

## Kitty, My Pretty White Kitty

By S. B. HACKLEY

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"De house is full up, sah." The shining, white-aproned embodiment of suavity and importance, on the steps of the high-class boarding house of the Misses Lovejoy, in the little health resort town of Bolling Springs, bowed until his clipped head well-nigh touched the elusive pink spider lilies in the flower boxes beside the piazza steps. "I has to ostend to you de intenslest regrets o' my ladies, but ebuh room is taken. De last one wah bespoken by wah dis foahnnoon."

When a man all his fifty years gets everything he wants and goes 700 miles on his physician's recommendation of the water and baths for a rheumatic knee, he naturally feels vexed when, at his journey's end, he doesn't get the first of his wishes granted.

Terry Alderson's fine dark eyes clouded a bit as he turned away and started across the high sloping street toward the Coppell house, recommended as the second best boarding house in Bolling Springs.

And just then "Miss Nellie," a little, slim, auburn-haired and smiling lady about thirty-five years of age, with the gentlest, softest brown eyes, came up the street. Alderson met her at her gate. His face cleared instantly, and when she stooped to pat the immense white cat that advanced to meet her, with "Kitty, pretty white kitty, are you glad to see me?" on her lips, an unreasoning twinge of jealousy went over him. Why should a beautiful creature like that waste affection on a cat?

That evening Alderson sat on the upstairs porch that opened off his room at Mrs. Coppell's, and in the full light of the moon he watched Miss Nellie Lovejoy as she stood by the row of sweet-scented daturas, whose great, dew-covered white bells made a glory of the Lovejoy side yard. Then he saw her stoop and pat the white cat that followed her.

"I wouldn't mind being that cat," he thought whimsically.

The next afternoon, coming from the bathhouse at the springs, some distance from the boarding place, Alderson overtook Miss Lovejoy going home from her work as a clerk at Framm's store. He spoke to her, and making a pretense of desiring some information, walked along with her as far as her gate.

Ten days of religiously drinking the mineral waters and taking the baths and Alderson's rheumatic knee was nearly well, but he was having strange feelings in the vicinity of his heart.

He had never cared anything for women as he knew them in the North, but he had never before been acquainted with an auburn-haired Southern lady, with a voice like soft, rippling water and eyes like pools in the forest.

Boxes of roses began quite frequently to come down on "No. 11," the late afternoon train, from the nearest big town for Miss Nellie Lovejoy, and fancy wicker boxes of chocolates without number, with "T. M. Alderson's" card inclosed.

And Miss Nellie glowed and dimpled and smiled until the Framm customers, who had always loved her, fairly worshipped her.

And in the seventh heaven of delight Jonathan received the boxes of candy and flowers, and watched through the front door screen each afternoon the gentleman from Detroit, as he lingered at the gate, loath to lift his hat from his handsome gray head in good-by to Miss Nellie.

About three o'clock one morning of the fifth week of his stay in Bolling Springs Alderson was awakened by a "meowing" in the back yard. For an hour there was a continuous squalling. When the cat finally ceased its noise Alderson, who loved late sleeping, could sleep no more. He rose thoroughly exasperated.

The next night there was a repetition of the feline serenade. Alderson bounded from his bed and saw in the yard below the balcony the big, white cat that belonged at the Lovejoy house. He threw a convenient golf stick in its direction and returned to bed, but sleep was gone.

"To whom does the white cat that stays at your house belong?" Alderson asked a bit stiffly of Miss Nellie as he overtook her on her way home that afternoon.

"Snow Darling?" she smiled. "Oh, he belongs to Mrs. Gilman, an old lady who has made her home here so long, and we all make a pet of him," she went on in her musical tones.

"If he keeps up that after-midnight noise as he did last night and the night before," Alderson commented, "somebody'll make a corpse of him."

"Why, we—we didn't hear any noise," Miss Nellie remonstrated, "you must have been dreaming, Mr. Alderson."

Three nights went by before the white cat again serenaded the Coppell house. Then two nights together Alderson's rest was broken. At that time he was the only boarder who slept on that side of the house, and the only one who heard the caterwauling. At the end of the second night Alderson went to the Lovejoy house and remonstrated.

