

BILLY WHISKERS

By FRANCES MONTGOMERY

Stubby and Button were captured, and Snub and Nick said they were going to shut them up in a chicken coop.

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KANSAS WOMAN TRAVELS MILES AFTER NOMINATION



Miss Nellie Cline of Kansas, visited almost every person in her section of Kansas to win the nomination for congress. Now she plans to make the rounds again in the general election campaign.

thought: "Did I hear right when I heard him say I was to be kicked around and abused in the play for the benefit of the audience? Well, I have stood all the abuse I intend to from anyone. The very next person that tries to kick me or hurt me in any way will get the biggest bite taken out of him that my mouth can hold."

"For a while after this everything was quiet and both animals were thinking about taking a nap when they heard a horse whinny. Peeking through the barrel, Stubby saw Toodles walking around the yard. Button had heard her, too, and both cat and dog set up a howl about brought Toodles running to the spot.

"She's Surprised "Mercy sakes alive! How in the world did you ever get in that barrel, Stubby?" she asked. "Oh, your kind friend Nick put me in!"

"But when did you come back to the studio, and where is Billy?" "One question at a time if you please. You should be able to answer as to where Billy is, for he left us with you in the patrol wagon, and we haven't seen or heard of either of you since. We supposed he was here, so came back to look for him. We were sneaking along toward the animal house to see if he was there when Snub and Nick grabbed us."

"When you say us, whom do you mean?" asked Toodles. "Why, Button and me, of course! Don't you remember we stayed behind to await Billy's return?" "But I see no cat in sight, much less Button."

"Listen! Don't you hear him calling now?" "Yes, but I can't see hide or hair of a cat in this whole yard. Where can he be?" "Goosie! He's in the chicken coop."

"Funny to Toodles "Chicken coop!" exclaimed Toodles with surprise dilating her eyes. "Who ever heard of a cat shut in a chicken coop?" and she began to laugh until her sides went in and out like bellows.

"Stop that laughing and come over here and kick this chicken coop off me," mewed Button. "Toodles, still laughing, ran over to the coop and tried to kick it off, but it was too heavy. Besides, she could not hit it more than once out of five kicks, not being an experienced kicker."

"Oh, stop kicking and try to push it off with your nose, Toodles," whined Button. "But Toodles was unable to do this either, and Button, growing impatient and losing his temper, mewed: "Oh, never mind, you good-for-nothing pony! I forgot all you are good for is to be looked at and admired. You are the most helpless animal I ever ran across!"

"Let's Him Out "Oh, don't be cross, Button! I would love to help you and I am trying my best, but the old coop won't turn over. I'll try once more."

This she did, and succeeded in raising one side off the ground far enough for Button to squeeze under. He was free once more! His escape restored his good nature, and he begged Toodles' pardon for what he had said, and remarked that nothing should be expected from a pony as beautiful as she was; that it should be enough for her to be just beautiful to look at and let someone else do the work.

"Are you out, Button?" barked Stubby. "Come over here and knock my barrel over, will you, Toodles? It is not half as heavy as that chicken coop."

Over trotted Toodles, and with one push of her nose the barrel fell over and out rolled Stubby. "Here you, Toodles, what you do!" yelled Nick, as he saw the barrel tumble over and Stubby roll out. "Now you done gone and let them slippery cels out! How you 'speak' we goin' to kotch 'em again?"

Button ran up a tree at the side of the yard and Stubby made for an open door in the studio to find a place to hide. But just as he went in Snub was coming out, and as Stubby had to squeeze in between his legs, Snub drew them together and caught Stubby as sick as a whistle.

"Oh, dear, we did how they were going to escape, and now we must wait until the next story to see what happens to them."

'FUZZY-WUZZY' (SEE KIPLING) WINS HIS FREEDOM AT LAST

KIPLING'S TRIBUTE TO FUZZY-WUZZY

We took our chance among the Kyber hills. The Boers knocked us silly at a mile, The Burman gave us Irrivaddy chills, An' a Zulu impi dashed us up in style: But all we ever got from such as they Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swaller; We held our bloom'ing own, the papers say, But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us holier. Then 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' the missus an' the kid; Our orders was to break you, an' of course we went an' did. We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it wasn't 'ahrlly fair; But for all the odds agin' you, Fuzzy-Wuz, you broke the square.

By Central Press

LONDON, Nov. 3.—Osman Digna, "Fuzzy-Wuzzy," is free.

It has been learned here that the man who led the terribly brave fighters of the Sudan who inspired Rudyard Kipling's famous poem has been released, after more than 20 years in a cell at Wady Halfa, and is now on a pilgrimage to Mecca.

About two decades ago the name of Osman Digna was synonymous with terror. As emir and principal lieutenant of the Mahdi, Osman made the Sudan a death trap for thousands of British soldiers.

His origin is not exactly known. He has been reported to be French, to be the son of a Scotch engineer and a Hadendowa woman, and as a Turk.

He first got into trouble with British authorities over the slave trade, in which he was a big factor.

AFFAIRS of the HEART

By Mrs. Thompson

FORBIDDEN FREEDOM

Dear Mr. Thompson: I am a girl 15 years old. All summer I stayed with my mother. Now I am staying with my father in another town. I don't want to stop here because I am not allowed any freedom and cannot even talk to any one.

