

Married or Single

By JANE OSBORN

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PROF. LATIMER JONES had played golf with two of the trustees of Beta college. He had had luncheon with six others and now, after an hour's converse with the chairman of the board, there seemed no longer reason to doubt the fact that he would be the future president of the flourishing little Beta college. Five thousand dollars' salary wasn't much for a college president, but it was a lot more than the two thousand he had received as an instructor at Gamma. Then the crash came:

"And now we shall be very glad to meet Mrs. Jones—and since your appointment is now merely a matter of form—you might—" That was what the chairman of the board of trustees was saying.

"But there isn't any Mrs. Jones," announced Latimer.

The genial light faded from the face of the chairman of the board.

"Oh," he said. "Then I am afraid there has been some misunderstanding. You see, when I asked President Smith to recommend a candidate, I stipulated a married man. Because you see in a coeducational college like Beta it is quite imperative to have a married president. There is such close social relationship between our students and the faculty that the president's wife has an important role to play. It may be a prejudice on my part, but really I insist."

Latimer Jones grinned sheepishly. He saw the five thousand dollars fading away.

"I happen to be engaged," lied Latimer. "I rather expected to be married this summer."

The genial smile returned. "That makes an enormous difference. I am immeasurably relieved."

On the way home from Beta Latimer recalled this conversation almost word for word and alternately blushed and turned pale at the way in which he had committed himself. For Latimer had remained a bachelor not only because he had never fallen in love but because the very thought of proposing marriage to any girl had always filled him with cringing terror. But by the time he had reached his room in the faculty club of Gamma university he had determined to propose—to some one—and to keep on proposing to some one until some one accepted.

But a month passed and Latimer had not proposed. It was the middle of May with commencement at hand. By the middle of September he must not only be engaged but married. And as yet the progress he had made was to have made a brief call on Betty Fenwick, the twenty-year-old daughter of Professor Fenwick. He had no idea of marrying Betty but there had been nothing out of the way in calling on her and in doing so he had at least made a start.

The idea of proposing to Betty seemed infinitely remote. Still he had grown fond of her freckles and he was beginning to feel that girls less plump were too thin.

Latimer lost courage. He was ready to admit defeat. It would all be a simple matter—just a letter to the chairman of the board of trustees of Beta college announcing a change of plans. He need give no further explanation, but had not posted it, when a letter came from the chairman himself. He had talked over the matter with the other trustees and they had decided that since Mr. Jones had as yet not been married it would better accord with their plans if he postponed the wedding for at least a year. The president's house had not been built and they had decided that it would be best to have the new president reside for the first year in the Men's hall.

The sense of relief that came first was immediately followed by a sense of resentment. "Hot chance they have of keeping me from marrying if I want to—" muttered Latimer. Then he thought of Betty. He tore up the first-draft letter to the chairman of the board, as he remembered that Betty had said that she would be home that evening.

She was alone on the vine-covered veranda of the old Latimer homestead when he called. He felt the smooth little hand in his as she led him to the far end of the porch.