Miss Nellie was not at home, but Misses Euphemia and Jessie expressed their regret and promised to try to get Mrs. Gilman to keep "Snow Darling" in at night. Alderson went home somewhat mollified.

Jonathan watched him uneasily as he took his departure.

"Ef my ladies knowed what was good fur 'em," he commented, "dey'd invest in about a dime's wuth o' 'Shoah-death-to-cats' and administer hit unbeknownst! But bein' ole maids, poah thengs, dey don't know dat when you gits a man mad—he'll fuhglt about bein' in de marryin' notion!"

Before breakfast next morning Alderson appeared at the Lovejoy house, tremulous with nervous anger. Miss Nellie opened the door. "I'm sorry if the kitty disturbed you," her soft voice was very sweet, "but Mrs. Gilman loves him so, she can't bear to restrain his liberty and fasten him up at night."

Alderson's exasperation broke out in mild fury. "Loves the pestiferous bunch of fur, does she? I love sleep, too, and I'm going to stay in the house where I am and get it! The next time that cat disturbs me, I'm going to restrain his liberty—with a bullet!"

"That wouldn't be right," quavered Miss Nellie.

Alderson turned abruptly and left her without another word.

He was not disturbed that night, but the next day he kept out of Miss Nellie's way. The night after, at the usual hour of half-past three, he was awakened by a feline wailing. He rose instantly. A single shot from his pearl-handled revolver and "Snow Darling" was no more.

Next day a very fat and exceedingly irate lady telegraphed her son to come to her. Jacob came. Alderson was haled into the police court and fined ten dollars for shooting Mrs. Gilman's cat.

"I'll go to jail and dry up before I pay that fine!" he informed the court.

"Sixty days in jail or the fine paid!" answered the judge.

"I'll live on bread and water for the next two months in my cell before I will pay that fine!" Alderson commented.

The town rang with the tale. "De jaller says dat Detroit man's a-gettin' pale and his rheumatism's comin' back on him—not gittin' his mineral baths and de water. He say he plumb oneasy about him!" Miss Nellie overheard Jonathan saying to the cook about a week after Alderson's incarceration.

Suppose he died of the heat or something? For three nights Miss Nellie cried herself to sleep. Then she could stand it no longer. She went to the judge's office and paid Alderson's fine.

The judge, supposing that Alderson had requested his landlady to bring the money, to spare himself mortification, sent an order to the jailer: "Release T. M. Alderson. Fine paid."

"Judge said your fine was paid and to turn you out. That's all I know!" The jailer answered Alderson's remonstrance.

He went to the judge. "Who dared to pay that fine?" he demanded.

"Lady brought it. Supposed you sent it by your landlady," answered his honor.

Fuming with anger, Alderson strode off in the direction of the woods across the river. In a thicket of pines lying prone on the pine needles, sobbing like a hurt child, he came upon Miss Nellie. At sight of the little disconsolate figure in the leaves he felt his anger cool. A twig broke under his feet. She sat up, shaking.

"Oh, don't be angry with me!" she begged. "They said you were sick and suffering in that awful jail and I—I couldn't bear it! I went and paid your fine!"

With the touch of the wind, sweet with piney fragrance, in his flushed face and Miss Nellie's low sobs in his ears, Alderson's pride and obstinacy fled. Nothing mattered but that little white bundle at his feet. He bent over and lifted her.

"You were afraid I couldn't rough it out?" he said, very tenderly. "You thought I needed somebody to look after me? I do, and for all time! Won't you do it, little girl?"

## BIG MEN OF AFGHANISTAN

Sethi Merchants, About Whom This Country Knows Little, Are People of Much Consequence.

