

Margaret's Wedding Veil

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

"Such a mess!" Margaret sighed. "But I'll have to wear it all summer! Oh, dear! Why must one be so poor? If I only had any way to do it, I'd work my fingers off to get something better."

She was looking at her new frock in the mirror she had set on the floor. The skirt sagged outrageously, most where it should have hung level. Being of sleazy stuff, and ill cut, there was no help for the sagging. Margaret hated sleazy stuff—the simplest firm cotton would have pleased her much better than this bargain counter ecotian. Mrs. Lane, her stepmother, was of a different mind. Her idea of elegance was bounded north, south, east and west by frillery and trimmings.

"Now, I call that real tasty!" she said, thrusting her head inside the chamber door. "Blue, with white stripes—and you can't deny it becomes you. What if it does hang pretty long behind—you've got as much right to wear trail-frocks as anybody."

"Quite as much," Margaret assented.

The worst of it was—she could not speak truth. Mrs. Lane was so honestly pleased with her joint handiwork, had put so much heart and kindness into the choice and making of the dress, it would be brutal to tell her how she hated it. Still—there are limits to endurance. Margaret reached them when Mrs. Lane suggested putting a tucker of blue-tinged muslin inside the square-cut neck.

"I'll wait till I can get plain bobbinet," she said.

Mrs. Lane flung up her hands. "You know how the heels are slacking up in their layin'," she said. "We won't have three dozen eggs for Joe Davis this week. And the sugar's low, and tea, next to nothin'—and if you don't fix the neck of your new frock, you can't wear it to the picnic."

"I don't care about going—not much," Margaret said, still dully—but there was a wistful undertone.

Mrs. Lane caught it, though Margaret meant she should not. But she



Looked at the Veil Hungrily.

said nothing, only turned and walked out on the back porch, her mind running thus:

"I'll go without tea—surely I can do it one week—and let the child have what she wants. Joe Davis'll maybe advance me half a dollar—he knows I never forget to pay. Marg shall have the net—since she's so set on it. Patience knows the lawn's a heap prettier—but girls are all alike—just plumb crazy to be in the fashion—and all the others have net-veils."

Still revolving her plan, she scuttled away bareheaded and came presently to Joe Davis' general store. "Sure! You can have what you want—half dollar? Don't you know no such thing! Help yourself. I know a good customer when I see her." Joe said genially, when with some faltering she had made known her wishes.

Disappointment waited on them. There was not a bit of net, or anything approaching it, in stock. Joe was genuinely sympathetic; if only he had known sooner.

Silent herself, she turned backward. Half way there a gusty, whiffy wind blew something soft and light directly in her face. It was creamy white, and wonderfully flowered and sprigged all over—a lace veil, real rose point, though she did not know it. The tricky wind had snatched it out of a window up at the Gore house. It was the great house of the village, and that day held a visitor to whom rose point was a commonplace.

Mrs. Lane looked at the veil hungrily, sniffed the delicate scent it ex-

haled, her mouth grew firm—she had found the thing—finding meant keeping. But Margaret would not think so—she would be all for hunting up the owner, never thinking of it. Mrs. Lane had her own dull ambitions. She loved her husband's daughter all the better now that he was dead. Margaret should go to the picnic—Jimmy Traynor would be there. Jimmy was a sort of cousin, and highly desirable in Mrs. Lane's eyes. If only he could see Margaret at her best, it might mean a great deal. If he did not see her, it was unlikely he would come looking for her at home—and that baggage Dora Carter would be sure to make much of him.

"Joe hadn't no bobbinet, but he sold me this veil dirt cheap—only 50 cents—and waits for the money," Mrs. Lane said as she flung the veil in Margaret's lap.

Margaret gave a little cry. She was no more lace-wise than her elder, but she knew beauty anywhere—the cobweb traceries, the delicate floriation, as fine as frost-lace, filled her with joy.

