

The Kitten and the Lineman

By BARBARA KERR

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"Do be still!" the trouble clerk called out sharply to those around her in the office. "I'm trying to get this message. Some one is crying and I can't make it out." Then to the person at the other end of the line, "Now, please repeat your message."

The clerk listened and her alarm gave way to an amused expression. "Wait a moment. The superintendent is here. You may speak to him." The superintendent took the phone and the girlish voice, now grown calmer, repeated: "My kitten has been up in a big high tree all yesterday and all night—I just can't stand it any longer. Won't you please send and get him down? Mother will pay you whatever you ask. We're so afraid he will fall and kill himself."

"All right—all right, little girl, don't you worry any more; we'll be right along." Then turning to the trouble crew waiting for orders, he said: "Tom, suppose you take one or two men and go over to the Bradford place on Bayview avenue and get that girl's kitten out of the tree and don't let them pay for it—understand? We don't want to start anything like that."



Stopped Near Her Seat.

And Tom jogged out in a lineman suit, took two men and hastened over to the Bradford place.

The kitten could be seen—an immense fellow—he was a terrified white and yellow ball—in the very top of a huge cottonwood tree, and his mistress was vainly trying to coax him to come down. Tom came forward politely and sympathetically, expecting to find a little school girl. Instead it was Christie Bradford, the young lady of the house. Her eyes were red, her beautiful brown hair was in a braid down her back and she had slipped a big coat over her morning dress. He looked his astonishment; she smiled apologetically and exclaimed: "I haven't slept all night; the poor thing cried so, I thought I couldn't stand it another night; I was so afraid he'd get so cold that he could not hold on longer and would fall—poor old Dominic."

The ladder was soon in place and Tom, talking reassuringly to Dominic, was just ready to pick him up when the kitten, encouraged by his presence, turned and walked down the tree by himself and was snuggled in Christie's arms. He was truly a beautiful kitten, and of course Tom had to stop a moment and talk about pets and assure Miss Bradford that he could not accept pay for getting Dominic out of trouble.

Soon after this Miss Bradford was returning on the train to college, and as she sat glancing through her magazines a young man stopped by her seat and spoke to her. She didn't recognize him as he was not in lineman garb, and he had to remind her about the kitten, asking if it had given up exploring big trees.

Miss Bradford politely answered him, thanking him for his interest, but she was not friendly; so he moved on. She was much surprised that a telephone lineman could look so handsome and so dressed up in a business suit but she did not want to encourage any intimacy, so she pretended an absorbing interest in her reading when he was near.

Tom guessed that she did not know him, but was pleased that she did not give him a chance to tell her who he was. But when they changed cars at Buffalo she saw that his luggage was marked T. Carruthers. He was the son of the president of the telephone company.

Of course, on arriving at school she wrote to her chum and casually remarked that Mr. T. Carruthers had gone East on the same train with her, and immediately received a reply lauding Tom and wishing that she, the chum, could have the opportunity to travel in his company. So Christie was quite prepared to be much more sociable when on entering a crowded Pullman on her way home for Christmas holidays she was asked to share the seat with Mr. Carruthers, who was

returning from New York where he had been placing some telephone bonds. She dimpled with pleasure and held out her hand saying: "It is good of you to let me sit with you and I will share my magazines and bonbons with you in return."

An ocean-going voyage speeds up acquaintance as does nothing else under the sun, but a long ride in a Pullman is quite next, so before the end of the journey Tom was asking her to attend the Christmas hop with him. "Thank you so much," Christie replied cordially, "but my big brother Jim is to be some and I've promised to devote the party to him. He'll have my program."

"Oh, Jim is an old friend of mine and I'll ask him to waive his rights." "No, no, you mustn't do that!" declared Christie seriously. "Jim and I are long-time pals. I couldn't let him think I'd go back on him, ever. I've bought the kind of dress he likes and we are planning to have a gay old time."

