Three hundred Louisiana State university freshmen whose heads were shaved Tuesday night by upper classmen went on a rampage Wednesday and before things had quieted down had invaded the Baton Rouge high school, dragged students and teachers from the rooms and cut the hair of three women instructors, a number of girl students and scores of boys. The wholesale shearing process at the university last night was an annual event, but the invasion of the high school was something not on the fixed program.

Halt Funeral of Girl; Physicians Say She Lives

Paris.—A peculiar pathological case is reported from Lille. A surgeon had placed young Mme. Marquette, wife of a wealthy cloth manufacturer, under chloroform preparatory to an operation, when he discovered that her heart had ceased to beat. He declared her dead, and all preparations were made for the interment when a member of the family remarked that the usual signs were lacking, the face retaining its color and the limbs lacking the rigor of death. Other physicians were called, but none was able to say for a certainty whether the young woman was really dead or merely in a trance. An eminent Paris specialist has been summoned.

In all our lamentations and regrets pleasures have been mixed up with pains.

BARBARA, "THE ALMOST" GIRL

By J. R. McCARTHY

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PERHAPS the fact that she was almost born rich had something to do with it, her father having lost all his money about three weeks before Barbara Holton came into this world. Or perhaps it started when the eager watchers discovered her hair to be almost red and her eyes to be almost gray. As she grew older her engaging little nose came nearer and nearer to the angle called Irish, and the points where her smiles focused in her cheeks came nearer and nearer to being out-and-out dimples. And Barbara in due time was almost short, and almost plump. So, no matter how the thing started, it was natural enough that her best friends should come to call her "Almost Barbara," and that people to whom she barely nodded on the street should come to know her as "the Almost Girl."

The name came to her so early and firmly that it may actually have exerted an influence over her character. There was the time she came within an ace of pulling the teacher's hair. The provocation, a shaking, was great, and Barbara had lifted eager hands to within an inch of the tarnished blond locks when suddenly, perhaps without knowing exactly why, she let her hands fall. People who witnessed this incident marked it down as quite characteristic of "the Almost Girl."

But the day she nearly kissed Jim Brown, the tall young man her brother brought home from school for a holiday—that was the beginning of a new life for Barbara. It was that day, or rather that starry evening, that her nickname, "Almost," began to take on a new and vital meaning.

It was just Barbara's personal rendition of the old story, the stuff of old songs. Intermission at the dance, satin slippers on velvet lawn, a maple shielding from faint but inquisitive starlight. The strong arm was around her waist and seemed for an instant quite properly there. It turned her half-round and drew her close. She was seventeen—no wonder her lips quivered as her face lifted up toward his—Jim Brown's! Time had nothing to do with it, nor distance. The kiss was within a mere shadow of a thought of happening. The moment couldn't have continued so much as a flash without becoming, what it did not become, a kiss. For Barbara turned her face, pulled desperately and was free. The kiss had only almost happened.

Barbara was a little flushed and Jim Brown a trifle flustered when the pair returned to the dancing floor. A sharp observer could note easily that something was amiss. And there were sharp observers enough among the dancers.

It was ten minutes later that two of the fellows got Jim Brown cornered on the porch.

"Had a walk with Barbara Holton, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"She almost kissed you, didn't she?"

Biff, bang! Jim's long arms shot out. Biff, bang, bump! One of the fellows was down, calling "Enough." The other was making a record across the porch. Jim Brown himself wore a curious expression, a mixture of rage and mystification.

A half-hour later, evidently with less rage and more curiosity, Jim sought out the two fellows where they sat smoking on a bench. They looked up at him uncertainly, but his first words stilled any fear they might have had as to his intentions.

"Excuse me, fellows. Maybe I was a bit hasty. You sounded disrespectful, and there's not going to be any disrespect shown Miss Holton while I'm on my feet. But maybe you didn't mean it like it sounded. What did you mean?"

So they told him about the nickname, and the reputation. And within an hour everyone in the crowd knew the whole story. It was a great joke, everybody thought, and a natural climax to Barbara's seventeen years of living up to her reputation.

Barbara blushed when she found the story was out. Anybody could see she was angry. "As long as I live," she announced, "I'll never speak to anybody who calls me that awful name."

As for Jim Brown, she refused even to look at him, no matter how many people, including her own brother, explained to her that Jim hadn't said a word. Indeed they told her that he had punched the two fellows who started the whole thing. These fellows themselves, contrite, came up to show their marks, and to explain that the truth was jumped at, and came out without being told at all. But nothing mattered to Barbara except the obvious facts. She hadn't told—evidently Jim Brown had!

There was an end to it, and Jim Brown, whom everybody had grown to like, left town the next morning, looking as though he were stepping off the edge of the earth. And people say he gave Barbara's brother a fine talking to for not telling him more about his wonderful sister and warning him about her nickname.

Of course Barbara, having been known all her life as the "Almost Girl," couldn't get rid of that name by a mere rash assertion. People were careful to call her Barbara for a week or two. Then, one by one all her friends went back to the old nickname, and Barbara, in spite of her declaration, went right on speaking to them.

