

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Friendship, Kindness, Love Are Magic Powers of Life

By WINIFRED BLACK

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Winifred Black

long enough to remember the old policeman of the Yale campus, James Donnelly.

Officer Donnelly was campus policeman at Yale for 30 years, and he was loved and respected from one end of this country to the other, wherever a man from Yale lived and had his say.

I wish I had known James Donnelly, policeman. He must have been a man of character, of brains, and of heart.

How Did Donnelly Win Them?

I can get on without the acquaintance of the Rich. I live very contentedly without the friendship of the Great. And I have even known what it was to exist in comparative ease of mind without the companionship of the "unco sould"—but James Donnelly, policeman, I do wish I could have known.

What did you look like, I wonder—your, the well-beloved? Were you a strapping fellow with a pair of broad shoulders and the touch of the rich bronze your name suggests? Or were you a little man with big courage and a great heart?

What was it you did that made you so beloved?

Did you sometimes fail to see things which a strict obedience to rules and regulations would have compelled you to see? Were you once in a while a little deaf, and did you now and then have a foot that troubled you just at the right time?

Did you know them all, the boys—how could I be so careless, I mean the men—who came to Yale to study or to make themselves believe they were studying?

Could you tell a freshman from a sophomore, just by his back and the way he wore his hat? Did you know by the swing of his shoulder whether a man came from the West and would understand a friendly joke, even if he didn't know you? Did you recognize one of the Brahmin cast at a glance, and keep away from him?

Where were you when camp-fires burned and gates flew off their hinges? What were you doing the night of the canoe rush? How many men did you meet and how many did you warn him in time?

Were you so very clever, Policeman Donnelly of Yale, so very, very wise, or so learned and erudite that all the doctors and the potentates should turn out to show you a kind of awe?

Or were you just a kid?

What a magic it is—the old, old thing that rules the world—friendship, kindness, love!

It's Often Hard to Understand.

For you loved every man in Yale—you know you did, Policeman Donnelly—who who is still under the gathering snow today. You loved them and were proud of them, and so, you understood them. And so they loved you and understood you and were proud of you.

I wonder if you belonged to many "Anti-this" or "Pro-that" clubs. Did you join societies and help persuade others of your own sex and profession that work was a cruel wrong and that honest devotion to an honest employment was somehow or other a foolish kind of treason?

Did you hate the rich because they had more money than you? Did you despise the poor because they had less? Did you call every man who worked for his living a slave, and did you name every human being who owned his own home and had a savings bank account a tyrant?

Did you think the world was all wrong and nobody in it was right but you—and people who had time to talk about it with you? Were you a philanthropist—at public meetings? Were you a reformer—when you could talk about it?

Were you a heartless seeker after sweetness and light, or were you, by any strange chance, a plain, kindly, good-natured man who did the work you were paid to do and let your heart talk to your brain, once in a while?

I wish someone would tell us: there are so many people going up and down the earth with torches in their hands these days. Clever people, and people who are just erratic. Good people who really mean what they say, and silly people who only think they mean it.

And, sometimes, it is hard for a plain person of plain mind and simple ideas to understand just exactly what it is all about.

And it is somehow a comfort to find, once in a while, that a man can be kind and simple and understanding and contented and happy, and be loved and respected, for all that.

DIARY OF A WELL-DRESSED GIRL

By SYLVIA GERARD.

THE RAGE FOR WHITE HATS FOR MID-WINTER WEAR.

THIS is the first really cold day we've had this winter—the kind of day when you like to steal away to the library alone and sit before the fire to toast your feet on the fender and dream.

I've had some very wonderful dreams this afternoon and have also reviewed the past and found particular satisfaction in the fact that I've been able to do a few worth-while things in my life, so I'm not altogether the dreamer.

While at school I resolved to take up social work, and when I came home Dad saved me his smallest office and told me in my schemes.

At the end of the first year my "dream" became a reality, for we had a settlement house with a library, gymnasium, auditorium, classrooms, etc.

Dad invested the amount that was left and the following year there was enough to build two cottages at the lake, large enough to accommodate 50 children.

They are not far from our cottage, so that I can run over and keep an eye on things and help amuse the kiddies.

Last winter I asked the girls to help with a series of theatricals, the proceeds of which were to establish a fund to be loaned to any one who cared to borrow for educational purposes.

