

Kitty, My Pretty White Kitty

By S. B. HACKLEY

"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 intensiest regrets o' my ladies, but ebuh room is takeden. De last one wah bespoken by wah dis foahnoon."

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 beauteous 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 Frann'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 Frann 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-bye 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 theings, dey don't know dat when you gits a man mad—he'll fuhgit 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 taunted 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 jailer 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.

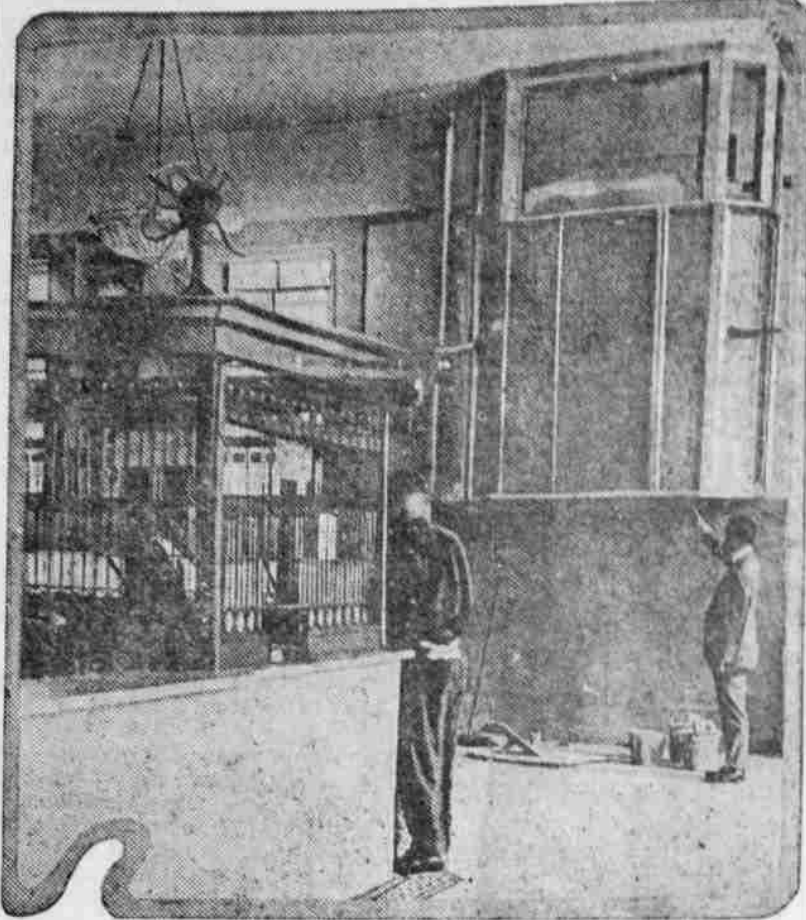
The world is still a large place and contains a variety of men. The manufacturer who enters foreign trade makes many discoveries that were not disclosed in his school days. For example, in northwestern India he may meet the Sethi merchants, who conduct the trade of Afghanistan. These Mohammedan traders 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 if 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.

Bank Prepared to Battle Bandits

Installs "Pill Box" Made of Steel, in Which Armed Guards Are Stationed Day and Night



Due to the great number of bank robberies in Chicago, the Pullman Trust and Savings bank has installed a "pill box," constructed of heavy steel, in which armed guards are stationed day and night to prevent robbers from looting the bank. The guards are equipped with high-powered rifles and shot-guns and are prepared to protect the bank both from the interior and exterior. The "pill box" is built half inside and half outside the bank building, so that the occupants, through the portholes provided for the rifles, can have an unobstructed aim at would-be robbers, within or without the building.

FOR POULTRY GROWERS

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

When open range is not available and hens must be confined, poultry specialists of the United States department of agriculture recommend the division of the hen yard into two lots, so that green stuff may be grown on one side while the other patch is being grazed. As soon as the green feed is two to three inches high the hens may be turned on it, while the other lot may be spaded up and sown again. This plan provides plenty of green feed throughout the year for the average back-yard flock.

The green crops should be suited to local conditions, those suggested below being adapted to moderate climatic conditions. For the extreme North or South the planting dates should be modified. Thickly sown crops furnish succulent feed and summer shade. From April 1 to July 1 on growing yard 1—oats, chard or lettuce, clover or vetch, sunflowers, cowpeas, rape may be grown. For feeding purposes on yard 2—winter rye, winter vetch, sweet clover may be grown, as well as crimson clover in the latitude of New Jersey and south.

From July 1 to October 1 the oats, chard and lettuce, clover or vetch, cowpeas and rape on yard 1 may be fed, while buckwheat, dwarf Essex rape and flat turnips are grown on yard 2. From October 1 to April 1 the growing crops on yard 1 should consist of oats, winter rye, winter vetch, sweet clover and crimson clover, while at the same time in feeding yard 2 buckwheat, dwarf Essex rape, flat turnips and soy beans are grown.

HERE AND THERE.

The man who likes to do a good job regardless of the pay he is getting is the man who will always be sure of a good job to do.

The man who loses his temper is apt to lose the argument too.