"You're real good to me, mother," she said, looking up, dewy-eyed. "But it don't seem right to go in debt for anything we can do without. It don't seem right, either, to cut and slash this," touching the lace tenderly. "I wonder how Joe ever came to buy it. I never saw it in the show-cases."

"You are the best of all," Mrs. Lane said fretfully. "Here I been troumpin' bareheaded in the sun to get what you want, and you ain't satisfied."

"I'm too satisfied," Margaret cried, getting up and enveloping her throat in the fine fabric.

When she started to the picnic next morning she was almost happy. Blue was certainly her color; this blue looked down at the tucky ruffled skirt—rather she held up her head so the lace at her throat might show its full beauty. She had put in lace sleeves, too—the veil was long and ample. And still there remained a lot of it, enough for covering her frowny pink hat as soon as she had time to do it. And just at the gate she ran upon Jimmy Traynor, coming to escort her to the picnic grounds. He gave a satisfied whistle at sight of her and said:

"Peggy, I shall have the swaggiest girl of anybody. You look good enough to eat, but don't you be afraid."

"I shan't be," Margaret laughed. Her holiday mood ran unchecked till dinner time. Jimmy stuck by her, and, such is the force of example, three other young fellows who otherwise would have no more than nodded to her, had made a great pretense of hanging around the pair.

Miss Alda Venn came to the picnic in anything but holiday mood. She had been angry over coming to the Gores—they were rich and childless, therefore to be condescended. But they need not have dragged her out among their villagers!

If she had not been in such a temper she might not have gone to extremities. At sight of Margaret—innocently fine and vain, in her rose point—she gave a little gasp and clutched Mrs. Gore's arm, crying:

"I knew it was stolen—my veil! But you insisted there wasn't thief in all your precious village."

"Alda, hush!" Mrs. Gore said in an imperative whisper. But Miss Venn had darted from her, caught Margaret by both shoulders and was shaking her hard as she cried:

"How dared you ruin it? My veil! You know you stole it!"

"Excuse me, ma'am—but you know that's no such thing," Jimmy Raynor interrupted, breaking her clutch on Margaret as he spoke.

Margaret was white as death. She put her hand to her throat, as though asking something of the lace. Intuitively she sensed her stepmother's piteous subtlety. "I did not steal your lace—and I am sorry to have cut it," she said tremulously. "We—I found it. You can have it all back."

"Found it! A 'kely story," Miss Venn began.

Raynor stepped before Margaret. "If you've got any men-folks, I'd like to talk with them," he said.

Miss Venn shook her head.

"Listen, I'll pay for your veil! What did it cost?"

"Only \$300—just a cheap thing, you know," Miss Venn flung at him, unvoluntarily.

Margaret shuddered, but Jimmy smiled.

"I'll send you a check in the morning—Judge Gore will tell you it's good," he said. He turned to Margaret. "And you, Peggy, can maybe fix the thing so it'll do for a wedding veil."

Nellie Saw the Light

"You keep perfectly quiet, Nellie," spake her little mother, somewhat irritably, "and let me comb your hair. It's a shame and disgrace. I just wonder where you little girls get your hair all snarled up like this. What in the world do you do?"

Nellie winced as the comb caught a rebellious hair and straightened out a kink. From time to time she whimpered during the ordeal.

"Unless you keep your hair combed out nicely," said the little mother, "you'll lose it all, and then you'll be bald when the other little girls have long braids. How would you like that?"

Nellie thought a bit. Then she saw the point.

