

WAS NOT ALWAYS A SOCIETY CAT ONE PET AT FELINE SHOW HAS A PAST San Francisco Refugees Espied Her Starved Brute, Adopted Her, and Now She Is a Prize Winner

In a lonely corner of the Los Angeles National Cat club's show at Chutes park sits Enid Anstruhler. Enid is only a short haired black cat of no particular merit except her good blood which will not be downed; but this pussy's blinking eyes have gazed upon a hard and rocky road. In the short years of its life Enid has learned the ropes pretty thoroughly, and many a time and oft has she known what it is to strike the free lunch or garbage can, for Enid has not always been a society cat. A kind fate gave her for sire and dam two cats of blue blood, but whether she was born to the purple or amid the tin cans of some garbage dump no one can tell. The early years of her life are shrouded in mystery. Enid's history begins a trifle less than a year back. When San Francisco was devastated, from the northern city came a family who brought with them their little daughter, Miss Anstruhler. One day after the family had become settled in their southern home, the little maid spied a dirty nondescript cat wandering hungrily around the back alley. She brought the half-starved brute into the house, gave it a bath and a saucer of warm milk, and christened it Enid Anstruhler. This was the beginning of life for Enid. Since then the world had been one long drawn out dream of milk and pettings. When the first cat show of the year opened at Chutes last month, Miss Anstruhler, without bothering the rest of the family about the affair, took her pet under her arm and entered it at the show. Without any special grooming Enid proved her gratefulness for past favors by taking the second prize in her class. In the present show the little owner expects her pet to take at least first prize.

MAMMA BRINGS BASHFUL SWAIN TO MEET BRIDE AT COURT HOUSE

YOUTH ANXIOUS, BUT SHRINKS FROM ORDEAL

Clerk Tells Boy He Doesn't Have to Get Married if He Is Not Willing—Takes a Chance

Probably the most remarkable performance in the marriage line in the history of Los Angeles is the story being told by deputy county clerks in regard to the issuance of a license to a young couple late Thursday afternoon, just before the license office closed for the day and for the extra holiday. At that time a crowd of people, evidently country people, came into the office and arranged themselves along the wall and waited. One of the clerks asked what they wanted, and the man of the party, an elderly rancher wearing a wide brimmed hat, a cutaway coat and jeans trousers, answered that his daughter wanted a marriage license as soon as the groom made his appearance. As the minutes wore on the waiters became anxious and frequently one or the other of them would go to the side entrance of the court house and gaze anxiously up and down the street. At last, after they had been there for more than an hour, an exclamation from one of the party caused all of them to hurry to the windows and the clerks went also to watch the performance. Up Temple street from the car line came a woman. She was evidently fearfully engaged, for she talked angrily to a great lot of a boy who hung back and grumbled and mumbled under his breath. Behold! The bridegroom cometh. They marched into the marriage license office and the clerks stood about

expectantly, while the entire party came forward to the counter, shoving a pale, scared little girl and the surly young man before them. "I fetched him all right," said the lad's mother, with a toss of her head, and the girl's parents nodded a grinning sympathy. "Yes," continued the woman, "when the time came for him to come to Los Angeles and get married he made a streak for the barn and ran away and I had to chase him a lively spell fore I fetched him. Then he wouldn't wash his face and I washed it for him, and here he is." The youth rubbed his hands over a sticky portion of his hair where the evidence of recently applied soap was apparent, and muttered something. When the regulation questions were put to him he had hesitated, but at last stated that he was 18 years of age. The girl gave her age as 21.

YOUTH ENJOYS ORDEAL "See here," said Capt. Shea, one of the marriage license clerks, "if you are not of age you will have to have the consent of your parents, and remember that if you do not want to get married that you do not have to." The young man blushed, and his mother stated that he was so "blamed bashful" that he was scared to death. After much questioning the young man admitted that fact to be true, and with his face fairly blazing with color he told the clerk that he didn't give a "gosh darn" where the license was to be sent to. Later when a justice officiated at the marriage the bashful young swain's mother stood up with him and with his hand caressing during the wedding ceremony, while the young man bore the look of the patient just about to be placed on an operating table or of the youngster of whom the dentist has just begun the painful practice of tooth-pulling. The bride did not seem to mind it a bit, and as they started to leave the office she gave her bashful groom a rousing smack on the back and said: "Come along here, Bub, and don't be so slow about it."