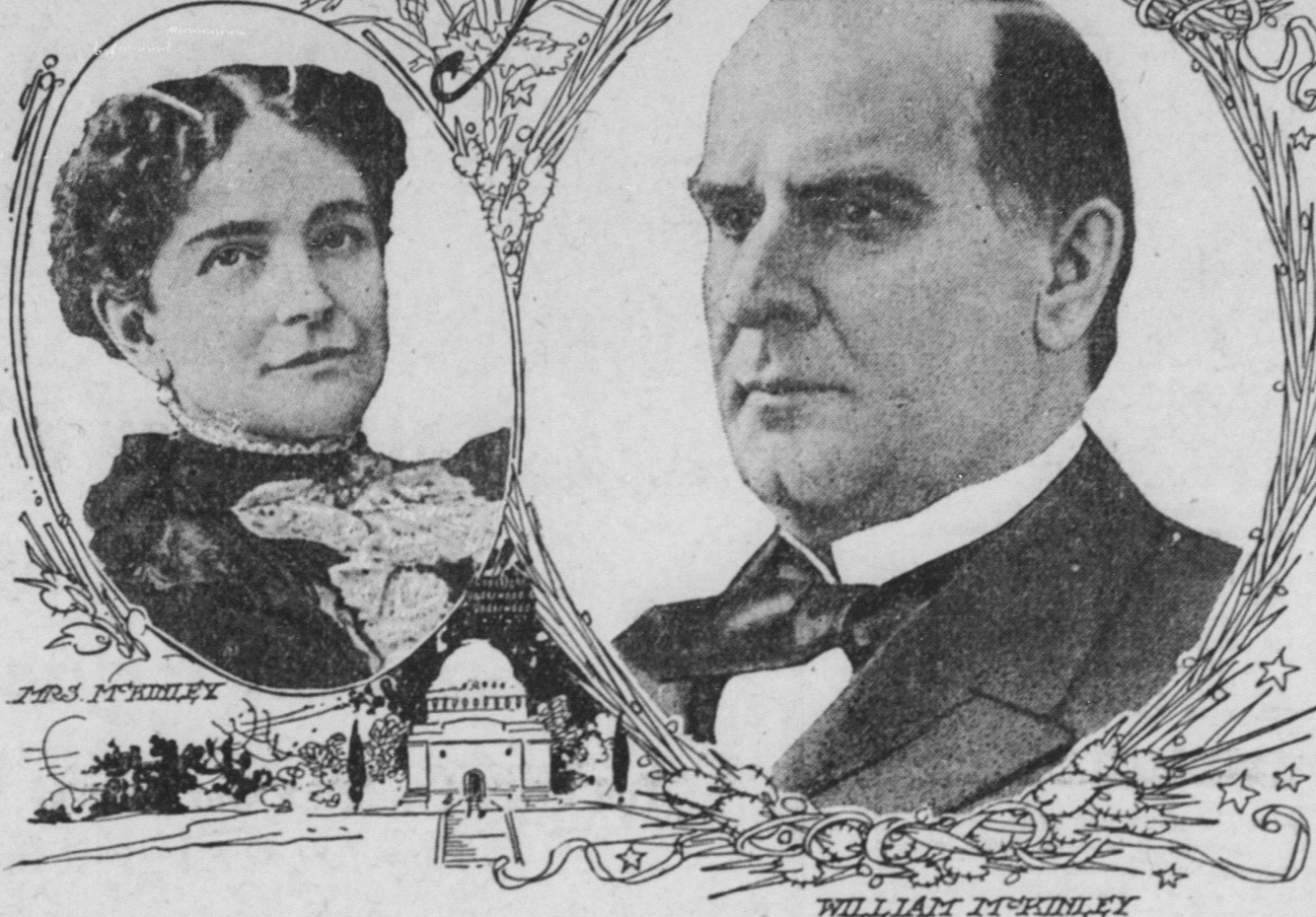
"I was half afraid you wouldn't come," said Betty. "I don't believe you care much whether you see me or not."

"Care?" cried Latimer, and then in proper undertones, "Betty dear, I love you. I want to marry you. I want to marry you soon and take you out to Beta with me."

And the next day Latimer Jones sent a special delivery letter to the chairman of the board. "I have made plans to be married in June. It would be impossible for me to alter these plans now. I will accept your offer on condition that I may be received with my wife in September. We can manage nicely in any temporary house or apartment, as my future wife is a woman of good sense and adaptability."

And word came back by wire: "Congratulations. Satisfactory arrangements will be made." Signed by the chairman of the board. He might have added, but he did not, that the other message had been sent simply because the chairman had felt that Latimer was marrying as a matter of convenience. And now he was sure he was not.

In Memory of a Martyr



By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

ON JANUARY 29 carnations will adorn the buttonholes of thousands of Americans who will thus be carrying on a unique tradition in honoring the memory of a President of the United States. February 12 and February 22 are set aside in our patriotic calendar for reverent tribute to the names of Lincoln and Washington. October 27, Roosevelt's birthday, is often observed as Navy day, thus recalling his part in building up our first line of defense. But January 29 is a date for remembering not so much those elements of statesmanship which twice made him Chief Executive of his country as it is for remembering the simple, kindly soul that was the man named William McKinley. Therefore this simple tribute of wearing his favorite flower on his birthday is singularly appropriate.

