

done has been due to the kindly influence of my friends. They have urged me to try more difficult feats; have criticized me in a well meaning way when I hesitated in attempting something new; have praised me when I won.

It means a great deal for any one to enjoy staunch friends, who are always waiting to cheer one up a bit when things look blue and the struggle doesn't seem worth the effort. For that reason, girls, I advise you to cultivate your friends. When they advise or criticize you, don't spurn their interest, for you can depend on it that what they say is intended for your good. Naturally, you will not refuse their praise, for praise is always sweet.

Many a time I have been in doubt as to some course of action, perhaps in my swimming, and I have asked the advice of some friend. I have always found something in the reply to lift me away from the tendency to doubt myself. It is the finest thing in the world to listen to the cheery talk of a friend.

Not every one will be your friend. There are persons with hateful, ugly dispositions who will be jealous of you if you have gone very far in your career; if you have done something worth while. It is in combatting the effect of this antagonism that your real friends are of greatest value. Their confidence in you will create a sort of protective atmosphere about you; will help you forget the slurs and attacks of petty humans.

I remember one instance when the confidence of my friends helped me immensely in winning a race. I had entered the quarter-mile contest at Lafayette, Pa., on the Schuylkill river. At that time, of course, I had developed enough poise and assurance to carry me through public contests. I was no longer bothered by a haunting fear of vague bogies, but one is never sure of the outcome of a race.

When I came out of the dressing

room and was waiting for the call, several of my girl friends came up to me.

"We believe you will win, Dorfner," they said, smiling cheerily.

I can't tell you how inspiring that was to me; how good it made me feel, for I knew they meant just what they said and would be "pulling" for me while the race was on.

I made the start with a glad heart and swam with all the power that was in me. Not only that, but with additional power — the knowledge that friends were watching me with confidence in my ability to win. I did win. I made it in 7:57, a mark I have since lowered to 7:05. I was happy to win, of course, but I was still happier for the confidence of those friends.

At San Francisco on the last 4th of July I was one of the girls in the 100-yd. national championship dash. Eastern and western swimmers were in the race.

Some new friends I had made said to me, "If the east wins we hope you take back the prize."

That was kind and cheering of them. It so happened that I won the race, although all of the girls were close behind me at the finish. It was a good contest.

After it was all over, Agnes Hueber, a Philadelphia friend and also one of the swimmers, threw her arms around me and said, "Oh, Olga, I'm so glad!"

Her pleasure in my winning was just as pleasing to me as the victory. It was just another example of the influence of friendship.

You are fortunate indeed if you have good friends to assist you in your conquest of fear.

If you have and are succeeding in conquering your own doubts, don't forget to be a friend to somebody else, who may be having a weary struggle with all the baffling worries that must be overcome on the way to success.

(The End.)