# Friendship, Kindness, Love Are Magic Powers of Life By WINIFRED BLACK

man from Yale lived and had his say.

man of character, of brains, and of heart.

AMES E. DONNELLY, policeman died the other day in New Haven,

When he was buried the Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, secretary of Yale corporation, conducted the service. William H. Taft, Timothy Dwight of Yale, President Hadley of Yale and a large delegation from the faculty came to the services.

There was a good deal of jealousy among the smart seniors as to who should be chosen for the honor of pallbearers for James E. Donnelly, police-

lence were received at Yale from all over the country. Men known from one end of the world to the other stopped their serious personal affairs remember the old policeman of the Yale campus, James

Donnelly. Officer Donnelly was campus policeman at Yale for 20 years, and he was loved and respected from one end of this country to the other, wherever a

I wish I had known James Donnelly, policeman. He must have been

## ·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 guid"-but James Donnelly, policeman, I do wish I could have known What did you look like. I wonder-you, the well-beloved? Were you a strapping fellow with a pair of broad shoulders and just the touch of the rich brogue your name suggests? Or were you a little man with big courage and

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

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

Could you tell a freshman from a sonhomore, 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 loke, even if he didn't know von? Did von recognize one of the Brahmin cast at a glance. and keen away from him?

Where were you when camp-fires burned and gates flew off their hinges What were you doing the night of the cane rush? How many men did you or so learned and erudite that all the doctors and the potentates should turn

out to give you a kind farewell? Or were you fust-kind? What a magic it is-the old, old thing that rules the world-friendship.

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

you foin societies and bein persuade others of your own age and profession that work was a cruel wrong and that honest devotion to an honest employment was somehow or other a terrible kind of treason? Did you hate the wish because they had more money than you? Did you

I wonder if you belonged to many "Anti-this" or "Pro-that" clubs. Did

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 hank account a tyrant?

Did you think the world was all wrong and nobody in it was right but-

FEMININE FOIBLES & By 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, "Diane of the Green Van," awarded a prize of \$10,000 by Ida M. Tarbell and S. S. McClure as judges.

Sunshades and Wrong Shades.



eyes. It was surely a scene of crowds we found a man selling parasols. He sight these days, and life. We walked a complete cir- had just two left—one purple and one and many women cuit of the grounds before we came to a bright cerise.
our particular entrance to the grand "Well." said Hugh. "the girls seemed went to our particular entrance to the grand Meadow-brook in Mary caught her breath with a cry of didn't you think so? These ought cer-

Hugh Jaynes's motor car. I was keen rainbow flash of the crowded grand wrong After All.

ly eager to see a stands For women were holding tiny polo match and felt parasols of every conceivable shade above their heads and the motion made.

# Secrets of Health and Happiness

# Does Only a Single Person In 25,000 Really Think?

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

F any particular portion of your anatomy is not used, it loses its power of exertion, not to mention its efficiency. On the other hand, thoughts exercised, muscles used, and tissues put to it to carry on the endeavors

of the animal, can change the very shape of nature. Use is the hoe, the pick, the shovel, the judge, the law, and the creator of the outward make-up of the world. Curiously enough, many actions are performed by mankind which are greatly misinterpreted, so far

Men who eat predigested food, make their stomachs die a living death of atrophic uselessness. Mothers who humor a child's every whim and whimper, make the youngster an inefficient adult. Neglect of muscular efficacy spells apathy,

attention, in-thinking, the ballooning his intellect and reason to lapse into inout of your own cosmos at the expense of a mental shrinkage of everything and everybody else.

This natural law in the living world has been proved long by a universe of

by the development of extraordinary service in another set—the legs. Like a mule or horse he kicks his enemies and ru-3 away. The ancestor of the ostrich had the habits of a buzzard. As its size and weight increased its wings were

mentary in size and power from

utilizing their vision, because of their nocturnal habits in the light of day, has caused the atrophy of their canacity to see objects in any kind of illumination. If the human creature in this respec differs from any of his fellow-animals, it is, perhaps, but out-Heroding Herod. Man is known as a rational animal, but one man in each 25.000 ever truly exer-

his logic and his higher mental he thirteenth is an unlucky day; that prove something because everybody has inquiries ; failed to prove the opposite, has allowed this office.

fatty formations, nervousness, and that abomination of gods and men, seif-

Answers to Health Ovestions

A-Massage the bust with oliveoil, camphorated oil and sweet oil. Deep breathing and slight exercise also help.

G. W. M.-Q-What is a good remed:

A-Apply every night and morning white precipitate continent to the boils.

J. O. R.-Q-I have "catarrh" a great deal in my throat. Will you kindly suggest a remedy? A—There is no such thing as "catarrh." Irrigate your throat with alkaline anti

septic fluid diluted three times in water

for one suffering with ulcers of stomach. A—Avoid large meals. Eat very little, and chew everything until it is thor-oughly liquefied. Drink plenty of water, but avoid hot drinks and foods, as well as salt, pepper and other seasoning.

for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and sanitation subjects that are shadow, foretells the weather: that take to prescribe or offer advice for in-there are such things as equinoctial dividual cases. Where the subject is not storms or ghosts: that medicines will of general interest letters will be an-

# Why Premature Gray Hair May Often Be Due to Neglect

By LUCREZIA BORI

Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York.

D'EMATURE grayness is not

make the mistake of dyeing the hair. I say mistake, for there is no dve that is absolutely harm-

good hair tonic. If the hair is dry cellent tonic:

Tincture of nux vomica. 74 srains Phenol. 4 dram Tincture of cinchons... 1 ounce Tincture of cantharides. 4 dram Cologne ...... 4 ounces Apply this with the finger tips or a

Fach night brush the hair for at least 20 minutes and massage the scalp until the circulation is stimulated. Then apply

wice or three times a week.