HEARD AROUND THE CORRIDORS

MINERS TELL OF NERVOUS LITTLE WOMEN

A bromidiom of long standing says that it takes an old maid to raise children and tell a woman how to keep her husband's love, but if not equally bromidiom it is equally true that it takes an old bachelor to discuss a woman. Two of them—bachelors, of course—sat in the corridor at the Alexandria last evening and swapped stories about women they have known. They were miners, one from Alaska and the other from Nevada. Both representative types of the frontiersmen, the men who have fought many a battle with the wilderness in their hunt for gold and have come out the victors to enjoy a little of the spoils. They had been pals when they first started out, each with the same quest in his heart, seeking different parts of the globe as his field of operation. Charlie Sexton had a necessary knowledge of mining law and it was not long before he earned the title of judge, which has been his ever since. Will Ebeling, for that matter, is the judge, other man, started out from Los Angeles and went to Alaska. "Talk about your thrilling experiences in a mining country. Why, you just have to go through them to know what the place are," said Ebeling, addressing his remark directly to a tenderfoot whose only knowledge of mines or mining consisted of a plunge into the stock market to the extent of a couple of flitties, once or twice in the course of his existence. "That's the place you see women who have the real stuff in them," continued the speaker. "I'll never forget the night I spent with two of them in the smelting house, one of the worst blizzards I have ever seen. It was the same blizzard in which Dr. Tamm was frozen to death because he wrapped all his rugs and blankets around his dog and forgot about himself. Then there was another fellow who had both his legs frozen that night and they had to be amputated. "We started out in the afternoon about 2 o'clock. There were three of us, the camp school teacher, a woman who kept a kind of a road house and myself. We were just as happy as could be because we were going six miles to a dance. We were camping in Teller and the dance was over in Bear. Not like it is here. When we went to dance we don't take a cab and go to some fine ball room to a party. We go over the snow miles and miles. That afternoon we had not gone more than about two miles when a big blizzard came up. Pretty soon it became dark and you could not see your hand in front of you. One of the dogs balked and refused to go. We had to cut him out. Soon another did the same and a little later the third was done up. One of the women was at the handle bar and the other rode, while I got out and played dog. Those women stuck to it without a whimper. All the time it was getting colder and once I looked back and saw that the face of the girl at the bars was being frozen. We stopped and thawed that out and then went on again, getting our bearings as best we could by the wind. Finally one of the women took it into her head that we had gone too far and had missed the town. She wanted to turn back, but we could not do that. First one of us would have died and then another. I saw there was nothing for it but to spend the night in the snow. I kicked out a hole in the ground and put a reindeer skin under the place where our shoulders would come and then we got in and pulled a robe over us. All night we stayed there trying to keep from freezing to death and in the morning we found we were only a mile from the town. One of the women was so tucked under she couldn't move and I stayed with her, trying to fix her up while the other walked to town and got a dog team. It was two months before we were over the effects of that trip, but the women never murmured. I could just bet that down in their hearts they were wishing for home and mother, but they kept all such sentiments pretty well to themselves. "Guess I know a little about women in camp myself. The second woman to go into Bullfrog went in with me and she was a total stranger. She is Mrs. Nick Dorsey, as fine a little woman as ever lived. Nick was down in the Bullfrog district trying his luck and his wife was up in Goldfield. All of a sudden she made up her mind that where Nick was she was going to be, too, and she just packed up her outfit, pulled down her tent, loaded it on a wagon and prepared to go. I was in Goldfield getting a load of things for myself and some of the boys. The load

consisted chiefly of a couple of barrels of beer, so there was plenty of room on my wagon. When she got all the things on her wagon the pile was so high she would have needed a flying machine to get up there, and so she came over to mine and one of the men who was going to ride with me took her place. "That was a long trip for a woman—nearly 100 miles over the desert and at that time mighty few men had made it. That little woman went through it all right and she just walked in and surprised Nick. There were five men in the party and that night we stopped at a road house, just a piece of canvas stretched over some poles and something to eat under it. That something nearly killed us. There were five men in that party and only one woman. They were all sick and it was a toss which was the sickest. We had no where to sleep but the open, and I wondered many times that night if Nick Dorsey's wife would ever get to camp alive. She did. You have no idea what kind of cloth some women are cut from. Nick has struck it rich since then, and she does not have to spend much of her time on the desert nowadays. "The women folks is all right. You bet." The tenderfoot silently agreed.

