Kits

By TYRA LUNDBERG FULLER

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(WNU Service)

KITS was so sweet!

For the first time in his life, Jim Madren's house seemed like home to him. It was warm with her playful presence.

Jim loved her. It had been a mutual case of love at first sight!

With the coming of Kits, Jim—for almost a decade known as "Hatton's hardboiled bachelor"—deserted his long-time pals. No longer was he seen nightly at the Croquinole club.

His cronies missed him. They resented his desertion and muttered darkly of "a rag, a bone and a hank of hair." Bill Hannaway voiced everybody's opinion when he vowed that he never would have believed that "Jim would go sentimental over a d—n ornery female."

No. Jim had always been quite the opposite to sentimental. "Hardboiled" was the word. And no wonder. He'd lost both mother and father when he was just a baby. He'd been dragged up (there's no other term for it) for nine years by a virago aunt, and then, having committed some slight offense and fearing the dire results, he had run away.

To be exact, the young Jim had climbed into an empty freight car, had cried himself to sleep.

He emerged from the freight car into a little backwoods town where he either could not, or would not answer any questions.

As no one knew where to ship him, he became a town charge and young Jim found out the meaning of hard work.

He remained long enough to learn to look out for himself, hopped another freight and was carried some hundreds of miles, north by west. Jim was now sixteen and quite independent, for, by dint of skimping and hoarding, he had managed to amass the vast sum of $13.75.

Once again Jim's destination was decided by fate. He awoke on the second morning to find his car sidetracked near a pleasant little town of three or four hundred souls. The name of the town was Hatton, he learned, and when he strolled into the general store to buy some supplies—to show he was no tramp—he gave his own name as Marden. That was the name of the little backwoods village whose red mud still clung to his heavy shoes.

He was looking for a job, Jim confided to the storekeeper, a kindly soul who apparently knew everything, and everybody for miles around. Old Tom Cragge, red-cheeked, roly-poly, with a heart as big as his belly—which was saying something—told Jim the farmers all about there were looking for sturdy, capable hands.

"You won't have no trouble findin' a job, son," he said "and if you can't land one, come back and old Tom Cragge'll set you to work."

The first real kindness the lad had ever met! No wonder old Cragge came to mean father, mother and family to Jim Marden, and his death some years later was tragedy to the orphan boy, just growing into young manhood.

When Tom Cragge died he left Jim a small house with an acre of land, two, three miles out of Hatton. He left him some money, too, with directions to "furnish the house, and make a home."

Jim followed instructions conscientiously. He furnished the old place after a fashion. He slept there, and got his own breakfasts.

Jim was going on thirty when Kits came into his life. He fell for the little thing right away. And when she showed she was willing to come and share his small house with him, Jim's joy knew no bounds.

Then the place blossomed. It became liveable.

It was Jim's happiness to get her anything and everything she wanted. Hadn't she given him—home!

Jim was in the general store—now run by a distant relative of the late Tom Cragge—running an eye over his penciled list of wanted supplies. Cream . . . liver (Kits loved liver) and bacon . . . matches, kindling. . . M-m-m. . . .

"Loaf of bread and some coffee," he told the storekeeper, "and I'll be going along."

"Boys are havin' a little poker game tonight," volunteered the man behind the counter. "Guess they'd like to have you sit in."

But Jim was in a hurry, and said so. He had to get home. Home!

What was Kits doing, he wondered as he sped along in his old flivver. How would she meet him tonight? (That was one of Kits' charms. Sometimes she would come down the path to meet him. Sometimes she would hide behind the kitchen door and jump out at him. Sometimes he would have to go through the house calling her name, before she would show herself at all. Little tease!)

Kits wasn't hiding tonight. Jim had barely opened the door and dropped his bundles on the kitchen table, when she flung herself into his arms with a low cry of rapture.

Silky head against his breast. . . . jade-green eyes drowning in his own . . . her soft body a-tremble as she crooned her little song to him. Jim's arms tightened about her tenderly. His lovely Kits. . . his beautiful golden Persian!

The kitten clung to him, purring her joy and contentment.

