

KITTY

She is the Cause of a Young Man's Sudden Change of Mind

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"Confound the woman!" ejaculated Bob Folsom as he slammed the door. "I'd like to get hold of that cat. If I did it would never get out alive again. He stalked moodily to the window and listened, as if fascinated by the low pitched voice of the woman calling insistently in the yard below.

"Here, kitty, kitty, kitty," she called.

"She's been doing that every night for a week," grumbled Bob, leaving the window when the sounds had died away in a murmur of endearment. "If I had only known there was a cat living upstairs in the house I would have stayed on the outside. No cats for me—but on your life!"

Bob looked around at the well furnished room containing furniture of his own. The low bookshelves were filled with his books. Everything in the two large apartments was his own. He resolved to remain here until that remote time when he would fall in love and marry. "That may be never," he always told himself cynically.

At breakfast he approached his boarding mistress concerning cats.

"Ah, Mrs. Porter, didn't I hear a cat in the hall just now?" he inquired as she slipped his coffee.

Mrs. Porter smiled impersonally.

"Probably you have heard a cat, Mr Folsom. There are three in this house."

"Three?" Bob was aghast. "And they all lost at night and do their mistresses have to call them home at precisely 9 p. m., and?"

"Dear me, no! They are very quiet, stay at home cats—that is, all except Miss Lane's Snowball. He's an Angora and quite valuable, I believe. He has been a runaway lately and does not come home until poor Miss Lane has become hoarse with calling him. She has a touch of asthma, you know."

"I hope Snowball gets over his wanderlust before long," remarked Bob as he pushed his chair away from the table.

Mrs. Porter looked pained. "I am very sorry if it annoys you," she said rather stiffly, "but Miss Lane is my best boarder, and she happens to own this house, and Snowball is the apple of her eye. Perhaps he will stay in now."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," Bob hastened to say, already feeling somewhat ashamed at his complaint against Snowball's asthmatic mistress. "I only happened to hear her calling every night and I wondered you know," he added with embarrassed silence as he escaped into the hall and took his hat from the rack.

As he walked toward the front door shrugging into his overcoat as he went he observed a handsome white Angora cat sitting on the well-polished "Snow ball, I'll be bound," he said to himself, lifting his hand to pat the beautiful creature. But Snowball's white paw shot out and his claws dug deep leaving a long ugly scratch on the back of Bob's hand.

"Here, kitty, kitty, kitty," called a voice from the door above. "Come, Snowball!"

Snowball moved slightly in its ruff and darted a flying streak of white up the stairs.

Bob bent over upward glance to where a face leaned over the banister of the second story. A stiffly brushed pompadour of gray hair above a high forehead and a pair of gold spectacles glistened down at him. He started away impatiently Snowball's mistress was all that his imagination had painted her.

As he went down the street he mentally cursed the cat that had administered the ugly scratch, and he was filled with unreasonable wrath at Miss Lane for harboring the vicious beast.

"That's the main trouble with boarding houses," he said to himself. "They are filled up with old maids and cats and parrots. I don't believe there is any hope of my finding a home any where unless I get married—and where is the right girl?"

Where was she? Up to this time she had never existed for Bob Folsom. He had his ideal, and he was especially convinced that she could not have red hair and be loved by him. Neither could her eyes be green. Her hair must be a soft dusky black and her eyes that rare hazel. He reached his office at this juncture and was compelled to drop day dreams in the face of dry realities.

That evening as he sat before the cozy hearth fire he heard the voice in the yard calling the recalcitrant Snow ball.

"Here, kitty, kitty, kitty!" There were the same deep lower notes lifting upward to the last piercing, and to Bob Folsom's nervously sensitive hearing, irritating "Kitty."

For an hour the calling continued at frequent intervals and then suddenly ceased, much to Bob's relief. "Gracious!" he muttered to himself as he prepared for bed, "I'm getting to be as sensitive as Miss Lane can possibly be! Let a dollar her name is Jennie!"

It must have been after midnight when Bob was awakened by a hideous howling under his window. He realized that it must have been following him through his dreams, for

he had been dreaming of the irascible Snowball.

"Hub—guess he stayed out tonight and is just getting in! I'll soon put a stop to you, son!"

Bob looked around the room for some missile to toss down upon the indignant Snowball, who obstinately yoked his complaints beneath Bob Folsom's window. Bob knew that all the other bedrooms in the house faced upon the front and sides, and it was doubtful if any one else in the house would be disturbed by the cat cries.

