

NONDESCRIPT TYPE

How Polly Irving Heard of the Last Twig on the Family Tree.

BY IZOLA FORRESTER.

"For me?" repeated Polly. She had opened the door of room four barely enough to see the mite that stood waiting there. "Are you sure you've got the right room, Dan?" Dan was positive he had. He had been sent up to the principal's office for misbehaving, and had been used as a handy messenger in any emergency case. There was a gentleman up there who wanted to see Miss Irving.

Now, the strangest part was that to Polly's knowledge no gentleman so far had evinced any yearning to see Miss Irving in all Miss Irving's life, and especially since she had become a kindergarten teacher. So she hesitated, wondering what sort of an agent had located her there.

"Well, you may bring him down here, Danny," she said finally, and Dan sped away.

Polly went back to her desk with fluttering pulses. It was hard to lace even the forty pair of inquisitive child-like eyes watching "teacher." There was a tiny round mirror lying in her desk drawer, long unused, but now, just for an instant she lifted it cautiously out, and looked at herself. She saw gray eyes, rather serious and a very decided chin. Polly loved to tell herself that she had a decided chin in spite of the dimple there. And there was a kink in the fair wave of hair, too, but still, she was a rather nondescript type of girl. She had heard ever since she had been knee high to the table, that she had no charm and no magnetism. One grows to believe a thing after it has been drummed into one steadily.

The color rose in her face at the knock on the door. It was not a timid one.

"Come," she called.

"I'm looking for Miss Irving," said a rather boyish voice, and a head was intruded into the sacred precinct of room four. "Can you spare teacher just a minute, children?"

"Yezzir," rose a buzzing chorus. Miss Irving went to the door, and stepped out into the hall, puzzled and rather on the defensive.

"You're Miss Mauline Mary Irving," he asked, smiling down at her.

"Yes, but I don't care to buy anything at all," began Polly firmly.

"Don't you?" He was really laughing now. "You will later, Miss Irving. I bring you very good news. My name is Maynard Talbot. I have hunted all the way from London to Chicago for you."

"From London?" repeated Polly, wonderingly. "Why?"

"You are chief legatee under your granduncle's will. I can't explain so hurriedly, but it's a matter of twenty thousand pounds, about one hundred thousand dollars. Sir Robert's solicitors sent me over to find you. May I wait until school is over?"

"If—if you like," Polly faltered. She gave him a chair near the desk, and tried to conduct that last half hour of kindergarten as she had done for thirteen years, ever since she had been a girl of eighteen.

When it was over, and the last little lass had thrown her a kiss at the door, she sighed, and turned to the young man from Londontown.

"Now tell me all about it," she said. "I knew father had relatives abroad, but he died so long ago, and mother was from New England, so we rather forgot the British branch."

"The only twig left on that branch was old Sir Robert," said her caller, cheerfully. "I've seen him several times, whenever I had to run down to Tiverton Manor. He died about seven months ago. There are several very good country places, but those go to the next of kin. The money was his private fortune, and he willed it to your father or his heirs."

"Will I have to go over there to live?" asked Polly.

"Dear, dear, no. You may live where you like. I'm going to. I've just put all my money into land up in Alberta, British Columbia, you know. All of us younger sons have a hankering for your west and our west. There isn't much for us nowadays over home, and the new generation doesn't care to hang around on bones and leavings, so to speak. And when a chap's not talented, he might as well take to the open, and hit a new trail, don't you think so?"

"Listen," said Polly, eagerly, leaning forward, her hands clasped over her knees, her eyes shining. "Why couldn't I do that too? Why couldn't I hit a new trail, as you say, and put my money into something way out there where it is all new and free? I'd love to."

"But it's no place for a girl you know," Talbot told her seriously.

"I'm not just a girl," protested Polly. "If I were twenty and pretty it might be different, but I'm not. I'm thirty-one, and very ordinary."

"Oh, but you're not, you know," he declared.

"Yes, I am," Polly insisted. "I never expect to marry, but I want a great big place of my own that I can ride over and run as I like. I shall go west with you, Mr. Talbot."

Until the clock up on the wall pointed to five Talbot tried to argue her out of it. Then every day for a week he spent several hours trying to persuade her as to the proper course for an heiress to follow. Still Polly willfully set her face westward. Rapidly she cleaned up matters at home. The

kindergarten was dropped at the end of the quarter. Then when her first installment arrived from London, she began buying her outfit, and after her through the stores trailed Maynard Talbot, admiring but fearful. They grew to be pals during those days. They pored over section maps together, and visited all manner of railroad offices and outfitting places. They read up on grazing and wheat culture, they discussed new styles in silos as well as riding boots. Polly wanted to start in on a heavy basis, but Talbot advised caution until they had become accustomed to the country and its needs.

