

## "Horse Sense" and the Lost Boy

HERB LEWIS

Editor's Note—The following seemingly improbable stories are vouchered for by the author, a well-known newspaper writer.

My father, who was a New Englander, was a rare lover of horses. He saw in the horse more than instinct, more than "horse sense"; he saw genuine intelligence. How he admired a fine specimen of the equine family as it stood with its head erect; ears pricked forward and looking with investigating or knowing eyes at some object that attracted its attention! Standing with flowing mane and tail, a form of life and beauty, father beheld such a creature of God as almost human.

Today, forty years later, some men are saying the horse is gone, and like the dodo or roc will soon become an extinct species. There are thousands, however, who however much they may delight in the modern "fiery chariots" which now travel without the horse, will insist that the horse will never pass from among us. Indeed, there are many, many places where his faithful service can aid man that automotive power cannot reach. Even should this be overcome, there are too many people who love the animal so greatly over and above the machine that it will be propagated and perpetuated up to that day when the world will be "changed in the twinkling of an eye." In fact, today, among the wealthier classes there are many, who having tired of limousines and super-cars, are again turning to beautiful horses as means of joy in travel. And some of such horses their owners would not exchange for the most valuable motor vehicle yet placed on the market.

Though men like my father, who passed on some years ago, may not be here to champion the horse, the posterity of such men are carrying on and will not forget what good horse flesh has been, nor some of the remarkable stories about horses. My father, being an Easterner, was in close touch with the "Kindness to Animals" movement which became so firmly founded in Boston and which continues. "Our Dumb Animals" was a favorite with him, and he had real personal touch with Mr. Angell.

Such association builds ideals in character and strengthens the purpose which already lies in one's life—and it is handed down to posterity. Hence, the love of mankind for the horse cannot pass away.

The following story is founded upon, or inspired by, a little story often told by the writer's father:

On the old homestead in Minnesota a mare and colt were running in pasture near the house. One night after the family had gone to bed, the mare came running to the house, put her nose on the bedroom window and neighed. Realizing that something was wrong, my father quickly dressed and followed the mare toward the pasture. Every little way the animal would stop, turn and whinny and then draw father on. Down in the pasture was a shallow well—or where a well had been started and covered with boards. In some way the cover had been removed and the colt had fallen in the hole and could not get out. The colt was lifted out by my father and mother tried in every way to express her thanks for the kind deed, running first to the colt then back and licking father's hand and putting her face up to his. It was such demonstrations as this that so deeply impressed my father with the well-nigh "human intelligence" of the horse.

And here is another story even more remarkable:

Down in the hills of the Ozarks lived George Caswell. The family was composed of himself, his wife and two children, Walter aged ten and Mary aged twelve. The children one day wandered into the woodland, hunting hazelnuts. In some way they became separated. For some hours they searched for nuts and then became suddenly aware of being separated and quite far from home. Mary and Walter, unknown to each other, called and called, but without avail—they had roamed too far apart to be heard. Walter had started to go back, as he thought, but soon lost his way and wandered down into a deep canyon.

Mary, being unable to get an answer from her brother, decided to retrace her steps toward home, which she did. As she came out of the bushes suddenly, old "Dan," the aged family horse, appeared. Dan was an animal twenty-odd years old. In his day he had been an attractive steppar in single harness; but having aged, he had been turned out to grass and was seldom used for any purpose. The neighbors said Caswell was foolish to keep him about any longer. "Why don't you shoot him, George?" was a frequent question.

"I had as soon shoot one of my family or at least one of my fellows, as old Dan. He is not hurting anything and is getting a rest from long, true and tried service. He is welcome to the range of Caswell farm as long as he lives."

