

SERIAL STORY

The Women's Candidate

By BYRON WILLIAMS

SYNOPSIS.

In a spirit of fun Mayor Bedight, a summer visitor, is chased through the woods by ten laughing girls, one of whom he catches and kisses. The girls form themselves into a court and sentence him to do the bidding of one of their number each day for ten days. A legislative measure opposing woman suffrage, which dropped from the mayor's pocket, is used to compel him to obey the mandates of the girls. His first day of service is with May Andrews, who takes him fishing. They are threatened by the sheriff with arrest. Miss Vining sees what she considers a clandestine meeting between one of the girls and the mayor. The next day he goes driving with Mabel Arney. They meet with an accident, are arrested and locked up, but escape. The mayor returns to the hotel, finds the sheriff waiting for him, and takes refuge in the room of Rose Winters. He plans to get possession of the incriminating bill. With Harriet Brooks the mayor goes to investigate an Indian mound. They are caught in a thunder storm.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"I'm afraid," almost sobbing. The mayor put his arm about her gently, soothing her as only a tactful man may soothe a nervous woman. Unconsciously she drew toward him. "Lightning seems terrible," he said evenly, "but as a matter of fact there is always more danger on the cars. Statistics prove—"

"What's that?" cried the woman, apprehensively. "I heard a voice." The mayor peered out.

"The sheriff!" he muttered under his breath.

Three men were running toward them on the beach, their heads down, ducking the rain.

Scrambling from under the boat, Mayor Bedight set off at top speed up the beach, pausing at the start long enough to whisper:

"I'll be back. Wait."

The sheriff and his two deputies, weathering the gale with lowered eyes, had not seen the mayor's flight. In fact, so blinded were their eyes that they ran almost into the girl and the boat before they could stop.

"Hello!" bawled the sheriff. "You're from Squirrel Inn, ain't ye? Where's yer beau?" blunty. "We're lookin' fer him."

Miss Brooks drew her feet back under her skirt and replied coldly:

One of the best ways to find a man, witheringly, "is to go where he is."

The sheriff's chest shot out immediately.

"Now, look-a-here, young lady, none of your smartness or we'll take you along for accessory before the act. Understand?" blustering.

"You are wasting your time trying to bully me," replied the girl, without a tremor in her voice. "I am perfectly harmless and I have told you all I know. The man has gone up the beach."

"Aw, come on, Sid," broke in a slender young fellow, turning his back to the rain. "What the use of arguin' with th' gal? She ain't th' one we had yesterday."

Without a word the sheriff veered around the boat and, following the fast fading trail, set out in haste after Bedight. Fifteen minutes later the mayor came up from the opposite direction.

"I am sorry, Miss Brooks," he said, sorrowfully, "but I'm afraid you'll get wet after all. We've got to get away from here! I circled around and found the boat these fellows left. I set it adrift with a gale blowing it across the lake, but they are not far behind. We must get under way as soon as possible."

"I don't mind a soaking," replied the young woman, bravely. "It's the lightning that frightens me—and that's about quit."

The man righted the dory hurriedly, piled in their belongings and set the boat from the shore with a sturdy shove. A half mile below, on the beach, he caught sight of three men running toward them—and far away on the wave-whipped lake, a tiny dot of brown could be seen rising and falling as it scudded before the wind. It was the sheriff's row boat.

"Sleeping out of doors," said the mayor, smiling at the woman opposite, "is very beneficial to the lungs—especially on an island."

CHAPTER VIII.

When the waves are running freely it is a stiff pull from Mine Host's select little hotel in the Wisconsin woods to Glen Island, but on a perfect moonlight night, with just breeze sufficient to ripple the fair hair of a pretty girl opposite, the man at the oars seldom finds the task arduous. Nor did Mayor Bedight complain. The running ripple slapped the prow of the boat rhythmically and from the shadows along the approaching shore of the island the weird hoot of an owl

proclaimed the witchery of the night. With a scarcely perceptible tilt, the boat grounded on the shelving sandy shore. Bedight sprang out and pulled the craft further upon its cushioned anchorage. The girl sat in the boat, intently watching the mayor. That gentleman took from the locker a basket well laden. Quickly gathering some dry wood, he stacked it over a bunch of tinder-like weeds, touched a match to the pile, set the basket at a safe distance and pulling a revolver from his pocket, fired in the general direction of the moon.

