

A Horse Is a Horse

By Archie Cameron New

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A mighty crowd of men, all ages, colors, and of various states of servitude, seethed and jostled each other, in the bed of Polkman street, their faces all turned towards Marks' auction tables, and their eyes impatiently fixed on a large red stand to the left of the open concourse. There were those bent on grim bargaining, and many of these were now turning into the street from the large concourse, to swell the larger throng of those gathered from mere curiosity, to see and not to buy.

And now the stellar attraction, a stalwart athlete, whose muscles of iron were almost visible through the blue suit that he wore, emerged from the stable office, accompanied by a purple-faced individual, whom many recognized as Marks. But every one present, doctors, lawyers, merchants and chiefs, soldiers in uniform, and bums without them, knew the other and proclaimed the fact as they surged upon the red stand.

"Jack Bedford," "yea, you Jack," "oh, you big boy," and the like rang out, as the former well-known light-weight champion of the fistie ring, bowed his smiling acknowledgment to the crowd. But Marks knew what he was there for, and stepped promptly to the front of the stand, while Bedford lightly vaulted over the side and was immediately swallowed up in a circle of admiring fans.

"Gents, y' know what yer 'ere for," he announced, cryptically. "Jack Bedford, former champion light-weight and late of Boothman's circus, has brought his entire string of horses here t' be sold. Not t' be given away; y' understand! Loosen up yer purse-strings, gents. Tear 'er string off yer rolls, an' let yer biddin' be fas' and furious. Jed, bring out No. 1." Marks gave the command over his left shoulder, and soon a hostler paraded before the stand, leading the first of Bedford's magnificent stock of horses.

"One hundred," sang out a short, fat man, with a whip in his hand, as the big bay mare again passed in front of the stand, and Marks glared at the bidder scornfully.

"We're not sellin' 'er hoofs," he barked out. "This 'ere animal goes in one piece. Gents, do I 'ere any more? Hunder'n twenty-five? Thankee, sir. Now fifty! Fifty, fifty! Now seventy-five! Remember, these are prime stock, not platers."

Bedford, at the side of the stand, disengaged himself for a moment from the recital of a wrinkled old fan, "who'd seen every lick between Sullivan and Sharkey, yea, sir," and stepped up to a large, red-faced man close by.

"Do bid 'em up now, Jim," Bedford whispered hastily in the other's ear. "But watch your step! Get out from under if you see the bidders weakenin'."

"You know the rest."

The man nodded grimly and went to the front of the stand, where he was soon engaged in "boosting the bidding."

Meanwhile, one of the hostlers, standing at the entrance to the stables, felt a thud touch on his sleeve, turned with a gruff exclamation, which died on his lips as his mouth opened slowly. For facing him was a dainty little miss, whose brown curls dangled becomingly under a smart little hat, and whose sunny, bright eyes shone on him appealingly.

"Beg pardon, Miss," he said, doffing his cap. "What'd y' say?"

"May I go in there?" she asked, in a low tone, at marked variance with the shouts in the street. She pointed to the stables, packed with Bedford's horses.

"Sorry, Miss," was the apologetic answer. "It's against th' rules. Buyers wuz allowed in before the sale, but not now. You'd get hurt. Th' boss won't 'low it."

"Oh, no," she spoke up, brightly. "I wouldn't get hurt. I'm used to horses. Besides, I know 'em all—every last one in there."

Then, as he wavered, she pressed a "clinch" into his palm.

"I'll bet you won't get hurt," she told him, with a twinkle in her eyes. "And I'm payin' my bet in advance."

"I can't go in there, June," said a slightly older girl at her side. "I'm afraid."

"Never mind," June replied, promptly. "You wait here." And then, holding her smiling "spell" over the hostler, she entered the stable.

She went among the horses, patting them as she moved among them, and then, apparently finding the object of her search, she flew to the side of a big white horse, with a black splotch right over his right eye.

"Freckles!" she exclaimed, delightedly. "You dear old fellow!"