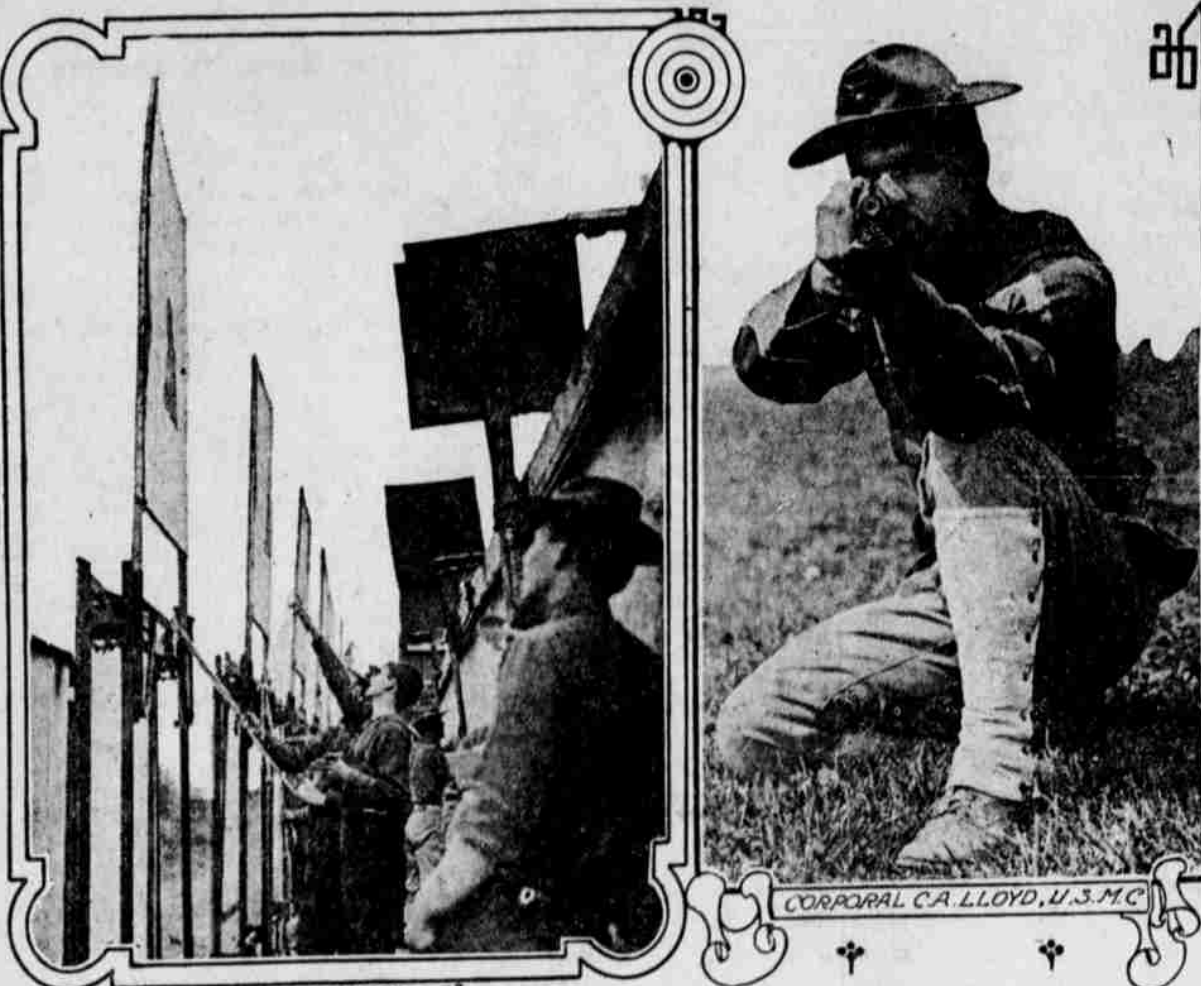
"That must be the reason," she mused. "Dr. Rybnak hasn't any hair. I guess he didn't have his hair combed when he was a little boy."

Dr. J. F. Rybnak is the family dentist, and he hasn't much hair, but he says that in consequence of hav-

ing it pulled out by too enthusiastic a teacher.

The Queer Argan Tree.
Among the most remarkable trees of the world is the argan, which abounds in southern Morocco, but is seldom seen elsewhere. A "forest" of argans has a curious scattered appearance, because the trees grow singly and far apart. They are very leafy but seldom exceed twenty feet in height. The branches put out horizontally, and begin a yard above the ground. Sheep, cattle and camels feed on the leaves, and goats will stand on their hind legs to reach them, but their heads and necks refuse to touch them. The wood is very hard and extremely useful to the natives, who make charcoal from it. The fruit, resembling a large olive, is used to feed cattle and to manufacture a valuable oil. It also furnishes the principal sustenance of many of the poorer natives.—Scientific American.

