

Women and Their Interests

LITTLE MARY'S ESSAY

Cats are animals when they aren't folks. A cat has four legs, one on each corner, and a fur coat that it wears both winter and summer, and a nose inside of it that sounds like a dollar watch.

Cats have almost human intelligence, for they purr when you rub their fur for the right way, just like people do when you jolly them and tell them how wonderful they are. Also they will hang around a place as long as you will make them warm and comfortable and give them something good to drink, and in this also they resemble man.

Cats are very useful for carrying about diphtheria, scarlet fever and tuberculosis germs from house to house. These they secrete in their fur, so that the baby can easily find them when it plays with kitty.

There are a great many different kinds of cats. There are Angora cats, and Manx cats, and Maltese cats, and Tabby cats, and Thomas cats, and the cat of nine tails, and the woman next door, who is the biggest cat of all.

Angora cats are large, fat, white cats, that look like a set of furs that somebody gives you at Christmas, and hopes you will think is fox. Angora cats have millions and billions of hairs which shed continually, and after you have visited a place where they have a pet Angora you spend the balance of your life picking the hairs out of you. People who have Angora cats are hated by their fellow creatures.

I do not know anything about the other kind of cats, because our cat is just a plain stray cat.

Mostly old maids keep cats, and

they do this for purposes of defense so they can talk about the smart things their cats do when mothers begin to tell about the cunning things their children say.

Cats have very musical dispositions. They love to get out on the back fence at night and sing, and if you had paid six dollars a seat for it, you would think you were at the opera at a Wagner performance.

When a lady says to another lady, "How young you look for your age," or, "How splendidly you are looking this winter, you must have gained twenty-five pounds during the summer, didn't you?" or, "What a beautiful new brooch you have I always think those little inexpensive diamonds are so refined," she is a cat. I know this because that's what my mama said when the woman next door said those things to her, and then my father said, "What did you do?" And my mother said, "I clawed back," and my father said, "Mew!"

A lady does not like to be called a cat, but she smiles all over when you call her a kitten, and it makes a man angry to call him a puppy, but he is glad if you call him a sly dog. I do not know why this is so.

My mother says that no woman can make good acting kittenish after she begins to wear a hand-painted complexion and to hunt for a good straight-front corset. My mother says that when a fat middle-aged woman tries to act cute, she looks like a performing elephant instead of a playful kitten.

I hope I shall not be a cat when I grow up.

THE MASTER KEY

By John Fleming Wilson

By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "The Master Key" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters. By arrangement made with the Universal Film Manufacturing company it is not only possible to read "The Master Key" in this paper, but also afterward to see moving pictures of our story.

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The chase was a short one. John caught him near the edge of the roof, tackled him low, and they crashed down together. The thief put up a furious fight, managing to get on his feet again in spite of his captor's efforts to hold him till help came. Seeing that he was about to escape him, John made one last desperate grapple, caught him fairly and threw him heavily, but not upon the roof.

Unwittingly they had got to the very edge of the roof in their fight, and Pell was flung clean into the air, to fall swiftly to the street below.

"My God!" cried the detective, running up and peering over. "You have killed him!"

It took some time to make matters clear; still longer for the detective to assure himself of the truth of John's statements.

Meanwhile officers from the central station had arrived, called by the policeman on the beat. To them also Dorra had to tell his story.

"Well, the fellow was a crook all right," conceded the sergeant, "for he had plenty of cocaine on him and a little jimmy."

"It was an accident, my throwing him over the edge," John protested. "I was merely trying to prevent his escape."

Ruth was then interrogated, and after listening to her story the whole party went down to her room.

"We'd better see what he got, if anything," said the detective sergeant. "He may have taken other things."

Ruth, so fair in the moonlight, and said gently: "Why, Ruthie, I just thought I couldn't stay away from old San Francisco when I knew you was here. So I came right up."

"And the mine?"

"The mine? Why, ain't John told ye? The boys are already workin' on that new lead. Everything is fine! Ye don't suppose old Tom Kane would have left if everything hadn't been all right?"

She impulsively threw her arms about his neck and hugged him.

"You are the best old dear that ever was, and I have a thousand things to tell you."

"How did you get up here?" asked John curiously.

Kane laughed and looked at his rusty hands. "They told me Ruth was in her room, and when I got there I found the door open and the window open, and when I looked out I saw her climbing and heard her calling. So I just sauntered up myself."

"Well," said John, "as Ruth says she has a thousand things to tell you, and meanwhile we'd better be finding out just what that thief did get."

Half an hour later Ruth looked up at them with tears in her eyes.

"The papers are truly gone," she said quietly.

"Well, they shan't do anybody else any good," John said comfortingly, "and now that we have the thief I expect to dig out of him what he did with them. Don't worry!"

They said good night and left her quite cheered up.

When her door was closed John said briefly, "Come into my room, Tom."

Once inside, he turned on the old cook and asked briefly, "What brought you here, Tom?" What's the matter at the mine?"

Kane threw out his hands in a despairing gesture.

"All hades is the matter, John," he said bluntly. "If we don't work fast Wilkerson will have ruined our little girl in there. There won't be any 'Master Key' any more!"

He choked back a sob. John Dorra stared at the window, at the lights of the city below him and shook his fist. "Wilkerson is somewhere down there doing his dirty work. I'll get him yet."

"Meanwhile he's got the mine in his own men's hands," the cook went on. "He left Bill Tubbs in charge and Bill"—Kane choked over the words—"that drunken bound fired me—fired me, Tom Kane!"

