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A Weapon of Defense

By EFFIE STEVENS

Olive Perrington, lounging comfortably in an easy chair in the Winthrops' cosy guest chamber, turned the pages of her book mechanically. Her mind was too intent upon a certain intensely important episode in her own life story to care whether the fictitious woes of Elizabeth or Reginald culminated happily or not, and she finally let the novel fall unheeded to her lap.

A fire blazed cheerily on the hearth, and the rose-shaded lamp on the table at her side diffused a soft radiance over all, but so far as Olive was concerned the room might have been steeped in Egyptian darkness or draped with the habiliments of woe. It would have been more nearly in keeping with her present mood.

"Oh, why was I so foolish as to refuse Kenton Dudley?" Olive groaned, as she gazed unseeingly into the fire. "Of course I never supposed he cared so little as to take the first 'no.' Besides, I had no idea I cared until it was too late. And now my life is spoiled. People say one gets over such things but I know I never shall." Olive was very young, besides an inveterate novel reader.

A creeking noise brought the dreamer out of her gloomy reverie with a start. She sat up wide-eyed, and listened intently for a repetition of the ominous sound.

"It's only the wind rising," she laughed shakily. "It always seems as if a frame house was going all to pieces if there is the least gust of wind. If every little noise is going to scare me so, I shall wish I hadn't urged Dick and Lucia to fulfill their evening's engagement at the Owens', even if my cold did keep me at home." Olive had a little excuse for her uneasiness for there had been several burglaries in the neighborhood.

Except for Nora, the maid, she was alone in the house, and Nora's presence would be of little use in an emergency, for her room was in the third story, she was probably asleep long ago, and when once asleep little short of an earthquake could arouse her.

Olive wondered if Dick Wentworth owned a pistol, but she could not have brought herself to touch any fire-arm had she known where to find one. She would have considered a burglar less dangerous.

"Of course there isn't any danger," she thought. "Still I should feel safer if I had some sort of a weapon."

Suddenly a brilliant idea came to Olive. At least it seemed brilliant to her. Somewhere she remembered having read of red pepper as having been used as a weapon of defense.

Naturally she had no red pepper, but she decided that no well regulated family would be apt to be without the pungent spice.

Gathering together firmly the little courage she possessed, Olive started on a pilgrimage through the dark and silent house in the direction of the kitchen. The occasional pressing of an electric button not only lighted her way but added to her stock of courage.

After much search, she succeeded in locating the spices in an elaborate kitchen cabinet. It seemed somewhat audacious for a guest to be rummaging in the lower regions without the knowledge of her hostess but the circumstances seemed to furnish an excuse.

With a sigh of relief Olive grasped a small but well filled paper bag and sped back to her chamber much faster than she had come.

"I shall have to spread it out so I can easily get a handful if the need arises," she decided with a light laugh.

After emptying the reddish powder into an empty bon-bon dish, she placed the dish conveniently on the table and sank into the chair.

By this time both gloomy thoughts and fears had been completely banished and Olive was soon lost in her book.

Sometime later she was aroused by the unmistakable sound of stealthy footsteps up the front walk.

With unusual presence of mind Olive turned down the light. Then she sat listening with bated breath.

The footsteps did not ascend the front steps but skirted around the side of the house.

With a great heart throb Olive realized that some one was beneath her window fumbling at the stout ladder-like trellis leaning against the side of the house. Then she heard some one cautiously climbing up.

For an instant Olive struggled with a deathly faintness that threatened to overpower her. Then she pulled herself together, rose, clutched a handful of the spice, and tottered towards the window.

There came a fumbling at the window.

Olive held her breath, hoping against hope that the window was fastened, though she well knew that she was apt to be careless about trifles.

She did not stop to think that to a burglar a fastened window would prove only a slight obstacle.

Her hope was futile. The window sash began slowly to rise.

Nerving herself, Olive waited until the window had been pushed open as far as possible; then she frantically flung the contents of her hand into the shadowy man's face in the opening.

There came a choaking gasp, and Olive, feeling sure that she had hit the mark, fled, trembling to the opposite side of the room.

Instead of crashing headlong from the trellis in a paroxysm of agony as Olive fully expected, the intruder made a reckless leap into the room.