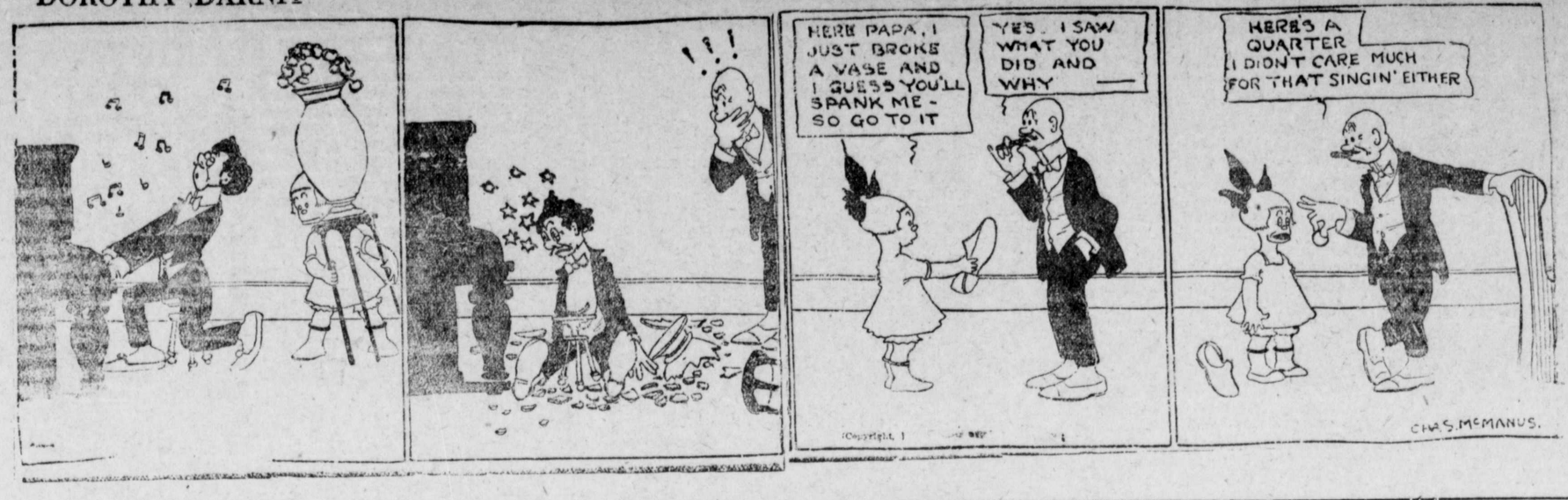
Girls' Blood Made Flag

Japanese school girls, fragile as butterflies and small as pixies, must not faint at the sight of blood. To test their courage seven Tokio high school girls gathered recently around a white cloth in the center of which they had drawn a circle. After a solemn soprano chant the maidens pricked their fingers deeply, held them over the circle until it grew red and the cloth became the flag of Japan.—Time Magazine.

Subscription to the Transcript $1.50 per annum.

DOROTHY DARNIT

By Charles McManus



Ethiopian Tombs Yield Treasures of the Past

Remarkable discoveries were made by an archeological expedition which excavated the mounds of Goha in the Nubian desert to the south of the great temple of Abu-Simbel, 40 miles north of Wady Halfa. The mounds proved to be great tumuli, erected in the late Roman period by the Ethiopians over subterranean tombs. In one of the tombs were the skeletons of horses, camels, and dogs, slaughtered to accompany the dead owner on his voyage to the other world. Nearby was a heap of the bones of four young men, strangled at the time of the death of their master. Pieces of rope were still knotted around their necks. The trappings of the animals presented a gorgeous display of silver work and gaily colored cloths. The horses' saddles were mounted in solid silver, delicately embossed with Greek and Egyptian designs. With them were found massive silver pendants suspended from heavy silver chains, which were apparently hung from the horse's neck and body. The harness was set with semiprecious stones. The burial chambers had evidently been plundered, but still contained great wine jars and piles of dried dates intended as sustenance for the dead in the after life.

Gold in Quantity Dug From Hills of Wicklow

Bracelets and necklets of pure gold, and 1,500 years old, which came from Ireland, have been discovered on a farm at Towednack, St. Ives, Cornwall. Such finds are treasure-trove and become the property of the crown, but the finders will receive practically the full value of the gold after it has been examined by experts. The gold was obtained from the Wicklow hills. Gold has been obtained from the same source in large quantities until comparatively modern times. In September, 1795, the Wicklow nugget was found. It weighed 22 ounces, and was made into a snuff box for George III. One of the richest finds of Irish gold was the great Clare find of 1854. Four laborers were working on a new cutting for the Limerick & Ennis railway when one of them turned over a pile of gold. One man was so excited that he dropped his spade, filled his hat with gold and dashed off to Newmarket—the nearest town—and sold his find for $150. This hatful was worth $2,000.

Poetic Tribute Paid to the "Beauty of Words"

Wilhelmina Stitch expresses "the beauty of words," in the following:

"Words are such precious things! They laugh and dance and shout with glee! and some have golden wings; others are quiet and friendly like a tree. There is a word that sings; another croons most tenderly or with high courage rings. Some are arrayed so gorgeously; others wear gentle colors, like a nun; or full of vigor like a noonday sun. Some words there are like fine and rich brocade; others like stars do shine; some are alluring like a piece of jade, and some are ruby red, like wine.

"Lo! There are words as still as night, and words that lie in love against the breast, and there are those that wheel like hawks in flight—and those that bring deep rest. So many things God made to give delight; blossoms of bright hue, the song of birds, the midnight sky with silver gems bedight—but none so lovely as his gift of words."

Wake Up Your Liver Bile —Without Calomel

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

If you feel sour and sunk and the world looks punk, don't swallow a lot of salts, mineral water, oil, laxative candy or chewing gum and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine.

For they can't do it. They only move the bowels and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason for your down-and-out feeling is your liver. It should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily.

If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste and your breath is foul, skin often breaks out in blemishes. Your head aches and you feel down and out. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those good old CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing when it comes to making the bile flow freely.