SCENES AT THE NATIONAL RIFLE TEAM MATCHES



BEHIND THE BUTTS

THE photograph showing the markers behind the butts at the national rifle team matches at Camp Perry, O. was made while firing was in progress. On the right is seen the stone and concrete wall, backed by 14 feet of earth that protects the markers from flying bullets; on the left are the targets. These represent the outlines of a man lying prone, the form being just visible over the wall to the marksmen. As each shot strikes the target it is registered by the markers, the total hits being signalled at the end of the series or volleys. The targets are of steel the "men" on them being dark on a white background.

Corporal C. A. Lloyd of the United States Marine Corps was a prominent contestant in the matches. He won the 1911 President's match prize by a score of 231 out of a possible 300. In slow, rapid and skirmish firing.

TRAVEL IN AIRSHIP

Service Opens in Germany With Scheduled Flights.

Representatives Claim That Aerial Trips Are Quite Free From Danger and Have Many Advantages Over Rail Rides.

Paris.—The Hamburg-American Shipping line announces that from now on it will book passengers for excursions on the Zeppelin airship Schwaben from Baden-Baden to different places in the Black forest and the valley of the Rhine as far as Weissenburg and Weorh.

The manager of the Paris office of the Hamburg-American line explains that his company, although having no official connection with the Zeppelin company, has entered into an arrangement whereby passengers for the airship trips may reserve seats in the Schwaben at the various offices of the Hamburg-American line. The headquarters of the business is at Baden-Baden.

Variety of itinerary is a feature of the trips, a different program being organized every week, though passengers are always given a ride through the mountain, forest or river scenery. Wind, too, still plays an important role in determining the destination of the Schwaben, and if at the last moment an announced trip has to be changed or suppressed altogether, those who have booked passages may either have their money back or select another excursion in the week's program. Besides the ordinary advertised excursions the company can arrange for much longer trips for parties sufficiently large.

The Schwaben, which has a length of 145 meters, has three cabins, two for the crew of nine persons—all naval men—and a central cabin for passengers. Stability is obtained by means of planes. When the airship is in motion no rocking is felt. The cabin is comfortably, not to say luxuriously, fitted in mahogany, and accommodates 24 persons who sit facing the same direction. There are large observation windows, and the general aspect of the cabin is that of a first-class saloon on a railway train or an ocean liner. An excellent restaurant chef presides over the kitchen, and cold meals are served aboard.

The Schwaben makes an average speed of 54 kilometers an hour with its three engines developing 375 horsepower. If necessary, it could remain in the air for 12 to 15 hours, traveling from 800 to 1,000 kilometers, according to the direction or force of the wind.

"Naturally," added the official, "it is not the company's intention or idea that the airship service should compete with trains or steamers. The time has certainly not come for that. But there is no reason why airship excursions, such as those organized from Baden-Baden, should not become general. They are quite free from danger, and they give passengers a novel and delightful experience. Few who try it will not agree that aerial travel has many charms and advantages over locomotion by train, steamer or automobile. In none of the latter can the traveler obtain such comprehensive views of scenery as he can from an airship."

Blind Man Rides Bike.
Springfield, Mass.—Herbert Putnam of Springfield, Vt., who is totally blind, rode into the yard of his sister, Mrs. Gertrude Lapanman of West Springfield, on a bicycle, having made the trip of 125 miles in eleven hours. He was accompanied by Carlton Lashua, who led the way.

USE OF TOBACCO IS BARRED

United States Steel Corporation Takes Action in Interest of Workers—Little Protest.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Down with the cigarette and tobacco and up with moral standards.

This is the latest cry of the United States Steel corporation, which in many ways has been striving for uplift among its thousands of workmen. Following the lead of the American Bridge company, the steel corporation is making tobacco a contraband article during working hours in the Pittsburgh mills.