It is a very small town with no place to go. My father will not allow any girls to come to see me, and he won't let me talk to them. He never lets me go any place unless he goes along. The rest of the girls go and have good times, but I have to stay at home. He won't even allow my half sister to come to see me. I cannot go to town to work because I am not old enough. I know I cannot stand it here all winter. When I stay with my mother I have to go to a school which I do not like. Could I get a position and at the same time go to school? What shall I do?

You are not old enough to leave your father and work. About the only way out of your difficulties is to appeal to your mother to see what she can do to give you more freedom. Perhaps she will be able to take you back, which I should think would be preferable to living as you are now even if you have to attend a school you do not like.

Conditions in life are rarely perfect and one disagreeable thing or another has to be made the best of. Your father has no right to keep you out of school, and if he does, report your case to the school authorities.

NOBODY'S SWEETHEART

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a girl 18 years old and love to have a good time. I have boy friends, but they all get peeved if I don't kiss them every time I go with them. Once is plenty for one evening, I think. There is one boy whom I know who lives in another town. While I was visiting there he took me out quite a few times. He doesn't believe in kissing just to pass the time away. He did not ask to write to me, but he came to see me the night before I left. Would it be wrong to send him a Christmas card?

NOBODY'S SWEETHEART. If you send the boy a Christmas card you will be making advances it is really his place to make first. Christmas is a time, however, when conventions are very often thrown to the winds to admit of a more generous and friendly spirit. Since the young man showed a decided interest in you while you were in his town, he would probably be glad to get your card and would not feel that you were running after him. You seem to me to be very generous with your kisses, feeling that one in an evening is enough. With you it is a question of the number of kisses and not the number of young men you kiss. In my estimation a hundred to the man a girl loves would be preferable to one to any young man who chanced to call.

FIVE YEARS HER SENIOR

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a young girl in my teens and am going with a boy five years my senior. I think the world of him and he says he does of me too. We have been going together steady most of the time for six months. He has proposed to me and I have accepted. He is always talking to me about when we get married. Do you think he really cares for me? If five years too much difference in our ages? My parents also think a lot of him.

BETTY BLACK. A girl in her teens is rather young to decide definitely that she loves some one enough to marry him. Five years is not too much difference in your ages, however, since the man is older than you are. Surely he loves you or he would not ask you to marry him.

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WOMAN TO TRY HER MARKSMANSHIP ON AFRICAN BIG GAME



Mrs. E. L. King, champion woman shot of the Northwest, is going to try out her marksmanship on big game. She is on her way to British East Africa with her husband and son. They hope to bring back some worthwhile adornments for their home in Minnesota.

After his brother, Ali Digna, was captured by a British gunboat with a hundred slaves in his possession, Osman joined the holy war proclaimed in 1882, by Mohammed Ahmed, and roused the tribesmen along the coast of Sudan. He was made emir by Ahmed, the "Mahdi," and launched warfare that for a long time seriously threatened the prestige of the British army.

It is a Mohammedan belief that to die fighting in the service of the faith is a sure and immediate way of entering heaven. Fuzzy-Wuzzy fought with such fanatical bravery as to capture the imagination of the world and get him into literature. Hence Kipling's poem.

Osman was not captured until 1900. In 1902 he was sent to an Egyptian prison, where he remained in solitary confinement, forgotten in later years, until British authorities ordered his release. He is now nearly 100 years old.

Rome to Erect Highest Edifice In Whole World

Huge Structure Will Be of 88 Stories, with 4500 Rooms

By JACKSON V. JACOBS Central Press Correspondent

ROME, Nov. 3.—The largest and tallest skyscraper in the world is proposed for Rome. Plans drawn by the Argentine architect, Palanti, and approved by Premier Mussolini, call for an 88-story building towering 1500 feet above the city.

It is planned as the center of Roman culture and athletic life. It would contain 4500 rooms, 100 large halls, a huge theatre, a gymnasium for the training of Olympic athletes, and the world's largest concert hall. The structure would have a frontage of 1000 feet.

Mussolini is highly enthusiastic over the venture. But grave difficulties must be surmounted before the building can get beyond the proposal stage. First, there is the difficulty of finding a plot of ground in the city large enough to accommodate it without necessitating the razing of historical buildings; and second, and most important, is the matter of obtaining funds for its construction.

The Fascist organization is backing construction of the building. It wants it to be a memorable monument to Fascism. The proposed name of the structure is "Lictoria," after the lictors and fasces, which are the emblems of Fascism. Palanti, who already has erected several colossal buildings in Buenos Aires, is a Fascist.

In Palanti's plans the general outline of the building is pyramidal, its massive base gradually thinning into a central tower whose summit would be almost two and a half times as high from the ground as the cross of St. Peter's Basilica.

Its decoration follows vertical lines strongly reminiscent of the Woolworth tower in New York city.

A CHEAP GUY

Horace had been strangely fidgety all the evening. Usually he was content to sit for hours and hours holding his loved one, Edwardina, by the hand and dreaming of the sweet by-and-by. Several times he glanced at his watch, and at last, at least two hours before his accustomed time, he rose to take his departure.

"So soon, Horace dear!" she sighed. "Must you really go?" "I must, darling," he answered, "though I would sacrifice ten years of my life to stay one more short hour with you."

"But why, dear," she begged, "why have you got to go so early tonight?" "Because, dearest," he replied, "it's our lodge meeting, and if I don't go I shall be fined a dollar."

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