

HORSE MEAT IS GOOD

IN FRANCE 800 STORES SELL "CHEVALINE" CUTS.

Doctors Report On Its Wholesome and Nutritive Qualities—Apart From Cheapness, Consumers Soon Become Enthusiastic.

The packers' convention, recently held in Chicago, warns of a beef famine. In Europe, where a similar crisis has impended for years, there are countries which meet the situation by sanctioning the slaughter of animals against whose consumption there is in America a sentimental prejudice. Aboard, this attitude has been so modified by necessity, experiment and acquired habit that, annually, thousands of horses, mules and goats are sold to municipal abattoirs, which slaughter the animals and send them out to licensed shops patronized by all classes.

France, land of gourmets, has an association which gives banquets to exploit the savoriness and healthfulness of the flesh of the horse, of the mule, and even of the ass, the famed roast of the Romans. Partly as a result of this propaganda the demand for these viands is now so great that consumers are disturbed over the possibility of under-production, which is already threatened.

Eight hundred shops in France sell only chevaline (horse meat) cuts. In Paris alone there are butchered every year over 60,000 horses, and in comparison 300,000 head of beef. Germany consumes nearly 150,000 horses annually and 500,000 goats, compared with the consumption of 3,500,000 adult cattle, 16,000,000 porkers and 2,000,000 sheep. Kid and goat are commonly found on Spanish and Portuguese tables.

Horse sausages are openly sold as such from England to Algeria, thousands of cases being exported from packing houses adjacent to the Paris slaughter house for horses. In Spain a council of scientific and hygienists is pursuing a systematized effort to introduce hippophagy—the consumption of horse flesh—for the revivification of a decadent people.

The public charities of the French capital dispense daily 1,600 pounds of horse flesh in the free hospitals and asylums. Its lower cost has made it accessible to the sick poor, who accord it with tonic and superior to those of any other meat. Certain pharmaceutical establishments employ the products of the horse in the compounding of tonics, hemoglobines, peptones, extracts of meat powders which are in demand in both Europe and the United States.

Servicely a baker or delicatessen shop in Paris or Berlin, but prefers the brains of the horse to sweetbread in concocting meat pasties, and the delicacies known to tourists from abroad as well as to native patrons as *vol au vent* and *timbales financieres*. The delicatessen of the horse is rendered into an oil which is carried in famous restaurants into the making of highly-regarded mayonnaise. But the fat is chiefly used in frying the crisp and succulent potato in hot oil and restaurant kitchens and at the hundreds of street stands which attract tourists from all over the world.

Horse is put, cut in strips, rolled and breaded, are daintily displayed on parsley-trimmed platters in many a characterist window.

Mixed with beef or pork, or utilized alone, horse meat is said to make excellent sausage. The trade speaks of a thin horse destined for this end as a "sausage." No prejudice exists against these viands which sell in the most pretentious shops of Belgium and France as "saucisses d'Arles" or "Arlesines."

Periods of siege and hardship first taught the use of the horse as food. During the wars of the French republic and empire, and during the Prussian occupation of Paris in 1870, the soldiers knew of no other meat. When the nation was at peace, the demand for had learned that, while it cost less than beef, it was more salutary, more strengthening, more tender, and, so say its devotees, more palatable.

Physicians called attention to the herbivorous habits of the horse, and to the fact that, in distinction to many other animals, it withers with fastidiousness as to its food. The constitution of the muscles is absolutely similar to that of other beasts. Statistics demonstrate that but one horse in 10,000 has tuberculosis, and that even the raw meat transmits no disease to man.

In 1895, the first horse meat shop was licensed in Paris, and the first police ordinance was framed relative to the new industry. Then

other stalls were opened throughout the city with the stipulation that they sell horse products only and announce their specialty by a characteristic sign.

At the abattoir then, as now, careful inspection was the rule, no horse being accepted which had not been killed under the eye of the appointed authorities, or which was afflicted by any disease whatsoever, even of the hoof. Emaciated animals were also rejected.

The time came when this meat of the poor and distressed grew in favor with the more fortunate. Horses were scientifically fed and selected with a resulting improvement in quality. Today in many European cities meat superior to that which was formerly acceptable is sold at a price which is fast approaching that of the best beef.

The retail price of first cuts is about the same as second cuts of beef, or twenty to twenty-four cents a pound.

