

The Preacher's Stalled Car

By CORONA REMINGTON

(Copyright)

IT WAS a dreadful night outside. The snow was nearly knee-deep. The wind howled around the corners of the neat little cottage and whistled at the windows as if for admission. But little Mrs. Wingate only drew closer to the cheery open fire and went on with the bedspread she was embroidering, a slight frown on her placid brow.

How long must a widow be a widow before Hilldale would consider it proper for her to receive the attentions of men? She pulled herself up with a jerk. That was not the right sort of thing to be thinking about. It wasn't loyal to poor John, and he had been such a good husband, too. As she sat there before the fire, a perplexed expression on her plump, comely face, her needle flying in and out as it outlined the intricate pattern on the bedspread, she even dared to let her mind run over the male possibilities in the neighborhood. . . . There was Elias Bunch, the widower whose farm joined hers, but he was years her senior and had five children. There would not be much happiness there; besides, he had grappled too long with the hard things of life to have any fun left in him. No, she would rather think about Tom Wilson, who had the little general merchandise store. Trouble about him was it would be hard to break him into matrimony. The ways of women would be a riddle to him and his way the only right way. No, he would never do.

Mrs. Wingate grew more and more depressed, and the more depressed she grew the faster her needle flew.

"Well, I declare!" she said aloud, stopping in her work and holding up the counterpane so that she could see it the better. "I could most finish it tonight. Won't matter if I do go to bed late."

So it was nearly one o'clock when she finally threaded her needle and went around the last slender, vine-like stem to a flower the genus of which can only be found in embroidery patterns.

Just as she was turning out the light she started at the sound of a smart rapping on the door and upon opening it found Preacher Smithson standing outside.

"Well, what on earth are you doing out on a night like this!" she said, opening the door wider.

"My car got stalled in the snow, Sister Wingate," he explained. "I been out to see the Clayton child. They are looking for him to die, but he was better when I left."

"You're so hoarse you can't hardly speak, and you must be froze to death," she said, drawing another chair up to the fire. "Now, you set right there and I'll make some hot coffee. That'll drive the chill out o' your bones."

She hurried into the kitchen and he sat on by the fire, his hands outstretched to the warm blaze, his wet shoes already sending up little spirals of steam.

"Here we are," she said a few minutes later, setting a tray on the table beside him.

Gratefully he sipped the fragrant liquid. "What's worrying me is—about tonight," he said after a moment in an embarrassed way.

"Well, you ain't going out in this storm," said Mrs. Wingate firmly. "You most got pneumonia now goin' by the way you're coughin'."

"But—but—folks!"

"Let 'em," broke in the little widow with spirit. "Now, you're going right in that spare bedroom. I started the fire in there already. Ain't no sense in lettin' other folks kill you just for fear o' what they'll say."

After she had retired she lay in the darkness thinking about her guest. She had always liked Preacher Smithson ever since he had come to the little congregation in Hilldale nearly two years ago. Rumor said that he had been married once but only for a few weeks when his wife had died of typhoid leaving him again alone. Mrs. Wingate believed that he was unhappy for there was a suggestion of tragedy in his deep-set, dark eyes.

Preacher Smithson awoke the next morning to the fragrant odor of coffee and sausage. He dressed quickly and hurried into the dining room.

"Good morning," Mrs. Wingate greeted him gayly as she set down a platter of pancakes.

"Martha, I been thinking," he said, "and I'm going to let it go this way. You and I've been sort of compromised, staying here alone—all night together, and I expect we—better get married. If you'll have me, I just downright think the world of you."

He had put a timid arm around Martha's plump shoulders and waited ready to retreat or—

At this juncture Martha tactfully helped him out by glancing up at him in her friendliest way. "Maybe it might be—just as well," she said.

She was all ecstasy while he was there but later as she stood at the window watching him trudge through the snow a terrible thought came to her; What if he really didn't care anything about her and had done it entirely to save his reputation and hers? From behind the curtains she saw him making his way slowly through the snow; she saw him approach his car, get in and start off.