He decided that a paper weight was too heavy, a sofa pillow too soft, his boots quite out of the question. Snow ball must be broken of this midnight serenading under his window. He whooped softly as a happy thought struck him. On his washstand was an unopened package of an especial talcum powder that he used when shaving himself. A quantity of this white powder sitting down from nowhere in particular upon the upturned face of Snowball would effectually put that feline nuisance to rout.

As Bob opened the half pound package of talcum powder he chuckled softly to himself, not hearing footfalls on the carpeted hall nor the careful opening of the rear basement door. His own window was wide open, and he thrust his head out, turned the package upside down and shook the powder out. Then he crumpled the pastebord container and tossed that down after it. Snowball's cries ceased instantly, but they were followed by a feminine exclamation of surprise.

"Great Gosh, I've sprinkled, Miss Lane! What in thunder is she doing down there, anyway?"

Thoroughly chagrined and penitent, at the outcome of his joke upon the white cat, Bob Folsom paused, uncertain what to do. Miss Lane was an elderly woman, and the sudden descent of the powder must not only have startled her, but might have caused her suffering. Bob remembered what Mrs. Porter had said about Miss Lane's asthma, and he resolved to make amends as far as lay in his power. Consequently he dashed into a bathrobe and slippers and went out into the darkened hall and down the back pit of the stairway to the basement hall. He was groping his way toward the rear door, which he could see was still open when a voice close beside him asked quietly.

"Who are you, and what do you want?"

"I—I beg your pardon, Miss Lane, is it not?" he stammered.

"Yes, I am Miss Lane," Bob heard a button click and instantly the hall was flooded with light.

He leaned weakly against the wall and actually stared at the vision that confronted him. If this was Miss Lane who was the glassy eyed lady who had peered at him over the banister that very morning?

She was beautiful. She was young, not more than twenty three, with a peach tinted complexion, green eyes, dark eyebrows and red hair! She was the antithesis of his ideal in every respect, and he should have turned away from her with sardonic indifference once only he fell head over heels in love with her at once—yes, red hair, and all. And the lovely waving red hair was powdered thickly with white talcum, and the peach tint of her complexion was flecked with black, and the dark blue silk of her dressing gown was flecked with it, and even the tip of her adorable nose. As for Snowball, dashed in the course of her soft arms he was tossing powder with every angry shake of his head.

Of course Bob Folsom had to apologize and he did it hastily, stumbling over his words as he watched for some gleam of forgiveness in the green eyes.

"Of course you didn't know," she said when he had concluded, "and of course poor Snowball doesn't like it either. I'm glad that I went down after him instead of Aunt Cleopatra. She would really have minded the powder that she was smiling sweetly at Bob as she proceeded on her way. "I wonder if you would mind closing the door and putting out the lights? I heard you coming downstairs, and I was so frightened that I did not stop to cross the door. I felt that I must find out who it was."

"Your voice did not sound frightened, and—well, really I'm afraid I've been awfully old maidish about that cat, I suppose you were anxious about him"—he was saying when she interrupted him with a negative gesture of her hand that sent two long red braids flying over her shoulders.

"No, indeed, I'm not a bit anxious or fond of Snowball, he is so cross and scratchy. But Aunt Cleopatra adores him, and that is why I've had to go down and call him in every evening at bedtime. I suppose you heard me?"

He blushed and nodded sheepishly.

"I thought it must be Miss Lane—your aunt, you know."

She set an enigmatical smile over her shoulder as she went up the stairs, the snow white cat hugged close to her bosom. When she had disappeared Bob Folsom looked the door, snapped out the light and tiptoed up to his room. Before he returned to bed he stood looking out into the moonlight yard, his face soft with the wonder and delight of one who sees beloved dreams coming true.

"It is my dream girl all right, even if her hair and eyes are not the color I wanted. I wonder how I could have admired any other combination! Everything seems to go by contraries. It's Aunt Cleopatra instead of Jennie. Her name must be something very beautiful and golden. I wonder how soon I can find out!"

Of course Bob Folsom found out the girl's name long before he married her, and what do you think it was?

Woman's World



Mrs. AGNES L. RIDDLE
 Mrs. Agnes L. Riddle of Denver has the honor of being the first woman elected to the state legislature from the rural districts of Colorado. Indeed, her constituents regard her as a modern Joan of Arc leading them to victory in their fight for justice and recognition due the farmers of the state.

