

**—THE—
Lexington Intelligencer**

A. W. ALLEN, Editor and Publisher.

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All communications to go into print in THE INTELLIGENCER must be signed.

The National Democratic Committee should prevail on President Harding to deliver his Birmingham speech on "The Political Rights of the Negro People in the South," at some convenient point prior to the next election. The results would be very gratifying.

Kansas City being full of smallpox, it is only a question of time when it will reach Lexington. A very sensible thing to do would be to get vaccinated. The school authorities, backed by the doctors of Lexington, have made an order making vaccination compulsory. This order should meet with no opposition.

The Quail a Friend of Man.

While you fight the chinch bug, redouble your efforts to increase Bob-white quails, so says Mr. A. C. Burrill of the Missouri College of Agriculture. The quail eats from 500 to 1,000 chinch bugs at a meal, and their stomachs crave another meal every two hours. Quails are the only wild bird which specializes on chinch bugs in the winter season.

To protect the Bob-white to the best advantage a group of several farmers may co-operatively publish a notice in the county papers, forbidding hunters to shoot quails on their premises. This has been done successfully in many Missouri communities. Several county papers already are running such notices, properly drawn up and kept standing in the paper throughout the hunting season. In such cases the publisher will add the name of any farmer in the county and keep it there for 50 cents (more or less, according to local rates) for the season.

The quails fight your bug battle for you, both winter and summer.

What Is Corn?

The Missouri State Board of Agriculture has often been called upon to answer the question of "what is corn?" This query sounds foolish in Missouri or in any other Corn Belt county, but the facts are that the word "corn" or its equivalent is and has been used in every country under the sun for thousands of years, although "corn" as we use the word was not discovered and found as a native of America until after this country was discovered in 1492.

Corn in the United States is maize or Indian corn. Indian corn is corn in common commerce and conversation only where corn or Indian maize is the principal cereal crop. In England wheat is called corn. In Scotland oats is often called corn. In China rice is called corn, and in certain portions of the Near East barley is called corn.

Strictly speaking "corn is the seed of any one of the cereal grasses which include wheat, oats, maize, barley rye, sorghum, sugar cane, grain sorghum, etc.

Note: Recent legislation has given the word "corn" another and very popular meaning.

The Best Christmas Gift.

Can you remember that Christmas when you first received The Youth's Companion among your Christmas presents? You can perhaps recall the titles of some of the serial stories in those early numbers, and you can well remember how everyone in the family wanted to read your paper.

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The Youth's Companion, Commonwealth Ave., & St. Paul New Subscriptions received at Sts., Boston, Mass.

A marriage license has been issued to the following:
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An Act of Providence

By MARTHA M. WILLIAMS.

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"Mercy! How I hate sewing!" Elinor said peevishly as her thread snarled for the third time in a minute. "But—not quite as much as you love new frocks—pretty ones," Doris answered, adding with a smile: "Never mind the knots—it's a sure sign when your thread ties up so you'll be married and happy before what you are sewing on wears out."

"If I believed that—" Elinor began with a frowning smile. "But of course it's nonsense—superstitions all are."

"I'm not so sure," Doris said teasingly. "Science is finding out that a heap of superstitions, so called, are surface indications of important facts."

"How ridiculous!" from Elinor. Doris went on reflectively: "Suppose something inside you powerful enough to captivate a big man was also powerful enough to make your thread electric—you know almost everything goes back now to electricity."

"I don't know any such thing—and I wish you wouldn't parade the fact that you do. You make my head ache worse—and it's bad enough at best. Unless I get help somehow, this rubbishy thing, touching her work scornfully, "will never get done in time—nor be fit to look at."

"Stepnama will help if you ask her nicely," Doris bantered. Elinor sprang up, stamping her foot, angry tears flooding her cheeks. "You know I won't ask her—I can't," she sobbed. "She ought to do it without asking—taking my mother's place. And you, my own cousin, ought to help."

"Like heaven, we help those who help themselves," Doris returned. Elinor flung herself across the bed, crying hard. But at the sound of her name, spoken in a strong, young voice below stairs, the tears ceased magically—after some little business with the powder-puff, she tripped away, a pattern of April sunshine.

"If I knew enough, I'd write a profound thesis on 'The Alternative Value of a Timely Beau,'" Doris commented philosophically. "But those who need it would neither read it, nor heed it. Dick Brownley least of all. He thinks Miss Elinor came straight from heaven by air-express. Because, forsooth, she has baby-curis, a beautiful baby-stare, dances like a nubcam, and sings like a seraph. Strictly ornamental—due for keeping in cotton wool—or under a glass case, but apt to get chipped in this rough-and-tumble world. However, it is none of my funeral. I'm no feminine knight-errant yearning to save men from the desires of their own hearts."

Elinor rushed back crying: "Put on your hat. Do—Dick wants us to go motoring—you know I can't, unless you will. Thanks to a stepmother. We're to be gone all day—lunch at some swagger country club, and dine at another. She—stepmother, you know has planned to teach me canning this afternoon. Fancy spending it in the kitchen—with such weather outside."

"You might do worse. I'd prefer it to playing gooseberry," Doris said, her eyes speculative. "Oh! You won't do that—Dick is to pick up another man—over at the Traversers place," Elinor said coaxingly: "Do come, old dear. Everything may depend on it."

In spite of better judgment, Doris went. She was really sorry for Elinor, a badly spoiled child, suddenly brought under a curb, strict if kindly. Naturally she was unhappy. Marriage was a way out—it might also be a way into worse and more lasting unhappiness. Dick Brownley was as spoiled as Elinor, as headstrong, and extravagant. He would make ducks and drakes of a decent inheritance if unchecked. Elinor would not check him. But, said Doris to herself, smiling whimsically: "What a good time they will have spending everything together."