The first move was made at Ambridge, the town site of the American Bridge company's great industry. Notices have been posted there forbidding smoking within the plant, and it is understood that officials in order to set an example will refrain from indulging in perfectos during office hours.

"It is injurious to the health of working men,"

This is the argument of the steel

MAN'S CHARACTER ON A BAG

Continental Porter Judges Traveler by Little Marks Made on Luggage for Benefit of Others.

Paris.—The manner in which the traveler has his character written on his luggage for the benefit of porters and hotel servants is thus described by one of the latter. Little scratches on the bags are made after the traveler has given a "tip" and these marks are understood by all porters and other employees.

A horizontal line on the right hand top corner of the bag means that the owner gives very small "tips" and should be boycotted when possible. A diagonal scratch on the lower left hand corner signifies "exact" and "disagreeable." A cross in the lower right hand corner means "exact, but generous," and small vertical marks near the lock, "very generous."

A curved mark on the left-hand upper corner signifies "inexperienced, has not traveled much."

FRANCE JOINS WAR ON FLY

Scientists Declare Against Little Insect That Spreads Disease—Warnings Accepted Seriously.

Paris.—France is about to join in the campaign for the extermination of the housefly.

Several scientists have recently made statements to the effect that the fly is one of the most potent spreaders of disease, particularly during an epidemic. As the cholera scare hasn't subsided, these warnings are being accepted seriously, with the result that some plan for popular warfare against flies may be evolved.

M. Laveran of the Pasteur Institute and M. Thiery of the municipal laboratory are among those who call the attention of the public to the dangers of disease carried from person to person by the fly.

liceman who comes along arrests him and sends him to jail in the ambulance, charging him with disturbance of the peace.

Doctor James issued an order authorizing him to cough on the street and told him to have the captain of police O. K. it.

Hereafter when Ole begins to cough he'll have his permit handy to shove in the face of the frat cop who disturbs his peace.

Chased by a Whale.

Avalon, Cal.—F. M. Reed of Oklahoma City and Captain Walker of the launch Leonay had a thrilling experience when a whale pursued them five miles, apparently after the flying fish the men were using as bait for tuna. The men were trolling about five miles from shore when the whale first appeared dangerously near the craft. Becoming alarmed the boatmen and angler decided to start shoreward. They were followed to within a half mile of the beach by the whale. Fearing that the launch might be wrecked by the whale if the flying fish were pulled aboard, the bait was cast adrift.

SECURES PERMIT TO COUGH

New Yorker, Victim of Asthma, Hopes to Be Free From Further Denver Police Interference.

Denver, Colo.—Ole Skindens, a victim of asthma, who came here for his health from New York, appeared before Doctor James and requested a permit to cough in Denver streets.

He says that when he sits on the curb and begins to cough the first po-

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Temperance

HINT FOR THOUGHTFUL MEN

English Physician, by Simple Experiment, Convinces Scholar of Injurious Effect of Alcohol.

Dr. Richardson, an eminent English physician, by a very simple experiment once convinced an intelligent scholar of the injurious effect of alcohol.

The scholar, an intelligent young man, was singing the praises of what he called the "Ruddy Bumper," saying he could not get through the day without it, and that it gave him strength and health, as well as exhilaration, when Dr. Richardson said to him, "Be good enough to feel my pulse as I am standing here?"

The young man did so, counting its beats carefully, and saying, "its beats 74."

The doctor then sat down in a chair and asked him to count it again. He did so, and said, "it has gone down to 70."

The doctor then lay down on the lounge, and said, "Now count it again."

This the young man did, and in surprise said, "Why, it is only 64; what an extraordinary thing!"