# THE RAGE FOR WHITE HATS FOR MID-WINTER WEAR. The RAGE FOR WHITE HAT THE HUMBLE DANDELION :: By Vernon Merry

N an old-fashioned garden grew Lady's Slippers, Canterbury Bells, Portulaces and other flowers, whose bright colors made the beds gay in the sunlight, In one corner, far away from all the other posies, the gardener had Well, Biddy, see what your temper allowed to grow undisturbed a dandelion. The cultivated flowers were prone to did to you and to him. Tell him disdain this humble flower of the field and never paid any attention to her. all about it, Biddy, and see what Finally when the petals had withered and dropped from all the flowers and

the seed-pods had formed, the proud Canterbury Bell one day boasted to her the seed-pods had formed, the product Cantelly Substitute of use the seed-pods had formed, the product Cantelly Substitute of the seed-pods had formed, the product Cantelly Substitute of the seed-pods had formed, the product Cantelly Substitute of the seed-pods had formed, the product Cantelly Substitute of the seed-pods had formed, the product Cantelly Substitute of the seed-pods had formed, the product Cantelly Substitute of the seed-pods had formed, the product Cantelly Substitute of the seed-pods had formed, the product Cantelly Substitute of the seed-pods had formed, the product Cantelly Substitute of the seed-pods had formed, the product Cantelly Substitute of the seed-pods had formed, the product Cantelly Substitute of the seed-pods had formed, the product Cantelly Substitute of the seed-pods had formed, the product Cantelly Substitute of the seed-pods had formed, the product Cantelly Substitute of the seed-pods had formed, the product of the seed-pods had formed the seed had

"T'll not confine my seeds to the limits of this small garden," retorted the Lady's Slipper, "I'll send them rolling under the hedge and out into the lawn. They'll have plenty of room to grow there."

"My seeds are so small and light that the wind will carry them as far as the My seeds are so small and light that the wind will carry them as far as the meadow, so I'll cover a wider space than either of you," said the Portulaca, casting a scornful look at both the taller growing plants.

The Dandelion listened to the conversation and said nothing.

The Dandelion listened to the conversation and said nothing.

One day the seed-pods of the cultivated flowers burst and the little seeds one day the seed-pods.

est from young women readers of this paper and will reply to them in these columns. They should be addressed to her, care of this office.

One day the seed-pods of the cultivated flowers burst and the little seeds were scattered over the garden, lawn and meadow, just as the plants had said.

Then the Dandelion released her seeds, each one attached to a little, downy parachute, and the wird caught them and carried the seeds far into the world.

With envious eyes the other seeds watched them sailing past.

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

the channel,

fighting side s. From here

wn as the se was shot

tricia Regi-

Major Ham-

itself suffi-

SCHOOL.

Thirty-five

at Tete-de-

ints betwee

While at school I resolved to take up in my schemes.

sium, auditorium, classrooms, etc. to build two cottages at the lake, large

I'm not altogether the dreamer. social work, and when I came home Dad gave me his smallest office and told me to go ahead; that he would back me

At the end of the first year my "dream" became a reality, for we had a settlement house with a library, gymna-

Dad invested the amount that was left and the following year there was enough enough to accommodate 50' children, They are not far from our cottage, so that I can run over and keep an eye on hings 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.

I spend two mornings of every week at tons of fur that are sometimes placed at the office and enjoy them more than any equal intervals about the crowns of the cores, and enjoy them more placed at the core and enjoy them more than any equal intervals about the crowns of the core and enjoy them more than any equal intervals about the crowns of the core and enjoy them more placed at tons of fur that are sometimes placed at the core and enjoy them more than any equal intervals about the crowns of the core and enjoy them more than any equal intervals about the crowns of the core and enjoy them more than any equal intervals about the crowns of the core and enjoy them more than any equal intervals about the crowns of the core and enjoy them more than any equal intervals about the crowns of the core. I go down before Dad, and when a core and enjoy them more than any equal intervals about the crowns of the core. I go down before Dad, and when a core and enjoy them more than any equal intervals about the crowns of the core. I go down before Dad, and when a core and enjoy them more than any equal intervals about the crowns of the core.

The all-white hat is to be the popular one for mid-winter wear and the milli-ners are showing wide-brimmed models of satin, panne velvet, faille taffeta or felt ornamented with flowers. fur. plum age or metal lace These are particu-larly fashionable for afternoon or evenone 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 plumage. She also has any quantity of small, close-fitting turbans of the Glengarry and military types ornamented with braid or quills, ostrich, paradise, flowers or fur. A chic model is of white panne velvet

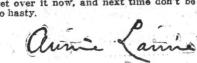
row band of the fur trims the centre of the brim, while a flat bow of the same trimming ornaments the side. I think the little balls of white fox or Turban of White Fox and Velvet. ermine that they use to trim the turbans I spend two mornings of every week at tons of fur that are sometimes placed at

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: DI am desperately in love with a boy who will not speak to me.

I will tell you the circumstances. and hope you will be able to help me.
I went with him about a year, and

he loved me I know, for he told me so many times. While I went with him I thought I didn't care anything for him, and broke date after date. He finally broke a date with me, and being very jealous-hearted, I said things to him that were simply ter-rible. He didn't get mad, but I be-lieve that instant I fell in love with him, he seemed so broken-hearted. since then he has completely ignored me, and when I pass him on the street I don't look at him. He goes with the girl now he broke the date with me for. I would apologize but am afraid if I should write to him he would not pay any attention to it.

speak to him again. Do you think it possible for him ever to forgive me?



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get over it now, and next time don't be, of us than any other flower."

inquiry on subjects of feminine inter-

her, care of this office.

Annie Laurie, if he had said to me what I did to him I never would