

TUESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1925.

MYSELF

I have to live with myself, and as I want to do all the things I know, I want to be able to do day by day. Always to look myself straight in the face. The kind of man I really am. I don't want to stand with the setting sun.

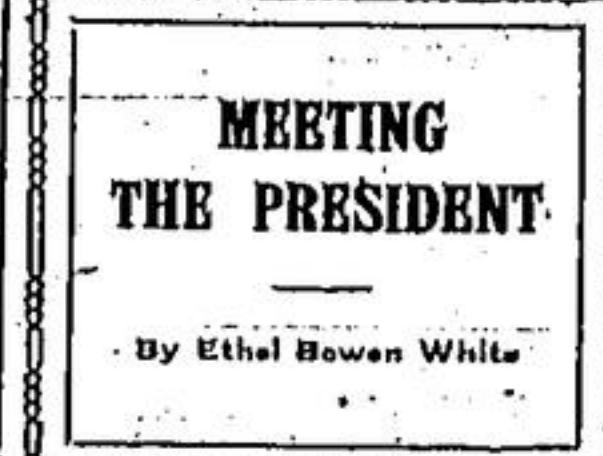
And hate myself for a thing I've done. I don't want to stand in a closet shelf, and feel myself as though I were dead. And feel myself as I come and go. Into the kind of man I really am. The kind of man I really am. I don't want to dress up myself in shame.

I want to stand in my head erect, with my heart in my mouth, respectably here in the struggle for fame and power.

I want to be able to like myself. I don't want to look at myself and know "Show."

That's Philander and blurt and empty show.

I can never hide myself from me; I see what others may never see; I know what others may never know; I never can fool myself, and so I've got to stand here, with my self-respecting and consciousness-free. —Edgar A. Guest.



MEETING
THE PRESIDENT

By Ethel Bowen White

MARION BROWN stood by the window watching raindrops splash against the smooth surface of the water. Very little atmosphere down to the still and dampness of the room.

"I'd like to be one myself. I'd like to scurry somewhere. I'd like to make the most of every hour to make the most of it. It's not that I'm having the same things to be thankful for day after day, week after week, month after month, that makes me tired."

Marion laughed aloud. It certainly sounded like a now-set of false teeth. Not that Marion was conceited. That wasn't. But she was perfectly satisfied with her strong, white, even teeth.

At that moment a furious gust of wind all but blew the umbrella from the standing postman's overburdened hands.

Marion rushed to the door before his family arrival. Reached her, Mrs. Terry, smiling. Marion, entirely forgetting her troubles and her teeth. "This is a day, I hope you are not catching your death of cold."

"Oh, no, Miss Marion. It's June, you know! There's sort of a something in the air that's splendid. Don't you feel it, too?"

"No, not exactly," responded Marion, wondering how a postman, with small yellowish eyes and a sharp, pointed, slightly twisted nose, could have the sort of something that she did.

For many years Marion had seen just such invitations from Grandpa Brown; never before had one come to her.

"Always there had been just one invitation. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Emery Brown. That was all."

Even now it might be a mistake. Marion tucked the envelope in the pocket of her coat. And while she waited it came at the luncheon table. If it was a mistake, no one could laugh her for being excited or childish.

"Oh, no, Miss Marion. It's June, you received your yearly invitation for grandpa's Fourth of July celebration. I received one, too."

"How nice," exclaimed Mrs. Brown.

"We've just three weeks to get ready in. You'll need a travelling dress and a new hat. You'll need a dress for the reception on July 4 and another for the 4th."

"That's a good deal, mother. I think last year's blue serge will do just as well."

"It will, but we'll have to take much money just for the trip. Besides, there's the expense of the trip."

"I'll help you, Marion," said Marion, "so you can get away with the President of the United States."

"Home Congressmen? Home politicians? All sorts of interesting people! There's nothing like that."

"Oh!" quipped Marion, becoming excited in spite of her resolutions. Older, older than Marion found it impossible to be. Marion's eyes sparkled and her smile straight into their eyes when Mrs. Brown's voice vibrated and rang with joy and enthusiasm.

"They were very busy once. There were times when Marion almost wished she wasn't going. Some of the times were when Miss Silver, the dress designer, had a brilliant audience and basted her various costumes. Others were when Marion was supposed to be sleeping quietly in bed; instead, with the windows batted over and over again when she Marion Brown, could possibly find "no" to say to the President of the United States; to Congressmen, to poets to other interesting people. Marion's friends were all very well, but it didn't get you anywhere if the person inside of them had no soul. Nothing to say."

Miss Brown decided her own clothes would do perfectly, with some fresh tulles and gentle freshening up. A small bunch of wild roses, green bonnet, with new ribbons to match. You must know that all this excitement took place twenty-eight years ago. In those days women wore bonnets with ribbons, tied neatly under their chins.

When the 3rd of July came, Marion stood in her room in her new blue and white striped green-trimmed dress, with blue sailor hat to match. She wished she looked older; but realizing that she had done every-thing right, she was very pleased with herself. Her mother had known nothing about their clothes.

But in case the President of the United States should speak to her, what would she say? Perhaps he wouldn't. No, he would. He had great hope. Perhaps he wouldn't!

Very tall, very handsome, Uncle Herbert looked as though he welcomed grandpa's guest. "The driving force behind the caught sight of Marion he cried: "Well, here you are looking all grown up. Come, come, enough of that. Give our dear old wife a kiss." Marion raised her hand in a strained,

troubled face for his salutation. "When no one was looking she whispered: "Speak to me when you get a chance. On the train, when we're alone."

After the train had started Uncle Herbert beckoned to Marion. Gently he pulled her to the arm of his parlor chair. "No one was gay, no one more full of life, no one more sensible. Yet since Marion was a very small girl, she had realized that no one was better to tell troubles to than Uncle Herbert. He could consider them, sympathize with them, and be constantly serious. After listening attentively to the trouble he only offered a suggestion as to a good way out of them. If Marion cared to consider it, he could do that, that, after all, she deserved that. "I suppose the President of the United States should speak to me, but what would I do?"

"I know, I know, but after that?" pleaded Marion. "What shall I talk about after that?"

Straight into Marion's eyes Uncle Herbert looked saying: "Marion, I have always—always—had good people. They don't want other people to talk. They want other people to listen. You get along with the President of the United States, try it. See if it doesn't work."

Soon after that Uncle began introducing the guests to one another. Most of them had already met, but, as usual, he made a formal introduction which, to Marion's great surprise, consisted in mere shaking of hands and a perfunctory "How do you do?" "I am very glad to meet you." No handshake was necessary, not even with the President of the United States.

Marion escaped to her chair and closed her eyes. She was not used to being so close to the皇上. She began to see that it was going to be an altogether delightful trip. She could just look on. She could just sit back and let the others do the talking.

With a tremendous pull she was recalled to the perplexities of the private car by a voice at her elbow asking: "Miss Marion, may I have the honor of escorting you to the dining room?" Marion turned to find the President of the United States awaiting her answer. "Oh, thank you! Thank you! You're very much like a man, I suppose," she managed to whisper.

Marion realized it was she who had invited him to her two. Only for two!

And opposite her sat the President of the United States smiling at her answer.

"My dear, you're very kind to offer to do that," he said.

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