It was well-nigh dark when Mary, and worried about Walter, walked into her home. She had hoped that he had preceded her home, but he was not there. The parents grew uneasy as the shadows gathered and twilight merged into darkness. Caswell called, yodeled and whistled with all his ability in these lines, hoping for an answer from Walter. None

came. Then the father set out into the woodland. He went up one canyon and down another, working farther and farther from home, until he realized he might become lost in the wooded hills himself. His frequent calls and whistles echoed and re-echoed along the rock-ribbed gulches, but no answer came other than the calls of the whippoorwill or the "whoowhoos" of the hoot-owls.

After some time Mr. Caswell, by following a cow trail, reached a roadway which he soon realized was two miles from home and far from the hollows where the children had been sitting. "No wonder," he thought, "that a boy would get lost even in daylight, when I, who have been here for years, gets lost so near home."

Quickening his step he pressed toward his home.

As Caswell approached his house he heard Mrs. Caswell and Mary talking, but the voice of Walter was not mingled with theirs. Suddenly old Dan came trotting up, with almost as much spirit and action as in days of old.

"Daddy," exclaimed Mary, "what do you suppose ails old Dan? This makes twice he has come up to the house, acting as if something was wrong with him."

"Yes," added Mrs. Caswell, "I saw him come that way once before. What possesses him?"

By this time Dan had run up to Mr. Caswell, nosed him about, turned around and around and then started away. When Caswell did not follow, Dan returned. Then Caswell said, "I know old Dan—he wants me to go with him. Stay here, both of you, but if I call, you come, too."

Old Dan started and Caswell could hardly keep pace with him. On, on they went—up Hazel brush hollow for a half mile, then turned into another gulch. (It was close to where Mary had emerged from the woods), then on for nearly a mile. Old Dan never slowed his pace till he stopped, snorted and turned and whinnied.

At first Caswell could see nothing nor hear anything. Then he heard the brush crackle. He threw his flashlight in the direction and saw two feet protruding from a hollow log. His heart was in his mouth. Walter!

Fast in the log—and except for slight movements of the boy's feet, he would have believed him dead. Caswell ran to the other end of the log, and called. Walter faintly answered. "The quiet, son," ordered Caswell, "don't strain yourself any more—I will get you out."

A "hitch" and a pull on a pry-hole, and the log opened to the end where Walter was fast. Caswell rolled him out and closed his eyes and clasped his hands. He was unconscious, but after a few moments opened his eyes and recognized his father, only to become unconscious again.

It was many days before Walter recovered from his terrible experience. Two things he fully decided. One was never to try to catch a rabbit in a log; and the other, that Old Dan had more sense than the neighbors who wanted to shoot him—whether he be plain or horse sense. Old Dan had won his laurels and an unending vacation at the Caswell ranch, even should there be no horse heaven—and sometimes I think there must be.

"Is he really your rival?" "Yes." "Great Scott! If I had a rival who looked like that, do you know what I would do?" "No." "I'd give up the girl."

A certain woman is so painfully tidy that she makes life miserable for the rest of the family. One of her rules is that everyone in the family must remove their boots on entering the house. One day recently she said to her husband: "I have just found a grease spot on the chair you sit on. I think it must have come from that old pair of trousers you wear in the workshop." "Now, look here, Sarah," said the husband, in a determined tone, "for the last 20 years I have taken off my boots every time I come into the house; but I'll be hanged if I'm going to go any further than that!"

"Arrest is more certain if a boy lies in hard language than in a soft bed."

### America With a Complex.

Westminster Gazette (Lib.). (Foreign comment on the Sacca-Vanzetti case, the change in the French tariff laws, the formation of an Anglo-French-German Chemical Trust, have each been the occasion of violent outbursts of American indignation against the rest of the world). What is happening to America? It is an interesting fact that, in spite of an implicit claim that should place America beyond the need of falling into periodical megrims, she should assert herself like an adolescent. But this is the way of a certain sort of complex, and as the States have some scientific psycho-analysts the condition may be commended to them.

Small Boy—"Quick, policeman. A man's been beating my father for more than an hour." Policeman—"Why didn't you call me sooner?" Small Boy—"Father was getting the best of it until a few minutes ago."