Consumers of horse meat are peculiarly loyal, boasting its dependability, tenderness, no matter what the age and disdaining the tough and tasteless beef which finds its way to city markets.

The price paid for an average horse is \$60, and for a mule \$40. In choosing the animals mares and geldings are given the preference; the flesh of stallions being considered more broussy and grey horses are not liked so well as those with a colored coat. The horse renders a higher proportion of meat than the cow, bull or ox.

In the street market of Montmartre, which extends for half a mile through one of the outer boulevards of Paris, the poor workmen lay down their "little sou" for the "bit" and soup meat furnished by man's helpmate. In the huge central market of Paris, of Berlin, of Brussels, Vienna, and Madrid there are stalls devoted exclusively to the sale of chevaline delicacies. The same cities and many similar towns support hundreds of shops, usually distinguished by a horse's head, which vend a large and respectable, even a fastidious clientele which counts the consumption of horse and mule no more shocking than the eating of the plaintive lamb, the milder calf, the noisome pig and the cow with uterular tendencies.

The prejudice against horse meat in America is purely sentimental and there seems no good reason why it should not be introduced to our markets as our tables. The extended postponement of the danger of a meat famine, and might do a good deal toward lowering the cost of living.

Youth Is Best Time to Learn.
The time to learn a language is when you are young, the younger the better. We learn our own language as children. The older we grow, the harder it is, because it means not only learning by heart a great mass of words, but merely training the palate and tongue to produce different sounds, but adopting a new attitude of mind.

Nothing definite has been discovered as to the localization of faculties in the brain, but it has always seemed to me and to others whom I have consulted, that when you learn a new language you are exercising and developing a new piece of brain. When you know several languages, and change from one to another you seem definitely to change the piece of brain which actuates your tongue. You switch off one centre and switch on to another.

You will always notice in yourself and others that there is a definite pause when the change of language is made. It becomes more difficult to awaken an unused part of the brain and bring it into active use, and to begin at twenty-three is late.—H. Fielding Hall in Atlantic.

Suited to Every Taste.
A faker had taken up his stand on one of the side streets. Ladies and gentlemen, he said, "I have here the greatest book published in modern times; the book for everybody; the book for everywhere."

He tossed a paper-covered volume into the air and caught it as it fell. "A veritable encyclopedia in the small compass of eighty pages," he cried. "Information for everyone. Recipes for all the dishes that ever were cooked; formulas for all medicines that ever were mixed; nice stories for old ladies; how to do the tango and the turkey trot; how to tell fortunes and interpret dreams; and reckon up compound interest. The vade mecum for everybody."