Mrs. Riddle is the wife of a dairy farmer and that she is a practical housewife is evidenced by the fact that she rises at 3 o'clock in the morning to prepare breakfast for the men on her big dairy farm near Denver, who start at 4 o'clock and 4 1/2 hours in the morning to attend to the legislative duties of the day when that august body is in session.

Her duties there keep her at the capitol until 5 o'clock and 4 her dinner hour, usually finds her at home again for her evenings are devoted to the affairs of the farm. Mrs. Riddle has been for a number of years secretary of the Colorado State Grange association and during that time has done much to ameliorate the farmers' condition. In the twenty five years since Mrs. Riddle has been mistress of the Glen Riddle dairy farm she has improved the entire farm system of the west by her efforts in the legislature and her earnest work in the grange.

It is easy to guess why this untiring worker in civic affairs is known in her native state of Colorado as "the woman who does things."

Notes About Women.

The only woman member of a chamber of commerce in Ohio is an officer in the women's suffrage party of her city.

The Tennessee Equal Suffrage association in convention at Nashville recently elected Sarah Burnham, a woman, as its president. Miss Burnham is one of the most prominent women in Tennessee and a writer and a leader of national reputation.

The nine-year-old daughter of the Governor of Tennessee is said to be a militant suffragette, while neither of her parents claims to be in favor of equal suffrage.

A schoolgirl in Kansas is reported as addressing large school meetings in aid of votes for women a ten-year-old girl in Los Angeles did good work for the cause during the California campaign, and a little twelve-year-old actress in New York holds suffrage meetings between acts at the theater.

A large delegation from the Council of Women of Toronto, Canada, received the committee of the city council to urge that municipal voting rights be given to women possessing the same property qualifications as those required by male voters.

Votes for women are provided in a constitutional amendment introduced in the house of representatives at Washington a few days ago by Congressman Berger of Wisconsin. The resolution adds to the fifteenth amendment a clause that the right to vote shall not be denied on account of sex.

She Didn't Get It.
 "There is a certain book in the library that I want," said Mrs. Sillyone to the librarian of Jones' library. "I can't remember the title or the number of the author, but it is a book of about 200 or 300 pages, and it is bound in dark green and the title is in gold letters on it."
 "It is a story of a nobleman who discovers after he has married a lady of wealth and title, that he is a changeling and that a certain lady in the town is the real nobleman's friend of mine has read it, and she is very anxious to have me read it."
 "As I say, I can't remember the title of the book or the name of the author, but it is a book of about average size, and I wish that you would get it for me as quick as you can, for my husband is waiting for me in our car out in front of the library, and it always irritates him to be kept waiting. I'd like the book right away, please."
 Judge.

Good Form

Social Amenities of the Schoolgirl.
 If there is one way more than another in which a young girl can show good form it is in the way she treats the men acquaintances of an older sister. Said to relate, the type of part younger sister exists, even flourishes, unless there be a strong hand to put her down. And because older persons frequently laugh at her and the girl succeeds in "russing" her older sister the younger one considers herself a huge success and continues in a manner or with lack of it calculated to create a prejudice against herself that only long years can wipe out.

If there is ever a time when a young girl who does well to keep herself out of the way it is when the friends of her older sister are present. Grow up persons, parents and their friends have a certain toleration of children, little or big, which girls and boys of nineteen and twenty cannot be expected to have. There really isn't any use in a little sister making herself unpopular, even if she does create a laugh while so doing, and there is no question that she will be heartily under the ban of an older sister whom the other makes a target for her sharp tongue or whose secrets she "gives away" because the child thinks they are funny.

To tell the truth, it is not only the grown girl who will appear better by the younger one's absence, but the "little sister" herself will gain greater popularity. Grown girls and men go to see one of their own set do not care to have their time and attention monopolized by one who is too young for their notice or at least whom they consider to be such. Yet because they are well bred they must be polite to her, being annoyed proportionately.

One great objection to a young girl being with her older sister's friends and probably the strongest reason why she should not be is the almost irresistible temptation to talk personalities, frankly to tell what she knows, not always stopping there, but unconsciously exaggerating. It is not at all impossible that the others may find this amusing, even instructive, in the side lights thrown on the characteristics of older sister and her friends, but that, as a rule, is far from desirable. If it is a joke the younger girl tells or a personal fact that would be unknown save for her it is remembered in the set of acquaintances and also that the younger one divulged.