Dad and I agreed that to give it out-

right might appear too much like charity, while people would feel more like borrowing.

The plan has proved to be a splendid success, for 11 boys and eight girls entered college this fall.

I'm wearing. He insists that I dress better for business than I do to make calls and I guess he's right. The white hat I wore this morning pleased his fancy. It is a small turban of white fox, with a cockcomb of pleated white velvet trimming the crown.

The all-white hat is to be the popular one for mid-winter wear and the milliners are showing wide-brimmed models of satin, panne velvet, fallie taffeta or felt ornamented with flowers, fur plumes or metal lace. These are particularly fashionable for afternoon or evening wear.

One stunning hat which I saw at a new shop has a covering of white satin and the extreme edge of the wide brim is bordered with silver lace. The low crown is banded with a narrow strip of the satin tied in a flat bow at the side. Sweeping back from the front is a large bunch of white paradise plumes.

She also has any quantity of small, close-fitting turbans of the Glenary and military types ornamented with braid or quills, ostrich, paradise, flowers or fur.

A chic model is of white panne velvet ornamented with tallies ermine. A narrow band of the fur trims the centre of the brim, while a flat bow of the same trimming ornaments the side.

I think the little balls of white fox or ermine that they use to trim the turbans are extremely smart, also the flat buttons of fur that are sometimes placed at equal intervals about the crowns of the larger hats. The millinery this season is more fascinating than ever. I'd like to have 50 hats.

I spend two mornings of every week at the office and enjoy them more than any others. I go down before Dad, and when he comes, an hour later, he fairly beams at me, as he admires the frock or hat



Turban of White Fox and Velvet.

FEMININE FOIBLES

By Annette Bradshaw



Annette Bradshaw

IT MUST HAVE BEEN HARD
ANNA—They say the ancients didn't have any mirrors.
CLARA—How on earth did they get their hats on straight?

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By LEONA DALRYMPLE

Author of the new novel, "Diary of the Green Van," awarded a prize of \$10,000 by Ida M. Tarbell and S. S. McClure as judges.

No. 273. Sunshades and Wrong Shades.

Went to Meadowbrook in Hugh Jaynes' motor car. I was keenly eager to see a polo match and felt my excitement rise with the steadily growing line of cars bowling rapidly over the fine Long Island roads.

day was gloriously bright—a real world of life and color that made one's blood race like wine through the veins.

At the Polo grounds we had difficulty in finding parking space and I laughed at the pretty wonder in Mary's eyes.

"Peter," said Mary in some excitement, "where did everybody get those wonderful 'little parasols' I didn't see any. And I must have one, mustn't you, Joan?"

Those Gorgeous Parasols.

"Assuredly," consented Joan readily. And Hugh and I smiled slightly, for we had made our way to our seats with considerable difficulty, and it was to be no easy matter to make our way out again merely to purchase two ridiculous little parasols.

"Punny," grumbled Hugh as we eluded our way out and were rewarded with a shower of glass and mud.

"I will tell you a little more," he said, "but I must be going to the office."

"Most women," I commented wearily, "think merely of a man's convenience when the world is looking on. She likes to command prettily and be obeyed. Then, in the courtly fashion of ladies, it is easy and cheap to reward with a smile."

"We're grouchy," said Hugh with a grin. "Come on, Peter, here's a way out."

I stepped on a route upon a man's toe. He informed me of the fact indignantly. Hugh pushed on until he had cleared a space for me and presently

we found a man selling parasols. He had just two left—one purple and one a bright cerise.

"Well," said Hugh, "the girls seemed to be quite keen about bright colors, didn't you think so? These ought certainly to do."

Wrong, After All.

Feeling insanely foolish, Hugh and I returned with our parasols. We had even more difficulty in getting back than we had in coming out. Now and then we were blocked for minutes at a time out on the field men were leading the stunts of ponies about wondrously, sturdy little fellows who knew the same as well as their masters. An Englishman was riding shortly about the field, his horse as superb as his consciousness of it.

eyes. It was surely a scene of crowds and life. We walked a complete circuit of the grounds before we came to our particular entrance to the grand stand, and when at last we were seated Mary caught her breath with a cry of wonder. It was as if it were colored, the sweep of green ahead, and the rainbow flash of the crowded grand stands. For women were holding tiny parasols of every conceivable shade above their heads and the motion made one think of the sweep of a many-colored flame.

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