The world is still a large place and contains a variety of men. The manufacturer who enters foreign trade makes many discoveries that were not disclosed in his school days. For example, in northwestern India he may meet the Sethi merchants, who conduct the trade of Afghanistan. These Mohammedan traders are men of consequence, and have their connections throughout Asia. Before Russia disintegrated they had branches in Petrograd and Moscow. They have their places of business in all the central Asia markets of importance, such as Bokhara and Tashkent, and buy and sell in Tientsin and Shanghai. Clearly such merchants are men of consequence in vast territories our own part of the world scarcely guesses at. To merchandising they add banking, selling drafts on strange cities where a European bank would look as out of place as an Afghan caravan on the Lincoln highway.

These merchant-bankers of central Asia may add to their adventures in the Afghans persist in their warlike demonstrations against the British in India.

Learning It Early. Son has just begun to go to school, and has much to say about the new little girls he meets, but every few days it is a different girl that attracts him. His mother said: "I'm afraid, son, that you are changeable."

"Tain't me that changes, mom," he answered; "it's them, when you know them better."—Life.

# FARM ANIMALS

## GOOD CARE OF WORK HORSE

Practice of Turning Animals on Pastures on Sundays Not Favored—Examine Feet Often.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Grass is not a desirable material to serve as the basis of the work horse ration. The practice of turning work animals out on Sundays to eat grass, to which they are unaccustomed, is a prolific source of colic and other digestive disorders. Generally the animals would be better off in a cool, darkened stable, where they could be carried on half rations of grain during idleness.

Where work horses which are fed a full allowance of grain are turned out to graze each night they usually are in poor condition for work next day, as the extra feed they have consumed merely tends to increase the tax on their digestive capacity. However, where the stables are hot and illy ventilated it is preferable to expose the horses to digestive troubles on the pastures rather than to attempt to carry them in the barns.



Horses at Work Need a Ration With a High Percentage of Grain.

The feet of the work animals should be examined frequently during the summer, in order that accumulations of dirt may be removed. A few moments devoted to scraping out the hoofs each morning and evening will add to the comfort of the beasts, as often such foreign materials as nails or stones lodge in the wall or sole of the foot or are collected in the clefts of the frog or between the bars and the frog. If the hoofs are excessively dry or brittle, they should be softened with some good oil or hoof ointment, and if they are ragged or tend to split, they should be rasped on the edges and trimmed until smooth.

It is advisable to clip horses when the weather warms up in the spring and heavy work begins. When clipped, they work much better, and they do not become chilled after work from having thoroughly soaked the heavy coat of winter hair with perspiration. Horses that are clipped as soon as heavy spring work begins should be blanketed at night.

## GOOD COVERING FOR SILAGE

Run in Cornstalks From Which Ears Have Been Removed—Top Is Thoroughly Tramped Down.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Several years ago it was a common practice to cover the silage with some material, such as dirt or cut straw, in order to prevent the top layer from spoiling. At present when any provision at all is made for this purpose it consists usually in merely running in on top cornstalks from which the ears have been removed. By this method some of the corn grain is saved. The heavy green cornstalks pack much better than straw does and so exclude the air more effectively. The top is thoroughly tramped and then wet down. Sometimes oats are sown on the top before wetting. The heat generated by the fermenting mass will cause the oats to sprout quickly and form a dense sod, which serves to shut off the air from the silage beneath, and in consequence only a very shallow layer spoils. Whenever possible, it is better to begin feeding from the silo as soon as it is filled; by doing this no covering is necessary and there should be no loss on account of spoiling.

## IOWA IS LARGEST HOG STATE

Bureau of Crop Estimates Places Number at 10,925,000—Illinois Is Placed Next.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

In number of hogs on farms, Iowa is by far the most distinguished state in this country. The estimate of the bureau of crop estimates for 1919 is 10,925,000 hogs in Iowa, 5,724,000 in Illinois, 4,943,000 in Missouri, 4,638,000 in Indiana, 4,266,000 in Ohio, 4,250,000 in Nebraska, and 3,043,000 hogs in Georgia. Every other state is below 3,000,000. Iowa's hogs are about one-seventh of the nation's total, and nearly double the number of Illinois, the state next below.