Having maneuvered thus peculiarly, he hastened back to the boat, shoved off and rowed from the shore a hundred yards. Resting on his oars, he let the boat toss idly upon the lake. Five, ten minutes passed. The dry wood burned brightly, making a beacon of light, into the circle of which there came, at last, three shadows, followed by unintelligible conversation.

"They've found it," said the mayor, picking up his oars and turning the boat toward the hotel.

It was midnight when the sides of the craft rubbed its sister boats at Mine Host's dock. The mayor and the girl crept softly up the winding pathway toward the hotel. Suddenly, in the moonlight ahead, the form of a woman appeared advancing to meet them. The mayor and the girl saw her simultaneously. He stopped instantly with a restraining hand upon the girl's arm.

"Quick!" he commanded, springing in front of his companion and turning her about face. "Walk rapidly down the path to the boathouse."

She complied instantly. Over his shoulder the mayor saw the woman hesitate, then follow determinedly through the shimmering moonlight.

"Go into the boathouse," directed Bedight hurriedly. "Wait until I engage her in conversation. Then open the rear door and run for the hotel. And be quiet!"

"I understand," whispered the girl, excitedly.

Slipping through the door, she closed it softly. Pulling a cigar from his pocket, the mayor scratched a match on the sole of his shoe and blew a puff of smoke at the same target which earlier in the evening he had failed to hit with his leaden missile.

The woman rounded the corner and came directly toward him.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Bedight," said "Judge" Vining in a cold, formal voice, "for following you, but as chaperone of the young ladies at the hotel I feel that it was my duty to do so."

The mayor bowed.

"Duty to the one performing it," he interrupted gallantly, "is oftentimes irksome, but begrudgingly done frequently conveys pleasure to another. I do not desire to appear selfish in your eyes, but I find your duty pleases me greatly," bowing again. "Now, the moonlight—"

The "judge" made a deprecating gesture.

"Do not attempt to evade," she warned. "I am deeply in earnest. Where is the—?" She seemed at a loss to proceed. Finally she threw diplomacy to the winds. "Who was the girl with you—alone—at this hour of the night? I have a right to know and I—had thought you a gentleman, though I should have known that no gentleman would have—have—" she finished lamely.

"Kissed you?" questioned the mayor, the frivolity scarcely gone from his voice.

"Certainly!" she flashed.

Bedight puffed thoughtfully at his cigar, the fragrant pungency of the

question, Mr. Bedight," she continued. "Who was the girl that came down the path with you?"

The man drew closer to her. The sippancy was gone from his voice. His face was earnest.

"Miss Vining, you have inferred that I am guilty of conduct unbecoming a gentleman. A few mornings ago you ran after me in a spirit of mischief, and in the same spirit I caught you in my arms and kissed you. If I have hurt you I am sincerely sorry, but I, too, am reaping the fruit of folly. You have chosen to arm yourself with a distant demeanor toward me, you rebuff my attempts at entering the circle of your real self, you are 'judge' both on and off the bench, distant, suspicious, haughty. You pursued me; I took toll. With your permission I promise to forget that I kissed you, but I cannot forget that I kissed you. I am not a boy. I have seen some of the world. I do not know much about love. I have been too busy trying to do something, to fall in love, or else I never

happened to meet the woman. Since coming here I don't know exactly what sort of an enchantment I have entered—but I do know that I cannot forget the ecstasy of the moment when our lips met. You may scorn me and it lies within your power to discipline me—or defeat me—but I shall not try to obliterate the thrill of that brief moment!"

Jackie Vining did not meet his eyes. In her heart she felt a strange, new feeling of elation, a softening of resentment, but women were theorems long before mathematicians struggled with right-angle triangles and hypotenuses, and all their non-understandable descendants, beautiful and sweet and charming as they are, still persist in being man's hardest problem.

"Your frankness in some things," she said without emotion, "is as commendable as your lack of it in others. Must I repeat my question still another time? Who is the girl?"

The mayor spoke firmly and with decision.

"As a man who is at least that much of a gentleman, I refuse to answer. The girl has done no wrong. She—"

"Mr. Bedight, on Tuesday night I saw one of my crowd of young ladies leave the arbor after a clandestine night meeting with you. Tonight I chance to blunder upon you at midnight, again in the company of a young woman. There are no others here, aside from our party. I feel a responsibility and I must insist on your answering."

The mayor shrugged his shoulders. "Who was she?" asked the "judge" for the fourth time.