The animal addressed looked toward her, and then, with a loud "neigh," started toward her.

answer. "Sure he gets sold. If you want, I'll bring him out for you next." "What?" she cried, taken aback. "Out—there—in that mob?"

"Have to," he snapped. "No horse sold private t'day, Miss. Y' kin bid on 'im, though."

And then, treating the matter as settled, the hostler moved away, while June stood for a moment, in indecision, then, setting her lips firmly, she moved out among the men.

According to promise, Freckles was led out before the stand and Marks called loudly for a bid.

"One hundred," answered an old stableman almost at June's elbow, and unseen by him she darted a resentful glance at his back, then turned to her companion.

"A hundred dollars—for Freckles!" she repeated scornfully.

"Why not?" was the calm retort. "He's only a horse."

"Only a horse—Freckles? Why?" "Fifty," sang out another voice, and June turned her face back to the stand.

"That's it, gents," interposed Marks, facetiously. "It's th' prize of th' lot. Not a pimple on 'im. Solid gold, as he stands. Any more?"

"Two hundred!"

Marks looked, and then grinned broadly.

"Good," he commanded, beaming on June. "Ta' widdin' are mixin' in. Two twenty-five? Now fifty, missy? Fifty, it's it. Don't let 'im beat y'."

"Now seventy-five? Right. Now, Miss, three hundred."

June trembled violently, then looked into a small reticule, while her companion tugged anxiously at her sleeve.

"June, are you crazy?" she demanded. "Come it—"

"Two seventy-five once, two seventy-five twice—are you all done—two—"

"Three hundred," June's voice now sounded louder, as a hush fell on the crowd.

"Three twenty-five," sang out Bedford's man gruffly.

Another urge from Marks, and then "Three thirty" came her bid, in a choked gasp.

"Any more?" demanded Marks, but Bedford's man weakened, and a moment later Marks sang out: "Sold—to the little charmer—what's the name, Miss?"

"June Bonner," she answered, and then Bedford dropped an admirer's hand and rushed into view.

"June," he exclaimed happily, then noting the curious glances of the crowd he took her arm and led her into the office, and shut the door.

"June, what brings you here?" "I—I wanted—to save Freckles!" she told him, with a little sob, and then related the rest about the sale.

"And you were—bidding—against Jim Madden?" he echoed, in horror. "Th' sale's off! The idea—he bidding against—you!"

"Oh, Jack, please—"

"The sale's off," Bedford repeated, then he grasped her hands in his. "But Freckles is yours—a present from me. I'm making enough out of the rest. I'm going to take the money and go into business—dry goods, or something like that."

"And you're—not going to fight—any more?" she whispered, gazing into his eyes.

"No, I'm through!" he announced, then he grasped her hands eagerly. "But, June, will that make any difference? Tell me, will it?"

"It might," she whispered, glancing at him shyly, then lowered her eyes, as he reached out his arms.

"And you'll take me—with Freckles?" he demanded hoarsely. "And give up circus-riding? Will you make the same sacrifice for me—as you were about to make for Freckles?"

"A horse is a horse," she answered, whimsically. "But—but—you're Jack Bedford."

And then two warm arms stole up around his neck.

EARTH'S CRUST NOT RIGID
Scientist's Statement Will Be Matter of Some Surprise to the Average Layman.

To the layman nothing may seem more rigid than the crust of the earth, but men of science say that it bends and buckles appreciably under the pull of the heavenly bodies.

Observation has shown that the shores on opposite sides of a tidal basin approach each other at high tide. The weight of water in the Irish sea, for example, is so much greater at that time that the bed sinks a trifle, and in consequence pulls the Irish and English coasts nearer together.

Thus the buildings of Liverpool and Dublin may be fancied as bowing to one another across the Channel, the deflection from the perpendicular being about one inch for every sixteen miles. It has also been shown that ordinary valleys widen under the heat of the sun and contract again at night.



Here is Shown a Separate Tunic Blouse of White Chiffon Embroidered in Circles of Blue, With Two Ruffles of Plaited Chiffon Below the Waist, Sash and Skirt of Creps de Chine.