Though dazed with fright Olive managed to turn on the light. Then she stood at bay, wild-eyed and panting.

But the stranger only uttered a deep groan, and sank into a chair, covering his face with his hands, and swaying back and forth, apparently in an extremity of anguish.

Olive's eyes dilated with horror as she took her first good look at the bowed figure.

"Kenton!" she whispered.

"Oh, oh, oh!" groaned the intruder.

"Oh, Kenton," wailed Olive wildly. "Have I blinded you? Why did you climb up here?"

"The Wentworths are cousins of mine, as you ought to know for yourself," Kenton Dudley replied, his speech punctuated with dismal groans. "I often run out here and spend a night with them. I never thought of the Owens' entertainment until I got here. I came to see you this time, but I supposed you had gone with them. I had no latch key, and arousing Nora was out of the question. As I have usually occupied this room I thought I would get in this way. I have done so before."

"Oh, you can never forgive me," gasped Olive in an agonized tone. "I mistook you for a burglar."

"I'll forgive you on one condition—that you reconsider a certain decision," he said. "I guess you know what I mean."

Olive's eyes flashed.

"Oh, Kenton," she faltered, her voice growing fainter. "I've been sorry about that ever since. I'll—I'll be eyes for you."

Kenton's hands came down from before his face in a trice, and he caught Olive in a close embrace.

"Be the delight of my eyes instead," he cried with a laugh of triumph, and not a trace of shame at deception in his voice.

Olive tried to draw away from him.

"Kenton Dudley you were just making all that fuss," she accused indignantly. Then as Kenton's clasp grew firmer she decided that after all it wasn't worth while to become angry. She was too happy.

"Never mind, dear," Kenton consoled her. "It's only woman's luck. She never can hit anything. But you captured your man, anyhow."

Just then the chugging of a motor car was heard outside.

"The folks have returned," he added, releasing her. "I'd better get out of this the way I got in, double quick, and go and welcome them."

When his head alone was visible above the window sill, he paused and remarked in a low voice, a grin on his face: "I suppose you thought that stuff was red pepper." Then he disappeared hastily.

With a look of consternation, Olive examined the contents of the bon-bon dish carefully. She had mistaken harmless ground cinnamon for red pepper—aged, stale, tasteless cinnamon, at that!

MADE CRIPPLES OF CHICKS

Wisconsin Powder Mill Explosion Left Its Effect on Eggs That Were Hatching.

Kenosha, Wis.—Kenosha will have the greatest crop of twisted and deformed chickens ever raised anywhere this year, and it is all due to the recent explosion at the powder mills at Pleasant Prairie. Chickens hatched in the incubators of the county since the explosion are found to be singularly deformed. More than 98 per cent. of the chickens are suffering from twisted legs, broken wings and similar ailments, and while many of them are still living it is thought the loss will be unusually large.

A poultry farm, where an incubator held 188 eggs, 186 of the number hatched, and of the chickens only two were perfect. The deformed chickens are a grotesque sight.

Big Game Precesrve in Oregon.

Wild birds will have a refuge about the state capital. A preserve including about 10,000 acres will be set aside wherein hunting will not be allowed. This became effective May 20.

Lands surrounding the state institutions are included in the preserve by Governor West.

A law passed by the last legislature provides that the state game warden may enter into contracts with land owners to have their farms included. Hunting thereon may then be punished with a jail sentence as well as a fine.—Portland Correspondence Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

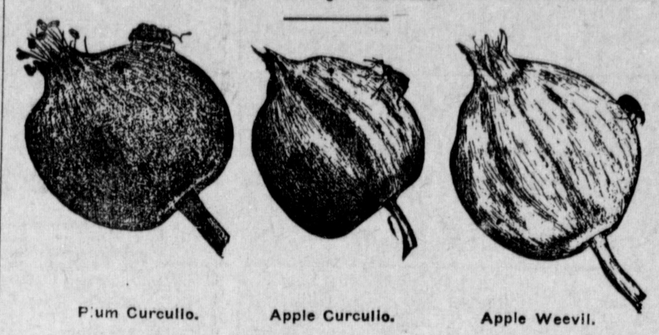
No Chance to Spite Him.