Tom was secretly pleased that a girl like Christie Bradford should put loyalty to her brother first. "I'll bet they are great pals," he thought enviously; "I'll have to cultivate old Jim myself."

When he saw Christie, a dream of delight in a filmy, ruffled dancing frock, talking animatedly to Jim, who was proudly filling out her program in a crowd of persistent youths, he hurried forward and joined the throng, to preempt a few dances for himself.

"Oh, I say, Jim, don't leave an old friend out—anyway, I've been promised—"

Christie was pleased at the way Jim received him. "Get a move, get a move, Tommy, boy. But here; you can't take all that's left. Do you think I'm going to drop out of this 'long about the middle'?" And after much argument Tom had to be content with three dances.

After the first dance with Christie she had no desire to dance with any other girl, telling her that three dances with her right one were more to be desired than a dozen merely to be danced.

"And," finished Tom soberly, "I'm coming tomorrow to call on you and Dominic and tell you why—may I? In the meantime you can ask Jim about me. Will you?"

"Oh, you mustn't talk so seriously at a Christmas party. I'll tell Dominic you're coming. Of course he might be much more interested if he thought you would bring him a catnip mouse."

But the next day when Tom called up to learn when she would be in he was told that Miss Christie was engaged and could see no one. He hung up the phone, out of sorts and out of spirits, and getting into his old lineman togs he determined to spend the day inspecting telephone lines.

He was out on a side street where the snow and sleet had done much damage and was just going up a pole when the Bradford car drew up to the curb in front of a veterinary office.

"Why, hello, Tom!" called Jim. "Busy? Come over here." Tom was amazed to see Christie in the back of the car, in tears—a basket on her lap.

"Oh, Mr. Carruthers, don't think me a perfect little cry baby," she implored. "This is the second time you've caught me crying over Dominic. He is dreadfully hurt and we brought him to see what the doctor could do for him." And she handed the basket out to Jim.

"Well, I've got his catnip mouse for him," said Tom; "he can have it while the doctor makes his diagnosis." And gently Tom and Jim took the basket in. But poor Dominic had been shot in the shoulder by some miscreant and all the doctor could do was to administer chloroform.

"Now please don't cry, sis," begged Jim. "Dad will be nice to him and he'll be out of his misery." Tom hastened to add, "And I'll get you another kitten—but poor old Dominic was a good soldier."

Christie smiled appreciatively. "No, I'll not cry any more. It's the suffering that simply breaks me up, you know." She met a pair of eloquent eyes that seemed to be asking "Well, can't you save a little sympathy for poor Tom?" Indeed, that was what he asked later.

And Christie confessed that she couldn't help loving a man who was so tender hearted that he could sympathize with her over her pet kitten, adding mischievously, "Even if he was only a telephone lineman."

Charlemagne Sees Norsemen. The story is told that while Charlemagne was sitting one day at dinner, a fleet of long, narrow boats came swiftly toward the land. "Those must have come from Brittany," some one declared; and another said: "No, they are surely Jewish merchantmen." But Charlemagne had noted the vessels, writes Eva March Tappan, in her "Old World Hero Stories," that they had only one sail, that bow and stern were shaped alike, and were guided and carved to represent the head or tail of a dragon, and that a row of shields was ranged along the gunwale. "Those bring nothing to sell," he said. "They are most cruel foes; they are Northmen." Then there was hurrying and scurrying to put on armor, snatch up swords and spears, and hasten down to the shore to drive away the pirates. But the Northmen had heard of the prowess of Charlemagne, and as soon as they knew he was there they rowed away as fast as their boats could be made to carry them. The Franks had much to say about these enemies, but Charlemagne stood silent, gazing at the sea.

Human Levels. The rapidity with which a human mind levels itself to the standard around it gives us the most pertinent warning as to the company we keep.—Lowell.

VERY NEAT DUVETYN COAT



Simplicity in lines is the keynote of this attractive green duvetyne coat. Practically the only deviation is found in the four little box plaits. There are self-cuffed button holes and fancy black and green buttons to match.