"It's too bad you're going to take a place of your own," she said, one day. "I'd like you to manage mine for me, you know."

"I'll do it anyway," Maynard promised, as he lounged on the sand at her feet. They had strolled far out along the lake shore until the big sand dunes lured them to rest. "I'll get a place next to yours."

"Will you, Mr. Talbot? Truly?" Polly looked at him earnestly. "I think you've been so nice to me ever since you came, and I must have seemed a terrible nuisance to you."

"A very precious responsibility," said Maynard, smiling up at her. "I told you the firm back home I'd look after your interests."

"Had you ever seen my picture?"

"Never. I wish I had one of you this minute as you look now."

Polly looked at him reflectively, even suspiciously. No one had ever paid her compliments before.

"Do you like the way I look, Mr. Talbot?" curiously.

Maynard was silent a full minute. He looked at her until she turned her eyes away from him, and then his hand closed tightly over hers as it rested beside him on the sand. And Polly laughed, a rippling nervous little laugh.

"Oh, say it quick," she whispered. "I've always wondered what men find to say. They seem such big overgrown, awkward, helpless boys, you know—"

"Do they?" said Maynard grimly. He sat up and took her in his arms. "Well, I'm not going to say anything."

She closed her eyes as he bent his head and kissed her. It was almost worth being a girl without charm to find your first kiss given to the one man you loved, she thought. "Now listen. We will be married here, go on to Alberta and choose our place, then cross over to England in time for the Christmas holidays. We owe some sort of decent acknowledgment to Uncle Robert."

Polly sat up very erect.

"To whom?"

He looked thoroughly amused.

"Uncle Robert, I said. Do you mind, dear? I'm the next of kin. I was on my way west anyway, and decided to take a look for myself at the little seventeenth degree American cousin. I didn't know I was to find my Lady Polly. And I feared if you knew the whole truth at once, you'd be on your dignity with me, and we wouldn't be good friends at all. Don't you know?"

Polly covered her face with both her hands.

"Oh, it takes away all the fun of our starting out west together," she cried, "and—and being pals."

Talbot held her close in his arms.

"It doesn't do anything of the sort, you silly child," he laughed. "We'll be married at once. Say yes, Polly. Polly? Hear me?"

Polly nodded her head.

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Fostering Spirit of Criticism.

Many persons are too inclined to say unkind things simply because they happen to be near acquaintances or relatives to one another. Remember the words of Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"Do not flatter yourself that relationship entitles you to say unkind things to your intimates."

He goes on to show that we get enough unkind criticism from outside, and should receive only help and support from those in immediate touch with us.

A person never regrets having done or said the kind thing; it is the cruel or unkind words and actions which bring sorrow and regret.

There is no God given wisdom in one human being which should warrant him in thinking himself qualified or able to dictate to another. It is all conceit, really—the common "I know better" fallacy.

Glass-Making an Old Trade.

Each country has its distinctive types of glass, but it requires special and well-trained perception to tell the difference between some of the English and Irish specimens of the last century, and the careful copies which are now being made of them in European factories. The latter, however, can generally be known by their greater whiteness and lightness of weight. Waterford glass is now the most sought after by collectors, but equally beautiful pieces were made in the Cork and Dublin glass houses.

Glass-making can be traced back for about 2,300 years to the people who lived on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, but its origin has never really been fixed. Its ingredients are still the same, and their proportions seem to have varied very little. Silica and an alkali, that is quartz, or flint, and potash, or soda, are still used.

Possible Explanation.

"I never could understand why people dock their horses' tails," said Dubbleigh.

"High cost of living," said Jorrocks. "Got to dock something, these times."

—Harper's Weekly.

MISSOURI STATE POULTRY EXPERIMENT STATION

Feeding the Baby Chicks.

Thousands, yes, millions of baby chickens die on Missouri farms and in Missouri poultry yards, each season. As a result, the loss in eggs and labor in hatching is tremendous. Much of this is due to improper methods of feeding and can be avoided. The newly hatched chick is a very tender and frail little creature just after having picked his way from the shell. The comfort of the chicks, and the feed given them are the two main things which will mean your success or failure, and these are the two things which require your most careful consideration at this time. See that they are comfortable, not to the extent that you nurse them, but they must be kept reasonably warm, dry and active.