PRIDE OF NORTHERN ELKS WANTS BED BY HIMSELF

C. M. Koenig, the biggest traveling salesman in California, is at the Hollenbeck. Koenig, who is over six feet six and weighs more than 300 pounds, is down from San Francisco to help the Northern Elks enjoy themselves, and he is the mascot of the crowd. "Koenig sells cigars, and nobody ever dares to refuse to buy from him, he's such a giant," said a brother Elk in the corridor of the hotel last night. "Think of getting a blow from that strong arm! Why, I would buy cigars with my last penny rather than have Koenig shake his little finger at me." As he spoke he shook his head in the direction of the giant who was standing at the desk with some of the other of the antlered tribe from the north, who looked like pigmies by his side. At that moment he was saying to the clerk: "I know you are pretty well crowded, but I will have to have a whole bed. Would be glad to double up with one of the fellows, but it will be out of the question." "The fellows" laughed, and the tallest one stood on tip-toe, and reaching as far as the middle of Mr. Koenig's back, he gave him a friendly slap. "Yes, it's a pretty hard thing to find a bed big enough to hold Koenig, but it would not be so bad if it were not for his feet," said the clerk a little later. "Those feet are enough to startle any one." Despite the discomfort of not being able to find a bed big enough to allow him to rest without hanging out over the sides and ends, there are many men who envy this handsome fellow his splendid physique, jolly good natured manner and big heart. He is the pride of the Elks wherever he goes. The biggest man in the bunch.

PARTY AT WESTMINSTER

Another party of prominent easterners arrived at the Westminster last night to swell the number of those who are already here for the winter. The party includes J. N. Studebaker, president of the Studebaker Brothers' Manufacturing company of South Bend, Ind., Mrs. Studebaker and maid, Mr. and

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TELLS POLICE OF HIGHWAY ROBBERY

Pawnbroker Declares Two Bad Men Took His Nice New Revolver, Money and Cuff Links

R. Stein, a pawnbroker, told the police yesterday of having been held up at Washington and New England streets Thursday night by two men who robbed him of \$185, his sleeve links and a Smith & Wesson revolver, which he carried for protection. Stein said he had been to the theater and was going to his home, 1901 New England street. He got off the Washington street car at New England street and noticed two men standing at the corner. When he reached the men they caught hold of him and quickly searched his pockets, taking his money and revolver, and then took his sleeve links. The men walked away leaving him on the corner, but Stein said that he did not stay, but hurried off as fast as he could get away.

WIFE TELLS POLICE HUSBAND WOULD KILL HER

H. E. Walsh, a young man who claims to be connected with the Golden State Realty company, 610 South Spring street, was arrested last night on complaint of his wife, who charged Walsh had attempted to kill her. According to Mrs. Walsh the couple took supper at a restaurant on Main street. During the course of the meal Walsh is said to have become enraged and to have drawn a revolver and threatened to shoot his wife. Mrs. Walsh ran from the restaurant and called Patrolman McGann, who arrested Walsh. The young man was searched at the police station, but no revolver was found. He denied that he had attempted to injure his wife, but said she had been drinking.

WIELDER OF KNIFE SAYS HE IS SORRY

J. L. Van Every, the real estate man who was arrested Thursday night charged with assaulting J. E. Adams, a street car conductor, will be tried today. Van Every told the police yesterday that he regretted the affair very much, and asked to be released on giving a promise to be good. It is claimed that Van Every was intoxicated when he attacked Adams.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTERS' LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heartly Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Mrs. J. M. Studebaker, jr., son and governor. They arrived on the Santa Fe limited last night and will remain for the winter.

PERSONALS

W. E. Chapin, a mine superintendent of Tonopah, Nevada, is at the Hollenbeck, accompanied by his wife. Mrs. E. Dinkelspiel and Miss Dinkelspiel of Bakersfield are at the Angelus for a few days. Tracy H. Harris, a prominent New York attorney, and Mrs. Harris are at the Angelus. E. J. Phelan and Fred Kline of Goldfield are two prominent mining men at the Angelus. A. van der Nallen, a prominent young attorney from San Francisco, is at the Hollenbeck. Louis E. Bontz, manager of the Sacramento Union, is a guest at the Westminster. W. E. Holtman, a prominent broker from San Francisco, is at the Hollenbeck.