The doctor then said, "When you lie down at night, that is the way nature takes to give your heart rest. You know nothing about it, but your heart, that forever beating organ, is taking a rest, and if you will but reckon it up, you will find that it is a great deal of rest, for in lying down, the heart is doing ten strokes less a minute than before. Multiply that by 60, and it is 600, and multiply that by eight hours, and within a fraction, it is 5,000 strokes different; and as the heart throws some six ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes a difference of some 30,000 ounces of lifting in a single night, or over 654,000 pounds every year! When I lie down at night without any alcohol, then my heart gets rest, and my strength is renewed. But when you take your wine or grog, you do get the rest, for the effect of the alcohol is to increase the number of strokes, and instead of getting the rest which sleep is intended to give, you force the heart to some 15,000 extra strokes in a single night, and the result is, that you rise up in the morning comparatively weak, and unfit for the next day's work till you have taken another drink of the "Ruddy Bumper," which you seem to think is a source of strength and the life of man below."

The young man acknowledged that this must be so. He began to reckon up the figures and found what it was to be lifting up so many ounces so many thousand times, and the result was that he became a total abstemious man, with the greatest benefit to his health, and as he admits, to his enjoyment of life and happiness.

EVIL EFFECTS OF DRINKING

For the Want of Little Self-Sacrifice the Moderate Drinker Imposes Tax on His Fellow Men.

A recent address given by Sir Victor Horsely, the eminent English physician, contains some remarks on the subject of alcoholic drinking which are worthy of general consideration: "The moral conduct of future citizens," he states, "begins in the home. If we consider the things that are done to degrade human life we are brought back to the question of alcohol."

"Self-sacrifice in regard to the so-called luxuries of life begins, as a rule, with a man giving up alcohol. So far as I am concerned, it seems an incredibly small sacrifice to make, but it is not so to many people. The individual who considers honestly what is his duty toward his fellow countrymen must consider this matter from two totally different points of view. He must consider the duty to make himself as fit as possible for his work in the country. He must consider the children. The very question of sick insurance now being dealt with by the government, however remote it may seem to you, is governed by the question of self-sacrifice, for it has clearly been shown that the proportion of sickness among so-called moderate drinkers is greater than among abstainers. For the want of a little self-sacrifice the moderate drinker imposes taxes on his fellow men. Only a few days ago an old, much-loved teacher of my own, Sir A. Pearce Gould, showed that cancer was a disease which attacked those who took alcohol twice as frequently as those who do not. Every day we have evidence of this sort brought before us, showing that total abstinence stands first as a salient element in the making of the nation."

Hot Milk a Competitor.

Hot milk is becoming a dangerous competitor of the liquor traffic in Stockholm. Prof. Curt Wallis is a warm champion of the idea of combating the liquor evil with the aid of milk, and recommends the method introduced by Miss Utrecht in Stockholm. This is quite simple. Just an automatic contrivance, something on the order of the slot machine, so popular in America, where for a small coin—five ore—a quarter of a liter of milk, heated to 70 degrees Celsius, can be secured. The purpose of Miss Utrecht was to supply night workers and those who went to work early in the morning with a stimulating and warming beverage and to guard against the temptation of visiting the vile resorts where liquor is sold.

Cure for Intemperance.

The theory, of which we used to hear so much, that "the best cure for intemperance is abundance of light wines," does not appear to have proven satisfactory in France. The condition of things has reached such a pass there that the faculty of medicine in Paris threw open their doors to the late session of the National Anti-Alcohol congress, and the conference was attended by thousands, including the president of the republic and the minister of war.

SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED

This Woman Had to Insist Strongly, but it Paid

Chicago, Ill.—"I suffered from a female weakness and stomach trouble, and I went to the store to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, but the clerk did not want to let me have it—he said it was no good—and wanted me to try something else, but knowing all about it I insisted and finally got it, and I am so glad I did, for it has cured me."



"I know of so many cases where women have been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I can say to every suffering woman if that medicine does not help her, there is nothing that will."—Mrs. JANETZEL, 2063 Arch St., Chicago, Ill.

This is the age of substitution, and women who want a cure should insist upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound just as this woman did, and not accept something else on which the druggist can make a little more profit.

