

Woman's Work -:- Fashions -:- Health Hints -:- Household Topics

Policemen Need Compassion

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Copyright, 1915, by Star Company. God measures souls by their capacity. For entertaining his best Angel, Love, Who loveth not his nearest kin to God, Who is all Love, or nothing. He who sits And looks out on the palpitating world, And feels his heart swell within him large enough To hold all pain within it, he is near His great Creator's standard, though he dwells Outside the pale of churches and knows not A feast day from a fast day, or a line Of Scripture even. What God wants of us Is that out-reaching benignity that ignores All littleness of sin or crowd, And cleaves all Earth and Heaven in its embrace.

On November 19 an article was published in this column headed by a letter from a young woman in the Bronx who criticized policemen for their indifference to suffering animals. The article was published with the young lady's initial and some comments of the writer which suggested a school of education for policemen in kindness to animals. The article has brought forth the following interesting letter from a policeman:

Dear Madam: In your article on kindness to animals of November 19, you criticized policemen for their indifference toward suffering animals.

I wonder if you know that the policeman's lot is in many instances worse than the stray dog you say they beat with their sticks? The dog can find something in a garbage can to satisfy his appetite, but the policeman has to fast for nine to ten hours at a time. It is too bad the officer laughed at the young woman, but if he had conversed with her for a few minutes he would be leaving himself liable in charges for which he would surely be fined as much as five days' pay. If you don't believe this, go down to the trial room at police headquarters any trial day, and you will find conditions the more deserving of your sympathy than the dogs.

She probably never thought that there was a human shoe-fitter watching the policeman, ready to frame him up for fifteen minutes' conversation if he spoke to her for two. Did she stop to think what kind of a reception the policeman would get at the station house if he brought in a stray dog to Mr. Lieutenant?

You don't need any school to teach policemen kindness to animals. Just now, we are studying physiology, psychology, idiosyncrasy, laws, ordinances, rules, drill and gymnastics, and occasionally our chaplain lectures us on theology. If we require anything further, it is the insane asylum.

I assure you, policemen as a rule are not unkind to suffering animals (as we are friends of misery). But we are a little jealous of the rich lady's dog, so comfortably clothed and fed, while we stand hungry in the cold. Yours respectfully,

POLICEMAN.

This letter will cast a new light on the New York policemen for many people. They are such hearty, ruddy, healthy looking men, I think it never occurs to most of us that they can be hungry or in need of the necessities of life.

Unquestionably the policeman's familiarity with the disorderly type of street riff-raff hardens his heart after a time and causes him to be more or less brutal in his treatment of these unfortunate.

A young woman of the writer's acquaintance was unexpectedly detained over night at a friend's house where she had dined. Her home was only a few blocks distant; in the morning she started to walk home this short distance with a long wrap covering her evening gown which was hit by an iron pole which was being carried in a wagon by a care-less driver.

The young woman was unconscious for some moments. When she awakened she found herself in the hands of a very severe policeman, who considered her evidently from her evening costume, occasionally our chaplain lectures us on theology. He was determined to convey her to the station house and was very skeptical when she assured him that she was a respectable individual with a home near by. She was finally allowed to return to her home and called a physician to attend to her bruises.

No doubt the policeman became hardened in their too frequent contemplation of the rough and disorderly element and too frequently find statements made to them by those whom they are obliged to arrest lacking in foundation in truth. Compassion is not only the policeman's need, but the need of humanity today. The world is tired of Sunday religion, which shows itself in prayer and penance and communion service. It wants a more practical, every-day religion.

It is easy to stand in the pulpit, or in the close to kneel. And say—'God do this; God do that—' Make the world better, relieve the sorrows of man; for the sake of Thy Son.

'Oh, forgive all sins! Then, having blundered out God's work, to feel duty is done.' It is easy to be religious this way. Easy to pray.

It is harder to stand on the highway, or to walk in the crowd and say, 'I am He, I am He.' Mine the world burden; mine the sorrows of men; mine is the Christ-work.

'To forgive my brother's sin; and then to live the Christ's part. And never to shrink. It is hard for you and me To be religious this way Day after day.'

In-Shoots

A man can often be soft-headed without being tender-hearted.

A poor excuse is better than none, unless the excuse is a husband.

The best of friends make the worst of enemies when they fall out.

The breath of suspicion is more blighting than a November frost.

Better monkey with the buzz saw than arouse the even-tempered man.

It is always better to cough up the secrets of your friends than your own.

Amateurs who have not been asked to pose in the movies can at least write a scenario and submit it to some film company.

The good loser is the defeated candidate who does not beef when paying the campaign expenses.

