

LEAVENWORTH JAIL IS SCENE OF RIOT

One Convict Killed, Three Others Are Shot.

United States Penitentiary, Leavenworth, Kan.—A mutiny that cost at least one convict's life and severe injury to three others broke out in the narcotic block of the prison here. A total of 3,758 convicts are housed in the institution.

The mutiny began immediately after lunch when the convicts were returned to their cell blocks and is said to have followed the efforts of a group of prisoners to attack Warden Thomas B. White and Deputy Warden F. G. Zerbst.

The disturbance centered in block B, populated by narcotic addicts, both black and white, but quickly spread to block A, which is the west wing of the main building.

The mutinous convicts, armed with forks and spoons from the mess hall, and other improvised weapons, destroyed guard rails and broke windows.

Refusing to call upon the military at Fort Leavenworth nearby, for assistance, Warden White summoned the prison reserves at once. News of the outbreak did not reach the public for several hours.

The prison personnel handled the problem with strictest secrecy until the firing of weapons and breaking of glass and shouts of convicts attracted the attention of families of guards and others outside the walls.

Notwithstanding the official secrecy, it was learned from prison sources that none of the convicts had firearms and that no officials or other members of the employed personnel at the prison were seriously injured.

One story of the outbreak told at the prison had it that the initial trouble began in the mess hall, when convicts began to throw dishes and refused to march out in order.

There is general agreement, however, that the real fighting came in the cell block as the guards herded the convicts to their cells. The prisoners were at no time in a position to break for liberty.

Warden White's statement was to the effect that one convict was dead and three injured. Under the secrecy order which requires reports of disturbances to be sent to Washington and there made public if considered advisable, he said he was unable to give further details.

Motives assigned by others for the mutiny were varied. One was that the food displeased the prisoners. Another had it that the convicts had been permitted to read the newspapers of riots in eastern prisons and had yielded to the suggestion.

A third laid it to the heat crazed narcotic addicts, the temperature at Leavenworth reaching 100.3 degrees. Mike Martinez, who has served one year of a thirty-year term, was the convict reported killed.

Names of the ring leaders, and the injured men, one of whom is said to have had a leg blown off, were not made public.

The riot is believed by federal officials to have been due to over crowded conditions. It is also thought that the recent riots in New York state institutions may have had a psychological influence. There is now more than twice the number in the prison that it is able properly to accommodate.

The prison riot at Leavenworth makes the third major mutiny in penitentiaries and prisons within the last few days.

St. Louis Robin Lands

After 17 Days in Air

St. Louis, Mo.—Dale ("Red") Jackson and Forest O'Brien brought their airplane, the St. Louis Robin, to a perfect landing here, completing a record-breaking endurance flight of 420 hours and 21 minutes in the air.

The best previous record for an endurance flight was that made a few weeks ago by the Angelino at Culver City, Calif. Jackson and O'Brien bettered the time of that flight by seven full days.

St. Louis was wild with excitement. A great crowd had gathered at the field and an attempt was made to rush the flyers.

The elapsed time of the flyers was approximately 17½ days in the air.

Tokyo Flight Is Halted

Tacoma Field, Tacoma, Wash.—Turning over on its right wing 150 feet down the runway, the monoplane City of Tacoma crashed here when Lieut. Harold Bromley started on his scheduled nonstop flight to Tokyo. Bromley was not hurt.

Elm Pest Reported

Corvallis, Ore.—Elm trees, widely grown throughout Oregon for shade, are now being attacked by the elm leaf beetle and will be seriously denuded of foliage.

Mussolini in 47th Year

Rome.—Premier Mussolini recently celebrated his forty-sixth birthday with a day of rest and quiet with his wife and family at Carpena farm in the province of Romagna, near Predappio, where he was born.

Horse Show Prizes Increased

Kansas City.—Prizes for the American royal horse show next fall will total \$40,000, double the amount previously awarded at this annual turf classic.