"Why do you put up with the manager's boorishness?" asked the leading man. "You could get another engagement tomorrow if you were to leave this company."

"I know it," replied the lady star, "but my understudy won't even catch a bad cold."

DESTRUCTIVE PLUM CURCULIO ATTACKS CULTIVATED FRUITS

Insect Is Distributed Over Practically All of United States East of Rocky Mountains and Has Been Rightfully Designated as Most Injurious of All Insect Enemies of Orchardists in Every Section.



Plum Curculio. Apple Curculio. Apple Weevil.

(By FRED E. BROOKS, West Virginia University Agricultural Experiment Station.)

The plum curculio is a snout beetle about one-fifth of an inch long. Its color is a mixture of black, brown and white, with the darker shades greatly predominating. On the back are several prominent humps which give the insect a roughened appearance and make it difficult to distinguish while on the tree from the bark or from a dry bud. It is armed with a curved snout one-third as long as the body.

The insect is a native of this country and is distributed over practically all the United States east of the Rocky mountains. Before orchards were planted within its range it undoubtedly fed and bred on wild plums, crab apples and hawthorns, but with the settlement of the country it turned its attention more to cultivated fruits, although it continues to breed on the wild, native varieties. It attacks plums, peaches, nectarines, apricots, cherries, apples, crab apples, pears, quinces and hawthorns,, and has even been reported as breeding on persimmons. On account of the usual abundance of the insect and the great variety of valuable fruits which it attacks, there is little doubt but that it has been rightfully designated as the most destructive of all the insect enemies of the orchardist in this section of the country.

It injures the fruit by puncturing holes through the skin with its snout both for the purpose of feeding and egg-laying. The feeding punctures may be made in apples at almost any time during the summer, but the egg punctures are made mostly while the apples are small. These wounds, and the subsequent feeding of the larvae which hatch from the eggs, cause the fruit to become dwarfed in size, lopsided, knotty and otherwise misshapen.

The injuries done by the plum curculio are not so easily prevented as are those of some other insects, and yet there are a number of methods that can be used against them with a very satisfactory measure of success. In dealing with the insect on apples by far the most effective means of preventing loss is spraying with one of the arsenical poisons, such as paris green, or, preferably, arsenate of lead. Even where spraying is practiced, however, it is a good plan to use in connection with the operation some of the other measures suggested here, if the best possible results are to be obtained.

The apple curculio has been confused often with the plum curculio, but in reality it is quite distinct from that species in both appearance and habits. The apple curculio is more reddish-brown in color, the form is more robust and on the back are four prominent humps, the front two of which are much larger than any of the humps on the back of the plum curculio. The snout of the apple curculio is almost as long as the rest of the body, or three times the length of that of the other species. The snout is carried projecting forward, instead of hanging down like an elephant's trunk, as is the case with the plum curculio.

In attacking the fruit the apple curculio bores through the skin, in a manner similar to that of the other species, but after the puncture is completed and the egg laid, only an indistinct speck is left on the surface to mark the place of injury, whereas the plum curculio makes the conspicuous crescent-shaped mark. A glance at the insects or at their work is sufficient to enable anyone, who is at all well acquainted with the species, to distinguish between the two.

Where the apple curculio becomes troublesome care should be taken that no thickets of wild crab or hawthorn are allowed to remain as breeding places near the orchards. Such thickets may produce thousands of the beetles and when the wild fruit becomes insufficient for the great number of beetles they may seek places to feed and oviposit in cultivated orchards.

The jarring method, as recommended for the plum curculio, is effective when used against this species Spraying with poisons is likely to be beneficial, but it is probable that not as many of the beetles will be killed by the operation, as in the case of the plum curculio, for the reason that in feeding they consume little of the exposed surface to which the poison is applied.

POPULAR FEED FOR POULTRY

Most Common Method of Chicken World Is to Supply Wet Mash of Some Sort to Fowls Once During Day.

(By C. E. BROWN.)