"Well, I'll declare!" she said happily. "There wasn't a thing in the wide world the matter with that car!"

"The Father of American Artillery"



THE NEW STATUE OF KOSCIUSKO By Theo. Ruggles Kitson

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

ALL the events in 1927 which have marked the one hundred fiftieth anniversary of the critical year of the Revolution, few have commemorated more appropriately the world-wide significance of the American struggle for freedom than those in which the name of Thaddeus Kosciuszko has figured.

His name and fame were revived last summer when press dispatches carried the news that the bronze urn containing the heart of this Polish patriot and friend of American freedom had been reclaimed by his native land. They were revived at the Saratoga celebration in New York last month when honors were paid, among others, to this youth whose organizing work won for him the title of "Father of American Artillery," and who selected and planned the fortification of Bemis Heights which had such an important part in Burgoyne's defeat.

It was at the Saratoga celebration, too, that there was launched a nationwide campaign among teachers and school children of America to raise funds for the endowment of a scholarship, to be known as "The George Washington Scholarship of the Kosciuszko Foundation," which will provide \$30,000 for the education alternately of a student from Poland at an American university and of an American student at a Polish university. Thus will be perpetuated not only the oft-repeated wish of Kosciuszko, "Let us give our children a good education with the virtues of justice and honor," but also the memory of the splendid friendship between him and the leader of the Continental army, who once declared "to his care and sedulous appreciation, the American people are indebted for the defenses of West Point." For it was Kosciuszko who planned the fortifications on the Hudson and who, when it was later decided to found a training school for future American officers, urged that West Point be chosen as the site.

But most impressive of all the events which have served to recall the name of Kosciuszko was the celebration on October 16 when a new statue of him was unveiled in the Public Garden in Boston. The statue was the gift to Boston of the Polish people of New England, who raised a fund of \$25,000 for that purpose, and on that day more than 15,000 Americans

of Polish ancestry marched in the parade, at the head of which were carried both the Stars and Stripes and the national colors of Poland, to the site of the statue where the unveiling and dedication took place in the presence of many distinguished guests.

This memorial is the work of Mrs. Theo. A. Ruggles Kitson of Framingham, Mass., noted for her own sculptured pieces, including "The Volunteer" at Newburyport, Mass., another at Vicksburg, Miss., the Spanish war students at Minneapolis, Minn., and Schenectady, N. Y., and the Bickerdike statue at Galesburg, Ill., as well as for the fact that she is the wife of Henry H. Kitson, creator of the "Lexington Minute Men" and the Robert Burns statue in the Fenway.

The date (Sunday, October 16) of the unveiling of this statue was especially significant. It was on October 17, 1817, that the Polish champion, then at the age of seventy-one years, met his death by a fall from his horse, an event which the poet Campbell had made historic with his

Hope for a season bade the world farewell
And Freedom shriek'd as Kosciuszko fell!

The date, however, was selected more particularly because it was on October 18, 1776, that Kosciuszko landed in New York with the French expedition to aid the colonies. So the one hundred fifty-first anniversary of his beginning a new fight for freedom and the one hundred tenth anniversary of the end of his long struggle in the cause of liberty saw a great patriotic gathering to honor him.

The whole career of Kosciuszko was dedicated to the single purpose of human liberty. Like Kosuth, the Hungarian, Lafayette, the Frenchman, and others, he was far in advance of his time. He was born February 12 (the birthday of another great exponent of freedom), in the year 1746, in a remote part of Lithuania. It was at a time when Poland was exhausted by wars, not wars for the betterment of the peoples of Europe, but conflicts between ambitious sovereigns. His father was a man of noble birth and large estates. The young Kosciuszko attended the Jesuit college in his home town and in 1764 entered the corps of cadets in the Royal School of Warsaw. During his vacations at home he talked with the peasants on his father's estate, learned of their

T. Kosciuszko.

discontent and in his mind the seed of protest against tyranny began to grow.