BADEN-POWELL A BARON



Robert Baden-Powell.

London.—King George conferred a barony on Sir Robert Baden-Powell, entitling him to sit in the house of lords.

Lieut. Gen. Sir Robert Baden-Powell founded the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides in 1908 after a distinguished military career. He received many decorations for his war service.

CLERK GOES CRAZY, KILLS 4 WITH AX

South Carolina Mill Employee Is Rushed to Asylum.

Spartanburg, S. C.—Four men are dead and another lay in a hospital with his skull crushed as a result of a swath of death cut by an ax in the hands of a shipping clerk who suddenly became a raving maniac.

T. Earl Robertson, the clerk, was taken to the Spartanburg county jail and later to the State Hospital for the Insane at Columbia. A group of physicians pronounced him violently insane.

The dead are: R. H. Day, thirty; J. L. Bussey, fifty-eight; M. L. Davis, thirty-six, and Thad Sherbert, fifty-one.

The injured man, Dan Dunlap, a negro, aged forty, was expected to die. Robertson had appeared to be normal, J. W. King, traffic manager for the Bell Milling company for which he worked, said.

After killing and maiming the three in the office, the madman refused to let anyone enter. Then the maniac went to the Charleston & Western railroad yard. Seeing Davis and Sherbert eating their lunch in a box car, he slipped up behind them and crushed their heads.

Robertson then returned to the shipping platform of the mill, where he threw away the ax.

Constable J. Johnson arrived, and with the aid of others, the slayer was subdued.

Robertson lived with his wife and their son, just outside the city limits. Mrs. Robertson said he had been "having spells" for several weeks.

The dead men all were married and had families.

Suggests Agricultural

Chamber of Commerce

Baton Rouge, La.—A suggestion that a national chamber of commerce be established in Washington to represent agricultural co-operatives was made at the meeting of the American Institute of Co-operation here by C. O. Moser of Dallas, Texas, president of the American Cotton Growers' exchange, who is chairman of the institute.

Magnetic Storms on Aug.

14, Says Sun Student

Pasadena, Calif.—A gigantic sun spot that is powerful enough to cause severe disturbances in the earth, has been discovered, according to Dr. Seth B. Nicholson, observer at Mount Wilson observatory, who said the spot may cause magnetic storms on the earth on August 14.

Increase Spain's Assembly

Madrid, Spain.—The national assembly was increased in size by forty-nine seats by royal decree and membership was made open to former holders of office.

President's Cup Race Sept. 13

Washington.—The President's cup regatta will be held here on September 13 and 14. It was announced by the newly formed Chesapeake and Potomac Power Boat association.

Endurance Flyers Are Killed

Minneapolis, Minn.—Capt. P. J. Crichton and Owen Haugland were killed when their monoplane Minnesota, in which they had been aloft nearly seven days in an effort to set an endurance flight record, crashed.

Phillips Canadian Champ

Toronto, Ont.—Jackie Phillips of Toronto, won the Canadian welterweight championship here by decisively outpointing "Red" Bragan, also of Toronto, in a ten-round bout.

The DAIRY

GOOD DAIRY FARM WILL HAVE SILO

Modern Affair Permits Production of More Milk.

Because the silo is an investment and not an expense, the good dairy farmer usually has one or more according to the size of his herd.

"Silos are growing in popularity," says A. T. Holman, agricultural engineer at the North Carolina State college. "Hundreds of modern silos were constructed in 1928 and a greater number will be built this year. We observe that farmers show a marked tendency to have a better silo than formerly, built from good materials and of the proper size. It permits the production of more milk at less expense, and as it lowers cost of production, it automatically increases profits and the labor income. The silo is the cow's fruit jar where green feed is stored and cured until most needed."

Silage must not be considered a substitute for grain, but is a supplement to it. Cows require both grain and silage or grain and pasture for the profitable production of milk. When winter comes and there is no pasture, the silo proves its value, but the silage is better than pasture in that it contains the corn grains in addition to the succulent leaves and stalks. Silage also appeals to the cow's taste.