### Where's His Trowel?



IT'S NO GOOD TO THE TRAPPER This Northern Ontario Beaver pelt shows that however useful his tail may be to the beaver its no good to the trapper.

### Another Link With Past

Discovery of Tomb More Famous Than King Tut's Reported

London—The discovery at Sakora, near Cairo, Egypt, of what is believed to be the tomb of King Zoser, famous Pharaoh of the Thirtieth Dynasty (about 4,000 B.C.), is reported in special dispatches from Cairo.

The find is said to be more important archaeologically than the discovery of the tomb of King Tutankhamen.

The work, which was being directed by F. M. Firth, of the antiquities department of the Egyptian Government, has been temporarily halted by the cave-in of a side shaft leading down to the tomb, but "the glint of precious metals far underground has been seen," the dispatches say.

The discovery of the tomb, believed to be that of Im-hotep, architect to King Zoser, and builder of the step pyramid near Sakora, was reported by excavators working in that region last March. It was also suggested that the tomb might have been temporarily used by Zoser while the pyramid was being built or that it might have been that of Zoser's Queen.

The Third Dynasty, known as the Memphis Dynasty, two Kings, one of them Zoser, built huge mastaba tombs at Bet Khalfat, near Abydos, further up the Nile than Sakora. Im-hotep then built a mighty monument for King Zoser, the step pyramid.

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AN UNUSUAL POWER PLANT A hunter making a lassoed Moose tow his canoe at Lake Amat, Quebec.

### Nations and Races.

London Daily Telegraph (Cons.). All the great nations of the present and the past have been born of the mixture and confusion of races. We are not so much born of English stock as of English deeds, English thought, English feeling. The most potent element in national individuality, the force which makes most of the difference between English and French, American, German, Russian, is what their forefathers have done and suffered. "We have heard with our ears and our fathers have told us," this is what makes a nation—the lessons of the national past, the standards of value which the past has left its institutions, its habits in action, the ideals which it has honored.



THE CONTRIBUTOR  
"My friend says he contributes to the best magazines."  
"Yes, I really believe he subscribes to all of them, my dear."

"Let's see," said the chatty man, "your brother went abroad on a fellowship, didn't he?" "No," was the reply. "It was a cattle-ship."

Little Cora Ann had been told that she must always wait patiently until she was served at meals, and not to reach across the table or grab for her food. One day, while dining at a neighbor's with her mother, the little girl was accidentally overlooked. She was very patient for a time, but at last she could bear the strain no longer, seeing everybody eating but herself. So leaning quietly across to her mother she said in a loud whisper: "Mother, do little girls who starve to death go to heaven?"

### Putting Game To Use



AN UNUSUAL POWER PLANT A hunter making a lassoed Moose tow his canoe at Lake Amat, Quebec.

### Love and Respect Only Firm Basis

No Royal Road to Wedded Happiness, Says Lady Aberdeen.

London—Lord and Lady Aberdeen, whose recent golden wedding anniversary brought tributes and congratulations from all parts of the world because of the long records both hold in useful public service, have no recipe for wedded happiness.

"There can be no royal road to wedded happiness," Lady Aberdeen said. "We are all different and we cannot dictate to one another. But so long as the union is based on mutual love and respect, things are likely to work out all right."

Lord and Lady Aberdeen have travelled extensively and as long ago as 1893 Lady Aberdeen organized the Irish section at the Chicago World's Fair. She has been prominent in social work, especially women's suffrage, for half a century. Her husband has held many high posts, including Viceroy of Ireland and Governor-General of Canada.

Between intervals of public service, Lord Aberdeen has lived the life of a highland chieftain and at a luncheon recently in his honor, the men dressed in kilts at the request of Lady Aberdeen. The King and Queen were among the first to send their greetings to the couple. Earl Balfour, who was best man at their wedding fifty years ago, was invited, as were seven of the eight girls who were bridesmaids.