But during the year that followed there was a noticeable change in the "Almost Girl." She grew up, mind and all. And Barbara, grown up, was quite a delightful person. Two or three of the young business men found her so, and must have told her so, because they paid her a lot of attention. When one of them, an earnest, pleasant chap, went around grinning for about a week and then suddenly became as glum as a door post, it was obvious that Barbara was up to her tricks again. She had almost promised to marry him.

Nobody knew how the partial reconciliation came about, but a year after the night of the "almost kiss" Jim Brown arrived in town. He was with Barbara's brother again, and now and then during the week that followed Barbara and he were seen together. Jim smiled his heartiest, and one might have thought he was sitting on the top of the earth. People noticed that Barbara, too, grew more cheerful as the days passed. All this was mighty interesting to an onlooker, because it began to seem that Barbara would live down her nickname after all, and do something more than merely almost marry the handsome Jim.

There was a great deal of conjecture, even a little betting. The night of the big dance everyone was excited. Jim and Barbara came late. People who saw them on the stairs said Barbara was white, and barely nodded to them. Then Jim came onto the dancing floor alone. He was solemn—hardly noticed anybody. The folks were sorry for him, of course, but it was fate. Wasn't that "Almost Barbara's" way?

Everybody was quiet for a minute, and then a bolder soul spoke out: "Well, Jim, she almost married you, didn't she?"

Jim didn't speak at once. He walked across the floor and stood within a foot of the questioner. When Jim raised his head threateningly there was an audible gasp from a dozen girls' throats. But Jim didn't strike. He just spoke, and emphasized his words with his hand.

"No, friends," he said. "Barbara didn't almost marry me. But I guess you may still call her the 'Almost Girl'—for she almost didn't marry me."

By that time Barbara, blushes, rings, roses and all, appeared in the archway.

Well, the joke was on the crowd, and what else could be done but pick them up and carry them bodily to their train? And like enough the "Almost Girl" is going to stick to Mrs. Barbara Brown through life, for the station was a good mile away from the dance hall, and she and Jim almost missed the train.

Wrong Idea That Birds Poison Captive Young

A belief, that seems as persistent today as when Hood wrote "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," is that parent birds will deliberately poison their captive young. A correspondent in a London paper practically begs the question by inquiring what poison is used for the purpose. He goes on to say:

"I have known several cases. Recently a man took some young goldfinches out of a chestnut tree here and caged them. The old birds came and fed them. He put them in his cottage at night and put them out at 5 a. m. This went on for over a week. Then one morning after the old ones had fed them they all died."

The reply given is to the effect that, though there have been many statements made with regard to birds poisoning their young in similar circumstances, there does not appear to be a morsel of scientific evidence in support of the theory. "It is difficult," the writer remarks, "to imagine how circumstances would arise in nature that would lead to a development of such an instinct, and those birds which killed their young would have no descendants to perpetuate their habit."

If the owners of fledglings, dying in suspicious circumstances, would subject the victims to a post-mortem, light might be shed upon the subject. It is difficult to conjecture what poison could be used for such a purpose, as young birds are fed mainly on insects, and the older ones delight in the so-called "poisonous" berries. This being the case, we, ourselves, should be inclined to acquit the parents and bring in a verdict, "Death due to natural causes."

Snake Ate Unwisely

A snake that found its way into a hollow tree on the farm of Lon Atkinson near Hayti, Mo., and then fed on birds and other prey grew so fat it could not worm itself out of the hole through which it entered several years ago. It had just been killed after an accidental discovery by the small son of Atkinson, says a dispatch to the New York World.

The tree was blown across the top of a barn during a storm and the boy discovered the snake. Atkinson had to chop off the side of the log to get the body out after he killed the snake. It was six feet long and as big around as a stovepipe.

A Sly Dig

"Aweel!" said the bailie to the assessor when a youth was brought before him for some trifling offense, "ye ken we maunna be ower hard on the puir fellow. We were laddies aince oorsels, and I suppose I was as big a fool as any o' 'em when I was young."

"And ye're no an auld man yet, baillie," said the assessor blandly.—Boston Transcript.

GOOD ROADS

BIG VALUE OF GOOD ROADS IN ARKANSAS

The value of good roads has been clearly demonstrated to the residents of Phillips county, Arkansas, by the recent completion there of 61 miles of concrete pavement. The county is largely dependent for its progress upon the cotton and sweet potato crops. There are two seasons when cotton needs extra labor. Formerly it was the practice to hire negro families temporarily, housing them on the plantation. Nowadays it is hard to find families for this temporary work. Last year the cotton crop was saved by hauling bus and truck loads of women and children from Helena to the cotton fields each morning and taking them back that night. Laborers would work that way who would not live upon the plantation. Without the concrete roads this transportation would have been impossible.

In former years sweet potatoes were taken to market as soon as they were dug, because if they were stored to wait for higher prices the roads would get so rough the potatoes would be bruised and spoiled in transport. Now planters have big storage rooms and sell potatoes when the price is best, getting double what they have received during the summer months.