A number of crops may be canned in the silo though corn is still the most popular. The size of the silo depends on the size of the herd, the rate of feeding and the length of the feeding period. The average feeding rate for the dairy cow is about 30 pounds per day, so when feeding ten to fifteen cows, the diameter should be 10 feet; 15 to 25 cows, 12 feet; 25 to 35 cows, 14 feet, and for 35 to 40 cows the diameter should be 16 feet. The height will be calculated by dividing the number of days in the feeding period by six when feeding off two inches of silage per day. If three inches are fed off, as should be the case in hot weather, the days of the feeding period should be divided by four and this will give the height needed when the proper diameter has been determined. It is better to have two silos than one extra large one, says Mr. Holman.

One Common Mistake in Feeding Dairy Calves

The most common mistake in feeding dairy calves from the bucket is feeding them too much. The amount that a calf should really have, divided over three feeds, seems so ridiculously small that most of us feel stingy about it and are tempted to add a little more. To avoid being generous at the calves' expense it is well to actually weigh the milk for each calf and stick to the rule. Many rules have been given, all emphasizing the danger of overfeeding, but as good a rule as any is one pound of milk to each ten pounds live weight. A fifty pound calf, therefore, would get only five pounds of milk daily, or two quarts. If fed twice daily this would be just a quart of milk at a feed. In some stables this rule is observed so closely that the calf is weighed every month to check up on the amount of milk that should be fed. At no time should a calf get more than 16 pounds of milk daily.

Cow Deserves Careful

Attention to Her Feet

When a cow's toe nails, if we may call them such, become too long it makes the animal walk and stand awkwardly, and sometimes makes a fairly good animal look worse than she really is. A sharp chisel is handy in removing the excess growth and the hoof can then be shaped with a rasp. It is very surprising how much a cow will let you do to her feet if you are quiet and careful in the way you go about it. You will be more than pleased with the result of your labor when you see how much better she handles herself after a good job of manicuring.

Balanced Cow Ration

A balanced cow ration is a combination of feeds so blended as to provide the required amount of protein in proportion to the other elements, mainly carbohydrates. The protein is the most difficult to secure. The home-grown feeds do not provide this in sufficient amounts. In other words, in order to give a cow enough protein to make 30 pounds of milk she would have to use enough corn and oats to throw her digestive system out of order.

Location of Silo

In locating the silo one should also keep in mind the appearance of the farm buildings as a group. The silo is the most conspicuous building on the farm, especially if it be a high one, it towers up like a city set upon a hill. A silo has to be filled at least once a year. In locating, this should be kept in mind, for it is necessary to haul many loads of corn to the cutter. The cutter must be placed within at least eight feet of the silo for best results.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE SUPPER

"I heard of a fancy dress party that was given the other evening," said Billie Brownie, "by the children. And a pig went to the party, too."

"What?" asked the Elves.

"What?" asked the Brownies.

"What?" asked the Gnomes.

"What?" asked the members of the Bogy family.

"What?" asked the Fairies.

"Yes," said Billie Brownie, "the pig went to the children's party."

"Did he think he was a child?" the others asked.

"Did he? Did he?" they repeated. They were much excited at the news Billie Brownie had told them.

"Yes," said Billie Brownie, "that was why it was so funny."

"There were little girls and boys, and some quite big girls and boys. They wore costumes of sailors, they wore costumes of people all over the world, and they had masks on their faces."

"Now, one little girl, who was very tiny, but quite as old as some of the others, had said to herself:

"I think I will go as a baby."

"All right," her sister had said, "I am taller than you are and I will go as your nurse."

"And will you wheel me in a carriage?"

"To be sure."

"And I must have a rattle and a bottle, and every little while I will pretend to be crying."

"Just then came a squeal. It was the little girl's pet baby pig."

