

## HEN PUTS '1914' ON EGG

Man Who Pets Fowls to Make Them Lay Is Rewarded With Token of New Year.

Cleveland, Ohio.—While politeness and kindness may bring their own reward, John Bara, a chicken fancier who has just gained some renown because he pets his hens to make them lay, has received a more substantial token of appreciation from one of his feathered flock.

Bara, soon after he had performed his usual morning petting stunt with the hens, heard an unusual noise in the chicken house. Thinking that perhaps a rat was bothering his pets, he investigated. He found one of his favorite Rhode Island Reds just arising from her nest, while the other hens, with the roosters well to the front, were clattering as they never had done before.

Bara looked in the nest and there was a fine, warm egg. When he examined it closely he found the figures "1914" crudely embossed on one side.

## MASTODON UNEARTHED

Bones Found at Blue Ridge Springs Will Be Sent to the Smithsonian Institution.

Blue Ridge Springs, Va.—This village has been thrown into excitement as the result of the unearthing of what is said to be the skeleton of a huge mastodon. The discovery was made near here by S. D. Tallaferra of Salem, Va., superintendent of a crushing plant, and the skeleton will be offered to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. The skeleton measures thirty feet in length, with paws four feet in width, ribs six inches wide, teeth five inches in width, and tusk five feet in length.

The find was twenty feet below the surface.

## HUSBANDS PROPOSE TO 'SWAP' WIVES

Emporia, Kan.—A divorcee proposed to trade wives and has been made to C. C. Samuel, divorcee proctor, by Lester Farr and Glen Barnhardt.

Both wives are willing, but the proctor will not agree.

"I loved Hazel as soon as I laid eyes on her," said Farr of Mrs. Barnhardt, while Mrs. Barnhardt retorted with: "I never knew what love was until I saw Lester."

Farr's three children express a desire to go with their mother.

## REFUSES \$150 PER CHICKEN

Albion, Mich.—Seven hundred and fifty dollars is a tolerably high price for five barnyard fowls, but that is what E. C. Zoeller recently refused for a pen of five white Plymouth Rocks. His Plymouth Rocks have taken first prize at every show in which they have been shown.

## STRANGELY FORMED CALF

Has to Throw Back Its Head to Get Water Down Its Throat.

Wells, Taney, Pa.—A strangely formed calf, born four months ago on the farm of J. W. Gibson, is so healthy that it will give a chance to live in a museum. The legs of the calf are but ten inches long and its hoofs are identical with those of a small pony, not being cloven. To add to the animal's queer appearance, one nostril is missing and its lower jaw protrudes three inches beyond the upper.

Owing to this strange formation, the calf strangled when first it attempted to drink, but it finally solved the problem by scooping up the water with the lower jaw and thrusting back the head, allowing the water to run down its throat. In this respect its actions greatly resemble those of a chicken.

## DOG PLAYS THE DETECTIVE

Takes Pet Canine Four Years to Locate His Master.

Boston, Mass.—Teddy, a pet dog which Charles W. Godfrey left in Palestine, N. J., when he moved from his house there, four years ago, has appeared at the Godfrey home in Astoria and Godfrey is puzzled to know how he found his way.

"A few days ago I was in Central Square, Cambridge," said Godfrey, "when a dog suddenly jumped on me and began licking my hands. I thought he looked like Teddy, but I could not figure how he could get to Cambridge, so I jumped on a car and started for home. Before I got there the dog was ahead of me and playing with my little daughter, whose pet he was before we left Palestine. I cannot imagine how he found us, but he is here."

## SEEKS CURE FOR POTATO DISEASE

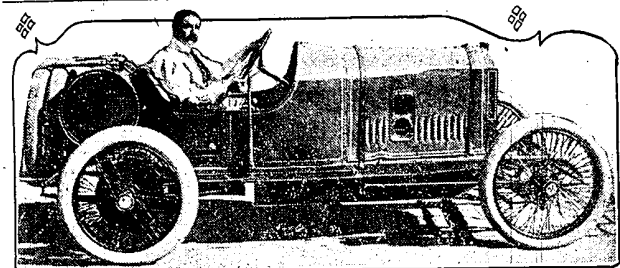
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.—The Canadian Government has decided to take drastic measures to stop the potato disease in the Maritime Provinces. Prof. John Adams of the Royal College of Science, Dublin, a Cambridge graduate and a botanist of note, is to have charge of the investigation of the subject. Experimental and field laboratory work will be carried on.

## PARROT IS SEVENTY YEARS OLD

Lansing, Mich.—A parrot owned by F. W. Bovee of this town is more than seventy years old, for it has been in the possession of the family for that time. The birds are noted for their longevity.

Panama spends about 5,000,000 coconuts a year to the United States.