A romantic courtship led to the wedding. Lord Aberdeen, then 21, lost his way while hunting and sought a night's lodging. He met Isabel Marjorie Banks, then but 11 years old, and waited 11 years to marry her.

### Builds Huge Racing Auto

Philadelphia Aims at Speed Record With Three-Engine Car

Philadelphia—A huge racing automobile, powered by three twelve-cylinder aviation engines, is being completed by J. M. White, wire manufacturer, in an effort to set a new speed record. Mr. White announced recently.

The V-type engines developed 500 horsepower each, so that the machine will have 500 horsepower more than that of Major H. O. D. Segrave's automobile which made the present record of 203.79 miles an hour last March.

Mr. White pointed out that Major Segrave found that at 200 miles an hour half his 1,000 horsepower was required to overcome wind resistance, while at that rate of speed Mr. White's "triple" will have 1,000 horsepower left.

One of the machine's motors is placed in front and two in the rear, and all three are geared directly to the rear axle. It is without clutch or gear-shift. Mr. White expects his machines will make at least 210 miles an hour. It will be shipped to Ormond-Daytona Beach, where the speed test will be made this winter.

### Alphabet Traced

Letters Said Known to Man 10,000 Years Ago.

Vichy, France.—That man possessed a definite alphabet 10,000 years ago seems to have been established by the finds made by the International Commission of Scientists, investigating excavations at Glozel, near here. Controversy over the authenticity of the supposedly neolithic remains developed last September when Rons Desaud, conservator of the Louvre Museum, said that the implements and bones were "planted," at Glozel less than 20 years ago and probably as a hoax. The anthropological congress which heard his charges then took up the appointment of a committee to determine the authenticity of the find.

The girl at the boarding-house asked Slim why a chicken crosses the road. He said he didn't even know why they crossed their knees.

"What do you know of the character of this man?" was asked of a witness at a police court. "What do I know of his character? I know it to be unbleachable, your worship!" the witness replied, with much emphasis.

A Dundee man tells the story of two Dundee men who, after death, went to their appointed places. One of them on meeting the other remarked—"This is an aff!" cracked up place. It's no much better than Dundee." "This is not Heaven," observed his companion dryly.

A farmer's boy stood by the roadside near an overturned load of hay. A neighboring farmer driving by noticed this forlorn appearance and invited him home to dinner, saying that he could take care of the load of hay afterwards. They boy seemed unwilling to accept the invitation, and remarked that his father would not be pleased. The farmer finally persuaded him to accompany him. During the meal the boy was very nervous, and several times said that his father would not like it. On being urged to give the reason for his father's objection, he said: "Well, you see, dad is under the load of hay!"

### Single British Tariff Sought

By Sir A. Mond

Industrial Magnate Advocates Empire Being Within "Single Ring Fence."

London.—"Give me the British Empire as my territory and I will then produce more than the United States ever dreamed of," declared Sir Alfred Mond, British industrial magnate, addressing the Empire Industries Association here.

His scheme is to give all the units of the British Empire a single tariff, thereby facilitating free trade among them, and then start mass production. "That," he says, "of the grouping achieved in the United States, a country functioning as one economic unit with the free exchange of goods from New York to San Francisco, with one currency, one exchange, one standard of weights and measures, one language. Give me the same scope and markets; let the Empire be within a single ring fence, within which British industry would be the manufacturing end, the largest manufacturing end of the British Empire, then we have got a chance of equality."