"Why don't you ask her yourself?" said the mayor.

"Where is she?"

"The last I saw of her she went through that door," he replied, doggedly.

Miss Vining stepped toward the door and opened it. In the farther end of the boathouse a second door stood open and through it the moonlight streamed.

"I see I have been outwitted," angrily.

"May I walk to the hotel with you?" asked the mayor humbly.

"I prefer to go alone," she replied in a tone of finality, starting up the path.

"Miss Vining!"

It was the mayor calling from the dock.

She stopped.

"What is it, Mr. Bedight?" impatiently.

"You remember saying the girl with me must be one of your party because there were no other young ladies about?"

"Yes," crisply.

The mayor's voice had something of the old ring in it as he asked:

"Did you think of the colored cook?"

But the "judge," going up the path briskly, did not deign to reply.

Figs and Raisins.

Consul Horton at Smyrna notes that the Reform, a Smyrna newspaper, estimates the raisin crop for this year at about 700,000 quintals (87,164,000 pounds) and that of figs about 75,000 camel loads (36,082,500 pounds). But from what has been able to learn it seems that exporters and dealers mostly are trying to keep the crop reports at a low figure in order to be able to begin with high prices, and that if the weather continues favorable the raisin crop will amount approximately to 99,614,000 pounds against 56,034,000 pounds last year, and the fig crop to 100,000 camel loads against 135,000 camel loads last year.

TRAP NEST HAS DEVELOPED PROLIFIC EGG-LAYER AND BARRED LOW PRODUCER

By Carefully Selecting the Best Cold Weather Performers and Breeding From Them Winter Supply of Eggs Is Materially Increased—Experiment Tried With Brahmas.

(By M. BOYER.)

For years the plan of the writer has been to each year pick out his best hens to breed from. These are birds that not only show good characteristics of the breed, but also have done good laying as pullets.

Trap-nests have been the guide, and these are used as a rule from January 1st to June 1st. And again from October 1st to the end of the year. Occasionally they are used in some pens the entire year, but that is done only where a special test is made of a new selection or a new breed.

What we mostly wish to know is not how many eggs a hen will lay in a year, but how many she will lay in the winter when the prices of eggs are the highest. From the latter stock we breed. During the summer months the traps are discarded, and only the open nests used.

Now, by selecting our best cold-weather layers and breeding from them, we each year increase our winter egg supply. There is more money in it and it is a fact that our hens have, in consequence of our careful selection of winter layers, become poor summer layers, a condition we would rather have them in than to have great year-around records and a poor constitution in consequence.

By the use of traps and careful selection of the breeding stock any breed can be brought up to do pro-

deteriorate the stock than with such inbreeding. It may bring good results the first year or two, but it cannot hold out.

The trap-nest used by the Maine experiment station is 28 inches long, 13 inches wide and 16 inches deep without front, end or cover. A division board, with a circular opening 7½ inches in diameter, is placed across the box 12 inches from the rear end and 15 inches from the front end. A straight board partition will answer just as well.

The front portion of the nest has no fixed bottom, but instead there is a movable bottom or treadle hinged at the back. The rear section is the nest proper. When the nest is open, the door extends horizontally in front.

The side strips of the door rest on a strip of beech 1½ inches wide, beveled on the inner corner, which extends across the front of the nest. This beech strip is nailed to the top of a board 4 inches wide, which forms the front of the box-nest proper. To the bottom of this is nailed a strip 2 inches wide, into which are set two 4-inch spikes, from which the heads have been cut. The treadle rests on these spikes when the nest is closed.

The hinges used for the treadle and door are narrow, 3-inch galvanized butts with brass pins made to work very easily. Hinges that will not rust should be used.

A hen about to lay steps upon the door and walks in toward the dark back of the nest. When she passes the point where the door is hinged to the treadle, her weight causes it to drop, and at the same time pulls the door up behind her. It is then impossible for the hen to get out of the nest till the attendant lifts door and treadle and resets it.

The nest is extremely simple. It has no locks or triggers to get out of order. Yet, by proper balancing of door and treadle it can be so delicately adjusted that a weight of less than half a pound on the treadle will spring the trap.