BE OWN DESIGNER AMERICA'S SLOGAN

Women No Longer Depend on Shops and Choose Their Clothes Blindly.

WAR CAUSING NEW ACTIVITY

Conditions Compel the Adoption of New Schemes to Fit the Purse and Opportunities—No One Fashion Prevails.

New York.—Fashions are rarely fixed, but never have they seemed to fluctuate more fluently and perversely than now. It does not need a Diogenes with a lantern, asserts a foremost fashion writer, to find the reason for this condition. Certain raw materials are lacking, labor grows scarcer every moment, although it shouldn't with so many women to be employed, and the designers put out in the morning whatever they dream of at night.

To the observer these days are fascinating. To the woman who thinks she has settled the question of clothes for an entire season by buying her costumes at the beginning of it, the situation is not only perplexing but irritating.

It is quite useless for the world to go against human nature by preaching standardization of apparel or food. We will not eat the same dishes three times a day 365 days in the year, and we will not wear the same gown ten hours a day for twelve months. If we can't get raw materials to diversify our food and apparel, at least we can stimulate the appetite and the eyes by mixing what we have into new forms.

Everyone Plays on Fashions.
Viewed from the airplane point of view, it looks as if the entire world of women will attempt to bring out something new in clothes for themselves or for their neighbors.

This does not mean that they have ceased to work for the Red Cross. It only means that such work has intensified their desire to dress well before the public, and has brought them into such an active current of air that they see new things and think of them with brains that might have been almost atrophied from inaction before the war. Stimulate a brain in one direction, you know, and it reacts in all directions.

Stimulation is the heart and soul of life, and it is undoubtedly the means of producing the very best kind of national dressing. It will cause a woman to rebel against looking as if she belonged to a procession in which every member must dress alike. It kindles a flame in the brain, which heats it up and makes it respond to whatever there is in it of creative power.

Therefore, every woman becomes her own designer. She no longer goes to a shop and takes the gown that she is assured "everyone is buying." Once she regarded that phrase as the decree of power; today she listens to it with a shrug of her shoulders and usually insists that that's the last gown she wants to buy.

Heretofore the woman with slender opportunities and rare contact with the outside world chose her clothes blindly, led by the hand of the saleswoman to whatever was cut by the hundreds and sold by the thousand.

Today she is quite worldly wise. She has seen too much; she has come in contact with the moving world. She may buy a gown that is cut out by the hundreds, but she gives a small price for it, knowing that she can remedy the poor sewing at home, put on some better lace or tulle and add to the insufficient quantity of hooks and eyes at a cost of less than five dollars, let us say.

She is not so easily hoodwinked as she was, because the public was as much to blame for the constant repetition of one model, sold at varying prices, according to the overhead charges, as the dressmakers and shops.

French Women and Clothes.
Soon these women will be trained into the same kind of power that has governed France for 300 years. The French dressmakers do not govern the styles in Paris; it is done by the women who wear the clothes. They are artists; they are skilled in the science of clothes, and it is their insistence upon changes and peculiarities, their experimentation in new things, which guides the designing world into a sure groove of success.

Mark my words, we are going to get that class over here through the war. A whole new scheme of things in apparel has broken loose among whom. When they begin to get more and more exacting about variety, when they learn how to enter to their own types, and when they suggest to designers who have heretofore been indulgent and haughty, then we will create our own fashions, and not until then.

There will always be a large segment of women who will take the designer's word on fashions, their suitability and their popularity, but this grows smaller each month, under pressure of a certain set of circumstances that are overturning the usual schedule of life.

You can see for yourself how the stimulation will extend to all the quarters of trade. If women say to a high-priced dressmaker that they don't want such and such a gown, because it is repeated on all sides and is unsuited to their type, then the dressmaker must design something that is suitable and has character, or she will lose her trade.

France cannot fear competition. She approves of intelligent co-operation and until we give her that we will always be in the hands of what she calls the third party; we will be dressed through the judgment of buyers, who have brought from France models that they thought would be popular in America.