"Why can't I go?" squealed the pig.



"Would You Like to Go?"

"I am a baby—not a girl baby, but a pig baby."

"Of course, the sisters couldn't understand pig talk, but the pig squealed so much they knew that he wanted some fun, and he had been made such a pet of that they could almost understand him."

"Would you like to go to the party?" they asked him.

"From his squeals of delight they knew he would."

"So two babies went to the party—a girl dressed as a baby, wearing a little girl's face, and the other with a white cap out of which peeped a little pig's face."

"Whenever the little girl pretended to be crying, the pig pretended the same."

"How he did squeal!"

"He rode in the same carriage with the little girl, and though he didn't dance at the party, nor play any games, he enjoyed himself immensely, especially when it came time for supper."

"Well, they all laughed at the little pig, and he did add greatly to the party."

"But he kept thinking of the delicious supper for a long, long time afterward."

"The best part of a party was the supper to his pig way of thinking!"

Every Man for Himself

This is a kind of musical chairs, or musical bumps, only instead of music, the captain calls out: "We are shipwrecked! Every man for himself!"

Before this happens, however, a row of chairs is placed one in front of the other, allowing plenty of room for getting out quickly.

A similar row with one less is placed a short distance away.

There is a captain who tells the players to row, and he stands in front of the row, and makes the pace as a cox does.

All of a sudden, he calls out: "We are shipwrecked; every man for himself!"

At the word himself, all the players stop rowing and run to the opposite chairs.

The player not finding one, falls out. A chair is taken away until the game is finished, and only one player left in.

Line Ball

Ball games are always popular, and the following will be found very entertaining.

The players form into two parties and stand in parallel lines about six or eight yards apart. Each side has a tennis ball, and they are thrown by those at the head of the line first to each other and then to the second player on the opposite side. After he has thrown the ball he runs to the bottom of the line, and the ball continues to be thrown to the succeeding players in the two lines. Should a player drop the ball (he or she) falls out of the game.

An Adventure of the Scarlet Pimpernel

By The Baroness Orczy

WNUI Service

STORY FROM THE START

The Scarlet Pimpernel, known during the French revolution as the most intrepid adventurer in Europe, is an Englishman. At a house party given by Sir Percy Blakeney the latest adventure of the Scarlet Pimpernel, the rescue of the Tournon-d'Ageneys, is being related by Sir Andrew Ffoulkes. The Scarlet Pimpernel is really Sir Percy Blakeney, popular London dandy. The failure of Lauzet, revolutionary chief of the section in which the Scarlet Pimpernel has been operating, to prevent the escape of the Tournon-d'Ageneys brings the condemnation of the government upon him. He causes the arrest of the Deseze family on a charge of treason. Lauzet announces that the prisoners are to be taken to Paris under a feeble escort, hoping to lure the Scarlet Pimpernel into an attack on the coach.

Chapter IV—Continued

"Now," he said very earnestly to him, "you know just what you are going to do? You realize the importance of the mission which is being entrusted to you?"

The officer nodded in reply. He was a young man and ambitious. The task which had been allotted to him had fired his enthusiasm. Indeed, in these days, the capture of that elusive English spy known as the Scarlet Pimpernel was a goal for which every young officer of gendarmerie was wont to strive; not only because of the substantial monetary reward in prospect, but because of the glory attached to the destruction of so bitter an enemy of revolutionary France.

"I will tell you, citizen," the young man said to Chauvelin, "how I have finally laid my plans, and you shall tell me if you approve. About a kilometer and a half before the road emerges out of the wood, the ground rises gradually, and there are one or two sharp bends in the road until it reaches the crest of the hill. That part of the forest is very lonely, and at a point just before the ground begins to rise I intend to push my mount on for a meter or two ahead of the men, and pretend to examine the lead of the team. After a while I will call 'halt' and make as if I thought there was something wrong with the traces. The driver is such a lout that he and I will embark on a long argument as to what he should do to remedy the defect, and in the course of the argument I will contrive to slip a small piece of flint which I have in my pocket under the hoof of one of the coach horses."