The listeners may be highly interested at the time, unwittingly flattering the juvenile talker by their attention, but it counts against her later, just the same. Not only does she make herself vastly unpopular with her own family but outsiders are prone to consider her a "tattler," saying, "She ought to be suppressed," themselves developing a fear of her tongue that makes them prefer her absence to her presence.

The same is true if the younger sister refrains from personalities and merely requires the attention of her sister's friends in other ways. She puts herself forward, then, unduly, and instead of a girl regarding her as a sweet and attractive young girl they think of her as one to be avoided.

The safest way out of the temptation of being funny at the expense of an older sister and her friends is to keep away from where they are.

Dress Etiquette.
 Last night, said the woman who notices things, I was at a big affair and sat next the most disagreeable woman I have ever yet experienced. And it was all because she was wearing a hat."

"I know," murmured the aesthetic girl, "just how an ugly hat makes you feel about loving your neighbor."

"But this," went on the woman who notices things, "wasn't an ugly hat. It wasn't even a shabby one. On the contrary, it was an expensive and up-to-date affair, and when its wearer's features were in their everyday pattern I have no doubt that it was becoming. The trouble was that all the other women present were not wearing hats at all, but sat in all the formality of bare heads and shoulders. It was one of those affairs which are not easily classed, when you have to guess at the correct attire and every other woman has guessed differently from the one who had come in a hat."

Instead of making the best of a blunder and taking her hat off this woman seemed to be trying to convince herself that her guess had been right after all and that all the rest of us were foolish creatures who dressed beyond our incomes and our stations. The effort made for a furious, I thought, a most pathetic and humiliating spectacle, I am sure that we evaginated the importance of dress."

So do I," said the woman who notices things. "Then we might have time to get something that really suited us if only once in a lifetime."

"I think," the youngest woman put in as she crossed one slim ankle over the other, "I should choose a white wool sweater and a white skirt. As I wouldn't have any other outside garments I could afford to have them washed as often as I liked."

"I would have a silk gown for summer and a soft woolen one for winter," said the woman who notices things, "They would both wash and both be embroidered."

NEW MOTOR COAT.

A Stunning Paris Model of Mixed Worsted.



COAT WITH ORIENTAL MATERIALS.

Tan and green worsted material makes this stunning new spring motor coat. The trimmings are of olive brown ratine and applied oriental embroidered motifs add richness to the large collar. The huge buttons used on this coat are particularly modish.

Glass Buttons in Style.

When an old fashion becomes a new fashion a woman is furious with herself for not having kept what she possessed. It is excessively difficult to carry out a hoarding method, for every inch of room is needed in our houses, and with the fashions trying to rival a weather vane in a storm, we look upon each year's accumulation of things as mere junk.

Surely we can never need these again, is the usual decision that precedes the dumping of everything into the ash can. And suddenly out of a clear sky comes an announcement that the very things which were consigned to the ash can were to be returned into first fashion.

If one wants a white corduroy suit for spring (than these flat glass buttons, lined with purple would look very well) with a sailor collar of purple satin and a piping of the same down the back of the sleeves at the side of the button holes.

You know the long sleeves that are coming in show a return to the trick of two summers ago which was never Sun widely taken up and yet was so attractive. This sleeve, instead of being ornamented with buttons, has its two edges neatly fastened together with air buttons made into the form of cuff links with silk cord between.

The new sleeve in taffeta and satin and poplin has its edges fastened from the back to the extreme edge, and then between the two edges is put an inch-wide plaited frill of lace.

On a black satin frock that has been turned out recently the sleeves are managed in this way with the frill extending around the wrist. The surplus shaped blouse has a plaited frill lying against the chemise, which is of white tulle, and the frill runs down the front fastening of the blouse, which, by the way, is similar to the fastening on the sleeves.

The skirt has a full draped tunic over an overskirt that is not two yards wide, but is opened at each side for four inches. There is a wide crossed sash of the satin which has one end pulled through the girdle at the side, then falls over and hangs to the knee, where it is finished with velvet fringe.

The New Idea of Marriage.

That marriage has the effect of humanizing the young man, of making him less fatuous and selfish, has long been known to women folk, but now, according to a recent statement made by a prominent man, by entering into wedlock a man becomes "a better social animal, losing his shyness before women his egotism and his want of respectability."

All this is helped because we have introduced friendship into marriage—one of the considerable achievements of modern times and instead of "dames flouting the recalcitrant angel" which was what marriage formerly meant, we have succeeded in developing an amazing camaraderie between husbands and wives.