So swiftly has the world moved in the last quarter century that, to the present generation, at least, the name of the twenty-fourth President is comparatively unknown. His fame is greatly overshadowed by the dominating personality of his immediate successor, the "strenuous American," and by a still later strong personality of quite another sort, whose fortune it was to lead us in the greatest war this country has ever known. But to those of a previous generation the name of McKinley has a very definite meaning.

Its mention recalls to them that September day in 1901 when the word was flashed all over the country that an anarchist had shot the President as he stood in Music hall at the Pan-American exposition in Buffalo, N. Y., greeting the long line of his fellow-citizens who filed past him to shake his hand. They remember, too, how for the next week the whole nation watched his valiant fight for life; how he accepted the inevitable with the historic words, "Thy will, not ours, be done" and how, when the end came on September 14, his favorite hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee" was the requiem of sorrow of thousands who mourned the loss of William McKinley, the President, but more the passing of William McKinley, the man, whose "perfect devotion to his invalid wife had excited universal admiration."

So America added a third name to make its trinity of martyred Presidents, and as it did so little realized that it was definitely writing "Finis" to an era in American history. Little wonder that the present generation has almost forgotten him and his times! For in at least one important respect, the day of William McKinley is as remote from the present as is the day of Abraham Lincoln or even of Andrew Jackson. The year 1900 was more than the "turn of the century" for the United States. For 110 years America had been concerned with its own internal affairs, with the problems of forming a union out of a group of jealous and wrangling colonies lately freed from European domination, of conquering a wilderness and expanding westward until the land hunger of its people was satisfied, of preserving the nation from disunion and healing the wounds of civil strife. But when on the 25th of April, 1898, congress passed a reso-

Nearer, My God, to Thee!

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dream I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven!
All that Thou sendest to me
In mercy give;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

—MRS SARAH F. ADAMS

lution, declaring war between "the United States of America and the Kingdom of Spain," it marked the end of America's "splendid isolation," the beginning of its concern with external affairs and its assumption of a place of importance in the congress of nations.

So the historical importance of William McKinley is that he was a guiding force in turning the American ship of state from the sometimes troubled waters of nationalism into the ever-turbulent waters of internationalism in which it seems destined to sail henceforth. What was the historic background of the man cast for this role and his preparation for his task? Not in the least the kind that a prophet would have called appropriate for the result to be attained. But it was apparently the kind that only a democracy such as ours could produce. For the man whom Fate had selected to be leader of the nation at this turning point in the relation of the United States to the outside world was an Ohio school teacher and lawyer who had served faithfully but with no especial brilliance in the Civil war and who had risen by the successive steps of prosecuting attorney, congressman, and governor to the Presidency. "Emphatically not a leader," writes Carl Russell Fish in his volume, "The Path of Empire," in the Yale University Press "Chronicles of America," and continues: "He was, however, unsurpassed in his day as a reader of public opinion and he believed his function to be that of interpreting the national mind. Nor did he yield his opinion in a grudging manner. He grasped broadly the consequences of each new position

start, or by reason of the favorable location of the province in regard to industrial cities of northern Europe. Friesian farmers have grown prosperous through many years of furnishing their neighbors with butter and cheese.

Famous Breed of Cattle

Friesian cattle were mentioned by the Roman historian Tacitus as being of importance as early as the year 28 A. D. Perhaps because of this early

which the public assumed and he was a master of securing harmonious co-operation for a desired end."

Of him another biographer has written:

"President McKinley's course during the many exciting events of his administration was marked by a degree of tact, prudence and foresight which surprised even his friends. He surrounded himself with able advisers, maintained cordial relations with congress and steadily grew in popularity with the country at large. He possessed to an unusual degree the faculty of forecasting public sentiment."

In the light of these estimates it would appear that McKinley, even though he did not have that training in statecraft which might be considered essential to a situation involving international relations, was apparently an ideal leader for a people once they had entered upon a war which was to be so momentous in their history. It was a war which he was opposed to and during all the negotiations with Spain, that preceded the actual outbreak of war, he repeatedly counseled patience and restraint. Even after the destruction of the Maine, when the country was in a white heat of indignation against Spain, he held fast to his purpose of securing a peaceful settlement of the dispute between the two countries over the Cuban problem. Finally convinced that Spain would not accept America's proposals and assured of the deep-seated conviction of the American people regarding their duty to the Cubans, the President reluctantly took the decisive step.