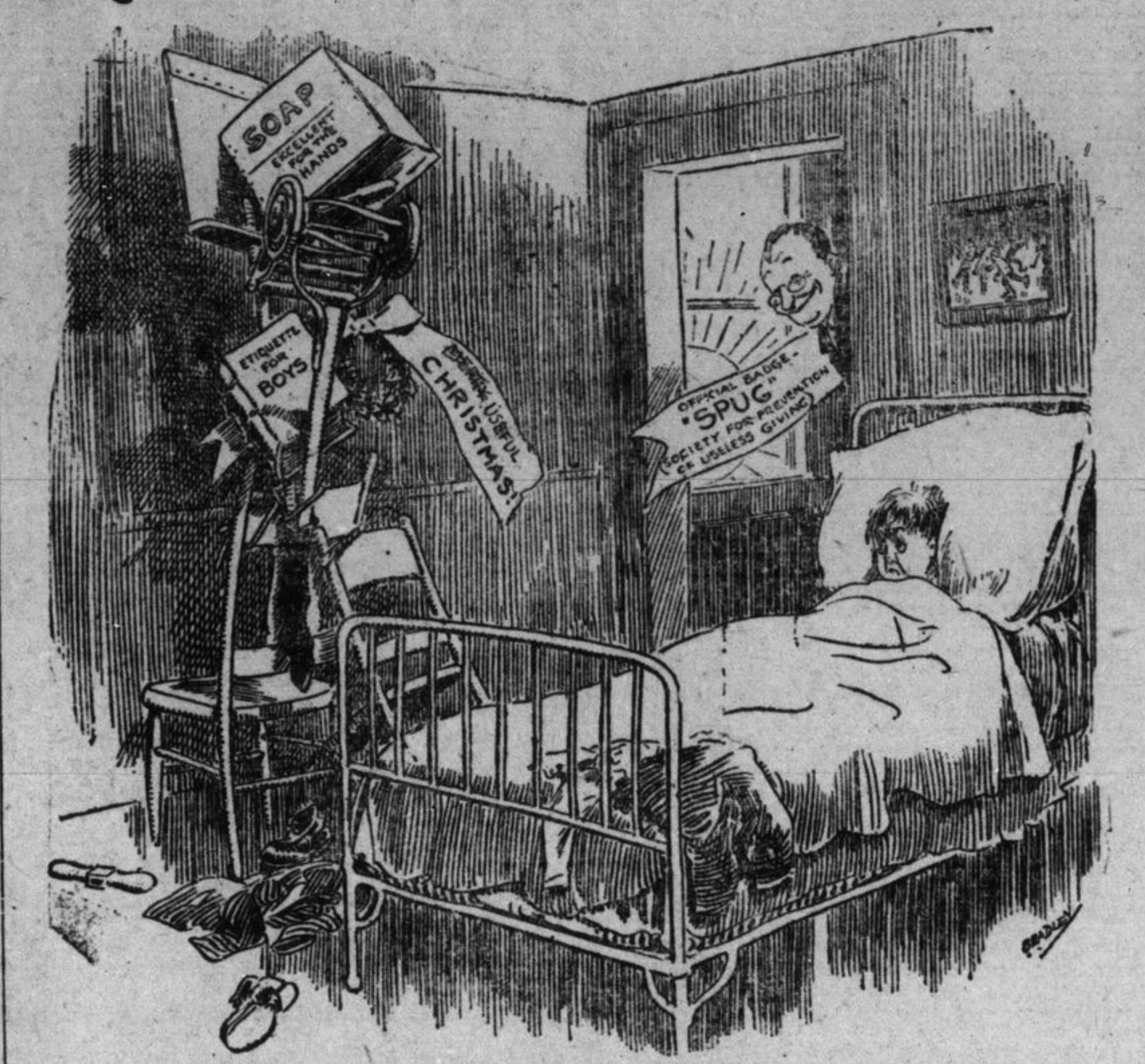
But the audience remained apathetic and bought not a single copy. The cheap-jack looked them over with ill-concealed disgust. "Ladies and gentlemen," he remarked, "I forgot to mention that in this incomparable book there is a blank page—for those who cannot read."

The Last Straw.
Jack Podger was the most obliging man that ever lived. His services were given gratis to all applicants. He could mend a clock, repair a punctured, blown-up tire, paper a chimney, and, in fact, perform any operation known to mortal man. In consequence, Jack's services were in constant demand.

A week or two ago, after cobbling a neighbor's boots, lancing his cousin's gumboil, sweeping the vicar's chimney, and writing a testimonial for his charwoman's nephew, he retired to rest. He was awakened by a terrific bang at his front door, and immediately rushed to the window.

"What's the matter?" he bawled, irritably.
"You'll excuse me for troubling you at this time of night," came the reply, "but the fact is our baby is so very cross, and we would like you to come and pacify him. He always laughs when he sees your funny nose."

DISQUIETING DREAM OF CHRISTMAS.



THE NEW SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF USELESS GIVING IS VERY ACTIVE.

The Hired Car.

Hester was very happy over her cousin Grace's coming. She had not hoped when she wrote asking the favor of a visit that Grace would confer it, but she had, immediately and quite graciously. To Hester Grace was a superior being. Her father, who was Hester's uncle, was rich. Once when she was quite a small girl, Hester had visited her uncle's home, and she had not had a very good time. She was glad to get away from the buzzing city to the freedom and brightness of foothills, airy old Westmore. Ever after Westmore had seemed a pretty good place. When she wrote that she would give her cousin a good time, she meant every word of it. Of course, there was much to do before Grace's arrival. Since her mother's death, Hester had been her father's housekeeper. She would give Grace a famous welcome.

When at last the day came Hester put on her best hat and went to the station. At last Grace appeared. She carried an enormous suitcase, an umbrella and an alligator bag. "It's the first time I ever rode on a train where there wasn't a porter," she panted after she had kissed Hester. She looked about the station, but no cab was visible. She dropped the big suitcase, and Hester picked it up. She carried it all the way home. Grace talked with unconcern. Obviously, she did not care who carried her baggage, so long as she did not have to carry it. Hester lugged the suitcase up to the big front room, which she had prepared for the guest, and Grace followed. She looked about her coolly and sat down upon the immaculate bed.