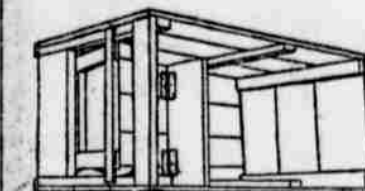
All bearing surfaces are made of beech, because of the well-known property of this wood to take on a highly polished surface with wear. The nests in use at the Maine station have the doors of hardwood, in order

to get greater durability. Where trap-nests are constantly in use, flimsy construction is not economical in the long run.

The trap nests are not made with covers because they are used in tiers and slide in and out like drawers. They can be carried away for cleaning when necessary. Four nests in a pen accommodate twenty hens by the attendant going through the pens once an hour, or a little oftener, during that part of the day when the hens are busiest. Earlier and later in day his visits are not so frequent.

The hens must all have leg bands, in order to identify them; a number of different kinds are on the market. The double box with the nest in the rear is necessary. When a hen has laid an egg and desires to leave the nest, she steps out into the front space and remains there until she is released. With only one section she would be likely to crush her egg by stepping on it, and thus learn the pernicious habit of egg-eating.

To remove a hen, the nest is pulled part way out, and as it has no cover she is readily caught, the number on her leg-band is noted and the proper entry made on the record sheet. After having been taken off a few times, the hens do not object to being handled, most of them remaining quiet, apparently expecting to be picked up.



Trap Nest Closed—View From Above.

life work. We tried the experiment with Brahmas, and as a result have a strain that is doing remarkable work.

One bird in particular, as a pullet, laid 100 eggs from Jan. 1st to June 1st. As a two-year-old hen she did not begin laying until February 6th, but laid 14 eggs from that date to the end of the month.

During the 31 days of March she laid 21 eggs; in the 30 days of April she laid 21 eggs; and in the 31 days of May laid 25 eggs; making a total of 81 eggs in 114 days.

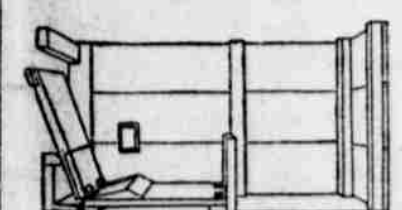
We mention this individual case to show the progress that can be made in careful trap-nesting and in a judicious selection of breeding stock.

If each year we gradually build up the records of our flock and keep a close eye to the thrift and hardiness of the offspring, we show that even Brahmas—so generally classed as poor and indifferent layers—can be made to become prolific winter-egg producers.

Now where the great danger comes in is this ambition to secure 200-egg layers as a flock. The flock is quite frequently forced by conditions, meat and other highly stimulating articles of food.

While it will, in many cases, produce the eggs, it will at the same time bring about an early decline. But by working for a strong winter crop we get the bulk of our eggs at a certain season and the hen has the rest of the season to recuperate.

Another method adopted by some of those ambitious for great results



Trap Nest Closed—One Side Removed to Show Method of Operation.

is to hatch the eggs from one or more phenomenal layers and make up the offspring, brothers and sisters, and repeating for two or three years.

We do not know of a surer way to

BEETS THRIVE IN ENRICHED SOILS

Good Fibrous, Well-Drained Garden Loam, With Compost, Grows Best Roots.

Beets are comparatively hardy plants. They may be planted early without much danger of injury. They are rather gross feeders and thrive best in well enriched soil. Good fibrous, well-drained garden loam, enriched with compost and poultry droppings, will grow perfect roots.

For the early crop prepare the soil as early as it is fit to work and plant the seed immediately. If you have a hotbed, start the young plants there and gain several weeks in maturity. With a little care in preserving roots the young plants bear transplanting well, and they may be lifted and reset either from the hotbed or from the open ground.

Good growing beets clean and thorough cultivation, and thin the plants to two and four to six inches in the row. The thinning may be delayed in the

home vegetable garden till the young beets are large enough to use, and thus the trimmings will not be wasted. In the truck garden the thinnings may be fed to cows, calves and pigs to good advantage. For a succession of tender beets sow at intervals of three weeks till the last of July. The mature crop may be held for winter storage.

Alfalfa Fine for Horses.

The Utah experiment station found that 1,400-pound horses at hard work could be maintained in condition on 32.6 pounds of alfalfa hay per day, and when at rest, 20 pounds was sufficient for the same horses. Secretary F. D. Coburn of Kansas says: "The idea that alfalfa hay is not suitable for horses has been proved erroneous by thousands of farmers, teamsters and liverymen; many use no other hay. If there is any trouble it comes from feeding more than is needed. With access to unlimited quantities horses may injure themselves by eating too much. From 10 to 20 pounds of alfalfa hay per day, with a small quantity of grain, will keep work horses in thrifty condition at a saving of 20 to 30 per cent in cost of maintenance."