"Youth and the Cup of Life"

By Nell Brinkley



Youth, with smooth skin and blossoming figure, wide, seeking eyes and mind alert at last, leaving chill fairy tales unread for the great real fairy tale of life, with hands just curving for the treasures of love and life that come to women, arms rounding and filling to smooth, soft lines, eyes and lips learning to droop and curve in coquetry and heart pulsing harder at the thought of the untired adventure that lies always around the bend in the path—youth bends above the fragile, strong, precious cup of life filled with its scented wine of radiant, throbbing colors of the prism—ceaselessly wedding with a soft seeth of glowing bubbles—speaking to the eager face above it with a vague, remote music—full of gifts unthinkable, peoples with the fairy people—Fame, Love, Joy, the dream-giver—and offering against youths face a vapor of warm, bitterness that is new and strong and all-powerful. The magic, lovely liquor of life!

Youth peers and longs, with eyes afloat from the upward glow of the jeweled drink. And if any who loves says, "Oh, not yet—you are such a baby still," youth chafes and anguishes at the delay. You have felt the cup of life cool crystal against your lips and know the depths of its rare delights—who have reached the quieter currents at the bottom of the glass below the boiling bubbles that break at the top—have found it sweet. But how much more glorious does it look—to youth leaning above—untasted yet!

—NELL BRINKLEY.

Anita Stewart's Talks to Girls: No. 11--Mothers as Friends

By ANITA STEWART.

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Do you know what is the very best thing that can happen to a girl? It's having a mother for a friend.

And it's about the rarest thing that ever does happen to a girl. Mothers worship their daughters. Mothers would die for their daughters if necessary. But they don't know how to be friends with them.

Why, I could count on the fingers of one hand the girls I know who are on terms of real intimacy with their mothers. I mean the sort of intimacy that you have with people when you tell them what you think and read them your letters.

No; most of the girls I know could stop a strange woman on the street and tell her such things easier than they could their own mothers. Of course, the mothers lay all the blame for this on the girls, and nothing is more common than to hear a woman say, bitterly that her daughter never confides in her. That's the mother's side of the case, and so I want to present the girl's side, of which the mothers never think.

I think that when a girl and her mother are not friends—real chums—it is always the mother's fault. She had the first chance at the little girl's heart, and if she didn't establish herself so thoroughly in it that no rival could oust her she has only herself to blame.

The first reason that most girls don't confide in their mothers is because mother stands to them for nothing but the veto power. She's always the wet blanket on everything they want to do. She's a perpetual, incarnate "don't."

Of course nobody is going to tell somebody else what she is going to do, if that other person is going to disapprove of all her little plans. That's why girls tell mother after they've done a thing instead of before they do it. And afterwards it is generally too late.

Another reason girls don't confide in mother is because mother is so critical. She picks all of the girl's friends to pieces and makes fun of them, and girls are so very sensitive that they can't bear to hear people they like ridiculed. So they have their friendships under cover as much as possible.

And when they try to tell mother about their little hopes, and plans, and ambitions, she's either scandalized or amused and thinks they are all just silly, and she says that when she was young a really nice girl wouldn't have thought of doing such things. Really and truly, about the

last person on earth from whom a girl ever expects to get sympathy is her own mother.

Of course, if she were in real trouble, mother would wrap her arms out for her; but when it comes to understanding things and sympathizing about them mother usually isn't there. And that's the reason very often that mother has to cry over the big misfortunes that happen to her daughter.

Another reason girls don't confide in their mothers is because the average mother hasn't too much honor about keeping a secret. Many a girl would like to talk something over with her mother and ask her advice, but she knows if she does that mother may tell her poor, little, pitiful secret to all the aunts and cousins and the neighbors, and so the girl confides in someone else, who won't tell.

And there are other mothers who make the little heart-to-heart confidences of their daughters the basis for the funny stories they tell at dinner parties. I knew a girl once who had a boy sweetheart who proposed to her when they were kiddies. The girl thought it was most wonderful, and she rushed to her mother and sobbed out her little romance, and the mother thought it all so amusing that she fixed it up a little bit, and made it a perfect stream of a story that she told wherever she went.

Every one used to laugh and laugh, but

Advice to Lovelorn By Beatrice Fairfax

He Was Wrong.

Dear Miss Fairfax: A young man in Harlem and a young woman living in the Bronx had an engagement to go on an outing. The day before arrangements were made for the young lady to meet the young man at the subway station nearest his home.

After considering the matter the girl called up the man and asked if he would please call for her, she did not feel as though she could comfortably carry a luncheon for two to the station.

He positively refused to do as she asked, claiming it was an imposition on her part to suggest such a thing. The result was they both stayed at home that day and had somewhat of an argument over same.

Today they are good friends again, but they both maintain they were right in their actions.