"I was never so tired in my life," Grace said. "That old train stopped at every station and the book I had wasn't interesting. It was a terribly dull journey. Do you suppose you can open that suitcase? Hester, dear, I don't believe I ever can in this world."

Hester opened the suitcase. She also helped to unpack it. Her color came back at the sight of Grace's pretty things. She enthused over the silver toilet articles which Grace took from the alligator bag and arranged upon the dresser. It came to her that she looked a little out of place associated with rag rugs and scrim curtains. She prepared a bath for Grace and then she went downstairs to get supper. She saw, however, that it would take more than fried chicken and whipped cream cake to surprise Hester.

After supper Hester's father took Grace out to look at his garden while Hester did the work. Later they all sat on the porch and talked. It was a lovely moonlight, all moonlight.

"How still it is!" Grace said, and she yawned. "I should think you'd sleep all the time. Why, I haven't even seen a motor car go by."

"There goes one now," exclaimed Hester eagerly, pointing to a vanishing tall light.

Grace laughed a little, bored laugh and yawned again.

There was a picnic party planned for the next afternoon. Grace went. She ate sandwiches and deviled eggs with the other girls and yawned repeatedly. "Once when I was abroad," she said, "we stopped for a day in a quaint town. Westmore reminds me of it. Plenty of girls, you know, but not a man in sight."

White Dress for the occasion.

White dress for the occasion, but Grace came out in satin with a file of gold across her fair hair. Hester was very proud of Grace and took her jubilation to the party. Kate Steele was flattered by the city girl's appearance. There was no jealousy or meanness in the Westmore girls. They rallied around Grace like court ladies around their queen, but they could not make her have a good time. She yawned at everything or else laughed. To her it was incomparably dull.

"I might just as well be home sleeping," she whispered to Hester. "Let's go."

"Oh, Grace!" Hester was shocked. "Mr. Dent has just come. Don't you want to meet him? He was called out of town this afternoon and just got back in time to hurry over here for the last of the party. Kate's so anxious you should see him. 'My name is Dent,' he said. 'Will you allow me to transfer you from your car to mine?'"

They got into his car. The chauffeur got in also. And he took them back to town.

Grace looked far in the distance and said nothing, but the following morning she began to ask about trains and Hester caught her consulting a time table. Hester was woefully tired, for Grace was a guest who must be waited on. It never occurred to her to perform any service for herself. She took everything as her right due.

"She ate Hester's chicken and cake as if they were the commonest fare. Nothing interested or surprised her. 'I've done everything I could think of,' Hester thought, 'and she hasn't had a good time. There's just one thing more.' She counted the contents of her purse.

"At four o'clock we're going automobiling," she announced.

"You mean motoring?" Grace smiled.

"Four o'clock Hester, in a fever of impatience, waited for the red lettered gray car of Westmore's limited taxi service to appear. She was fluttering with excitement, for she knew she was doing a daring and expensive thing. The car arrived with a sad faced young man at the wheel. He waited ten minutes for Grace to don her veil. She came languidly, climbed in, dusted the worn cushions with her handkerchief and sat down.

And went under the car.

Moments went by.

Another car was whirring and tooting round the turn—a very spick and span buff car, with a brown, good looking young man alone in it. He swung up alongside the dachet.

"Hello, what's the trouble here?" he called. "What you doing down there, George?"

"The blamed thing's balked," mumbled the chauffeur with his mouth full of dust.

The young man got out and took a look for himself. "It has balked all right. If we had a rope I'd tow it in for you, George," he said. "I guess I'd better take your passengers with me. You can get another car and the rope and come back after this one. It's out of the main track, so teams pass it. And nobody will steal it. He came back to the girls. "My name is Dent," he said. "Will you allow me to transfer you from your car to mine?"

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COMMENTS BY ZACCHAEUS.

Who Recognizes the Influence of the Kitchen.

A—Artistic politeness gone, with a few rare exceptions.

B—Bold, bizzar, bearing stalking abroad.

C—Candor, innocence, sweetness, even in the young as of old, now well-nigh invisible.

