KITTEN THEIR COMFORT KIT

Small Creature Murderous Huns Must Have Overlooked Brought Tender Thoughts to Soldiers.

At Beuvardes, between Chateau-Thierry and Soissons, I met about five inches of gray kitten that could tell much if it could speak.

This kitten was the "liaison" between the Germans who fled and the Americans who dispossessed them. It was the only creature the Americans saw alive when they marched singing into the town after the Germans poisoned the wells, fired their ammunition dumps, and sullenly departed.

The kitten, when I first saw it, was playing about in the sun at the threshold of a ruined hut. The body of a dead German sprawled at my feet, half buried in splinters of timber. Chloride of lime lay like drifted snow on his chest, and in the clotted whiteness was his briar-wood pipe, which I twice picked up and twice put down ere deciding not to take it. The bottom of the door of the house showed a jagged rent, as though a rifle-butt had dashed it in, and it was besmeared with blood.

Inside the door was a mass of tousled straw where Boches had stabled. The house was dismantled. The clothing of women lay torn and scattered.

The kitten crawled between the top of my gas mask (hung in the "alerte" position beneath my chin), and the brim of my "steel Stetson" and purred like a watchman's rattle. Its eyes grew bland and yellow as lemon candy behind a shop window.

While I made small talk to the kitten, our artillery planted to right and left was roaring skyward at an angle of 30 degrees. The concussion of the battery threatened to lift the miserable house from its underpinnings. The window frames jumped half an inch at every detonation. The glass had long ago given way to burlap or to nothing.

And still the kitten purred and patted a bit of paper dangling from a string, careless as a bobolink. "Every time I look at the little creature," confessed a stretcher bearer from the teeming dressing station round the corner, "it makes a lump come in my throat."

"Don't you want to take it home with you?" suggested a lieutenant.

But I hadn't the heart to deprive those men of the solace of its presence.

It was their comfort-kit.—Stars and Stripes.

"Miss Clara Barton, Heaven."

In many different ways come messages and tokens of appreciation from the soldiers to these Red Cross workers of the canteen service, showing their gratitude for what is being done for them in every place and in every possible way.

When members of the canteen service meet a troop train many of the boys have letters and postcards to be mailed. One day not long ago a member of the service, in looking over the mail, saw one post card unstamped. Something unusual looking about the address attracted her attention, and on looking closely this is what she read, "Miss Clara Barton, Heaven," and on the card was written "You certainly founded a wonderful institution," and signed, "A Soldier."

That was a tribute fine and deep, and from the heart of one who surely had been helped by the Red Cross and wanted to give some sign of appreciation. No costly wreath could bear a more fragrant and exquisite message than that one card.—Southern Woman's Magazine.

Bow Legs Saved Him.

Not every man is boastful or proud of possessing bowed legs, but when said crescent-shaped nether limbs have saved him from possible serious injury or death from an attack of a vicious butting ram, he is apt to take a different view of the matter during his after life.

A resident of Brazier, N. Y., started across the Miller farm to go to the cider mill on the Tannery road. When nearly in the center of a large pasture an old ram started for him. The man ran, but soon realized that he could not make the nearest fence. As the next best maneuver he made for a large bowlder a few rods away.

Just as he reached the rock the ram overtook him and with lowered head butted through the fugitive's legs. He hit the bowlder and crushed his skull.

Peeled Chicken.

Three-year-old Ruth came from Chicago to visit her grandmother on a farm in Knox county. Everything about the farm was a novelty to Ruth, of which she never tired. Another pleasant thing about the visit was grandmother's constant questioning of "Now what shall we eat today?" One morning she asked the usual question as to the menu. Little Ruth studied a minute and then made answer: "Oh, grandma, won't you please catch a chicken and peel it for dinner?"—Indianapolis News.

What Clemenceau Said.

This is given me as the truth of what M. Clemenceau said when the draft of President Wilson's original note with the 14 points was handed to him. He said: "Quatorze points! Mais cela c'est un peu fort—le bon Dieu n'en avait que dix." ("Fourteen points! But that is a little too strong—the good God had only ten.")