## BOILLOT, CHAMP RACE DRIVER OF EUROPE, IN SPEEDWAY RACE; EXPERTS SAY EITHER HE OR GOUX WILL CAPTURE FIRST HONORS

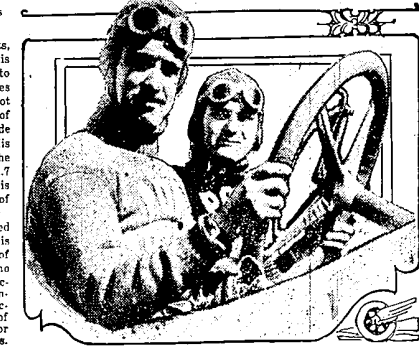


Georges Boillot (top) and Louis Disbrow.

According to motor racing experts, the 500-mile race on the Indianapolis motor speedway, May 30, is likely to be won either by Goux or by Georges Boillot, both French drivers. Boillot is the champion race driver of Europe. He won the Grand Prix de France twice, in 1912 and 1913. His car, a Peugeot, though one of the smallest in the race, with only 34 1/2 cubic inches piston displacement, is one of the speediest, being capable of 110 miles an hour.

One of the Americans counted upon to stem the foreign invasion is Louis Disbrow, the veteran pilot of Pope Hartford and Simplex cars, who has taken over the wheel of the second Burman centipede in the Indianapolis race. Disbrow holds practically all the dirt track records of the country, having barnstormed for the Case people the last two seasons.

The current opinion is that Disbrow will find it no easy task to outspeed the Frenchmen. Both Goux and Boillot are high unbeatable and are not to be surpassed in nerve and daring. Disbrow, however, is by no means timorous. His social graces are few.



His manner is gruff and laconic, with seldom a word save an occasional expletive or the voicing of some sharp phrase or curseword. All who have seen him perform agree that he more than discounts his lack of pleasant manner with his wonderful work on the track. Boillot, the Frenchman, alarmed

American adherents by setting a new record on the Indianapolis track a few days ago. He circled the two-and-a-half mile track in 1 minute and 35.4 seconds. The record of 1:37 made in 1910 had been lowered to 1:36.25 by Joe Dawson a few days before Boillot established the new record.

## BEHIND THE CURTAIN

By ELLIOT WALKER

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Where Miss Kidder sat on the back piazza the green vines formed a curtain against intrusion. Not that the blind lady disliked society, for she loved to chat, and to hear the news; but it was a quiet spot to leave her of an afternoon, and she was always happy and satisfied with what they thought best.

A tiny silver whistle hung by its chain from her delicate wrist. That was to call the servants if she wanted any. Miss Kidder rarely blew it; for she sensitive hearing the noise seemed horribly shrill.

Now that the sun had passed on, leaving the air soft and warm, a gentle breeze crept from the south to whip it in the leaves. A drone of little summer murmurs rose from the grass, with now and then a wandering bird-pipe. The lady nodded, settling in her chair. She was not half so old as she looked. Her hair was a soft silver, something to set her wide awake again, and thinking happily. There was so much to be thankful for!

Bearded, she was too young for napping. Miss Kidder's feelings were very youthful. No one had told her of the gray in her brown hair, nor of the fine wrinkles and faded rosebloom. A man slouched along on the turf, avoiding the gravelled path. Miss Kidder's eyes followed him. She moved her chair a trifle forward. It squeaked on the boards. That shuffling tread was unfamiliar. Perhaps it was the new gardener.

The man came closer, peering sharply at the lady who sat on the back piazza. The begging whine upon his lips was never uttered. Instead, he set his jaw, stared, shrank back, and one ill-clad foot moved as if for a stealthy retreat.

"Who is it?" Miss Kidder's voice was gracious and welcoming. "I can not see you. I am blind."

In the long moment of silence following, she raised her whistle to her lips. "Don't blow that, Avis!" came a hoarse, hoarse whisper. "It's Albert—Albert Leath! Blind—yes?"

The whistle dropped and dangled as Miss Kidder's hands went out gropingly. "Yes," she cried, "without an instant's hesitation; 'I have been blind for seven years, Albert. Where are you going?' Oh, think of what an escape you have had!"

The man's dirty paw was being cleaned on his ragged coat-sleeve. A strange smile grew on his weather-beaten face. Into his sudden brain flashed an idea. Avis could not see him!

Presently, after their hands had met, his own drew away. He blessed the breeze blowing toward him, and spoke with care.

"I cannot believe it. I am terribly shocked, Avis—too shocked and grieved for words. To meet you, by mere accident—for I stepped in here to ask the theodolite man, my watch has stopped, and I'm hurrying to catch a train. Dear me!"