"You don't think one of your men will see you doing that—and perhaps wonder?"

"Oh, I can be careful. It is done in a moment. Then we shall get on the road again, and five minutes later that same coach horse will be dead lame. Another halt for examination, this time near the crest of the hill. The lout of a driver will never discover what is amiss. I shall make as if the hurt was serious, and set myself the task of tending it. I thought then, subject to your approval, of ordering the troopers to dismount. I have provided them with good wine and certain special rations in their knapsacks. At a word from me they will rest by the roadside, seemingly heedless and unconcerned, but really very wide awake and keen on the scent. The diligence will be at a standstill, with doors shut and curtains closely drawn, but the six men whom we have stowed inside the coach are keen on their work, well armed and, like hungry wolves, eager to get their teeth into the enemies of France. They will be on the alert, their hands on their pistols, ready to spring up and out of the coach at the first sign of an attack. Now, what think you of that setting, citizen?" the young officer concluded.

"For luring the English spies into a fight? Their methods are usually friv-

olous, but this time they will have to meet us in a hand-to-hand combat, and if they fall into our trap, I know that we can deal with them."

"I can but pronounce your plan admirable, citizen captain," Chauvelin replied approvingly. "You have my best wishes for your success. In the mean while citizen Lauzet and I will be anxiously waiting for news. We'll make a start soon after you, and strike the bridge path through the forest. This gives us a short cut which will bring us to Epone just in time to hear your news."

If you have been attacked, send me a courier thither as soon as you have the English spies securely bound and gagged inside your coach."

"I'll not fail you, citizen," the young captain replied eagerly.

Lauzet, who had stood by, anxious and silent, whilst this colloquy was going on, shrugged his shoulders with a show of philosophy.

"And at worst," he said, "it that

meddlesome Scarlet Pimpernel should think prudence the better part of valor, if he should scent a trap and carefully avoid it, we would always have the satisfaction of sending the Deseze family to the guillotine."

"The English spies," Chauvelin rejoined dryly, "will not scent a trap, nor will they give up the attempt to rescue the Deseze family. This is just a case to rouse their ire against us, and if it prove successful, one to flatter their vanity and redound to their credit in their own country. No," he went on thoughtfully, "I have no fear that the Scarlet Pimpernel will evade us this time. He will attack, I know. The only question is, when he does are we sufficiently prepared to defeat him?"

"With the half-dozen excellent men whom I have picked up here in Mantes," the young officer retorted. "I shall have nine under my command, and we are prepared for the attack. It is the English spies who will be surprised, we who will hold the advantage, even as to numbers, for the Scarlet Pimpernel can only work with two or three followers, and we shall outnumber them three to one."

"Then good luck attend you, citizen captain," Chauvelin said at the last. "You are in a fair way of rendering your country a signal service; see that you let not fame and fortune evade you in the end. Remember that most astute as well as most daring adventures of our times, who has baffled men that were cleverer and at least as ambitious as yourself. Stay," the Terrorist added, and placed his thin, claw-like hand as if in warning on the other man's arm. "It is impossible, even for me who knows him as he is and who has seen him in scores of disguises, to give you any accurate description of his personality; but one thing you can bear in mind is that he is tall above the average; tall, even for an Englishman, and his height is the one thing about him that he cannot disguise. So beware of every man who is taller than yourself, citizen captain, however innocent he may appear. Mistrust every tall man, for one of them is of a surety the Scarlet Pimpernel."

He finally reminded the young captain to send him a courier with the welcome news as soon as possible.

"Citizen Lauzet and I," he concluded, "will ride by the bridge path and await you at Epone. I shall be devoured with anxiety until I hear from you."

