

A Mistake and a Miss

BY ARTHUR W. PEACH

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The manager of the Avenue Garage turned with an anxious face from the telephone. He looked across at the neat, well-dressed young fellow lounging in his office.

"By George! I'm in for it! I agreed to have my best driver here for a party this afternoon, and I haven't got a man on the place; and here's a call from the best customer I have. I can't go myself."

The young fellow straightened up. "Look not so worried, Gleason, why wouldn't I do?"

The manager stared, then his anxious face eased. "Hilton, if you will do this for me, I'll be your slave for the next decade. But if you go, remember you aren't driving that big speeder of yours, and forget, too, that you are the only son of a multi-millionaire, and remember that you aren't to talk unless you're asked to. But if you will help me out—I will remember it, I assure you."

"Oh, I'm game; it's a new kind of a lark; and I will remember."

A little later, as he seated himself in the big touring car, in a snug chauffeur's uniform, he turned to Gleason. "I guess I'll keep the goggles on, so if I should happen to meet some of my friends. Now where is it?"

"1987 First avenue—"

"What! Why, man alive, there's where a girl lives whom I have been trying to convince that I am just the right age to marry. Jephosaphat! I don't know—about—that!"

"Well, don't take the chance then—"

Hilton sat up. "Take a chance—I never let one go by. So long."

The big car murmured out of the roadway into the smooth avenue and he sent it humming down the broad street. He knew that he would have to play his cards well to escape detection, for the eyes of Alice Vernon, gentle and blue as they were, were keen. If she discovered him masquerading at her expense, he thought to himself, it would be one long good-night with an exclamation point in heavy type. He drew his heavy goggles far down over his eyes, sunk as much of his six feet as he could into the seat, drew the hat down until it hid the kinks in his hair, and drew up in front of the residence of Senator Vernon.

A maid had evidently been on the watch, for in a few minutes the trim, girlish figure of the girl he loved came lightly down the broad steps, and was handed into the car by the footman. Hilton thanked his stars that she gave him not a glance. His hand went to the brakes, then paused on her order.

Hilton swore softly and tenderly under his breath; for coming serenely toward him was his most earnest rival, Sidney Farland. Hilton wondered what was going to happen; he found out. A sweet voice behind him said: "Good morning, Sidney, I am going for a little spin out and back; are you going down?"

Hilton hoped to heaven that he never appeared so eager for an invitation or accepted one as eagerly as Farland did.

They rolled off, Farland chatting behind in his eager, impetuous way, and Hilton, himself, humped down in his seat feeling like swearing impetuously. It was a pretty how-do-you-do—acting as chauffeur for a sweetheart and a rival.

He listened to the merry chatter behind him, and the gall in his thoughts grew bitter. He, himself, even came up for a topic of conversation, and she said little. Farland very industriously went on to amplify into little details the miserable story that he had heard was going the rounds about him—all a lie. Hilton was sure he had found out who was industrious in spreading it; but the thought did not serve to sweeten his viewpoint on life.

As they drew near the streets leading to the business section, Hilton was in hopes that Farland would ask to be dropped, but far from it, and the next thing he knew, she was asking him to go with her on the spin.

They whirled out onto the smooth state road. It was a glorious day—just the kind of a day to make hearts beat faster, especially hearts that are in love.

Hilton heard the voices behind him grow a little lower after a while; under the rules he should have been busily thinking of other things; but his conscience did not trouble him, and he listened with all the power of hearing he could muster.

There was no doubt about it, he said to himself. Farland was going to propose to her. The thought sent a chill through him. Alice had not been very kind toward him the last few weeks, and he had heard that Farland had a good show. Softly he heard the voices running on behind him.

"All there is to it, Alice," Farland was saying. "I care more for you than any other girl in the world. I am in a position to prove that. One thing is certain: There is no one else who does love you as I do," he added earnestly.

A sweet clear voice said: "Well, I

have others, you know. There is Glenn Hilton!"

"Pooh! He?" Alice, he cares nothing except a clear road and that big French racer of his. Besides, there are other reasons why he doesn't—

"Yes, I know. Really, I care very little for him. He is so sure—so sure, though, that I care for him."

Hilton groaned as he heard the last. But he listened.

"You don't suppose our chauffeur is ill, do you? I just heard him make a funny noise."

"No, he was clearing his throat. Alice, please look at the matter seriously. It is the biggest thing in the world to me. Give me a bit of encouragement."

"Sidney, as I have said, I like you, and it wouldn't take much to change the i and the f for o and a v—no—wait, not here!"

Hilton shut his teeth. His mind was firm. If he started to give Farland a definite answer, he would chuck the machine into the ditch.

There was silence a moment, then she said: "Sidney, I guess I might as well say—"

Then she screamed, and Farland shouted. Hilton brought the big car up in the ditch with a jerk, and immediately fell to rubbing his right wrist. "Farson—but—I have a cramp—in my wrist." He moved around, doubled up, and gasping. "I guess—you'll have to drive this—car—back, sir," he gasped to Farland where the other stood evidently swearing under his breath. "This—puts—my—arm—out—of commission!"