His voice broke in all sincerity. It was a bit tremulous, at the best. "It has just struck four. Oh, Al-

bert, can't you stay?" she added, as his foot scraped. "I suppose I ought not to keep you, but I'll make the most of my minute. It's so little, when I've thought of you so much! I'm not to be pitied in the least, Albert. I have everything, and am wonderfully happy and tranquil. And twelve years is so far back! We can see that my father was unconsciously a good adviser when he wouldn't let us marry. Suppose you were married with a blind wife, dear boy? I've rejoiced for you from my heart. It has been such a comfort to feel that my affliction did not fall on you. If I could only see your face! But perhaps it is as well."

The man was decidedly of this opinion, although he made no reply. It gave him an unwanted thrill to know that in her darkness this faithful woman viewed him as he was in the days before his fall—which had been his own reckless sinking, and no fault of hers.

"You have prospered, of course," said the woman innocently.

"To my full desire," returned Leath with prompt steadiness. "I'm so glad. Are—are you married?"

"No." He was very anxious to get away. "No, somehow. I've never married, Avis."

He thought her face lighted. It might have been a ray of sunshine sparkling through the lattice. She felt her hand pressed hurriedly; a hasty good-by sounded from her lips, and she was gone.

Miss Kidder sank back, smiling dreamily.

"Never married!" she murmured. "And prosperous! He must be so handsome, too. Albert could not lose his good looks. He didn't say very much—no doubt because he was too much affected. Dear, dear, he must fully appreciate his escape. I'll go on being thankful for us both!"

The new gardener, turning from his work, spied Mr. Leath making for the railroad tracks.

"That's a pretty ugly lookin' tramp," he grunted. "It's luck, Miss Kidder, but can't see anything. See nothin' fear nothin'!"

An Anglicised American. The duchess of Roxburghe is unlike the former Miss Vanderbilt in that she manifests not the slightest desire to visit her native land. Since her marriage to the Scotch duke the heiress to the Gosport millions has been content to stop on the other side of the Atlantic.

The duchess of Roxburghe, in fact, has become wholly Anglicised. She talks with an English accent, and follows with undivided interest the exclusively English news from day to day. A year ago it was said she intended returning for a short time to New York, but she disappointed her friends.

Dear Head of 50 Points.

What is said to be the largest head ever found on a red or cotton tail deer in the country has lately been reported in Bangor from Hill Gould off Grand Lake Stream. The head has fifty points or prongs on the antlers. The head is very even, having twenty-six points on each side and twenty on the crown. It is a beauty in every way. It spreads 28 inches in the widest place and has broad webs on each antler, which spread 7 inches. The fifty points are all well defined prongs.—Kennebec Journal.

## Developing A Character.

The late Frances E. Willard said: "There are so many kinds of beauty after which one may strive that we are bewildered by the bare attempt to remember them. There is beauty of manner, of utterance, of achievement, of reputation, of character; any one of these outweighs beauty of person, even in the scales of society, to say nothing of celestial values."

"Cultivate most of the kind that lasts the longest. The beautiful face with nothing back of it lacks the stinging qualities that are necessary to those who would be winners in the race of life. It is not the first mile-post but the last that tells the story; not the outward-bound sled but the one in the home stretch that we hail as victor."

## Enemies of Matrimony.

Wedlock seems to be in bad way in the mountains of the Dauphine. The confirmed bachelors of the country decided to meet every month and toast celibacy. Invitations are sent out with the information, "Good feeding, good drinking, much laughter, much dancing." An added insult to matrimony is that the invitations were sent to all spinsters who have "put on St. Katherine's cap"; that is to say who are over 25 and are therefore presumed to be on the high road to old maidenhood. The confirmed bachelors announced their intention of eating, drinking, laughing and dancing with the old maids every month. But their very hardheaded may be their undoing.—London Telegraph.

## Why a Horse Rolls.

Horses are fond of rolling on the ground and no animal more thoroughly likes itself than they do. After roll they give themselves a shake or two to remove anything adhering to the coat. The habit is of much service to horses living in open plains. On being turned loose at the end of a journey an Arab horse rolls in the sand, which acts as blotting paper, absorbing exudations from the body. A shake removes the sand, and the coat soon dries. Catavynus in hot climates sometimes put sand on their horses as the simplest and quickest way to dry them.—Selborne Magazine.

## Barmails in South Australia.

South Australia is suffering from a barmail famine. Two years ago barmails were abolished in that State by act of Parliament. No more could be legally engaged, but these already employed could remain on condition that they registered themselves. There are now only 400 of them left, and the competition for their services was that their wages jumped from 25 shillings to £2 a week. The barmails that have had to employ barmen report a considerable change for the worse in their receipts.—London Chronicle.

## Opium Smuggled in Barrel Staves.

Through some clever work on the part of the customs secret services men 198 cans of opium hidden in the staves of barrels containing lamp bladders were seized and the would be importer and his assistants were arrested. As the staves of the barrels were rather thick just in the centre instead of being hollowed, the smugglers had carved out a small sort of pocket large enough to contain a narrow can of opium in each stave. When the staves were set together it was impossible to see these openings.—Manilla Times.

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