Kind of Beautiful

By MARION P. JOHNSON

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"PLANNING one of these public weddings is one thing," declared A. H. Hinkler, chairman of the arrangements committee of the Bayview Charity circus, "but putting the fool thing over seems to be an entirely different proposition!"

"Too proud!" exploded Josephus Braun. "After all that bunch of prizes we've offered!"

"Surely," suggested Adolphus Weeks, "we shall find a couple somewhere who will agree to be married—"

A. H. Hinkler waved his arms wildly. "Somewhere!" he shouted. "But where? Do you realize, man, that the wedding is advertised for tonight?"

"And that we've practically crawled all over that platform on our hands and knees at every performance begging—literally begging—some young couple—any young couple—to please step forward and be married so that we can give them fifty dollars in cash and other junk!" added Josephus Braun quite at the top of his lungs.

"Well," said little Mr. Weeks, softly, placatingly, "it isn't our fault if we receive no response. We have the prizes ready. We have, as you say, pleaded. Surely—"

"Surely," mocked A. H. Hinkler, "they won't expect a wedding when we've placarded the whole city with promises that there will be one! Oh, no!"

"Well," growled Josephus Braun, "we can keep trying, I suppose."

One by one, the committee had taken turns pleading, offering prizes, and beaming hopefully at the vast throng attending the circus. Sometimes there would be a nibble, but never a real bite! Messrs. Hinkler, Braun and Weeks had struggled, perspired, cursed and raged.

Josephus Braun, chosen by the committee to make the final plea because of his deep booming voice, stood that evening and beamed. He began by enumerating the prizes. He dwelt, touchingly, on the interest all these people would take in the young couple to be married here. It was just like a big happy family, he said. Still no response. The crowd sat like a great silent, breathing mass, waiting. Josephus Braun left the ring and consulted his brother committeemen.

"Now, listen, ladies and gentlemen," he beamed upon his return. "The committee will double—ab-so-lute-ly double—the cash prize if a couple will walk up here within the next three minutes and allow themselves to be married. Just three minutes, ladies and gentlemen!" He took out his elaborate watch and marked the time.

Halfway around the auditorium a young couple rose, hesitatingly, whispering. The girl sank into her seat again, but not before Josephus Braun had spotted her.

"Come right along!" he invited cordially, waving the watch. "Right this way! There isn't much time!"

The young man assisted the hesitant girl to her feet, and led her, trembling, to the ring. Triumphantly, Josephus Braun bore his charges away. Flurry. Excitement.

Who were they? wondered the crowd. No one seemed to know. Well, it didn't really matter. They were young—and in love. Anyone could see that.

A breathless hush. The circus band began to play Lohengrin, a little blaringly. Attendants, drafted from the circus performers, and transformed by the magic of quick change appeared, taking their places with quiet dignity.

And then the bride with a great bouquet of roses, still wearing her little dark suit, but very lovely! Her cheeks were deeply pink, and she was nervous and a little afraid, but there was a soft, tremulous beauty about her that the crowd sensed and approved. A little dark-eyed bride, trembling! They took her to their hearts and loved her, and smiled at her, and even wept over her, a little. It didn't matter about the groom. Just a good-looking young man, a little shabby.

The wedding went on. The gifts were presented. Josephus Braun beamed. The crowd beamed. The bridegroom beamed. And the little bride blushed and smiled.

The wedding was over. The crowd sighed a little regretfully, and the circus went on—while in the committee room the bridegroom bargained with the committee, taking some of the prizes and trading others for cash. At last, with their little rattletrap car stacked high with booty, the young couple drove away, alone, into the night.

And then a quiet roadway, ribboning into the deeper shadows of the velvety night.

"Tom," said the little bride, snuggling against his broad dark shoulder, "do you think it was all right?"

"Sure," said Tom, slipping his arm around her.

"I was awful scared," she said, trembling a little in remembrance. "I thought maybe they'd arrest us—or something—if they knew!"

"They didn't make any rules about it," said Tom, reasonably. "They just said they wanted a couple to get married!"

"It's wonderful," sighed the girl. "With all that money and all these prizes we can take baby from Aunt Mary and get us a room and live together 'til you get a job."

"Sure," said Tom.

The little car rattled happily on.

"And Tom—"

"Yes?"

"It was kind of beautiful, wasn't it—getting married all over again after three years?"

Rove Beetles

Rove beetles are very common about decaying animal matter, and are often found upon the ground under stones or other objects. They are mostly very small insects; a few species, however, measure half an inch, or more, in length. The body is long and slender, with short wing covers. The wings are fully developed, often longer than the abdomen. When not in use, the wings are folded beneath the short wing covers. The insect when it folds its wings very often finds it necessary to make use of the tip of

MILLINGTON

Mr. ond Mrs. Spencer Stevens and daughter, Ethel, spent the week end with relatives in Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Martin and little daughter were guest last Sunday of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hilyard, of Wilmington, visited Mr. and Mrs. John Hilyard last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ruth, of Queenstown, were guests of Mrs. Horace Shahan on last Sunday.

Mr. Edgar T. Stevens, Mr. Fred C. Numbers and two daughters visited friends in Easton on Sunday.

Mrs. Thomas Phillips, of Stanford, Conn., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Ruth Bowman.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Porter are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a fine son.

The monthly meeting of the Ladies Aid of Asbury M. E. Church was held at the home of Mrs. John H. Tobin.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Wallace and two sons, of West Grove, Pa., and Mr. Julian Leager, of near Sudlersville, were guests last Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Anthony.

Mrs. Sallie Taylor of Philadelphia, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. John W. Higman.

Mr. Julian C. Numbers, of Springfield, Mass., and Miss Mary E. Numbers, of Northampton, Mass., spent the week end with their father, Fred C. Numbers.

Mr. H. M. Hynson, of Lebanon, Pa., called on friends in town on Monday last.

MAGIC DISCOVERY

Jack: 'This liniment makes my arm smart.'

Jan: 'Why not rub some on your head?'

Odd--But True



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