Later he went to France where he studied military engineering, especially fortifications, a study which was to bring him fame. At the age of twenty-eight he returned to Poland to find the family fortunes in the hands of a spendthrift older brother and rapidly disappearing. In the meantime the first partition of Poland had taken place and Polish estates were being confiscated by the Russians, who were overrunning the country. Having heard of the rebellion of the American colonies against the British king, Kosciuszko resolved to cast his lot with them. He arrived in Philadelphia soon after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, having mortgaged his patrimony and borrowed 400 ducats to get there. He seems to have made the acquaintance of Franklin, either in France or after his arrival in Philadelphia, for we next hear of him presenting himself and a letter of introduction from Franklin to His Excellency, George Washington, in October, 1776.

"What can you do?" asked Washington, according to the familiar story. "Try me and we shall see," was Kosciuszko's response. So Washington made him a colonel of engineers and from October, 1776, to April 1777, he was busy fortifying Philadelphia, continuing the work there that he had undertaken before his services had been accepted. Then he joined Gates' army in the North and performed the services at Saratoga and West Point already referred to. Later he was of invaluable assistance to General Greene as chief engineer in the southern campaign, and it is said that Greene's escape from Cornwallis during his memorable retreat was due largely to the work of the Polish officer in constructing pontoon bridges which allowed Greene's army to cross rivers before the British could overtake it.

At the close of the Revolution Kosciuszko returned to his native land and had a prominent part in the stormy times which preceded the second partition of that unhappy country. In his fight for the liberty of his country he was finally wounded in battle and captured by the Russians, who held him prisoner for two years. Then he was released upon his request to visit America once more. After his second visit here he settled down in Paris and then removed to Switzerland, where he was living at the time of the fatal fall from his horse. As he lay dying at Solothurn, Switzerland, he requested that his heart should not be taken back to his country until the day "when Poland was free." So it was removed from his body (which was taken to Craeov and buried in the cathedral there), embalmed and placed in a bronze urn which was kept at Zugwils. It remained there until some thirty years ago. Then it was removed to the little chapel of Chateau Rapperswil, near Zurich.

During all these years Poland had been a political football for the powers of Europe. But the end of the World War found it an independent state at last. So the heart of Kosciuszko has gone back to his native land to be placed in the cathedral at Craeov, there to be honored by his countrymen for his struggles in their behalf. And in America, where he also fought for freedom, monuments in Washington, D. C., at West Point, in Humboldt park in Chicago, and this latest one in Boston stand as constant reminders of the debt we owe to this "great champion of human liberty."

A Wife's Transformation

The Story of the Comeback of a Woman Gone to Seed

By Mary Culbertson Miller

INSTALLMENT III

Helen Goes to Work.

TO SEE herself as though through a miracle rejuvenated was almost too impossible to consider, Helen Crane thought, when she first began her course, but that thought was ecstasy!

"Good morning, Mrs. Crane," smiled the beauty genius, as Helen was ushered into her consulting room. Another moment and she was scanning a letter the client had proffered. It was from Doctor Johnston and in it he had enclosed a diet list.

"Well, I see we have a clean bill of health here—that's good! But . . ." she frowned, "doctor states you've abused your digestive functions with obvious ill effects to your skin. That's not so good." She looked across at Helen, giving her a searching glance which incorporated a slight breaking out about her mouth and chin. "Still, he maintains that your general health is good. And that's a splendid backbone for our job."

Smiling, she gazed into space speculatively. "I wonder," she said, "how many women there are who don't know that good health and normal well-ordered lives are absolutely fundamental requisites of a firm velvety skin, the color coming from a blood circulation in good working order and not from little jars and bottles that litter a dressing table! Until they learn this they will keep on burying their bluish with layers of powder and paint, keeping out the healing air from the pores and stuffing them with foreign substances that prevent their ejecting the poisonous matter."