D—Daring, dashing, demoralizing demeanor thru rule.

E—End is not yet, unless there be resolute reaction in the church, the home, the school.

F—Free food should find universal favor, irrespective of party politics.

G—Give the laboring man a chance.

H—Homes that are happy make hearts that are trusty.

I—Imported meat, butter, eggs, should see duty removed.

J—Just try.

K—Kitchen wields wide influence, morally and physically, upon humans.

L—Let us have clean, wholesome food and plenty of it, at prices fixed, not by combines, trusts, heartless corporations, but by honest agreement between producer and consumer.

M—"My Ain Country" is beloved by every true Scot, and we praise them for it.

N—No man who is a traitor to the land of his birth will prove an acquisition anywhere.

O—Ontario, my Canada, cannot have too many of these energetic, law-abiding, upright citizens.

P—Princes and lords are but the broadest of kings. An honest man is the noblest work of God.

Q—Quite possible Emperor Wilhelm may have to sell one of his castles.

R—Reason given being that his majesty is in need of coin.

S—Salary of four million a year inadequate.

T—The poor man!

U—Unscrupled, the refusal of Sir John A. Macdonald to give Canadian aid to England in Soudan war.

V—Virtue with a tory, vice with a grit.

W—Ways politic not always patriotic.

X—Xtreme views apt to be wrong.

Y—Yield, there, where right is fully established.

ZACCHAEUS.

The Wrong Manner.

A dead man, just as the oysters came on at a dinner party, said to his host:—
"What's that you say? Speak up louder, please. You know my infirmity."
The guests restrained a titter, and the host, smiling sheepishly, inclined his head and began afresh in a slightly louder voice.
"The dead man frowned impatiently."
"Come, never talk down in your collar like that when you're addressing a dead man."
Again the guests broke into restrained laughter. The host, as red as a lobster, began a third time, articulating very slowly and distinctly.
"I hear you now," the dead man interrupted, "but I can't make out the words. Better give it up, old fellow."
"Hang you!" roared the host, his patience at last exhausted. "I'm trying to say grace, and if you interrupt me again I'll break your jaw, if I do two months for it."

Ancient Epigram.

An epigram must pass through many hands and get much polishing before it is a perfect jewel. You may remember how Oscar Wilde said (on the stage) the man of the world through the drawing-room door with the epigram, "There is one thing I never could resist, that is temptation." But you may trace it from the Garden of Eden, where the masculine plea for mercy was that the "woman tempted me."

And one finds epigram in the mouth of the American father, Mr. Martin, who has just sent out his book of reminiscences. "Ah," he would often remark, "the most powerful part of the Lord's Prayer is 'Lead us not into temptation'—it's the most difficult foe to withstand." And probably that epigram is the oldest in the world, polished and translated ever since Adam and Eve had to face the world—and temptation.—London Chronicle.

The Deed to Manhattan Island.

At the Thatcher sale, the original deed to Manhattan Island brought \$1,700. There is perhaps no historic document in the annals of the island that is more precious. It will be recalled that Peter Minuit, first director-general of the Dutch East Indian Company, in 1626, paid to the red men 60 guilders or about \$24, for what was estimated to be about 22,000 acres, but included the whole of the island. It is this deed, in Dutch, on vellum, that has been sold.

The price paid seems low. We note the assessed value of this land in 1912 as considerably over \$5,000,000. Yet, are the Indians to be not to be blamed? They did not take advantage of the Indians.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Terror of the Sea.

A story is told of a Toronto girl who made her first trip abroad last summer. During the trip the young woman kept a journal which, upon her return, a friend was privileged to examine. It was the usual journal of the school girl, and very much like the one that Mark Twain tells us he kept, wherein for seven days he "got up, washed and went to breakfast." There was this exception, however—the girl described the trying time she had in crossing the English channel.

"I firmly resolved to stay on deck," the journal read, "although the roughest increased to such an extent that it was only with the greatest difficulty that I could hold up my parasol."

Old Ireland's wrongs she throbbled to tell.

This slim, home-ruling, patriot Whistling a benediction fall The restful music of her brogue; For from her fierce antipathy To Saxons, she excepted me.

A rich young widow and her weeds are soon parted.

An warty to the wife is sufficient—to start something.

DOINGS IN STAGELAND

NOTES ON PLAYS, PLAYERS AND PLAY HOUSES.