## Canning Compounds Are Harmful to Health and Regarded Unnecessary

Canning compounds sold under various trade names for use in home canning are often harmful to health and should never be used by housewives, say the specialists of the bureau of chemistry, United States department of agriculture. These preparations, which are usually in powdered form and contain salicylic acid or boric acid, are unnecessary since fruits and vegetables can be kept for long periods in perfect condition without any chemical preservatives whatever if proper methods of canning are followed.

The federal food and drugs act prohibits the use of harmful preservatives in foods which come within its jurisdiction. The food laws of nearly every state in the Union forbid the sale within the state of foods which have been preserved with harmful substances. Although neither the federal or state laws apply to foods canned in the home and consumed there, it would seem that the housewife would not knowingly use, in the foods she preserves for her family, substances that are prohibited by law in foods for sale because the substances are injurious to health.

## Menagerie Minus Water Feature of an Island Northeast of Pitcairn

Investigations recently made on the little-known Henderson or Elizabeth islands have led to the discovery of a curious little colony of zoological total abstainers. The island, which is uninhabited, is situated about 120 miles northeast of Pitcairn island—itsself sufficiently out of the way, but famous as the home of the descendants of the mutineers of the Bounty. There is no water on it, not even a swamp, and it is only six miles long; yet it harbors quite a menagerie—a kind of rat, a lizard, described as very abundant, and no fewer than four kinds of birds, all peculiar to the island. These are a fruit-pigeon, a lorikeet, or honey-eating parakeet, a little rail or crane, and a reed-warbler. The strange thing about the inmates of this curious natural aviary of coral rock, surrounded by waves instead of wires, is that two of its inmates are birds usually associated with fresh water—the rail and the warbler. These, like the rest, must do without drinking, unless the dew can slake their thirst.

## HAVE A LAUGH

Just So. "What made the speaker walk across the stage before he began to speak?"

"I suppose that was the preamble of his remarks."

At the Fancy Ball. "The girl yonder dressed as a milkmaid has such a high color."

"Then her character is not a fitting one. Milkmaids are pall girls."

As a Starter. "Well, what's the first thing you did after graduating from that expensive college?"

"Touched me for \$300 to buy some girl an engagement ring."

And She Was Right. The argument was concerning baby brother. Bobbie, age five, boasted, "I've got his head and arms and stomach."

Jane, age seven, surveyed the baby closely. "I don't care if you have," she said; "his legs belong to me, and I guess his arms, and head and stomach couldn't go very far without them."

Altruistic. "Some want the rich to divide their property."

"I gotta little tract out near here," said the real estate man, "that I'm willing to subdivide for the benefit of the public."

The Proof. Teacher—Your daughter has a good carrying voice.

Father—Yes, it has already carried away a good bit of my money.

Old Stuff. "Congressman Flubdub says that owing to the pressing demands of his personal business he will retire to private life."

"Yeah, I've heard that before. But what is the main reason for kicking him out?"

Familiar Loan Bank Sign Was Part of Coat of Arms

The famous Medici family, who practically ruled Florence during the thirteenth century, possessed a wonderful business instinct. Besides owning a large number of banks, this family had a monopoly of the loan business of that part of Italy. Their coat of arms was a shield with six balls emblazoned on it, but as the loan business spread to other parts of the world and slipped from the Medici grasp, three balls and the shield were dropped and the remaining three, suspended over a doorway, have always sufficed to indicate that within money can be borrowed.

## Experts or Theorists—Which?

The packing industry is intricate, complex—far more so than the railroads or the telegraph. Every day multiplying needs of society increase its problems and multiplying responsibilities demand more of it.

Highly trained experts, specialists of years' experience, thinkers and creative men, devote their lives, their energies, their activities, to solving the problems of the packing industry and meeting its widening duties.

Swift & Company is not a few dozen packing plants, a few hundred branch houses, a few thousand refrigerator cars, and a few million dollars of capital, but an organization of such men. It is the experience, intelligence, initiative and activity which operates this physical equipment.

Can this intelligence, this experience, this initiative and creative effort which handles this business at a profit of only a fraction of a cent per pound from all sources, be fostered through the intervention of political theorists, however pure their purposes? Or be replaced by legislation? Does Congress really think that it can?

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