USES FOR ODDS AND ENDS

Save old ribbons of various colors, press with a hot iron and put them away to be used in mending old silk garments. The under seams of silk waists may be beautifully mended in this manner if you have a strip of ribbon the same color.

Often round dories can be cut from the best part in such a way as to bring a pattern in the center. A border may be crocheted around this and pretty plate dories made for ordinary use.

To make kitchen towels last longer when they begin to wear thin, place two together and stitch all around the edge, then lengthwise down the middle of the towel and once each side at the middle half way to the edge of the towel.

Linon collars which have been discarded make excellent bandages to use for cuts, burns and bruises. Soak them in water until soft, cut off the stitching, then dry and make into rolls ready for any emergency.

Old stockings, especially heavy fleeced ones, may be used to make underdrawers for small children. They are easily made by making a V seat.

Spring Brings Cotton Blouses.

The seasons dovetail into each other so closely that style questions are just about settled for winter when about comes spring to unsettle them again, and so on through the year. During the fall and winter days, silks of all kinds hold sway in the development of all lines and types of garments. When warm weather approaches fine, sheer cotton fabrics are found very much worth while in at least two lines—blouses and undergarments. Batiste, organdie and very fine voile are the three most popular cotton waist fabrics, and for the coming season hand-made laces, such as filet and Irish crochet, will be the popular trimmings, with hand embroidery and hemstitching aiding in the decorative scheme.

Fadeless Kitchen Gowns.

Kitchen dresses of light weight unbleached cotton were adopted by a dainty young housewife who found that her colored wash dresses faded quickly, and, she says, "I never looked so well in the kitchen before." All are made by some simple pattern and have a touch of colored embroidery or crochet on the neck, belt, sleeves, and pockets. These dresses can be washed and boiled and need no starch, and they look new until they are worn out, and will outwear gingham or percale. The material should be shrunk before cutting.

Heavy Sweaters of Silk.

Shops are showing heavy silk sweaters for winter wear. They are especially desirable for indoor wear when the low supply of coal makes it impossible to keep up the normal degree of heat. These new sweaters have many odd bits of finishing, such as vests, deep collars, fringed edges and unusual cuffs—anything for the sake of novelty.

Tailored Blouses of Silk.

The strictly man-tailored shirt-blouse cut on the lines of men's shirts with straight shirt sleeves with mannish cuffs and adjustable high or low collars is in great demand for sport wear. These are in plain wash silk and satin and in fancy colorfully striped wash silk.

Women school executives of Kansas have organized a state association.

TO BLEND COLORS

Trick is in Knowing What Hues Will Combine.

Some of the Popular and Harmonizing Tints That Are in the Limelight This Season.

The trick is in knowing what colors combine. It is not enough to know that such and such a color carries fashion's immediate favor, but to know just what color that color goes with to conform with the canons of smartness. And really in designing your new frocks, if you have settled the matter of color combination, you have accomplished quite a little. For color combinations that would be impossible one season have, because they are stamped with the approval of some great dressmaker, or through some association of the times, taken first place among combinations that are distinctly possible.

At the present time Paris has stamped with her approval combinations of metallic hue and almost any color on the calendar. Thus many of the smartest new ribbons show silver or gold threads running one way, with the colored threads running the other. These are used extensively in connection with the new evening frocks. Among the interesting ones are gold and brown, gold with a bright blue and silver with emerald green. Such a ribbon would, of course, give the key to the color scheme of the evening frock on which it was used.

Pale blue georgette over yellow is a color combination seen in some of the newest lingerie. The effect is a rather vague green. For the young woman with a complexion fair and clear such a color combination would have great charm in an evening frock.

It is a new color on the wave, but it has attached some interest to itself even in a house gown in which it is combined with mustard yellow. Now this doesn't sound very pretty, and perhaps it isn't pretty, but interesting it is, and it carries with it a distinct impression of smartness.