The men were not nervous, not at first. They were merely excited, knowing what awaited them, both during the journey and afterward by way of reward. If they were successful there would be for every man engaged in the undertaking a sufficiency to provide for himself and his family for the rest of his life. The capture of the Scarlet Pimpernel! Half a dozen magic words in truth, and they had spurred Citizen Captain Lauzet and his squad with boundless enthusiasm. They felt no discomfort either from tearing wind or driving rain. With eyes fixed before them they rode on, striving to pierce the mist-laden distance where the enemy of France was even now lurking, intent on that adventure which would be his last.

It was long past five o'clock when the diligence with its escort reached the edge of the forest. What little daylight there had been all afternoon was already beginning to wane; the sky was of a leaden color, heavily laden with rain clouds, save way behind in the west, where a few fiery, crimson streaks cut through the clouds like sharp incisions, there, where the setting sun still lingered in the autumn sky.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dodo Easy Victim of Greed and Ignorance

The dodo, often spoken of as a prehistoric bird, is said to have been in existence during the time of Charles I. But it has since been extinct a matter of 200 years, which gives force to the tag, "as extinct as the dodo."

The bird was known only in Mauritius, and soon after the Dutch colonization in 1598 its proverbial fate fell upon it. It was a large fowl, it could not fly, and even at walking or running it was slow and unwieldy. To top these handicaps to its self-preservation, the dodo was, unfortunately for itself, good to eat. Its destruction came quickly. Though the colonizers might have remembered that you can't eat your dodo and have it, and taken steps to insure its continuance, hungry men are not far-sighted. Moreover, the destruction of the dodo was no doubt hastened by the dogs, cats, and swine which accompanied man in his migrations.

Nature Will Out

The gods were once disputing whether it was possible for a living being to change its nature. Jupiter said "Yes," but Venus said "No." So, to try the question, Jupiter turned a cat into a maiden, and gave her to a young man for a wife. The wedding was duly performed, and the young couple sat down to the wedding feast. "See," said Jupiter to Venus, "how becomingly she behaves. Who could tell that yesterday she was but a cat? Surely her nature is changed." "Wait a minute," replied Venus, and let loose a mouse into the room. No sooner did the bride see this than she jumped up from her seat and tried to pounce upon the mouse. "Ah, you see," said Venus, "nature will out."—Aesop.

Passport Annoyances

Few things that governments do are as silly and generally annoying as the handling of passports.—Woman's Home Companion.



A DOZEN different things may cause a headache, but there's just one thing you need ever do to get relief. Bayer Aspirin is an absolute antidote for such pain. Keep it at the office. Have it handy in the home. Those subject to frequent or sudden headaches should carry Bayer Aspirin in the pocket-tin. Until you have used it for headaches, colds, neuralgia, etc., you've no idea how Bayer Aspirin can help. It means quick, complete relief to millions of men and women who use it every year. And it does not depress the heart.

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Catty

Two elderly spinsters staying in a seaside hotel had what is called "a few words," and thereafter passed each other by in silence.

One day the manageress said to spinster No. 1, "Do you know poor Miss So-and-so (mentioning No. 2's name) has been stung on the nose by a hornet? We're all so sorry for her." "Are you?" snapped spinster No. 1. "I'm sorry for the hornet."

Tattoo Turkeys in Texas

Cattle brands have given way to turkey brands in Gonzales county, the center of Texas' famous turkey raising region, notes the Farm Journal. The turkey-growers' association, in its campaign against thieves, has devised a tattoo mark by which each member can brand his birds harmlessly but indelibly.

Accidentally an Arkansas lady cured fits in a valuable dog with Russ Ball Blue. Many others now use it. Never fails, she says.—Adv.

Total Loss

"Yes, I studied eight languages in college," admitted the bespeckled man. "Been any help to you?" asked the other. "No," he sighed, "I have to do all my listening in one."

The vampire ray of West Indian waters has a width of about 25 feet across the wings.



Makes Life Swe