The most common method of feeding throughout the poultry world today is to give a wet mash of some sort to the fowls once a day; whole grain being fed in the morning and evening. Some people prefer to feed the mash warm, and some cold, and some feed it in the morning, some in the middle of the day and others give it for the evening meal. Our preference is to feed it at noon for the reason that we want to make the hens scratch in the early morning for the whole grain in the litter to keep themselves warm and when in the middle of the day it is warmer and the hens naturally want a rest, we give them the mash. The chief objection to the evening mash is that a full crop of it will not last them during the long winter nights so well as whole grain, as it is so often composed of such a bulky mixture. Care should be exercised in not over-feeding on the wet mash. The hens should not have more than they will eat up clean in ten minutes.

A good mash for the farmer is as follows:

Equal parts of finely-ground corn, oats, bran or shorts, mixed with about ten per cent. of cooked meat, green cut bone of beef scraps. These foods are mixed up dry and then thoroughly mixed with about one-third their bulk of steeped clover leaves or finely cut clover which has previously been scalded by pouring hot water on it and covering it with a sack. The clover should be steeped about twelve hours before using. Another method and one of the best we have tried is to take a mixture of 200 pounds bran, 100 pounds shorts, 100 pounds ground corn, 100 pounds ground oats, 100 pounds beef scraps and ten pounds of charcoal. Slightly moisten this with water when feeding to the fowls, but never make it sloppy.

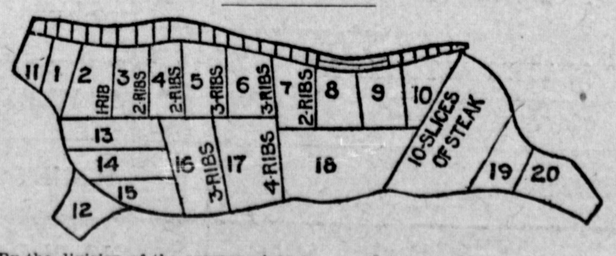
Milk-Fed Chickens.

Milk-fed chicken, which is the finest meat in the poultry line, is allowed no exercise whatever. It is kept in a close coop, where it has barely room to turn around, and is never allowed to leave it except when it goes to the guillotine.

Incubator Chicks.

It has been pretty well proven that an incubator chick, if it has been properly incubated and gets the right kind of food and treatment afterward, is just as thrifty as his forty-second cousin who was hatched and raised by a hen.

20-SHARE BEEF RING CHART



By the division of the carcass given in the table herewith each member gets a roast, a boil and a slice of steak, the numbers as indicated below going together:

Roast.	Boil	Steak.
1	14	1
2	13	2
3	19	3
4	16	4
5	17	5
6	18	6
7	15	7
8	12	8
9	20	9
10	11	10

MEXICO'S BIG MAN

Francisco I. Madero, Leader of the Late Revolution.

Small in Stature, But Large in Accomplishment and With Will and Personality That Dominates Others.

Mexico City, Mex.—Mexico's big little man today seems to be Francisco I. Madero, the leader of the revolutionists. A year ago his name was bandied in jest in the official circles of Mexico City. The partisans of Diaz called him a dreamer, a prattler of nonsense, a player to the galleries, a misguided and harmless propagandist, who, comet-like, would flare, swish briefly, and die.

Recent events have stultified this comment, and his prophecy. The reforms for which Madero gave his time, raised his voice and lost most of his private fortune are in the making. Some of his dreams have been transmuted into Mexican organic law. The alchemy of public opinion is working a like process with others.

It was Madero's book on "The Presidential Succession of 1910" that first brought him within the range of public vision. In that work he praised Diaz for accomplishing much that was good in his long reign and pointed out the weaknesses of the administration as he saw them. He expressly reclared that the "sage of Mexico" had outlived his usefulnes and that a change was imperative for the welfare of the republic and the rights of the people.

In daring to publish this arraignment of Diaz and his policies, Madero showed his nerve. Others had thought as he and had said so privately, but none had had the audacity to express his conviction in cold type. Mexicans were astounded at this frank discussion of their national affairs and predicted that Madero would lose his head or his liberty. Having prepared the way with his book, Madero announced himself a candidate of the anti re-election, or liberal, party for the presidency early last year. He was formally nominated by a convention of that party on April 15, 1910. Then he started upon a whirlwind campaign that made Americans resident in Mexico think of the stirring rallies in this country 25 years ago when fireworks, transparencies, torchlight processions and noisy demonstra-

Francisco I. Madero.

tions were the chief arguments.