Not only did the Spanish-American war, the highlight of McKinley's administration, result in America's coming into possession of colonies in the Far East which brought the country into the realm of international politics, but during that administration were taken also the other steps which aided in furthering her interests in world-wide affairs. It was McKinley's secretary of state, John Hay, whose "open door" policy in regard to China made the United States an active factor in the future of the Orient and it was McKinley himself, whose proposal in 1899 for a Pan-American congress, who made the first overtures for a better understanding among the American republics, North and South. It was to popularize the Pan-American idea that the exposition, where the President received his death wound, was arranged, and it was just after he had set forth his views on the ties which should bind the two continents that he was shot.

Today a magnificent memorial stands in his home city of Canton, Ohio, as the tribute of that state and the nation as well to a beloved leader. Historians of the future may point to his administration as the most significant turning point in all American history, and as time gives a better perspective for evaluation of his importance, President William McKinley may loom larger and larger in the gallery of American notables. But for the American people, whom he best understood as few Presidents have, he understood that they can pay him the most fitting tribute on January 29 of each year of honoring his memory with a simple thing—his favorite flower.

Presidential Bodyguards

The use of bodyguards by Presidents of the United States dates back to Andrew Johnson who was the first American President to go around guarded.

A Wife's Transformation

The Story of the Comeback of a Woman Gone to Seed
By Mary Culbertson Miller

INSTALLMENT XIII

Helen Imitates a Bear.
IT HAD been a long stretch since Helen's childhood. She grunted and groaned after she stood up after having lain on the floor a few minutes. Other than that she didn't complain.

"The bear," smiled the instructor, "doesn't make such a fuss, he knows how to use his body in such a way that no strain falls on any one part. And if it does, every muscle is in perfect shape to bear it."

"In feeling yourself an animal, and acting as one, you forget your awkward stubborn body, and the first thing that you are aware of it—you've learned your lesson from the animal. Even in close quarters you can catch the peculiar rolling swing of their bodies. If I were to say to you—bend over your head inch by inch until your body is doubled like a jackknife, and repeat that exercise twelve or fifteen times, you'd find yourself rather weary and beg for mercy, wouldn't you?"

"I imagine I would."
"Why?"
Helen hesitated, then came, "Because imagination and interest would lie dormant."

"Just that, Mrs. Crane. Without their co-operation no amount of physical exertion will have more than a limited beneficial effect. In feeling yourself an animal you are imitating."

Imitating a Bear.
"Let's place our hands flat on the floor. Now, with them we'll walk away from our feet. Your trunk must be suspended. And a bear has no hump on his back—straighten out that 'camel's hump' as much as you can," the rhythm instructor smiled.

"Now—are you perfectly balanced?"
"I think so."
"Very well—move your right hand forward a little, then your right foot, left hand, left foot. If you can provoke your memory you'll recall that it is the order in which the bear placed his feet when he was walking."

"I'm well aware," said the rhythm instructor, "that the first few times your mind will be occupied with the mechanics of four-footed walking. But soon you'll automatically put forward the right hand or the right foot, then you'll begin to feel the rhythm of the bear, the heavy rolling—first to one side, then to the other."

Slowly at First.
"I want you to go very slowly at first, because you'll use muscles that have not been taxed before, and they'll no doubt rebel. But you must persist. That is the only way in which you can slenderize your body. And that you are very eager to do in the next few weeks, aren't you?" she smiled. Helen's agreeing nod answered that adequately.

"One thing more about the bear before we go on to the seal. I wonder if you've observed the odd way a bear has of rearing up on his hind legs?"

With puckered brow Helen was doing her utmost to incite a vivid memory.

"They raise forelegs slowly, swinging from side to side all the while until they are in an upright position, don't they?"