The hens relish green food of some sort and will amply repay you for the trouble of chipping up cabbage, potato peelings, turnips, etc.

Any egg eaters in the flock? Make the nests as dark as possible; that will help. If that doesn't discourage the culprit, sharpen up the ax.

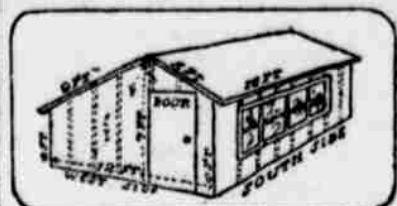
In the long continuous poultry building it is desirable that an alley way be provided for the sake of convenience in passing through the building.

POULTRY

POULTRY HOUSE ABOUT RIGHT

Building Described and Illustrated That Is Well Arranged to Admit Plenty Sunlight.

I have a poultry house I think is about right. It is 12 by 16 feet, and will house 75 birds with ease, writes Mrs. R. B. Hammerli in the Farmers Mail and Breeze. It is four feet high on the north and six feet on the south. The roof has a nine-foot slope on the north and a five-foot slope on the south. Studding were set every two feet and drop siding was used to board up the walls. The roof is shingled. There are four windows on the south each with a double sash 22 by 28 inches in size and arranged so the top ones may be lowered. We did not



Exterior of Hen House.

want the open front style as we wanted it tight for fumigating and also to keep out beating storms. The upper sash are lowered most of the time, and during cold weather we have a muslin curtain to lower over the opening. Roosts are hinged to the north side and may be raised and fastened to the ceiling where they are out of the way for cleaning, etc. A good dropping board below keeps the floor in good condition. Nests are placed along the east and west sides. This house has a good cement floor which keeps out rats.

This house admits plenty of sunlight and we have not had a frozen comb or sick chicken all winter.

CARE OF DUCKS IN WINTER

Any Kind of Green Stuff That Happens to Be Handy Makes Excellent Feed for Fowls.

During winter I feed my ducks any green stuff that I happen to have handy. Turnip, parsnip and carrot tops, cabbage leaves, beet leaves, onion tops, purslane, pigweed, tender crab grass, lettuce, radish, mustard, cut fine, all make good bulky feed.

These are dried in the shade during the summer and stored like hay. When I want to feed them a quantity is boiled for twelve hours and mixed with finely cut roots, such as potato, turnip, parsnip, carrot, onion and beet. Apples are also used, says a writer in the Orange Judd Farmer. These are all cooked.

Not much of one kind of plant is given at a time. Four measures of any one with four of corn chop to each of wheat bran, red wheat shorts and boiled fresh meat are fed as a mash—all the ducks will eat it up clean in a few minutes. If any of the mash is left, it is at once removed to avoid its getting sour. This feed is given twice daily during the winter and three times in spring. It has always proved satisfactory.

POULTRY NOTES

Clean soiled eggs. Get a reputation for selling fresh eggs.

Do not keep eggs in a cellar or damp place.

Let the old roosters go before they eat their heads off.

About ten ducks are required to make a pound of feathers.

If chicken keeping doesn't pay don't be in too big a hurry to blame the chickens.

Goose feathers being more oily are apt to sooner turn rancid than chicken feathers.

Crude carbolic acid and coal oil make a fine disinfectant. Use a continuous sprayer.

A sovereign remedy for limberneck is four drops of turpentine in a teaspoonful of water.

Charcoal is a wonderful tonic at this time. See that the fowls get all they want of it to eat.

Poultry breeders need to know as much of the breeding worth of a fowl as cattle breeders of a bull.

The man with a fine lot of young chickens to sell, now is the one who has a smile that won't come off.

One sick chicken soon infects a whole flock. It is always safest to remove a bird at first signs of illness.

The essentials of poultry raising are cleanliness and close attention, coupled with hard work and common sense.

Supply hens with plenty of crushed oyster shell. The shells costs little and means much if it's winter eggs you are working for.

The hens relish green food of some sort and will amply repay you for the trouble of chipping up cabbage, potato peelings, turnips, etc.

Any egg eaters in the flock? Make the nests as dark as possible; that will help. If that doesn't discourage the culprit, sharpen up the ax.