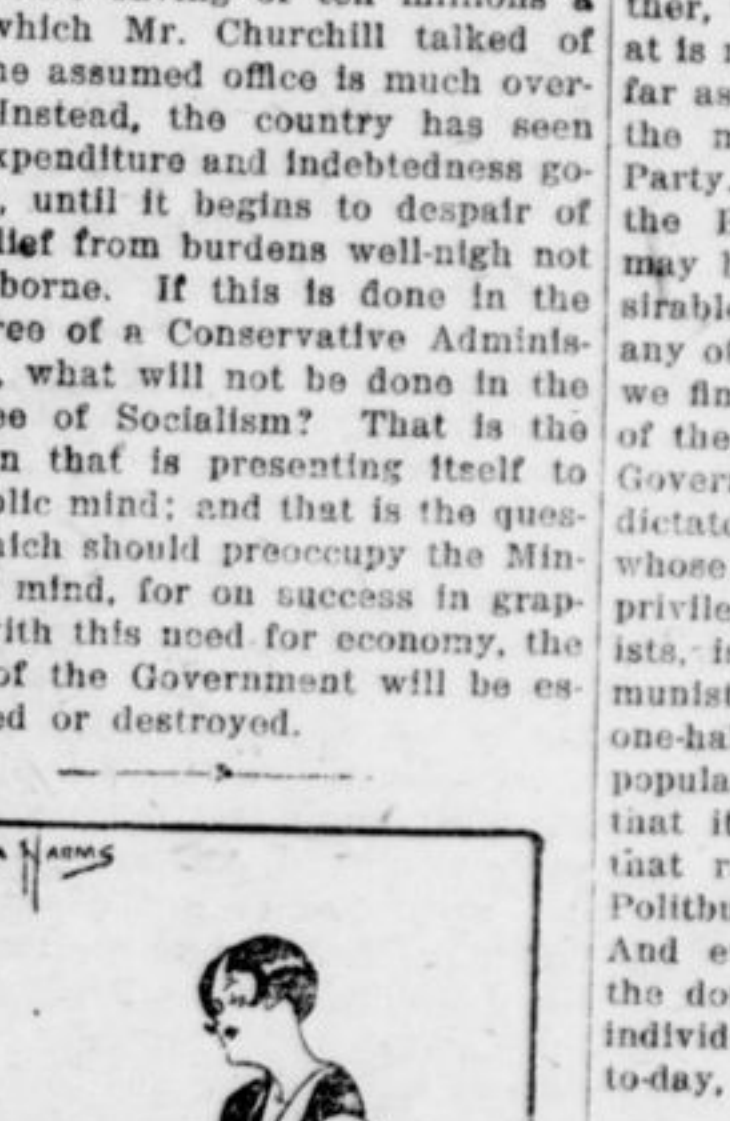
"We are no less enterprising or less capable in organizing or less intelligent than any other nation in the world, but at present we are not dealing with equal conditions."

### Political Rancor in South Africa.

Johannesburg Star: There is a considerable body of opinion in this as in other countries not actively identified with any political party or leadership, but which often determines the result of an election, and indications are not lacking that this section of the community is being alienated by the Prime Minister and certain of his colleagues. The sustained virulence and maliciousness of the attacks on General Smuts, the insults and threats of personal violence to which he has been subjected, and the organized attempts to prevent him from speaking have disgusted all fair-minded persons irrespective of their party and political opinions.

### The Need for Economy

London Morning Post (Cons.). That progressive saving of ten millions a year which Mr. Churchill talked of when he assumed office is much overdue. Instead, the country has seen both expenditure and indebtedness going up, until it begins to despair of any relief from burdens well-nigh not to be borne. If this is done in the green tree of a Conservative Administration, what will not be done in the dry tree of Socialism? That is the question that is presenting itself to the public mind; and that is the question which should preoccupy the Ministerial mind, for on success in grappling with this need for economy, the credit of the Government will be established or destroyed.



"A pie can be stretched farther when the dough is elastic."