"Just right," agreed the instructor delightedly. "He has indeed a most individual way of rearing up on his hind legs. But when you follow that position of his, let your back droop over, and your arms hang loosely from your shoulders. They will swing with the bear rhythm. Feet must be fairly wide apart, shifting the weight from one to the other in that rolling motion. When you succeed in infusing the animal rhythm into your body, if only for a few minutes at a time, you'll do much toward loosening those tight joints of yours, and it will also strengthen your flabby muscles."

"You may be sure I'll make every effort to adopt it," Helen smiled. And that smile was growing delicious."
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Great Writer's Fight for Literary Glory

Few writers knew as much tribulation in their lives as Honore de Balzac, according to a new volume of research on the great French author. From this book we learn that Balzac's time already knew the young journalists who hoped to produce some creative work some day but whose ambitions were stifled by the crushing burden of routine. Balzac had to do the same. He even had to work on mile-long translations in order to make a living. During all that time the work he wanted to undertake had to remain in abeyance. But he overcame the "nauseous needs" of the hour. At the moment when he felt at the point of exhaustion he suddenly gained new courage.

His imagination had remained at the boiling point throughout the unproductive years and finally triumphed. Still he had to accept the generosity of certain "angels" of his day. Without their aid he would have been forced to carry on translations and "pestiferous newspaper work," as he called it.

Dreiser's achievement of coming to the top presents itself for comparison. But in Dreiser's case there were no "angels," and only dogged persistence and self-confidence won the day.—Chicago Journal.

WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Mrs. Annie Kwinski of 526 1st Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis., writes that she became so weak and run-down that she was not able to do her housework. She saw the name Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the paper and said to her husband, "I will try that medicine and see if it will help me." She says she took six bottles and is feeling much better.

Mrs. Mattie Adams, who lives in Downing Street, Brewton, Ala., writes as follows: "A friend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and since taking it I feel like a different woman."

With her children grown up, the middle-aged woman finds time to do the things she never had time to do before—read the new books, see the new plays, enjoy her grand-children, take an active part in church and civic affairs. Far from being pushed aside by the younger set, she finds a full, rich life of her own. That is, if her health is good.

Thousands of women past fifty, say they owe their vigor and health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and are recommending it to their friends and neighbors.

Try Eisey's Golden Flesh, Pringle, Big-Stem, yellow sweet potato, vine cutting slip seed to grow, easiest, big crop, best seller. Circular, prices, W. L. Eisey, Exmore, Va.

Porter's Pain King
A Liniment
For fifty years your neighbors have relied on this remedy of pure and wholesome herbs. Yet, even now, some do not know that quickly checking colds, relieving aches and pains, healing cuts and burns, are but a few of its many uses.

Best of the direction with every bottle. USE IT TODAY.

Hymn Revision
"What is that tune?" asked Mrs. Camrox.
"Old Hundred."
"I shouldn't think of singing it. Make it at least an 'Old Hundred Thousand.'"—Washington Star.

Better to live well than long.

Flu May Start with a COLD
So-called "common" colds are dangerous. Grippe or Flu may result. Check the cold promptly. HILL'S Cascara-Bromide-Quinine tablets stop a cold in one day. Drive out the poisons. Play safe! Insist on HILL'S in the red box. 30 cents at all druggists.

HILL'S Cascara - Bromide - Quinine

Coughs and Colds
are not only annoying, but dangerous. If not attended to at once they may develop into serious ailment.

Boschee's Syrup
is soothing and healing in such cases, and has been used for sixty-one years. 25c and 50c bottles. Buy it at your drug store. G. G. Green, Inc., Woodbury, N. J.

DON'T RUB!
INFLAMED LIDS
It increases the irritation. Use MUSTEROLE. EYE BALVE, a simple, dependable, safe remedy. See at all druggists. Hall & Barstow, New York City.

Callouses
Quick, safe, sure relief from painful callouses on the feet. At all drug and shoe stores.
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads Put one on—the pain is gone.

A Raw, Sore Throat
eases quickly when you apply a little Musterole. It penetrates to the sore spot with a gentle tingle, loosens the congestion and draws out the soreness and pain and won't blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. Brings quick relief from sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds on the chest.

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole. Jars & Tubes.

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT CRUSTER
Better than a mustard plaster

W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 3-1928.