Charity begins at home and if the high cost of living keeps up it will have to get started there mighty soon.

Go to the sick if you want to learn to appreciate your health.

What Causes Colors in the Beautiful Rainbow

While it is true that the beautiful colors displayed by the rainbow are due to the passage of light through rain drops, the popular conception that the drops are directly in line between the sun and the bow is incorrect. The light enters the raindrop and is refracted and reflected back to form the bow. In this passage through the drop the different colors are produced which, blended, make our ordinary white light. Two persons standing side by side see two different bows, though they present the same appearance.

Electric Fans in India.

Electric fans have made it possible to keep churches and theaters in southern India open in summer months.

In 1699 They Smoked Big Cigars Made Just as They Are Made at Present Time.

The earliest known mention of cigars is in a book published in 1740 under the title of "Distresses and Adventures of John Cockburn." It appears that Cockburn was cast on a desert island in the Bay of Honduras, from which he swam to the mainland, and thence traveled afoot to Porto Bello, a distance of 2,600 miles. Here he met some friars who gave him some "seegars" to smoke. "These," he says, "are some leaves of tobacco rolled up in some manner that serves both as pipe and the tobacco itself." Though this is the earliest date at which cigars appear to be mentioned by that name, so far back as 1498 two soldiers sent by Columbus to explore Cuba told their companions on their return how the natives carried in their mouths a lighted firebrand made from the leaves of a certain herb, rolled up in maize leaves. The description of an Indian method of smoking given by Lionel Wafer, in his "Travels in the Isthmus of Darien," in 1699, shows that they then smoked cigars made just as they are made now. The manufacture and consumption of cigars in northern Europe only dates from the close of the seventeenth century.

LIFE'S LOVELINESS

Sometimes the abundant beauty of the world
Makes my heart tremble and ache.
Sometimes, when summer's banners are unfurled,
Or autumn's glory on the winds is tossed
and whirled,
I think my heart will break.

For loveliness is often too great to bear.
Trees are faced at twilight, how they lift
me up
To the far heights of heaven! And winds
that stir
At evening bid my soul with God confer.
I drink the beauty of the world as from
a cup.

Why should I almost weep when I behold
The quiet moon, a ship blown down the night?
Over and over I watch the shadows fold,
Over and over I see the stars' clear gold,
But never yet have I lost the new delight.

I weep for gladness, as women weep when
Love
Enters the heart, singing its age-old
song.
And I weep that the cloud which calls
that sea above
Will drift from my dreams and all the
hopes thereof.
And I weep that life is short, when I
thought it long.
—Charles Hanson Towne in Harper's Magazine.

Patent Medicines Drove "Yarbs" Out of Business

"Yarbs" are little known to the present generation. The patent medicines drove the "yarbs" out of business. The writer made his first acquaintance with one little "yarb," the goldthread, when as a boy he was given its wiry, yellow, bitter rootstocks to chew for canker in the mouth—truly not a delicious morsel.

The small, white flowers of this plant develop some interesting features. The outer divisions are the sepals, though they serve in the usual capacity of petals as well. Each real petal is small, club-shaped and terminated by a cuplike disk which, strangely enough, has been transformed into a nectary. The pistils are curiously hooked.—W. L. Beccroft in Boys' Life.

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?

Let us send you a Swift "Dollar". It will interest you. Address Swift & Company, Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Ill.

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SUFFERING CATS! GIVE THIS MAN THE GOLD MEDAL

No humbug! Any corn, whether hard, soft or between the toes, will loosen right up and lift off without a particle of pain or soreness. This drug is called Freezone and is a compound of ether discovered by a Cincinnati man.

Ask at any drug store for a small bottle of freezone, which will cost but a trifle, but is sufficient to rid one's feet of every corn or callous. Put a few drops directly upon any tender, aching corn or callous. Instantly the soreness disappears and shortly the corn or callous will loosen and can be lifted off with the fingers. This drug freezone doesn't eat out the corns or callouses but shrivels them without even irritating the surrounding skin.

Just think! No pain at all; no soreness or smarting when applying it or afterwards. If your druggist don't have freezone have him order it for you.—Adv.

His Language.

Mother told sister that baby came from heaven, so when baby was eight months old sister said to a playmate: "Our baby is talking now, but we can't understand him, 'cause he talks sky talk."

Rough on New Jersey.
Oliver Wendell Holmes' idea of New Jersey, New York's next-door neighbor, was that it was "a double-headed suburb, rather than a state."

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HAVE YOU A SWEETHEART
Son or Brother in camp or training for defense? If so, mail him a package of Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for Tired, Aching, Swollen Feet, and prevents Blisters and sore spots. Makes walking easy. Sold everywhere. 5c.

When you start to borrow through the loan is generally oversubscribed—Boston Transcript.

Baby Shoe an Ornament.
The first shoe of the first baby should be preserved as an ornament value both intrinsic and sentimental. A jeweler plates in gold or silver the creased and worn little shoes just as the baby foot formed it.

Get the Habit.
The habit of viewing things objectively, and of thinking about life fully, may be made to grow up in you like any other habit.—Samuel Butler.

Talk to please others, act to please yourself.

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