Another color combination that isn't pretty, but that has the "right" look to it, is violet and brick. Some shades of brown are used with a vivid red in some of the evening hats in Paris, and, though brown and red would to most persons seem to be a very unlovely combination, this carries the seal of fashion's approval. Cream and cerise are interestingly combined in one of the new foulards, and this might suggest a color scheme for an afternoon frock of considerable distinction.

Particularly pleasing at all times are combinations of two harmonizing shades of the same color. They are never difficult as are some of the more daring contrasting combinations. Paquin used two shades of rose in marquisette recently with extremely effective results, and another French dressmaker used orchid georgette embroidered in rose wool.

BEDROOM LINENS AND SCARFS

Blocked Effect is Done Either in Colors or White, According to Accompanying Embroidery.

A curious development in table linens and scarfs for the bedroom is the blocked effect done either in colors or white, according to the character of the accompanying embroidery and in various ways. The reason for this is rather obvious. Now that fine linens have become so scarce, the pleasure of looking at a pure, unbroken surface of soft white linen is not for the housewife of today. Her "linens" will very likely be cottons for some time, and anything which will break the cotton expanse and make the finish less noticeable is welcome.

Hemstitching by machine or hand is one way of making these checkered cloths. Outline or couching is effective, too. The blocks vary according to the size of the piece, but six inches is a good working size for most of them. Small motifs may then appear in the corners or in every other block or as a border around the edge. There is much chance for novelty here.

STYLISH HAT FOR SPRING



Smart hat for spring in turquoise blue braid with old-fashioned flowers and double-faced ribbon of blue and black.

Women in Sweden have been permitted to take the higher university degrees since 1882.

Through the Looking Glass

By EVELYN NESBIT

When a man offers you the "world with a fence around it, there may be a string tied to it. Watch out for the string."

It is foolish for a young girl to marry a man for the things he promises to give her after the knot is tied. So easy is the business of making promises that all young swains are prone to paint the future in brilliant colors. And the young girl nibbles and bites. Then she regrets it—when it is too late.

Don't marry in the hope that you may ride in a golden automobile, or that you may have ice cream for dessert every day. Those are not the things that count. Don't marry for the sake of living in a hubby-to-be's fine five-story house, or for the sake of becoming part owner in his prosperous business. Watch out for the string.

Hubby-to-be may offer you his fine house as a home before you are married, but afterward he may expect you to run it for him as a boarding house. Hubby-to-be may offer you before you are married a partnership in his fine, prosperous business, but afterward he may expect you to sink your precious savings into it and lose them all.

Watch out for the string when you marry a man for the material good you may expect to get out of the match. If you have your eyes open beforehand you may learn that marriage founded on dollars and cents is a delusion and a snare. The woman who marries for the sake of having the world with a fence around it generally loses it in the end.

CHECK SERGE SPRING SUIT



This very attractive spring suit is of check serge and black binding. It is a model that should appeal to many of the stylish dressers.

DICTATES OF FASHION

The richer the fabric the less it should be trimmed.

Draped collars appear on the spring wrap coats.

Gray astrakhan is much liked on suits instead of other furs.

Leopard skin makes a most striking trimming for beige velvet.

Match Scratcher.

Save the strip of sandpaper that comes on the match boxes and tack on jamb of door with tiny-Swede tacks; or strips of sandpaper may be cut five inches long and three-eighths-inch wide. Place a tack at each end and one in the middle. This will not interfere with opening and closing of door, and will save steps in running back to get another match.

Skirts Have Deep Hems.

Many of the new organdie and other sheer frocks are made with hems so deep as to meet midway from the ankles to the waistline. This makes the frock set rather better than otherwise, because of the added weight at the lower half of the skirt, and also renders a skirt made of transparent material less transparent.

USE CENTURIES-OLD METHODS

Ceylonese Reap and Grind Grain in Much the Same Way as in Biblical Times.