"Well, get in—confound it!" Farland said.

Hilton, still bent over with anguish, climbed into the seat beside the driver's and off they whirled.

No word was spoken, but Farland looked at him once as if he would like to have cracked his skull; and Hilton was thankful that the big goggles hid his face.

When near the business section she asked Hilton if he felt better, and Hilton immediately agreed, with the result that they changed places. Farland going into the back seat. But Hilton knew that Farland had missed his opportunity.

At the corner from which they turned up the Avenue she ordered Hilton to stop so that Farland might have a shorter distance to go to his office, as she phrased it; and Farland left, after receiving permission to call that evening.

Up the Avenue to her door they swept. He brought the machine to a standstill and sat quiet staring straight ahead. The footman came hurrying down, and to Hilton's surprise was ordered back.

When the door closed, out of the corner of his eye he saw the dainty figure step around beside him, and a bomb greater than any that ever exploded in a man's knowledge blew up right there.

"Glen Hilton, aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

Sad music, please, he said to himself, then to her—"For heaven's sake, Alice, don't scold me; I've suffered as I never did before." Her face was calm and cold.

"I did this to help out Gleason; there wasn't a man available up there. I didn't know you were going to ask Farland; and I didn't suppose you would recognize me!"

She looked at his begoggled face still coldly, though there was a strained appearance about her expression. He went on belligerently. "But I've learned the truth."

Then she laughed as if immensely pleased. "Why, foolish, I knew it was you from the moment you appeared and whirled that car up as only you can; then those little teeny, kinky curls under your cap—a woman's eyes can see. You didn't fool me a moment."

Then her face softened, strangely, wonderfully. "It was foolish of you to run the car into the ditch when you did for I was going to say—"

"What?" he gasped.

She slipped back from the machine to the steps. Something in the glint of her eyes, the poise of her figure, made him grip the wheel tight.

"Just opposite what I shall say to you, if you will come up tonight thirty minutes after Farland." Then she disappeared.

A few motor-cops eyed the big touring car that came down the avenue keenly, and peeked at shining instruments, quickly; at the garage corner, a few pedestrians breathed prayers of relief when they did not curse volubly and soulfully; a moment later the manager of the Avenue Garage was begging for mercy as a big six-foot bounded him in the back, and called him endearing names, punctuated with words of gratitude.

Lepers in Revolt.

Japan is having a great many strikes just now, but perhaps the strangest is that of the lepers at Kameyama hospital, Tokio. The hospital was founded and is conducted by a society of French monks, and contains about three hundred leper patients. The costs of the establishment are paid by voluntary subscriptions and by the sale of the produce of the hospital garden and handiwork of the patients. The latter receive no payment for their services, beyond their board, lodging and medical attendance and a small sum for pocket money, which is calculated at the rate of a farthing a day. Recently the lepers demanded an increase in their pocket money allowance to a half-penny a day, and on the refusal of the father superintendent they struck work, and over a hundred escaped from the hospital by night, climbing over the wall. They were subsequently recaptured by the local police and reconducted to the care of the monks.

Cleaning Up Old Nests.

The incubating season is over with poultry so far as profit to the owner is concerned, and the Minnesota experiment station advises that all old nesting material be taken out and burned, and that all nesting boxes be disinfected and given a coat of liquid lime killer, after which fresh straw may be placed in them for late layers.

The creosote preparations sold at lumber yards for wood preserving have been used with good effect as lime killers.

Disposition of the Cripples.

The cripple and the malformed chicken should be put to death immediately after hatching. Such little unfortunates will bring nothing but disappointment. They will give you more care than ten well and whole ones. They will make you sick of the chicken business and give your entire flock a black eye from the first. Kill 'em the instant they are born.



CHICKEN COOP IS PORTABLE

Mississippi Man Invents Device of Knockdown Style—When Not in Use Takes but Little Room.

A new form of knock-down chicken coop has been patented by a Missouri man. When erected it forms a roomy coop and when taken down it occupies little space. The structure is of metal and consists of a bottom piece, a top piece and sides and two ends. The roof is curved to shed rain and has a handle by which the coop can be carried easily. All these parts fit into each other by means of



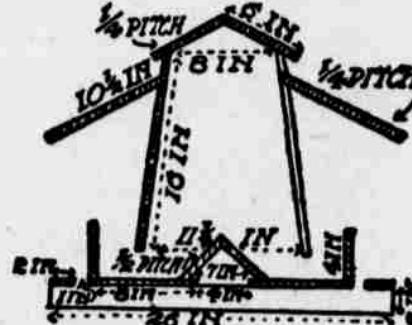
Portable Chicken Coop.

grooves and extensions. The door is a hinged flap that can be kept open or closed so that only the farmer can open it, and has vent holes in it. With this door closed the chicken or chickens are perfectly safe during the night from cats, rats or other predatory animals that roam through poultry yards and kill so many fowl.

FEED HOPPER NEVER CHOKES

Minnesota Experiment Station Recommends Device as Shown in Illustration Herewith.