Some of the mistakes in feeding are those of feeding too soon after being hatched, feeding too freely, feeding sloppy food, feeding too much corn, feeding commercial grit at the start instead of sand, feeding other ingredients which should not be used at the very beginning. These and similar mistakes tend to irritate the digestive organs and intestinal tract. Such practices often result in the chicks having diarrhoea. The chicks become thin, get out of condition and die rapidly.

During the past two years, we have tried out several methods of starting baby chicks. If you are troubled with diarrhoea of any kind, or lack of vitality, or slow growth, then try the following plan. It has been one of the most successful plans of feeding baby chicks which we have ever used.

We sprinkle a little clover chaff or fine cut straw or clean litter, free from must and mold, over the floor of the brooder or hover before the chicks are placed in. We provide a small fountain of pure water. The chicks are not fed for forty-eight hours or more after they are hatched. Don't feed too soon. Give the chicks time to assimilate the yolk of the egg which contains enough food to last them several days.

Begin by feeding a mixture of two-thirds rolled oats and one-third wheat bran mixed with a small amount of charcoal. This is fed on a clean board or paper four or five times a day and only a small quantity fed at a time. We remove the feeding board after the chicks are through eating. Clean sand is given about the time the first feed is given, and no grit is given before. We think sand is better to start chicks with than commercial grit, if it can be secured, and if not, then use fine commercial grit very sparingly until chicks are at least ten days old. After the chicks are a week old, we begin to add a little commercial chick feed to the above mixture and gradually increase this until the rolled oats and bran are eliminated from the first or grain feed. At this age, we also begin to feed a dry mash, the mash being made by mixing the following:

One part wheat bran, one part corn meal, one part shorts, one-half part alfalfa meal, one-third part rolled oats or oatmeal.

We add one-half pound of very fine salt to each 100 pounds of the above mixture, and also add a handful of fine charcoal. After the chicks are two weeks old, we begin to add a small quantity of dry beef scraps to the mash mixture. If the chicks are on free range, and get plenty of bugs and worms, they do not need the beef scraps. After the chicks are a week old, the grain mixture should be thrown into a fine clean litter or worked into fresh soil so the chicks will be compelled to exercise. If confined to a board or concrete floor, keep a shovel or several shovels full of clean soil on a

part of the brooder or hover floor so the chicks may scratch in this. If the chicks can be raised at all, they will unquestionably do well on the above feed.

Some farmer may say, "I cannot afford to buy the commercial chick food nor the rolled oats." We wish to say that you can well afford to buy anything for the first few days feeding if it will insure you a greater number of strong chicks and lessen your mortality. One sack of commercial chick feed and a 25 cent box of rolled oats will start quite a large bunch of chicks. You can work gradually into the use of cracked corn, wheat and kafir corn after the chicks are six weeks old.

We give our young chicks all the sour milk or buttermilk they want; from the time they are hatched until fully matured if it can possibly be supplied. If you chop up a few onions occasionally for the youngster, these are good for them, keep them in good condition, and help supply the green food. The infertile eggs may be boiled and mixed with some of the dry mash and fed to the chicks, also bread crumbs.

When the chicks have reached the age of six weeks we then place a dry mash before them composed of 2 parts bran, 1 part shorts, and 1 part corn meal. This is placed in a hopper. It is also a good idea to mix a little fine charcoal in this ground feed, also a half pound of fine salt to every 100 pounds of the mixture. This mash is used until they are fully matured. From the time the chicks are six weeks old until maturity, you can feed them equal parts of cracked corn and wheat, fed in hoppers. If you cannot furnish your chicks with the sour milk or buttermilk, it may be necessary for you to add one-half part of high grade dry beef scraps to the dry mash.

Look out for lice and mites. Keep the coops, hovers and houses clean. Don't let the drinking pans go dry. Keep the chicks active and growing. There is no better place on a farm to grow them than along the edge of the corn field. Pull your coops and colony houses there this season and give it a trial. The chicks will follow the cultivators across the field, consume many injurious insects and worms, and will grow strong and husky.

This circular and all literature issued by the State Poultry Experiment Station at Mountain Grove, will be sent free to all residents of the State upon application.

Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Johnson entertained a number of their youthful friends in honor of Pemberton Gordon, the son of J. P. Gordon, State Auditor of Missouri, who has been in this city for several months. The boys were all taken to the picture show and afterwards were served delicious refreshments at the Johnson residence. The party consisted of a number of Pemberton's friends and was given in honor of his fourteenth birthday, which occurred on Tuesday—Las Vegas, Optic, Los Vegas, New Mexico.

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