At Kandy, Ceylon, the entire method of planting, reaping and grinding grain is conducted as a religious ceremony. The work of carrying the sheaves is allotted to the women, and it is a picturesque sight to see them bearing away the huge bundles of sheaves on their heads. At eventide teams of buffaloes as innocent of muzzles as though subject to Mosaic law, are brought to the threshing floor and driven over this paddy to the accompaniment of a community chorus. When well trodden by the herd, the buffaloes are driven away to their respective swamp wallows. The straw is now removed by the women from the paddy, and the latter fanned free of rubbish. The grain is next tossed and fanned on winnowing trays, entirely by hand. The method takes some days. When completed, and ready for the "granary" it is stored in large urns called "bissa," which are protected by a thick coating of mortar. The "bissa" looks like a small thatched cottage, but it is really a miniature silo. When needed for breads or curries, the grain is ground by the women on huge flat stones much like the "metate" of the Mexicans, another round stone resembling a rolling pin in shape, being used to crush the grain. It is then cooked in various ways.

EACH HAS INDIVIDUAL COLOR

Cities by No Means Alike in Hue—Which Attract the Eye of the Traveler.

"Have you ever noticed how cities sometimes seem to have their own special colors?" asks Julian Street in "American Adventures," the book in which he and Wallace Morgan recorded, in words and pictures, what they think is the most picturesque part of our country—the South.

"Paris is white and green—green more so, I think, than Washington," Mr. Street continues.

"Chicago is gray; so is London usually, though I have seen it buff at the beginning of a heavy fog. New York used to be a brown sandstone city, but is now turning to one of cream-colored brick and tile; Naples is brilliant with pink and blue and green and white and yellow; while as for Baltimore, her old houses and her new are, as Haedeker puts it, of 'cheerful red brick'—not always, of course, but often enough to establish the color of red brick as the city's predominant hue. And with the red-brick house—particularly the older ones—go clean white marble steps, on the bottom one of which, at the side, may usually be found an old-fashioned iron 'scraper,' doubtless left over from the time (not very long ago) when the city pavements had not reached their present excellence."

Turn Between the Acts.

One night the father of Kitty Stephens, who afterwards became countess of Essex, went on the stage between the acts, and was standing close to the drop scene with his back to it. When the stage manager gave the signal for the raising of the curtain. Slowly the cloth went up, and as it rose the coat-tails of Mr. Stephens became involved in the roller and feeling himself caught he began to struggle for freedom. His efforts were unavailing, however, and when the roller reached the top there was he in full view of the audience, suspended by his coat-tails, his head and feet downward, his figure resembling a half-open knife. Then the stage hands became alive to the situation, and the drop-scene was lowered again and amid the boisterous merriment of the audience, the sounds of hilarity increasing as the victim, almost black in the face, landed on his hands and knees on the stage and crept into the wing.

Use Preventives.

Loss of time, money and health often can be prevented by the use of some simple, inexpensive preventive measure. At all times, especially during these days of influenza you should never allow yourself to remain in a run-down physical condition. If attacked by disease, while your resistance is low you may pay for it with a long illness or possibly with life itself.

Most people think a doctor's only use is to be sent for in case of emergency, like a fireman, and be brought running with his pillow in hand just in the nick of time to cheat the undertaker. Many a first-class funeral could have been prevented by a pill taken at the right time. Go to a doctor once in a while. Let him thump your chest bone, gaze on the scenic mysteries of your tongue, count your pulse and telephone your lungs. Neglect of health is a common form of thriftlessness.—Thrift Magazine.

Wonderful Chinese Altar.

There is no altar on earth which vies in marble majesty with the altar of heaven—Tien T'ian—in the south of the Chinese city of Peking, which Emperor Yunglo of the Ming dynasty reared in A. D. 1420, with its triple balustrades, stairs and platforms of pure white marble carved miraculously. Its great circle covering a wide area in the midst of a vast inclosure. There the emperor knelt once a year and worshipped "the only being in the universe he could look up to"—Shang-ti—the emperor of the world above, whose court was in the sky and the spear tips of whose soldiers were the stars.