you have no enemies I do not believe I want you for a friend. Your friendship would be so luke-warm, so namby-bamby, so neutral, altogether too tame to make it desirable. I am sure I would have to use a spy-glass continually to find it. If you have the power to make enemies, you must be without any real staunch friends. Show me the man that is popular, that is quoted as having hosts of friends, and I will prove to you that the thing is about evenly balanced. Bless you! Not the kind the fight openly. He may not be aware that he has an enemy in the world, but he has. For nearly every friend that stands ready to fight his battles for him, there will be an enemy to criticise and make him trouble if possible. They will stab him in the back, while they are smiling in his face. They come to him and fawn

over him and pick up—grab up—the crumbs that he drops. They eat his bread. They drink their wine. They whine out their troubles to him. They demand his sympathy, and all the time deep down in their hearts they hate him. They hate him because he can drop crumbs, and give them bread to eat, and wine to drink, and sympathy that gives and does not take. But let trouble once come to him. Then he discovers what real friendship means. Do the ones that have taken the most from him come forward and give him sympathy? No, indeed. They are the ones who turn the cold shoulder and run to others with the gossip of it all. They hold themselves aloof until they catch the direction of the tidal wave, or until all hints of trouble have rolled away. When they come creeping back it is at the tail end of the line. But you in the meantime have learned a thing or two. You know your enemies. You know that their pretended friendship was based entirely on envy. The envy may be something of a flattery, for it means that you are accomplishing something successfully to which they themselves aspire. The envy which changes to malice and triumph when trouble—real, supposed—clouds the sunshine for a time in your life. Now, you

know just what is in their hearts. You know that your success is their bitterest pill, and that their sweetest honey is your failure. So you sort of enjoy having them around. You enjoy striving and succeeding in your undertakings, and are just barbaric enough, or human enough, to take a little comfort in the thought that you are stabbing them also while you smile. Success in life, your success, is always just as much a stab to your enemies as it is a pleasure to your friends. And in this honorable world of yours it is your only weapon of defense against these people who will not fight openly, and who come tripping back with the sunshine.

Everybody at some time in their life has an opportunity to test the metal of which friendships are made. Life afterward may never be quite the same. It is never again so full of blind trust. Possibly without much doubt your own friendship will not be so freely given and when given it will be done with a reserve force. What there is in friendship—tested and untested—will take on a different meaning. It will never again be so frank, and it will be so trifling. Its name, however, will never be misplaced. You will understand perfectly the line that separates "friend" from "acquaintance." Friendship in truth and in word will be sacred.

### SMILES.

Hawaii is now the popular salutation.

### FIN DE SIECLE.

She—There is no fun in being married or engaged.

He—But when is the fun, then?

She—When you are anticipating both.

"I'll be back at 11, my love. I give you my word."

"I'd rather you'd keep it, my dear."

A Loyal Husband—A.—Well, I must say that if my wife was like yours, always scolding and finding fault, I'd soon get a separation from her.

B—Oh, my wife isn't so bad as you think. She doesn't sing and she doesn't play the piano, and she must expend her superfluous energy in some way.

Little drops of water  
When frozen into sleet  
Make most men so weary  
They'll sit down in the street.

"How about your coachman—is he good?"

Mrs. Flint—No; he swears horribly but he manages a team well.