The man picked up should have warned Doris—he was so deep-dyed a cleric, pallid almost to anemia and solemn as an owl. He looked, indeed, much like the bird of wisdom, peering through huge horn-rimmed glasses set astride a beaky nose. Entertaining him was easy—it involved no more than playing audience. But his droning answered to mask the amorous dialogue in full blast on the front seat. Luncheon at the country club reduced it to the terms of blishes, giggles and beads touching as they bent together over the menu. Still Doris was obtuse—it was, she thought, only the rebound. Elinor had been held at home sewing for the two days past. Naturally, accumulated affection broke out now.

But presently as they sped past a roadside stone Doris knew that they were in another state. Then she became uneasy—this neighbor state was a Gretta Green for impatient couples in that they had quitted. She touched Dick's shoulder, asking: "Is this an elopement—or what?"

"Not yet, but soon," he answered with a grin. "We'll see Rigby in about ten minutes."

"I say not," Doris retorted. "You don't mean you'll try to peach?" Dick demanded, flushing deeply.

"I won't see Elinor perjure herself," from Doris. "She is not eighteen—so can't marry without her father's consent."

"She will, all same," Dick said impudently. "For, if you try to block the game, right here is where you go off. We've no use for trouble-makers. Unless you promise to be good, on you go, right here and now—"

"Oh, Dick!" Elinor protested, hiding her face. "You—you mustn't—"

"But I will," from Dick grimly, checking the car. Doris gave him a cutting smile.

"I wonder you don't throw me out," she said. "But that might make trouble later."

"Elinor dear, come with me."

"I—I—know I ought to—but—but I can't," Elinor wailed. The car shot ahead, the predestined parson waving his hat deferentially to Doris. She looked about her. Thirty miles from home, a stranger, with just a bit of change in her bag. The case seemed desperate, but she rose to it gallantly. Half a mile off she saw a handsome house—a car was turning in to it—she halted it, saying breathlessly: "Please take me—in there. It is important—I will tell you why later."

Later by some two minutes she stood before a telephone, which the wondering lady of the house had cheerfully put at her service. She got her number almost at once—held a brief conversation, at the close of which she sat down wearily, covered her face with both hands, and let tears of relief flow unchecked between her fingers.

The license clerk looked the applicants over compassionately. Elinor was so appealingly pretty, so trustful, evidently so much afraid. He cleared his throat, saying with kindly gruffness to Dick: "Too late by just seven minutes, young man. I've just had telephone orders from your girl's father—a mighty fine man, Major Lane—to refuse you a license, as she is under age, and he's dead against your having her—and to detain her until he can come for her—"

"I'd like to see you detain her," Dick burst out hotly. The clerk looked at him steadily. "Young man, there's a law against kidnapping. My wife will be here in a jiffy to take care of the young lady until the major comes—"

Here Dick sprang forward, his face demonic, making to strike the elder man. Something stayed him—Elinor, soft and clinging. "Swinging hard upon his arm, shrieked clearly to the official: "Thank you, sir—and God—and Doris—for saving me!" and promptly sank in a dead faint.

The thwarted elopement turned out to be a providence. Major Lane and his girl found each other over again. Dick effaced himself: best of all, not a word got abroad. As for Doris, the man she appealed to took her home joyously. And before Christmas they were married—to live happy ever after, let us hope.

BIRDS MAKE LONG VOYAGES

Records Kept in England Show That Some of Them Travel Really Remarkable Distances.

The London Zoological society has a record of all birds observed in Great Britain and the British coasts that are not indigenous to the British Isles, but have flown thither from the continent. In England it is said the naturalists, ornithologists, lighthouse keepers, masters of vessels, coast-guardsmen, farmers and country gentlemen report strange birds that they observe, and always give the date and circumstances of their observations.

This list, it is said, reveals many strange happenings. Birds native to eastern Siberia and China, North Africa and the Arctic regions have been observed in Great Britain, but of course, this is quite rare. They are, however, a number of recorded instances of American birds crossing the Atlantic and being seen and shot in England. Now and then birds that are not strictly migratory gather in enormous flocks and sweep over several hundred miles of country. The cause of this action is a mystery to the students of bird life. Many years ago, which is a matter of historical record, Turkey and Bulgaria were invaded by enormous flocks of the bird known as the rose-colored parrot. These birds proved very destructive to the vineyards and growing crops, and the peasants had to turn out in force and kill them. It is said a flock of these parrots would strip a tree of its fruit in a few minutes.

Women's Portraits on Stamps.

Only three women have been portrayed on United States stamps. Martha Washington, Queen Isabella of Spain and the Indian girl, Pocahontas, who saved the life of Capt. John Smith. The Martha Washington stamp was the 8-cent value issued in 1902, the portrait being a miniature copy of Gilbert Stuart's famous painting of the first president's wife. It was in use about six years and then was superseded with a new one bearing Washington's portrait.

Queen Isabella I. of Spain was portrayed on the Columbus commemorative stamps of 1893 and on one of the Jamestown exposition stamps of 1907 was a portrait of the Indian princess, Pocahontas.

Old-Fashioned.

"Is your wife fond of dancing?" "Yes."

"But you never come to our dances any more?"

"No. Mother, I am glad to say, feels that she would rather stay home and look after the children and know they are safe than go to a dance. Rather an old-fashioned notion but highly commendable, don't you think?"

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