

# The Inglenook

## Art of Making Friends.

Perhaps you would like to know how not to make friends. Think only of what you say in conversation, and never pay any attention to what other people say, says the Christian Advocate. Do this a few times and you will find people rather cold toward you. Interrupt persons in the middle of a sentence. If they are younger than you, they will be angry and show it; if they are older, they will think you are forward and perhaps talk about you. A habit of doing this will make your own mother glad when you have gone to school. Always flatly contradict people that do not agree with you or whose ideas you do not like. Use some such an expression as this: "That is not true. That is false. Nobody with any sense could believe that." This will go very far in the direction.

But if you are determined to have no friends, be particular never to thank any person for any courtesy received, and at the same time be constantly asking for something that you could do for yourself without any trouble. Be sure to be sensitive, and never tell anybody why; avoid them without giving a reason. To call people names is another way. I knew a boy whose appearance was always followed by almost every boy in the neighborhood picking up a stone to throw at him. Some of them he had called disagreeable names, and others knew that he was only waiting a chance to apply some epithet to them. Those who speak evil of those persons behind their backs generally find that they are lonely. Denying it if it is true does not help them, for that makes enemies. Laugh at some people's infirmities and they will never forgive you. Make offensive personal reference to their clothing, manners, or way of speaking.

If any try these rules and find that in spite of them they have a number of friends if they will write me I will suggest a few things that will complete the estrangement in all directions. But before I close this note I will tell you something I have found to be true: "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." To have a good name and great riches is a combination that, while it does not often occur, is wonderful when it does. No one can have a good name and great riches who does not use his riches for the benefit of others than himself. Real friends may not be numerous, but a few is sufficient. You have heard of Socrates. He was a very great man, the wisest man that ever lived who did not have the benefit of Christianity. Socrates built a house in his old age. Some of his friends said to him: "Socrates this house is not large enough." "O yes," said he, "If I can ever see it filled with real friends, I shall be amply accommodated in this narrow habitation." It is well for a person to be on good terms with all his acquaintances if he can. Did you know that friendship

always begins with acquaintance? There may be a case of love at first sight, for love is a very queer thing; there are very few rules about that. But there never can be friendship at first sight; there must be acquaintance, and out of the acquaintance will be made the friend.

## One Life.

One heaven-like morn, while passing here  
I heard a carol ringing clear;  
Of tosy dreams the carol rang—  
Some heart awakened maiden sang.

Years passed; again in passing there,  
I saw a woman sad but fair,  
And ah, her evening melodies—  
Haunting as wind notes through the trees—  
Quivered with passionate memories!

—J. E. Wray

## The Fidget in Church.

When he sits down he assumes an attitude as bolt upright as though he had swallowed a hoe-handle. He hooks his shoulder-blades over the back of the pew and there is a look of grim determination on his face that assures you he is going to sit still that Sunday if it kills him. Then he immediately kicks over the hassock. He unhooks his shoulder blades and puts a hymn book behind his back to lean against. Then he bends forward and lets the book go thumping down during the long prayer. He turns half way around, and planting his elbow on the high back of the pew, tries to lift his disappointed chin up into the palm of his inaccessible hand. Then he faces around and extends both arms out along the back of the pew as though they were wings and he was getting ready to fly away and keep still ten minutes. Then he reaches for the hassock with his feet picks it up with them, drops it and in a frantic effort to recover it sends it crashing against the pew in front. This spoils the best point in your sermon; if you are reading, it makes you loose your place; and if you are speaking extempore, you forget what you said last and what comes next. You are so glad. But you don't show it.

Then the Fidget braces up and hooks his elbows over the back of the pew and you wonder if he is going to throw himself clear over, like an athlete on a hurdle bar. He changes his mind and position and slides down until he can plant both knees firmly against the pew next in front. Ah, comfort! For thirty seconds. In his effort to unwedge his knees and struggle into an upright position again he clutches the cushion, shakes a couple of Sunday-school books off on the floor, and both his feet come down with a dull thud on the crown of his Sunday hat, and the children laugh. By this time everybody in his neighborhood is as nervous as himself, and as he beats a rapid but muffled tattoo on the floor with his heels, making the pew quiver from end to end, he wishes

he were dead. So do other people—wish they were dead—sometimes. But they never mean it.—Burdette, in The Standard.

## Old People.

There have been certain changes in thought and feeling during this century which have gone a great way toward solving for woman the old secret of perpetual youth. The advance in woman's education has kept her young by keeping her interests alive in vital questions of the hour. Education has given her something to think about—some living interests when she reaches that period in her life when younger hands take up the work.

The woman who formerly gossiped on country piazzas or employed her time embroidering impossible flowers, dogs and cats in eye scratching colors and discussed the deterioration of youth and the superiority of her day to the present, is a figure of the past. She has become an anomaly not to be tolerated. Women of to-day do not think of themselves as belonging to a past age, whatever years they may have attained. It is only the very old who become reminiscent. We see instances each day of women making new departures, taking up art studies, course in universities, and in other ways showing their interest in the present and future of the world's life and progress, and at an age when a few generations ago they were considered to have passed their usefulness. There is no more pathetic picture than that of the grandmother in the corner, knitting to keep her fingers active, yet only thinking of a day passed that can never return, waiting for the end. It cannot be forgotten that the women of the beginning of the century and before often sank into this hopeless state at a period when men were in the prime of their powers.

Living interests keep us young. The sympathies we have in life keep us young. At any age an ennuied mind cannot long inhabit a healthy body. Keep your interests in nature alive if you would keep young. Do not become indifferent to the succession of years, so that the seasons go by without thought or feeling, but rejoice with the birds and all living creatures in joy of the spring, the beauty of the summer and autumn and the promise hidden in the snows of winter. "Measure your health," says Thoreau, "by your sympathy with morning and spring. If there is no response in you to the awakening of nature, if the prospect of an early morning walk does not banish sleep, if the warble of the first bluebird does not thrill you, know that the morning and spring of your life is past. Thus you may feel your pulse.—N.Y. Tribune.

## An Embarrassing Answer.

Charles Bradlaugh, the English free-thinker, once engaged in a discussion with a dissenting minister. He insisted that the minister should answer a question by a simple "Yes" or "No," without any circumlocution, asserting that every question could be replied to in that manner.

The reverend gentleman rose and said: "Mr. Bradlaugh, will you allow me to ask you a question on those terms?"

"Certainly," said Bradlaugh.

"Then, may I ask, have you given up beating your wife?" — Woman's Journal.