A good feed hopper for grain and dry mash feeding is shown in the illustration herewith and is recommended by the Minnesota Experiment station at Crookston. The diagram explains itself. The advantages of this style of hopper are that it will not choke, the chickens cannot get into the feed with their feet, the feed is kept dry even outdoors, and none is wasted. The wing on each side shows the roof over the trough to keep the outside feed dry. One side



"Never Choke" Hopper.

of the upper roof may be hinged like a lid for filling. The gable shaped projection, running the length of the floor, allows almost every kernel of feed to be reached by the birds, thus preventing feed from getting musty from remaining in the hopper too long.

Providing Fresh Air.

Birds are so constituted by nature that they require an abundance of fresh air for health and vigor. They never do well with a limited supply of air. For this reason all coops and boxes in which poultry of any kind is kept in the summer should be open as possible.

Let the roof be tight to protect from rain, but let at least one side be open for the admission of fresh air at all times. The open side may be protected by wire cloth or other material that will let in the air, but keep out rats, etc.

Windows should now be out of the poultry house and wire netting tacked in their places.

A floored brood coop on clean, dry ground is better than one with a board floor in it.

The average hen outlives her usefulness in two years, and is more profitable sent to market.

Whether kept for hatching or market eggs ought to be kept free from any form of moisture.

When eggs are soft shelled the hens are either too fat or do not get enough mineral matter in their feed.

Don't neglect the water supply as plenty of water helps to keep the hens in good laying condition.

A safe rule to follow in chick feeding is to give them just as much as they will clean up nicely at each feeding.

The incubator is no longer an experiment, and the demand for poultry products suggests its more general use.

The "utility" bird is one that is not without its faults, but it is often from a good strain, hence has its own economic values.

One feeding rule is to give the hens half as much as they will eat of a morning, nothing at noon and a full meal at night.

HOT WEATHER POULTRY CARE

Remove Every Window and Substitute Wire Netting for Ventilation of Hen House.

It does not require much hard work to keep a flock in good condition in the summer, but absolute neglect will often completely destroy the winter egg-producing qualities of not only the old hens, but the pullets as well.

If you have not removed every window in the chicken house and substituted wire netting, in order to provide perfect ventilation, do so at once.

Better that the chicken roost in the trees than that they be confined in a vermin-ridden building.

Bird lice will worry a flock to death, or so nearly so as to destroy its usefulness. These can be killed, but not easily.

Good insect powder will do the business. It should be applied with a powder spray by one person, while another holds the fowls by the legs so that the powder may reach every part of the skin through the disturbed feathers.

TURKEYS NEED LARGE RANGE

Small Pen in Town Is Absolutely Not Suitable for Rearing Meat For Christmas Dinner.

For those persons in town who are thinking of raising a turkey or two in their back yards there is trouble in store. The back yard or pen is not the place for a bird which refuses to be domesticated, W. A. Lippincott, head of the poultry department at the Kansas Agricultural college, says.

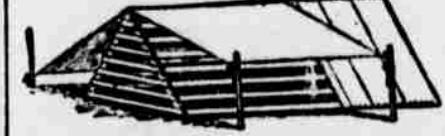
The farm is the place to raise turkeys. They must have a good range. During the first few months it is better to give them no grain, but let them forage and eat bugs. If small turkeys are cared for in this way, the fatality will be much less.

Professor Lippincott suggests that you let some farmer take your young turkeys and rear them. You might arrange to pay a little rent to a farmer for allowing your birds to roam in his pastures. Then, along about Thanksgiving, all you have to do is to go out and harvest your turkey.

SHADE FOR CHICKEN COOPS

Shelter Is Provided by Means of Sail Cloth Where Trees or Bushes Are Found Scarce.

By means of a sail cloth, duck, or factory cotton curtain shade may easily be supplied chickens where there are no trees or bushes. In such a case



Shading Chicken Coop.

as illustrated hereunder the stakes are about 2 feet long, and driven 4 to 6 inches in the ground. The curtain is tied only at the corners. On the windy side the tying is closer to the ground than on the lee side. This is of special help in spring.

Keeping Birds Graded.

Be sure to grade your birds according to size as the weeks pass. When you find that some are outstripping the others, take them away and put them with birds of their own size. If you have toe-marked the feet and have put on legbands, you will be able to tell the facts regarding them at any time.

Here is where the value of records comes in. Keep an accurate record of every hatch, and then grade the birds without having to feel that if you mix them up you will not be able to tell them again when you want to know certain things about them.

Quality—quantity—is something to consider in purchasing a remedy for constipation. How about Garfield Tea?

A jealous woman enables her Satanic majesty to take a vacation now and then.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, relieves pain, cures wind colic, etc.

Every time a girl sees a handsome young man she wonders whose sweet heart he is.

Garfield Tea, a laxative of superior quality, for those suffering with constipation.

Failure is always spoiled by success.

Many a man looks like a statesman who is not guilty.

When a man's conscience troubles him he thinks he has indigestion.