No One Fashion Dominates.
Do not expect any of us who write of fashions, therefore, to be consistent. We are telling the news from day to day as we know it. It is quite useless to prophesy. It is silly to say that any one fashion dominates. If we tell you that gowns are buttoned up the back and then say that we have gone back to primitive drapery in which no fastenings are used, we are not stumbling awkwardly. We are merely reflecting the fact that one woman wears one thing, while another wears something else. This should help you in your own scheme of reasonable costumery.

To get down to the bare bone of news, Lewis, the milliner of Paris, has exploited for the summer resorts hats with the largest brims that have ever been worn. If women were in danger of having a papal decree issued against them for wearing obstructive fashions, as they did when they defied the church and wore the hennin, they would surely merit it this summer in these hats.

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THE KITCHEN CABINET

It is better to say: "This one thing I do," than to say: "These forty things I dabble in."—Washington Gladden.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

When we learn, as the French nation has learned, to use meat simply as a flavor, and other foods in combination with it for nourishment, we will not be so exercised about high prices. The flavor found in the extractives of meats is the appealing part of the meat and the reason for our desire for more and more. A small portion of meat will add flavor to a large amount of vegetables, thus satisfying the appetite for flavor and giving the desired amount of nourishment.

A tough piece of meat may become palatable and tender by adding a tablespoonful of vinegar to it while stewing.

Here is a sweetmeat that we may eat with a clear conscience as we are not using any sugar except that which is stored in the dried fruit: Take a cupful of figs, dates and raisins and a cupful of puffed wheat, with a bit of orange and lemon peel which has been dried; grind all through a meat chopper and make into small pills or squares. Wrap in waxed paper and keep in a dry place. Nuts may be added for a change, making a more-nutritious confection.

Oatmeal and Hamburg Steak.—Take a cupful of cooked oatmeal with a pinch of clove and a bit of chopped onion or green pepper, and mix it with the hamburger steak to make it serve two or three more than it would without the oatmeal. Bread crumbs, rice or cornmeal mush, or any cooked cereal may be used in place of the oatmeal.

Dainty Dessert.—Drop whole figs in grape juice, let stand over night, then stuff with nuts or fresh marshmallows, roll in sugar and serve with crackers as dessert.

If you will observe the meat bills of the cook who buys steaks, chops and other quickly cooked meats, you will see that they are higher than those of the woman who plans her meals, using the cheaper cuts, requiring longer cooking, and her family is better fed at the same time. Looking ahead, planning the meals economically is well worth the thought of every good housewife.

Nellie Maxwell
THE KITCHEN CABINET

In life's small things be resolute and great. To keep thy muscles trained. Know what thou when fate Thy measure takes or when she'll say, to thee: "I and thee worthy, do this thing for me."—Emerson.

LIGHTEN THE HOUSEWORK.

One of the most valuable and often the least regarded possession is good health; another is strength, which is usually found therewith. The housewife of today, with her multiplicity of duties, must choose which are the really worthwhile things that must be attended to, letting others take their turn in being done.

As 80 per cent of our housewives do their own housework without the aid of a maid, and a large per cent without even a laundress, the saving of strength is a large item to the house-mother who is so invaluable in the home.

The woman who can save the energy used in scrubbing a floor and give that time to work for the Red Cross is keeping young, doing something for her country and is decidedly happier. The woman who wastes her energy doing things because it has been her custom, whether it is necessary or not, needs some lessons in loyalty, for time, these days, should be given for the things worth while. Some one has said most aptly that you can let your kitchen floor go a week after you think you can't stand it another day, before the neighbors will notice it. Isn't it too often what we fear people will say that determines our attitude in many matters?

A schedule is a most necessary thing and should be followed when possible, but she who cannot put her bread in the ice chest if rising, or leave her washing in the tubs in case of a more important duty, is too deep-in the rut to be ever jolted out. An irritable, over-worked mother cannot be just to her family or herself, and she needs to be got out into the open to find herself. The young girls who want to do work for their country couldn't find any more suitable task than relieving a mother of her babies for a few hours while she gets out to have a little recreation—this is truly work which will help in war time.