"Doctor Johnston thought I was a lot older than thirty-seven," said Helen rather timidly out of a brief pause.

"He did . . . Well, we'll soon turn that obvious clock back. Let's see . . ." Surveying Helen's face closely she said: "We'll drop off fifteen years before your husband's return. Most men's minds are impressionistic, actually sizing up a person as a whole. I'd like a snap-shot of Mr. Crane when he first visions you after our job is finished."

Diet.

"Now we'll see what food you are allowed. For your breakfast doctor has prescribed fresh fruits, a weak cup of coffee, if you wish it. Chocolate and cocoa are fattening, so they are taboo. And you may have one or two slices of toasted bread made of coarse flour, if possible. Or if not, of white flour, and slices cut very thin. You may have one or two soft-boiled eggs. But he stresses here that fresh fruit is the most important item of the whole meal, as it supplies the acids that you need."

"For luncheon—a green salad of some kind. It's the best thing you can eat—a thin sandwich or roll, and a glass of milk if you like it. There must be a regular meal at dinner. . . . You may have two green vegetables at least. Eat peas and corn sparingly for they are fattening. One starchy vegetable won't hurt you though—potato, rice or macaroni. Then you may have a small piece of meat providing it is not pork and not fried. But positively no gravy. No bread unless a slice of graham or whole wheat. No butter. No water during meals, as it too often does the work of chewing and you swallow food half-masticated. Desserts you'd better leave alone. No nuts, no candy, no cake. Your diet will be principally fruits and fresh vegetables."

"Doctor said something about drinking lots of water."

"Yes, eight glasses between meals every day. Lots of water is one of the secrets of good health." From that day on Helen ate as directed and always felt entirely satisfied.

"Now then," proffering Helen the diet list, "follow that religiously. But that doesn't quite give us our foundation—invigorating exercises go hand in hand. I want you to begin today by taking a half-mile walk, tomorrow one mile, the next day two, the next three. That will get you hardened a little for other exercises. I shall turn you over to physical culture instructors for your exercises soon. It won't be long before that depressing trend of yours is dislodged," she smiled.

"It would seem like a miracle for me to hold my own at social functions. I try to get out of going altogether, because I feel my disadvantages so keenly. Such a paralyzing inadequacy seems to come over me when I am out with Mr. Crane's friends; I never seem to know how to get myself together properly, either."

The beauty genius drew herself forward to the edge of her chair: "My dear Mrs. Crane, if you will work, if you will follow my directions, I can assure you that we'll cure that inferiority complex of yours in a very short time. Women come to me with emotion, in tears; they entreat me to abolish the wrinkles, that they retain their youth . . . and we do it. We laugh in Old Father Time's face."

A little smile turned the corner of her lips as she became conscious of the incongruous combination of her client's trappings. "I'm glad I got her before the matrimonial threads became hopelessly twisted," came under her breath.

(© by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

Women, Here are Facts!

Roanoke, Va.—"There is a difference of seventeen years in the ages of my last two children and all that time I suffered with feminine weakness which completely undermined my health. I was nervous and weak, grew very thin and pale, and suffered untold agony with pain and distress. I doctored all the while and took medicine with no relief to speak of. I finally decided to quit all doctoring and take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. From then on I began to regain my health. Expectancy followed and that baby was the strongest, healthiest and smartest of any of my children and has always been so."—Mrs. F. F. Ferguson, 613 4th Ave., N. W.



Deep Chest Colds or a Raw, Sore Throat END QUICKLY! WHEN YOU APPLY CAMPHOROLE

you can feel it penetrate and quickly loosen up a stubborn cough or cold in throat or chest.

You'll never know how soon a nerve-racking cough can be eased until you try CAMPHOROLE.

It's truly surprising how prompt it opens up clogged nostrils and takes hold of a nerve-racking cough in a way that means business, soothing and healing the sore, irritated lining of the throat, chest and bronchial tubes, gently loosens up phlegm and stops annoying throat ticks.