It is recent history how the presidential candidate was arrested for seditious utterances and thrown into the state penitentiary at Monterey; how he was eventually released on his own bond, and, goaded by persecutions, fled to the United States; how he was indicted in the district court of San Luis Potosi on charges of inciting to rebellion and of libeling the president; how he formulated his plans on this side of the border, re-entered Mexico and gave the insurrection an actual start on November 20.

Madero is one of thirteen children—nine sons and four daughters—of Francisco L. Madero, Sr. He is 39 years old. Three of his brothers, Gustave, Raoul and Alfonso have been with him actively in his fight.

The Madero family is one of the wealthiest in Mexico, with Evaristo Madero, an octogenarian and an ex-governor, the head of the clan. He is the grandfather of the revolutionist. His grandfather before him emigrated to Mexico from Portugal. Evaristo Madero's sons and daughters, a goodly company, were all educated in the United States and Europe.

Simple in dress, democratic in manner and unostentatious in spite of their great wealth, members of the Madero family are popular with the poorer classes. Francisco is said to be just a plain citizen of the hills who eschews diamonds and formal dress except on state occasions, but he has the culture that enables him to hold his own in the graces of the social life.

The Madero family estates are among the largest in the republic. There is one big ranch in western Chihuahua called Bustillos, another at Parras, Coahuila, midway between Saltillo and Torreon, and still another in northern Coahuila and southern Chimuahua. Altogether the Madero land holdings embrace from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 acres.

Madero is married and has children. He is rather under average stature, with heavy but not coarse features, a determined chin, and sturdy physique. His courage is of the sort that reckons with discretion. He is a vigorous speaker and virile writer.

NEW EMPEROR OF ABYSSINIA

Fifteen-Year-Old Grandson of Menelik II. Now Occupies the Throne.

London.—The grandson of Emperor Menelik II., Prince Lidj Jeassu, was proclaimed emperor of Abyssinia with appropriate ceremonies. The new emperor is only a little over 15 years old. He assumes the title Negus Nequesti, King of Kings, Conquering Lion of Judah. Three years ago he was proclaimed heir to the throne.

Abyssinia's new ruler is supposed to be the descendant of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, who was a pronounced brunette. Lidj Jeassu is

New Emperor of Abyssinia.

a son of Menelik's youngest daughter and his father is Ras Michael, a powerful prince and governor of three provinces. In Abyssinia youth matures early and Lidj Jeassu is said to have showed qualifications amply sufficient to justify his selection as emperor. He has been educated by European tutors, and speaks English, French and German.

Two years ago the emperor married Princess Romano Work, who had reached the age of seven. She is a granddaughter of Negus John, Menelik's predecessor, and is also a niece of Dowager Empress Taitu. The marriage had great political importance, as it united the two warring dynasties of Abyssinia and reconciled chiefs of powerful tribes.

Menelik II. has been out of health for years. He has been reported dead several times. Besides, he is in his seventy-seventh year, and his mind has been growing feeble. Whatever the politics of Abyssinia, Lidji Jeassu seems to have got the better of Empress Taitu, his grandfather's wife, an ambitious and combative woman.

TO WRECK THE BURR HOME

Another Famous New York Landmark Is to Give Way to a Modern Structure.

New York.—As a result of the sale of the old mansion at one time owned by Aaron Burr, located in the upper part of the city, another famous landmark is to make way for a modern structure. New York apparently has little reverence for such historic properties, and if the dollar mark continues to take rank over historical associations this city will shortly be without a single trace of the places which have become famous in the history of the country.

The old Burr mansion was built nearly a century and a half ago, and was at the time of its construction far

The Old Burr Mansion.

out in the country to the north of the city, occupying a site on what is now One Hundred and Sixty-first street in Harlem. As estates went in those days the property was not large, being only about 100 feet square. Its location, however, overlooking the Hudson, together with the fame of its previous owners, made it particularly well known.

Burr was not its only famous occupant, since James Madison, president of the United State , occupied it from 1804 to 1806. Ambroce C. Kingsland, a former mayor of New York, was another tenant of national reputation. In 1840 Aaron Burr sold to Sheppard Knapp the property, which has been disposed of at auction for $34,500, many times its value during the days of Burr.