WRECKS MACHINE TO SAVE BUGGY

Motor Car Driver Turns Auto Into Curb to Avoid Collision and Is Thrown to the Pavement

Fearing that he would crash into a buggy and injure the occupants Charles Turner, living at Burlington and Washington, yesterday steered his heavy touring car into a telegraph pole at Hoover and Washington streets, damaging the car considerably and throwing himself to the ground. Turner was driving behind a buggy. He was going at a good rate of speed. As he approached the rear of the buggy he endeavored to steer around it, but found he had lost control of his steering gear. At last Turner managed to turn the lever sufficiently to head the machine direct for the curb and he did so, allowing the massive car to strike the telegraph pole which stood near the curb. Turner missed the rear wheel of the buggy by a narrow margin and was thrown to the ground, but was only slightly injured.

"Did your discomfort result from eating too much preserved fruit?" "No, I felt all right until I accidentally read the confessions on the labels."—Washington Star.

She—Do you think Miss Backnumber is trying to draw him out? He—No; I think she is trying to persuade him to double up.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.



Is YOUR boy at the Gang age?

You may call them "Edward's playmates," but Eddie calls them "the gang." No mother or association of mothers can abolish "the gang"—but the wise mother helps mould "the gang." You will find much of help, much of interest and much of amusement, too, on "the growing boy problem" in the

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Edward Everett Hale, Dan Beard, Margaret E. Sangster, Jeanette Porter (Aunt Janet), every one of them a keen student of Young America, are some of the personalities you will meet in its pages.

But all of the March Woman's Home Companion is not devoted to the youngster problem—only a small part, in fact. There is delightful fiction by Josephine Daskam, by Jean Webster and by Zona Gale.

There is an article—intensely interesting—on the Woman of Millions and there are Ten Departments whose strength and comprehensiveness are excelled by no magazine in the land, no matter what its selling price—

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MUSIC AND DRAMA

"Cymbeline" Satisfactorily Given

Very satisfactory indeed was the performance of "Cymbeline" given by the Hanford company in the Mason last night; not great nor wonderful, but well balanced, sustained and appreciative. A good audience saw it and was generous in applause. "Cymbeline" served to bring Miss Drofnah to the fore, and she proved very attractive in the sympathetic role of Imogen. She is a bit heavy for it, lacking insouciance at times, and her voice is rather large, but in the main her depiction was good. Mr. Hanford as Iachimo was finer even than Marc Antony, and one wonders that he doesn't go in for character parts some time and drop his shakespearean roles for a season. His work in this part was highly diverting and fine. A. H. Tomber deserves a special word as Cloten, the comedy role, and John M. Kline was good as Posthumus, while the company generally averaged up well. "Julius Caesar" both performances today.

To Play "Jeanne d'Arc"

The Ferris stock company will shortly put on "Jeanne d'Arc," in which Sothern and Marlowe have met much success in the east. Mr. Ferris has a version which he thinks even better

CHICAGO ANGORA CAT IN LOVE WITH A DOLL

Special to The Herald. CHICAGO, Feb. 23.—Did you ever see a cat in love with a doll? Probably not. Cats have been known to fall in "love" with chickens and even hatch eggs and bring up feathered children, but a cat in love with a cold, motionless doll—that is something entirely new.

Yet a Chicago woman, Mrs. John H. Keith, 1380 Sheridan road, has just such a cat. This cat is one of the male persuasion and is a handsome Angora, with a big, puffy tail, a winner of honors at cat shows, and of a color that is best described by his name—Peach. Peach's sweetheart is a doll that Mrs. Keith used to play with when she was a little girl. It is not an ordinary doll because it is as big as a small baby, and instead of having the perishable head which is wont to decorate the sawdust stuffed body nowadays has a head of porcelain. The doll is a brunette having dark hair (of porcelain) and blue eyes. Then, too, it is lavishly dressed and withal attractive. Peach fell in love as suddenly as the proverbial swain. One day a few weeks ago Mrs. Keith ran across the doll in