Then you'll know why thousands swear by CAMPHOROLE, when once you try it for Croup, Colds in Head, Throat or Chest, Asthma, Tonsillitis, Bronchitis and Catarrhal troubles.

Dr. Brigidelle's Camphorole Beware of Druggists' Substitutes

At All Druggists

Dr. Brigidelle's Camphorole, Atlantic City, N. J.

FROZEN FEET

After the first measures for frozen feet, fingers or ears Carboll is the ideal treatment. Its medicinal oils and antiseptic chemicals soothe the tissues, allay soreness and help to prevent complications. A 50-cent box from your druggist is all that is required.

Your money back if it fails to satisfy.

SPURLOCK-NEAL CO., Nashville, Tenn.

PHARMANOL

For Stomach and Bowel Diseases

Contains no habit-forming drugs and may be taken by young and old. Stomach exhaustion, surplus of acid, gas, constipation, skin eruptions, heart burn and kindred ailments readily respond. If you cannot get it do not take substitutes but write direct, enclosing \$1 for full sized package, to Pharmacy Laboratories, Inc., 119 Broadway, N. Y.

How's Your Spelling?

Here are ten words with which to test your friends' ability to spell. In a number of tests few persons get more than five correct. The record score is nine. Ask your friends to spell these: Liquefy, embarrass, rarely, supersede, naphtha, sacrilegious, tranquillity, battalion, harass, kimono. —The Outlook.

MUCO-SOLVENT TREATMENT FOR COLDS Results in 12 Hours

If it's just a head cold, simply put MUCO SALVE (25 cents at drug store) in nostrils and breathe deeply. Or melt a little in a spoon and inhale fumes.

If it is a deep seated cold, besides using MUCO Salve, get a bottle of MUCO SOLVENT (liquid), 75 cents, and take according to directions. Quick results. Brings up the phlegm. Conquers the cold. Old time remedy. Very good.



Porter's Pain King

ALinment

Soothes Pain from Strains, Sprains, Swollen Joints, Tired Muscles, Lame Back.

Use It Today!

THE GAY H. BOWEN CO. CHICAGO, ILL.

Jealousy

"Why were you speeding?" demanded the cop.

"I wasn't speeding," answered Mr. Brown humbly. "I was just trying to pass the man who bought my old car."

For Colds, Grip or Influenza

and as a Preventive, take Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets. A Safe and Proven Remedy. The box bears the signature of E. W. Grove, Inc.—Adv.

Most children have an open countenance, bless their hearts; and it is hard to make them shut up.

Coughs and Colds

are not only annoying, but dangerous. If not attended to at once they may develop into serious ailments.

Boschee's Syrup

is soothing and healing in such cases, and has been used for sixty-one years. 30c and 50c bottles. Buy it at your drug store. G. G. Green, Inc., Woodbury, N. J.

INFLAMED EYES DISFIGURE YOUR LOOKS!

Don't experiment on your eyes. Use MITCHELL'S EYE SALVE for speedy relief. Absolutely safe.

25c

At all drug stores.

HALL & BUCKLEY, New York City

Age No Help

The prospective tenant had inspected the bathroom, electric bell, coal cellar, and all the other conveniences of the flat, and expressed himself satisfied.

"Have you any children?" asked the porter.

"I have."

"Then you can't have the flat."

"But you don't understand. My youngest child is thirty years old."

Beliefs About Moon

The Greeks regarded a full moon as favorable for great enterprises. This belief has a basis of physiological truth, because it is now known that the nervous system is influenced by the lunar cycle. Hence there are periods of vital energy when the physical and mental capacity is at its height, and it is then that success may reward our undertakings.

Heavily Charged Wires

High-power electric cables on pole lines carry electricity at pressure up to 220,000 volts and engineers are experimenting with even higher transmission voltages, but the largest underground cable in the world carries 132,000-volt current six miles under a part of Chicago.