Interested.

"Did you see how that conjuror took the rabbit from the hat?"

"Nope. I tried hard to catch on, too. It would help reduce the cost of living."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

World's Greatest Troopship.

One of the devoted women who have not spared themselves at the emergency aid rooms told this story among the flying needles the other day to her co-workers. A letter from the front has brought the intelligence:

A pompous German major had fallen into the hands of our valorous Pennsylvania troops, and after they had questioned him, he ventured to ask them for information.

"How many men have you on this side of the water?" he inquired.

"Two million," answered a young lieutenant.

"How did you get them over?" was the incredulous query of the Hun.

"One boat brought them all over," was the answer.

The German stared. "How so? What boat was that?"

The American gave the German a searching look. "The Lusitania," he answered, quietly.—Philadelphia Leader.

Real "Sky Pilot."

A preacher literally comes down out of the heavens to preach the Gospel to American aviators in England.

He is Rev. Reginald Crew, American Y. M. C. A. pastor-aviator, who flies from one aviation camp to another, holding religious services for the "boys." He has no long-distance record, but he has flown as far as thirty miles between camps for a prayer meeting.

Arriving at a camp, he frequently gives his Yank birdmen congregation, thousands of feet below, a preliminary exhibition in the "corkscrew," "loop-the-loop," "apple-turnover" and other fancy stunts. That insures their attention.

Then he volplanes to earth, climbs out of his chariot, removes his football headgear and starts "church." The boys call him the "sky pilot." He is a great favorite and they eagerly flock to services.—Exchange.

Hereditary Hay Fever.

Dr. W. Scheppegrell, president of the American Hay Fever Prevention association, has recently made an analysis of 415 cases treated in the hay fever clinic of the Charity hospital at New Orleans and elsewhere in that city in order to determine the influence of heredity on this disease. He finds that in more than one-third of the cases the patients had a father, mother, brother or sister who was a victim of the disease. Probably the influence of heredity is even greater than indicated by these figures, as specific susceptibility may exist indefinitely without developing hay fever, by reason of insufficient exposure to the pollens that cause the malady. The question of the development of a natural immunity from continued exposure to the specific pollens is, says Doctor Scheppegrell, a difficult one to settle, on account of the difficulty of eliminating the question of decreased exposure.—Scientific American.

Japan Larger Than Germany.

In the World's Work there is a chart which shows a comparison of Germany and the Japanese empire. Japan is the greater of the two both in territory and population. Germany's area (exclusive of colonies) is 208,780 square miles, while that of Japanese empire is 260,738 square miles. This includes the peninsula of Korea, which is a part of the Japanese nation, but it does not include Manchurian and other Asiatic territory in which Japan has secured ninety-nine-year leases of ports and railroads as well as business advantages of all sorts and mining rights. Germany's population at the beginning of the great war was about 67,000,000. There are now 71,000,000 people living under the Japanese flag, and there are also great numbers of them scattered over the islands of the Pacific and in foreign countries.

Material for Explosive.

As to the source of the toluol needed for explosives, it is pointed out that there has been recently a great increase in the number of by-product coke ovens in this country. However, says the Scientific American, if 20,000,000 tons of coke are made in these ovens during the present year we shall get from this source only 10,000,000 gallons of toluol, which is about one-fourth as much as the government estimated it would need for munitions. Another promising measure recently inaugurated is the stripping of city gas of this material, which can be spared without any serious detriment to the gas, and amounts to about .04 gallon for each 1,000 feet of gas. It is estimated that ten of the largest city gas plants of the country will yield about 10,000,000 gallons of toluol.

Talked Too Much.

Joe had been instructed that if he did not stop running away he could not go to the movies. Supposing the day's slate was clean, Joe's mother was taking him to a show. As the two reached the door Joe said: "Just running to the bridge wasn't far, was it, mother?" Joe was turned homeward, and put to bed. Hearing the little fellow talking to himself a few moments later, mother eaves-dropped: "There's one time, old man, you talked too much."