

Three Little
Kittens

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KATHARINE PYLE

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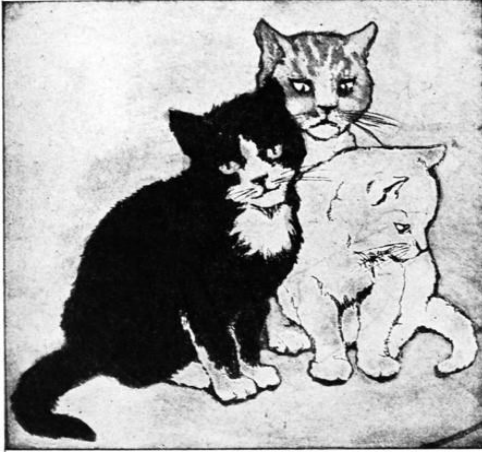
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Three Little Kittens



Jazbury, Fluffy and Yowler

THREE LITTLE KITTENS
WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED
BY

KATHARINE PYLE

Author of "Six Little Ducklings,"

"Two Little Mice," etc.



NEW YORK

I

Jazbury came scampering gaily up the stairs to where his mother and Aunt Tabby were sitting on the window-sill washing their faces and cleaning their fur.

Jazbury was a small black kitten with white markings on his face and breast, and soft little white paws. Soft as those little paws were there were sharp, needle claws hidden in their velvet, and Jazbury knew how to use them when necessary, too.

Mother Bunch's tail hung down from the window-seat, waving softly. It looked almost like a mouse, so soft and grey. Jazbury made a jump, and caught it with his claws. His mother growled and drew her tail up and curled it around her.

Jazbury jumped up after it, and tried to tease his mother into playing with him.

"Jazbury, you haven't washed yourself this morning," said his aunt severely. "Look at your

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paws. You've been in the coal-bin again, you naughty kitten."

"Well, I thought I heard a mouse there," mewed Jazbury.

"A mouse! What would a mouse be doing in the coal-bin? No, you just wanted an excuse for clambering about among the coal and making it rattle. And now look how dirty you are."

"Sit down and make yourself clean, Jazbury," said his mother. "No; let my tail alone. I'm not going to play with you. And if you want any breakfast you'd better make haste to wash yourself. I will *not* have such a dirty kitten eating from the saucer with me."

Jazbury sat down and began to wash his face with one of his grimy little paws.

His aunt sighed. "Paws first," she said. "You'll only make yourself dirtier if you try to wash your face before you clean your paws."

"Oh, dear me!" mewed Jazbury crossly.

"I really don't know what's going to become of you if you don't keep yourself cleaner," his

aunt went on. "I'm really afraid something terrible may happen to you. I knew a cat once who wouldn't wash herself, and so her mistress used to do it for her with *water*, so she was wet all over. Water and soap! And a sponge! How would you feel if that happened to you some day? And it may unless you learn to keep yourself cleaner."

Jazbury was frightened at the thought that such a thing might happen to him, too, if he didn't keep himself clean, and he set about washing himself in earnest. First he washed his paws, and after he had cleaned them he cleaned his face, licking his paw with his little pink tongue, and curling it round over his furry little cheeks and forehead and chin and even behind his ears. By breakfast time he was clean enough to be allowed to eat with his mother and Aunt Tabby.

The human people and the cat people had their breakfast at the same time. The human people had theirs in the dining-room, and the cat people had theirs in the pantry. The cat

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people always had very good meals; bread and milk, and fish twice a week, and sometimes meat and potatoes.

"What's the use of my bothering to catch mice?" Jazbury often said. "I get all I want to eat anyway."

And his aunt would answer, "You ought to feel grateful enough for your good meals to *want* to catch mice for people."

But Jazbury paid little attention to such advice. All he cared for was having a good time and play about, and if mice had to be caught he left it to his mother and Aunt Tabby to do it.