

time, the whole crew joins in the singing. The Arkansas holds nearly all the athletic records of the fleet.

The battleship, under the command of Captain Roy C. Smith, is what the sailors call a "home."

THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

HOW TO CHOOSE FRIENDS

Chapter CXLIX.

"I strongly object to your going out to dinner in public places with people that are as conspicuous as those you were with tonight, and I can't understand how mother let you go," said Dick to Mollie as we entered our room.

"Now look here, Dick," spoke up Mollie, "you must not take that tone with me; I am quite old enough to take care of myself and I know that Mr. and Mrs. Seutor are very respectable."

"They may be deadly respectable, my dear Mollie, but to be seen with them often or even once or twice will queer you with all the people I want you to go with and the people you will wish to know."

"I can't see why you object to them," rebelliously continued Mollie; "you, Margie, stood up for Jack's chorus girl."

"Well, my dear, Jack's chorus girl, as you call her, was most refined and inconspicuous. She showed birth and breeding, and although I don't like to judge anyone I would say that the Seutors were good enough in their way, but, my dear, their way is not ours."

"Margie! I never thought you were a snob," indignantly cried Mollie.

"And I don't think I am," was my retort. "It isn't a question of goodness, Mollie dear, it is a question of where you want to be placed in your path of life. If the Seutors are the kind of people that make you happiest—the kind that appeal to you as those you would wish to be your friends, then I feel that neither Dick nor I have anything more to say about it."

I could see by Mollie's face that she was bored to death with the Seutors

and so I pushed my point a little further.

"Now, Mollie, I know you have the curiosity of youth and it is perfectly natural that you should wish to know about the actresses that you girls see weekly at the little theater near your house. Mind, I am not saying there are not refined and clever men and women on the stage, some of them in very small parts, and I believe that the Seutors are 'good' people, and in their own walk of life probably fill their appointed places with credit to themselves."

"The question of choosing friends, like the question of using paint on one's face, is not a question of morals, but one of taste, but one cannot rectify one's mistakes in friends as easily as one can wash off the rouge of one's cheeks if one finds that one's taste has changed."

"The friends you make as a young girl are the ones that usually determine your social position in life, and I have known many a mother that made the grievous error of allowing her daughter to pick up and become intimate with chance acquaintances. Often times one makes very delightful friends informally, but as a rule, one should, when young, be very careful in choosing one's companions."

"Which impels me to ask again," said Dick, "where was mother when you made this theater and supper engagement?"

"She was home," answered Mollie, with a slight blush. "I did not feel called upon to tell her that you and Margie were not to be in the party."

"Did you lie to her?" asked Dick sternly.

"No," answered Mollie. "I saw when I came back from the telephone