J. H.

It was very rude of the young man to refuse to keep his engagement unless his convenience was suited. He was certainly selfish to insist that a girl meet him at the subway station nearest his home in any case, but when he expected her in addition to come and carry his luncheon he passed all bounds of kindness and good manners.



Keeps Lit in a Stiff Wind

The flame "flickers," of course, but it does not go out.

The stick is absolutely dry—that is one reason for the superiority of Safe Home Matches.

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Tuesday Specials

Sheets, Sheeting, Pillow Slips, Domestics

---Do you grasp the importance of Brandeis Stores' January White Sale, chiefly its unusual economies? Several advances in cotton have only spurred us on to far excel past efforts at value-giving. These special values for Tuesday are worth your attention.

- 36-Inch Bleached Muslin, one of our staple brands. Soft finish. Full bolts, 8 1/2 value, sale price Tuesday, 5 1/2c yard
- 36-Inch Bleached Muslin, Cambric and Longcloth, mill remnants of 10c and 12 1/2c qualities, from the "Sixless Bleachery." Sale price, 6 1/2c yard
- 36-Inch Unbleached Sheetting, fine soft finish. Regular 7 1/2c value, special yard, 4 3/4c
- 36-Inch Dress Percale, light and dark colors, neat dots, stripes. Values to 10c yd., 6 3/4c
- Special Leader Sheets—Bleached sheets, extra fine quality, soft finish, good wearing fabric; 3-inch hems, torn and ironed. January sale, in all sizes—
 - 63x99 inches, each, 53c
 - 72x99 inches, each, 57c
 - 81x90 inches, each, 59c
 - 81x99 inches, each, 59c
- Pillow Slips
 - 42x36 inches, each, 11 1/2c
 - 45x36 inches, each, 12 1/2c
- 42 and 45-Inch Genuine "Wamsutta" and "Dwight Anchor" Pillow Tubing. Sale price 42-in. yard, 16c
- 45-Inch, yard, 17 1/2c
- The Genuine Lonsdale Bleached Cambric, mill shorts to 20 yards, each piece stamped, 15c value, yd., 8 1/2c
- Genuine Red Seal, Bates, A. P. C. and other staple and popular dress zephyrs, all the wanted stripes and checks. Reg. 10c value, sale price Tuesday, yd., 8 1/2c
- Comfier Covering, beautiful oriental and Persian designs. 6c value, yd., 4 1/2c
- Outing Flannel, soft warm fleece nap on both sides, 7c value, yd., 5c

Flax Fields of Europe Are in Ruins Buy Linens Now or Pay More Later

- Dinner Sets—Consisting of one cloth, size 2x2 and 2x2 1/2 yards, with one dozen napkins to match. All pure linen, very pretty patterns, choice, \$4.95
- Extra Special—\$1.25 Damask, 89c
- Full bleached, all linen, in the Scotch and Irish makes; 70 inches wide. Extra heavy quality, sale price Tuesday, yard, 99c
- Napkins to match, dozen, \$2.98
- All Linen Huck Towels—Hemstitched ends, sizes 18x36 and 20x40 inches. Each, 25c
- Damask, 29c
- Full bleached, mercerized damask, very fine quality; 64 inches wide. Special, yard, 29c
- 12 1/2c Crash, 9c
- Bleached or unbleached crash, 18 inches wide. Good heavy quality, soft and absorbent, yard, 9c

- Slippers, Rubbers, Leggins
- Women's, Misses' and Children's Jersey Leggins, flannel lined. All sizes, pair, 49c
- Women's Alaskas and Rubbers, all sizes, good quality. Worth to 85c, sale price, 49c
- Women's Black Overalls, 5 and 10-button styles. Worth to 75c, spe, 25c
- Children's Panama Leggins, kid, gray, black, blue and white. Sizes to 5, warm lined, 75c
- Children's Felt Slippers, assorted styles, all sizes, pair, Worth to 75c, sale price, 25c
- Men's Canvas Leggins, assorted styles, all sizes, Worth to 75c, Tuesday, 39c
- Men's Good Quality Rubbers, low and high cut; all sizes. Worth to \$1.00, special, 69c
- Men's German Boot Socks, Worth to \$1.00, 50c
- 19-Inch Messaline, good weight, soft finish, in a good range of colorings. Regular 39c value, sale price Monday, yard, 19c
- 22-Inch Imported Boulevard Velveteens, in novelty print effects, scroll, floral and dot combinations—all colors. Worth 89c, yard, 25c
- Mill Ends and Remnants of Georgettes, Chiffons and Marquisettes, in all colorings; lengths from 1 to 2 1/2 yards, Worth to \$1.50, yard, 75c
- 24-Inch Novelty Poplin, in brocade and print combinations; all the new plaid, Persian, floral and scroll effects shown. Worth 50c, yard, 25c

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