Women who are passing through this critical period or who are suffering from any of those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of the fact that for thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills. In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

DROPSY TREATED. Give quick relief. Usually removed in a few days and entire relief in 10-15 days, trial treatment FREE. DR. GREEN'S SOLE, 204 S. ALABAMA.

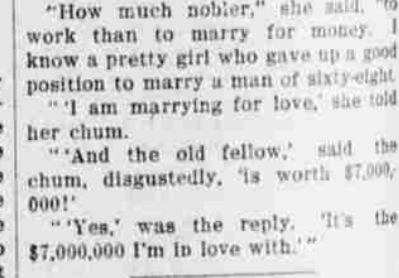
If afflicted with it, Thompson's Eye Water

Roman Gossip.
Munny (the village banker)—What do you suppose the young fellows in ancient Rome did to pass the time?
Phunny (the village philosopher)—Oh, I don't know. I suppose they used to hang around and talk about what a punk town Rome was.—Puck.

A Great Grace.
It is no great matter to associate with the good and gentle, for this is naturally pleasing to all and everyone willingly enjoyeth peace and loveth those best that agree with him. But to be able to live peaceably with hard and perverse persons, or with the disorderly, or with such as go contrary to us, is a great grace, and a most commendable and manly thing.—Thomas a Kempis.

The Old Love Possible.
Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay, at a garden party at Hampstead, praised the working girl.
"How much nobler," she said, "to work than to marry for money. I know a pretty girl who gave up a good position to marry a man of six-figure income. 'I am marrying for love,' she told her chum.
"And the old fellow," said the chum, disgustedly, "is worth \$7,000,000!"
"Yes," was the reply. "It's the \$7,000,000 I'm in love with."

POSITIVE PROOF.



"How do I know that you really love me? What assurance have I that you would be willing to make sacrifices and endure hardships for my sake?"
"What more can you ask? Haven't I for six months refrained from buying violent hands on your little brother?"

FOOD AGAIN
A Mighty Important Subject to Every One.

A Boston lady talks entertainingly of food and the changes that can be made in health by some knowledge on that line. She says:

"An injury to my spine in early womanhood left me subject to severe headaches which would last three or four days at a time, and a violent course of drugging brought on constipation with all the ills that follow. My appetite was always light and uncertain and many kinds of food distressed me.
"I began to eat Grape-Nuts food two or three years ago, because I liked the taste of it, and I kept on because I soon found it was doing me good.
"I eat it regularly at breakfast, frequently at luncheon, and again before going to bed—and have no trouble in sleeping on it. It has relieved my constipation, my headaches have practically ceased, and I am in better physical condition at the age of 62 than I was at 40.
"I give Grape-Nuts credit for restoring my health, if not saving my life, and you can make no claim for it too strong for me to endorse." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are accurate, true, and full of human interest.

Baby Pacifier Is Invented

Musical Instrument and Milk Bottle Combined—Give Parents a Rest—No More Carpet Walking.

Venice, Cal.—No more will the cries of "Little Precious" stir his proud and happy father to a tack-dodging marathon on a midnight bedroom course, for Mrs. J. W. Efferson of Douglas, Ariz., the wife of a mining man, has arrived here with a baby and a "Baby Pacifier," a device combining a milk bottle and an aeolian harp, the use of which gives the infant music during dinner hours and his parents a surcease from squalls.

Mozart's five-year-old attempts at music are outdistanced, for the young Efferson, hardly past his first milestone, can play a dreamy waltz, a quickstep, a stately minuet or a delicious ragtime symphony, all depending on the repidity with which he performs of a lacinal repeat.

"All Goin' Out and Nothin' comin' In," wails the aeolian harp—and with much feeling—as the milk disappears.

The "Baby Pacifier" was invented by the father of its sole user. A mining man, tired from the toils of the day, and not relishing long tramps over carpet by night, his mechanical genius found a penance for restless children.

Mothers of families at this beach have descended in a swarm on the Efferson household in an endeavor to copy the "quieter."

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