This comradeship reveals itself in a hundred details by the way in which married persons tease each other instead of using such endearments such as "my love," their uncomplaining tolerance for each other's tastes and their sharing in each other's sports and amusements, their general reasonableness and their mutual loyalty.

A RAZOR-PROOF SNAIL.

It Strolled the Entire Length of the Blade's Keen Edge.

"When photographing a snail," writes Professor Ward in the London Strand Magazine, "I was surprised at the fact that even the rough cut edge of a sheet of glass presented no difficulties to its locomotion. Its even pace was continued in spite of the fact that the sharp corner appeared to be penetrating its body. There we have exhibited the animal's delicate sense of touch, and this led me to make a further experiment.

"After I had placed the snail on the butt of a razor's blade it slowly moved along the back of the blade and then climbed completely over the sharp edge, the razor being in excellent condition. As the successive waves brought the fore part of its foot near the edge of the blade its head was held low down, and the lower and shorter pair of feelers nearly touched the blade as if feeling the way.

"At the moment when the sharp edge was reached the snail's feelers were fully extended toward it, and just at the very instant when I expected to see them cut off they were both instantly retracted. They were little more than a hairbreadth away, and though the lower feelers possess no eyes, yet by their sudden movement I was quite convinced that the snail at that instant recognized danger.

"Still the foot traveled on, and slowly the snail dragged its whole weight of exactly one and a half ounces over the edge, later moving toward the butt and remaining perfectly unharmed. The species experimented with was the Roman or edible kind, which accounts for its comparatively large weight, it being the largest of British snails."

STREET CAR PHRASEOLOGY.

A New Yorker Compares Cultured Boston With His Own City.

"Did you ever think how much the temperament of a city is expressed in its street cars?" queried a New Yorker, man of an observant turn of mind. "I have just returned from a trip to Boston, and never before have the essential differences between that city and my own New York been so impressed on me as by my observations in the street cars."

"The first thing I miss in Boston is the familiar 'Step lively.' Instead, I am exhorted 'Move as quickly as possible, please. How could any one shove and push and crowd after that?"

"Once in the car I find myself still surrounded by an atmosphere of consideration and of correct English. In our own subway we are ironically ordered 'Use both doors.' In Boston we are requested, 'Kindly leave by the nearer door.'

"This atmosphere is further maintained by another sign in the car. The passenger is requested, the conductor is required, to name the color of any coin or note tendered in payment of fare. Can you imagine a passenger being requested to do anything in a New York street car?"

"At Dudley street station, the principal transfer point for suburban cars there are large placards on every platform 'Women first, please.' I must admit that I did not observe that these had any appreciable effect on the scramble when the cars came in, but it certainly indicates a kindly spirit on the part of the man who is responsible for the cards. New York widely takes up and yet was so attractive. This sleeve, instead of being ornamented with buttons, has its two edges neatly fastened together with air buttons made into the form of cuff links with silk cord between.

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Java's Boiling Lake of Mud.

One of the greatest natural wonders in Java, the great island a large lake of boiling mud is situated almost in the center of the plains of Ciroboangan, fifty miles to the northeast of Solo and two miles in circumference. It is in the center of the mountain range of soft, hot mud may be seen continually rising and falling like great black timbers thrust forth and then suddenly withdrawn by a giant's hands. Besides the phenomenon of the columns there are two gigantic bubbles near the western edge which fill up like huge balloons and explode on an average three times per minute.

Inn Names in Germany.

Germany probably holds the record for out of the way inn names. Berlin alone can boast the Angry Louie, the Comfortable Lamb, the Cold Frog, the Dirty Parlor, the Bloody Bones, the Boxer's Den, the Four Hundred-weight Man and the Musical Cat, while a suburban landlord, whose house stands near a cemetery and is popular "pull up" for mourners, has dubbed it very appropriately, the Last Tear.

Mutual Corrections.

Porter—Miss, your train is— Precise Passenger—My man, why do you say "your train" when you know it belongs to the railway company? Porter—Dunno, miss. Why do you say "my man" when you know I belong to my old woman?—London Tit-Bits

Slow.

"Myra, how long has Joe Nevius been going with you?" "About eighteen years." "That seems an awfully long time." "Yes, I sometimes wonder if Joe's ever going to ask me to marry him."—San Francisco Chronicle.

WANTED TO REST