The old man's wrath, humiliation, chagrin and sorrow were not ridiculous in John's eyes. None knew better than he the worth and faithfulness of the old man. He held out his hand and shook the cook's mercifully.

"By heavens, we'll have the 'Master Key' back again, and it'll be Tom Kane in the cook shanty!"

An hour later, with the details that Tom had given him arranged in his mind, John threw himself into bed to toss the night through.

CHAPTER XV.
The New Plot.

THE morning brought John Dorra, Ruth Gallon and Thomas Kane together to discuss the problems before them.

The papers so necessary for the consummation of the deal that Everett had proposed were again lost. Where they were gone, whether they had indeed fallen into Wilkerson's hands, none could tell. But more immediate yet was the need of extricating John. Two plain clothes men already sat near by, ready to take him to prison on a charge of killing Henry Pell.

"It's really only a formality," said the manager of the hotel. "The man was a robber and Mr. Dorra tried to capture him, as he had every right to do, and the man was killed."

This failed to comfort Ruth. To her mind the presence of the burly officers, the fact that John Dorra was under arrest in a strange city, made her feel that her burdens were too great to bear. She sat holding the old cook's hand till Everett should come. He had already telephoned, and she tried to be brave till he should come.

Everett arrived, and the moment she saw him she heaved a sigh of relief. He was so capable looking, so cool, so genuinely cordial to John that even Tom Kane softened his grim visage a little.

"I'm under arrest," John told him.

"The officers were good enough to let me stay here till you came. Now I must be off. Let me introduce you all around."

This done, John Dorra went on, "They can tell you all about things, and when you've learned the worst come down and get me out, if you can."

Everett agreed, and Dorra rose, and with a smile said goodbye to his companions. As he left the hotel with an officer on either side of him Ruth broke down and cried. Tom Kane comforted her as best he could till Everett suggested that they had best go to some more private place and discuss matters.

In Ruth's room she and the cook explained affairs briefly. Everett following their narrative carefully up to the incidents of the night before. When Ruth had finished and the cook was silent Everett thought a moment, then he laughed.

"I don't mean to make fun of all this," he apologized, "but I've known John Dorra for years and this is precisely the kind of trouble he revels in."

[To Be Continued Friday]



"What's the matter at the mine?"

she faltered, "but all I saw was the papers."

"Well, we'll have a look—see for papers," responded the detective amiably.

When the officers had gone away Ruth turned and greeted the cook of the "Master Key" with unfeigned affection and delight.

"Tom, whatever brought you here?" she demanded at last.

Kane scratched his head and glanced hastily at John. Then he looked at

TRANSIT HEADS ARE HELD
Directors Charged With Criminal Negligence in New York

Special to The Telegraph
New York, Jan. 13.—The board of directors of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, which includes Cor-

nelius Vanderbilt, August Belmont, Theodore P. Shonts, Thomas DeWitt Cuyler and Frank Hedley, were found guilty of criminal negligence yesterday by the coroner's jury which has been holding an inquest on the death of two persons killed in a recent collision on elevated trains.

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Suffragists Delected in House by Overwhelming Vote of 174 to 204

Washington, D. C., Jan. 13.—After a field day in the House, in which woman suffrage was discussed from almost every point of view for more than ten hours, the proposed constitutional amendment giving nation-wide suffrage to women was rejected by the overwhelming vote of 174 to 204. The suffragists fell 78 men short of the necessary two-thirds vote, with 57 members not voting. This vote coming so soon after President Wilson's firm statement that the women should carry their fight to the States instead of to Congress marks a crushing defeat.

Yesterday was a companion day in the history of the Sixty-third Congress to the one two weeks ago when prohibition was the subject of an all-day debate. The struggle for a third of a century before committees of Congress had finally culminated in a "day in court."

Critic Invited to Take Place of Von Hindenburg

London, Jan. 13.—The Chronicle's correspondent at Milan telegraphs: One of Italy's best-known military critics, Captain Angelo Gatti, whose articles on the war appearing in the Corriere della Sera, have attracted wide notice, wrote a series which, while manifesting high esteem for Marshal von Hindenburg, he subjected to severe criticism certain features of that general's strategy. A few mornings ago Gatti received a neat oblong parcel from Germany containing a fine fac-simile of the general's baton accompanied by a note which read:

"Honorable Colleague: I have read your enlightening appreciation with no ordinary interest. I note you reveal that my strategical moves have been somewhat amazing—shortsighted. Pray, therefore, accept my baton enclosed and come and have a try at the job yourself."

Here followed the name of von Hindenburg as if the note had been written and signed by the Marshal himself.

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BY A SPECIALIST
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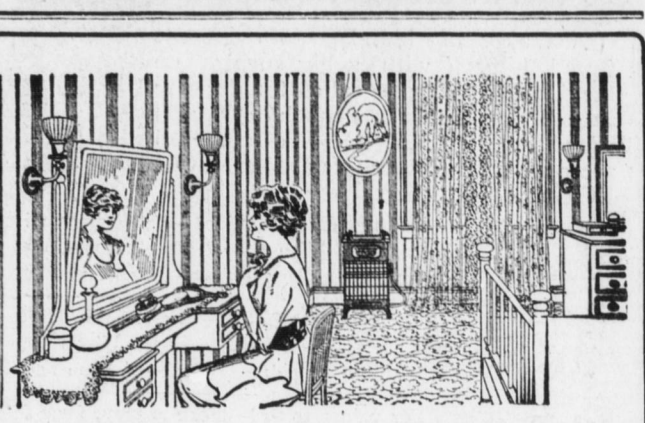
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