### Mexicans Have Never Been Christians.

"The Mexican Government has been able to carry out its anti-clerical measures because of the indifference of the mass of the pagan Indian population to the Christian cult in general," writes Frederick H. Martens, well-known author, in November Current History. "The Mexicans are neither European nor Christian. They are at bottom American pagans who cling with all the red man's tenacity to race ideals grounded in primitivism, and have an inborn conviction that only an Indian god will answer an Indian's prayers. In spite of the century-long labors of priest and missionary, when the Mexican is scratched, the Aztec, Huichole or Zapotecan appears. Once this is realized the otherwise inexplicable spectacle of a people allowing its Government to sweep away the superstructure of what is considered its national religion, without any serious effort to prevent, is largely explained."

### The Old Russia.

"In old Russia religion was the dominating force, but the extraordinary religious fervor had no counterpart in morality and industry; the religion of suffering and of acclamation of the will of God held the place which in Western countries is held by the consecration of manhood and the struggles of conscience against sin," asserts Stephen Graham, well-known writer, in November Current History. "The morals of all classes were on a low level, and the extraordinary fecundity of the race resulted in great sexual excess. Children, born into dirt and poverty, swarmed and perished. \* \* \* Prostitution flourished, fanned by excessive drinking, vodka being drunk as beer is in England."

An unfortunate feature of the national life was widespread thieving, which assumed the form of graft in the upper classes. \* \* \* The educated were phenomenal in their education and culture, but there was no ladder of education extended to the working classes. \* \* \* However, the people had great reserves of health and vitality, a remarkable inclusive language, invaluable traditions, folk-dance and music, unusual religious and philosophic instincts, great intellectual capacity, an incomparable territorial inheritance and economic potentialities entirely proportionate to other aspects of potential greatness."

### British House to Review Industries

Will Discuss Precarious Position of Coal and Steel.

London.—There is a flourishing workers' educational association. Who will undertake the education of the capitalist? So asks the Observer on the eve of the parliamentary session, when the precarious position of the coal and steel industries comes under searching review.

Experts point to the Vickers-Armstrong, Whitworth amalgamation as a recognition in the world of steel that the product of a large scale industry in a weak market must be based upon the most perfect plant, also that selective organization is possible only on the broadest basis. The world of coal has yet to learn that lesson.

Lord Beaverbrook, in the Sunday Express, makes himself the prophet of a new era, basing his claim upon his experience as the one who brought about the Canada Cement merger. He scents the idea that he was a philanthropist thinking of the public welfare. He was intent on making money and selling the public a sound security, which would enhance his rising reputation as a merchant banker. He succeeded in both aims. The consumer he was not bothering about. He admits that men with the highest reputation have asked him to take a financial interest in the British coal trust.

"I had to answer 'No.' I had long done with business and risked my last throw in that game," he said. He approached Winston Churchill in vain.

"Will an individual financier now come forward to meet the urgent need. Drake, too, went out for private gain, yet vast advantages accrued to the Empire as a result of his adventure."

### Who Rules in Russia?

"While announcing that they are a Government by the grace of workers and peasants, who combined represent about 90 per cent of Russia's population, the Bolsheviks declare in the same breath that their rule is a dictatorship of the proletariat, the proletariat constituting but about 4 per cent of Russia's entire population," writes A. J. Sack, former representative of the Kerensky Government in the United States, in November Current History. "Analyzing further, we find that even the proletariat is not ruling as such, but only in so far as some of the proletarians are in the membership of the Communist Party. Proletarians who do not share the Bolshevik faith, although they may be good Socialists, are as undesirable and as severely persecuted as any other 'unbeliever' in Russia. Thus we find that it is not the dictatorship of the proletariat that constitutes the Government of Russia today, but the dictatorship of the Communist Party, whose membership, in spite of all the privileges accorded to the Communists, is less than 1,000,000, the Communists thus constituting only about one-hundredth of 1 per cent of Russia's vast population. Going further, we find that it is not the Communist Party that rules Russia, but the so-called Politbureau, a body of seven men. And even this Politbureau is under the domination, it seems, of a single individual, the 'strong man' in Russia today, Joseph V. Stalin."