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PERCY SHELLEY

"The trumpet of a prophecy! Oh, Wind, if Winter comes can Spring be far behind?"

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FURROWS



MR. EDITOR:

From what I read in the papers there is still a lot of soreness over the nomination of Governor Roosevelt at Chicago. And this ain't goin to git the Democratic Party anywhere. If the leadin politicians don't git over this attitude and quit sulkin and knockin the democrats will lose the best opportunity of their history as a party to do something worth while for the country and the common people.

The politicians ought to take a lesson from Governor Ritchie and stop growlin about the choice at Chicago. You ain't heard Mr. Ritchie talkin about it bein a 'weak ticket," and the "possibilities of John Garner bein president," and that sort of stuff and nonsense. He ain't sulkin in his tent one bit.

When it comes to callin the ticket weak, I think they are all wrong. The ticket is headed by one of the best element in the Democratic Party. If some of the old-timers will just brush the cobwebs out of their memories they will realize that this man Roosevelt is none other than the fearless young leader who with eleven other independent thinkin democrats stood out and blocked the whole crowd of ring politicians in the State of New York in 1911. No weaklin could have done that and got away with it. Just remember that little incident when you talk about Mr. Roosevelt bein a weak candidate.

Then, when Willson wuz president he made Mr. Roosevelt Assistant Secretary of the Navy. This wuz a wise appointment fer him to make as Mr. Roosevelt furnished most of the brains fer the Navy Department during the War. He showed plenty of strength then. And furthermore, when Al Smith got the nomination fer president in 1928 he got Mr. Roosevelt to run fer governor. Well, the returns tell us that he outrun Smith in his own State, and I ain't noticed that the State of New York has done any worse under Roosevelt than it did under Smith. And I figger that Roosevelt will carry New York State in the election this fall.

Mr. Roosevelt wuz brought up in one of these old aristocratic families, and you would suppose that he would be inclined to be "high hat" like, but he ain't a bit. From the beginnin of his political career he has always been on the side of the common people and against the bosses, rings and crooked politicians. He seems to recognize the fact that the common people of this country make up the bulk of the population and they have some rights in our political and economic life as against the big money lords. No sir, you can't git away from the fact that Mr. Roosevelt is a man of the people and fer the people. And I'm thinkin right strong that the people is goin to elect him fer their next president. A lot of republicans si goin to help elect him, too.

Then, there is another thing to be considered. Roosevelt let his name be put on the tickets in the primaries last Spring and in these primaries he got almost seven hundred delegates. Now when a man can git that many delegates instructed to vote fer him he ain't no weaklin. All these other fellers that wanted to be president could have let their names be voted on the same way, but they kept holdin back lettin on like they wanted the convention or the Party to draft them into the nomination. Fact is most of 'em wuz figgerin that they could block Roosevelt and he run in as a "dark horse." But a lot of 'em wuz disappointed. That's the reason fer all this soreness now.

In my way of thinkin about the biggest element of strength in Mr. Roosevelt and his campaign is this: the pronoun "I" ain't the biggest word in his vocabulary.

Yours truly
JOSIAH ALLEN WEATHERBY.

Horn and Trumpet Long Used to Direct Armies

According to the best authorities, it appears that the forerunners of the modern trumpet and bugle were first used for military purposes by the armies of Gideon and Saul of Biblical fame. The Romans appear in the scene next, since prior to the fall of the Roman empire, about 493 A. D. the musical instruments used in the Roman army were the bugle (buccina), the trumpet (tuba), the cavalry trumpet (lituus) and the horn (cornu). The latter was made of the horn of the buffalo, and provided with a silver mouthpiece. The others were probably of brass.

The Romans knew very well a fact familiar to modern tactics, that to carry a command amid the tumult of battle or down a long line of march, the penetrating tones of a brazen horn are much more effective than the sound of the human voice. Accordingly the signals for the various evolutions of march and battle were given by horn and trumpet; first by the horn, at the command of the general, then taken up by the trumpets. The bugle was used to sound the divisions of the day, that is to say reveille, noon and nightfall.—United States Recruiting News.

Indian Weapon of War

The tomahawk is an ancient weapon universally used by Indians in war before they were taught the use of iron and steel, since which hatchets have been substituted for them. This instrument still retains its use and importance in public transactions and, like the pipe, is often very significant. This weapon is formed much like a hatchet, having a long stem or handle; the head is a round ball or knob of solid wood, well enough calculated to knock men's brains out. On the other side of the stem the head terminates in a point where the edge would be, which point is set a little hooking or coming toward the stem, and near the center, where the stem or handle pierces the head, another point projects forward of a considerable length, which serves for thrusting as with a spear or pike pole.

Giant Earthworms

An earthworm native to southeastern Australia attains extreme lengths of 10 or 12 feet and diameters of ¾ of an inch, although the average specimen is only 3 or 4 feet long. It belongs to the same animal as our common earthworms. The progress of these gigantic worms through the soil is attended by gurgling and sucking sounds clearly audible to persons walking on the surface. Their eggs resemble large olives. Related species which attain a length of several feet are found in parts of South America, Java and other parts of the world.

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