Nellie Maxwell

OLDEST LOVE LETTER FOUND

Modern Scientist Declares It to Have Been Written About the Time of Abraham.

The oldest love letter in the world has been found—and read by eyes for which it never was intended. Dr. Stephen Herbert Langdon, Museum of Art and Sciences, University of Pennsylvania, was the man to find this billet doux, written on a tablet of clay about the time of Abraham. He also has brought to life what is said to be the oldest map in existence, drawn about 1600 B. C. or another tablet of clay.

Here is the letter, which, sad to relate, is partly selfish:

"To Kaka and Mirala, my sisters:
"Thus saith Sin-magit.
"May the Sun-dog give you good health.
"How is this business?
"For a whole month you have not sent anybody to ask about my welfare.
"Now I direct Shamashpeiri unto you.

"Send me 30 pints of barley meal and 10 pints of bean-flour.
"I am in trouble.
"Give quickly.
"What you send deduct from your tithe.

"As to the rest, send it according to my instructions."

Evidently the writer was fond of both Kaka and Mirala, two sisters. Although the letter could scarcely be called affectionate, as the present generation understands the word, its translator assures us that it is a bona fide cross-your-heart love letter.

The map found by Doctor Langdon was of Babylonian origin and indicates a supposedly suburban district joined together by canals.—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

NO TRUTH IN TRADITION

Old Legend of the Drowning of Princess in Petrograd Fortress Proved to Be Without Foundation.

The fortress of St. Peter and Paul, in Petrograd, has an evil reputation as the former place of imprisonment of many of Russia's idealists, including Prince Kropotkin and Madame Breshkovsky; but one blot on its scutcheon is removed by an illustrated article in the London Sphere. The article reproduces a painting by the Russian artist, Flaylsky, showing a beautiful woman standing on her bed in a cell in this prison, seeking to escape the rising waters of a flood that threatens her life. This was the Princess Tarakanova, who had incurred the enmity of Catherine the Great. The tradition is that she was drowned by order of the empress, during the inundation of 1777. The Sphere, however, shows that she died of tuberculosis two years before the flood swept through the fortress. Thus this gloomy prison and the great empress are relieved of one of the tragedies with which they have been associated.—The Outlook.

In Praise of Music.
Music adds nothing but good; subtracts the evil; multiplies that which we already have; discounts our ailments and compounds all of our happiness. If you believe this is true, let music be your ally. Add the choir, choral and chamber societies. Sympathize with and in every way support public school music.

A foreign traveler in our country said he was deeply impressed with our silence. He heard no respiration slugging in the field, he heard many a bird carol, but no human song. That reminds me of the old saying: "Blessed is the man who sings at his work." Take an interest in creating a musical atmosphere in the home, and soon America will be singing and we shall be able to take in music not only by the small channel of the ear, but through every pore of our bodies straight to the root of our souls.—The Musician.

Hint to Mothers.
Let us never be like the mother who said her boy was not interested in anything. For the boy's teacher when she called, BEHOLD HERE he had a box which he seemed to take care of, and it was not long before she learned that it was a collection of caterpillars. Yet the mother said that her boy was interested in nothing. The teacher at once showed her pupil that she, too, was interested in his collection. She learned from the boy a great many things about caterpillars that she did not know, and in turn taught him things he did not know. Teachers and boys become great friends; through this common interest others spring up and the boy changed from a dull, inattentive boy to a broad-minded, wide-awake man. If the mother could only have shared her boy's interest, how much more helpful they would have been to each other.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Practice Handwriting.
For years business people have depended on the typewriting machine for their letters, and have neglected their handwriting. The death of machines is now being generally felt, especially in commercial houses, and once more it has become necessary to be able to write clearly and legibly. For the first time the other day the head of a big business firm took the trouble to get specimens of the handwriting of his staff of female clerks. There were scarcely six who could write a really good hand. "People won't take the time to read a business letter unless it is legibly written," was his querulous comment.