Traveling over the concrete pavement a truck will haul 100 crates of sweet potatoes to town, making four trips of 25 miles each a day. Before the pavement was built it would have required four mule teams to do the same work now done by the one truck.

Phillips county, says Sebastian Straub of Helena, Ark., in describing the benefits of the new road system in the Concrete Highway Magazine, lies in the crotch formed by the confluence of the Mississippi and White rivers.

"The soil," he explains, "is an alluvial deposit varying from a sandy loam to gumbo. The lower end of the country is subject to overflow by backwater from the Mississippi. Originally the land was entirely covered by a dense growth of timber. Lumbering first removed the valuable trees, then some farms were cleared and planted to cotton or corn. This latter development has occurred within the last ten years, and there still are great tracts of uncleared land which, if developed, could be made into some of the richest cotton plantations in the state.

"One drawback has been the difficulty of getting to the more remote corners of the county. The earth roads, raised but little above the surrounding low land, are often impassable to loaded vehicles for eight months in the year. During that time people go to and from town on the train or horseback. Even in good weather six mules were required to pull a two or three-ton load over an earth road to the nearest railway siding and a 12-mile trip to town required the whole day. On that account much of the good farm land lay as the lumberman had left it, covered with small trees and underbrush."

The new 61-mile concrete highway which connects Helena with the outlying sections is 14 feet wide, but on curves it is 19 feet in width, to conform with standards of the United States bureau of roads. The pavement is six inches thick.

In the past nearly all cotton was hauled to the nearest railway siding and shipped directly to Helena. Now, however, farmers can haul forty or fifty miles to Helena, load their cotton on a boat bound for New Orleans and save 20 per cent of the rail freight charges, or about $3,050 on a 7,500 to 10,000-ton cargo.

Influence of Hard Roads

The influence of paved highways is reflected in better farming conditions. Those farmers fortunate enough to be near a newly paved road can turn from the staple farm products and develop those types of farming which bring better and quicker returns. On the unimproved roads truck gardening is usually limited to a radius of 2 or 3 miles from the city market. But with the coming of paved roads and the use of trucks this radius is extended to 10, 15 and in some cases 20 miles from the market. Naturally the value of the land in this radius is considerably increased.

Last Toll Bridge

The bridge across the Mississippi river from Fulton, Ill., to Clinton, Iowa, is the only toll bridge in the Lincoln highway system between New York and San Francisco. The bridge was erected about forty years ago and it cannot meet the present needs of traffic. Efforts are being made to replace it with a new $1,000,000 bridge. A toll of 15 cents a person is exacted.

Milk Richer in Butterfat

A gentleman from the Minnesota College of Agriculture writes that the cow that freshens in the fall or winter will give milk richer in butterfat during the early part of her lactation than the cow that freshens in spring and summer. He also remarks that a large share of the greatest seven-day butter records are made by cows freshening in the cool months. This must be bitter news for the man who believes in pasture, timothy hay and nubbins of corn.—Dairy Farmer.

Nine Days Without Sleep.

The longest period of complete and continuous insomnia authentically recorded terminated on the ninth day with the death of the victim, after horrible suffering.

Mount Kilimanjaro.

Mount Kilimanjaro, in Tanganyika territory, Africa, is 19,900 feet high, the highest mountain on that continent. It is near the equator and is covered a third way down with perpetual snow.

Out of Sight.

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "has such deep thoughts dat dey is 'scusable if dey doesn't always 'pear to know 'zackly whut dey's talkin' 'bout deirselves." — Washington Evening Star.

Individuality First.

Young man, get individuality; but in order to do that, first get courage. It requires much not to be a rubber stamp.

Always the Way.

Curious facts about leisure is that one forgets all about the grudges he couldn't gratify when he was so busy he didn't have time.

That's Different.

It is, of course, presumptuous to seek to run other people's business, but what if they ruthlessly run their business over your affairs?

Strength of Human Bones.

The bones of a human being will bear three times as great a pressure as oak and nearly as much as wrought iron, without being crushed.

Where Credit Belongs.

An enthusiast thinks he should have all the credit for a successful idea, though the practical plodder may be responsible for its success.

Oldest Piece of Furniture.

The throne of the Egyptian Queen Hetshepsu, which is in the British museum, is the oldest piece of furniture in the world. Many pieces of furniture extant date back 3,000 years.

Only Walled U. S. City.

Tucson, Arizona, has the distinction of being the only walled city in the United States. This wall, which at one time encircled the entire city, has long since fallen into decay.

Works Either Way.

If a predatory nature has clever brains it swindles the public; if it hasn't it holds the public up with a pistol on dark streets.

Buffalo Bones Found.

Buffalo bones have recently been found in a cave in Malheur county, Ore., 100 miles further west than any authoritative evidence of the occurrence of buffalo heretofore.

Sometimes.

Remember, young folks, when you buy household furniture, that it is probably going to be with you for a lifetime.