Clifford Crawford, Comedian, Returns to England—Faversham's Shakespearean Performances in New York.

"The Wild Olive," by Basil King, is to be dramatized.
A condensed version of "The Yellow Jacket" may be seen in vaudeville.
Walter Lawrence and Frances Cameron are to appear in a new musical comedy.
"The Blue Mouse" is to be made into a musical comedy for early presentation.
Cohan and Harris are to produce shortly "The House of Glass," by Max Marcin.
Minnie Dupree has been very successful in "Carrots," formerly used by Ethel Barrymore.
A second company is to be organized to play George M. Cohan's "Seven Keys to Baldpate."
Florence Reed is to play the leading feminine role in "Under Cover," to be produced by the Selwyns.
When Andrew Mack goes to San Francisco for an engagement he will revive several of his Irish plays.
Andreas Dippel intends to tour Germany with an American-Italian opera company in May or June of next year.
Harry Davenport will originate the chief comedy role in the forthcoming production of the latest Hungarian operetta, "Sarl."
Cyril Kightley, the English actor, has arrived in New York to appear in a play by Cosmo Hamilton, entitled "The Duke's Son."
Clifton Crawford, the English comedian, is to return to England, and will probably not come back to this country within two years.
Julia Dean, from being featured in "Her Own Money," has been advanced to the position of star, under the management of the Shuberts.
William Faversham has announced a plan of holding Shakespearean performances in New York, the first of the series to be held in January, next.

Dorothy Donnelly is to appear this season under the management of Fred C. Whitney in "Maria Rosa," a Spanish play, by the author of "Martha of the Lowlands."
Ida Brooks Hunt, prima donna, late of "The Chocolate Soldier," is appearing in vaudeville now in "The Singing Countess," a new operetta by Edgar Allen Woolf.
Charles F. Harris, who made fame and fortune out of his song, "After the Ball," has written a play called "A Limb of the Tree," which is to be introduced in Milwaukee by a stock company.
Sir George Alexander is said to be considering an offer of \$3,500 a week to present a playlet in American vaudeville.
Eugene Walter is to dramatize Jack London's novel, "The Valley of the Moon."
St. Herbert Tree will revive "The Darling of the Gods" at His Majesty's Theatre, London, after the run of "Joseph and His Brethren," probably in January. He has not announced any new Shakespearean production for this season.

Alfred Noyes—who should have been appointed poet laureate, but wasn't—has been offered a twenty week's engagement in vaudeville to recite some of his poems.
One of the interesting facts about the company appearing in "At Bay" at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre in New York city, is that most of the leading artists are either sons or daughters of famous players. This in fact, might be called the "second generation cast." Miss Chrystal Herne, for instance, is the daughter of the late James A. Herne. Guy Standing is the son of Herbert Standing. Mario Majeroni is the son of a man who was famous throughout all Europe in his day. One might continue in this manner throughout practically the entire organization, proving that talent for the drama is often an inherited gift.

Charles Frohman is to revive Sardou's "Diplomacy" in New York with Ellis Jeffreys as the Countess Ziska.
Ethel Barrymore is to appear in London in Haddon Chambers' latest success, "Tante."
Jeffrey Farnol, author of "The Broad Highway," has made rapid strides to fame. It is so very long ago that Farnol was painting scenery at the Astor Theatre, New York. As a matter of fact, "The Broad Highway" was written during off time from his scenic work.

Those speedily inclined generally bring up in classes that are too fast for them.
The mouth is ever the servant of the mind. Therefore, look out for the mind.
Some men who were "brought up" on bottles are still keeping up the practice.
The love that you place on a bread and water diet is generally short lived.

CATARH.
The accompanying illustration shows how Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy reaches all parts of the head, nasal cavity, and throat. The remedy is composed of herbs, leaves, flowers and berries (containing no tobacco or habit-forming drugs) is smoked in a clean pipe or made into a cigarette. The medicated fumes pass directly to the affected parts perfectly natural way.

Five days' free trial, a small pipe and also an illustrated booklet explaining catarrh will be mailed upon request. Simply write a postal card or letter to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 124 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

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If you suffer from any form of Rheumatism, remember that RHEUMA goes to work quickly to remove the cause, not simply to relieve the distress. Many years' use has demonstrated that it goes to the seat of the disease and expels the poisonous matter through the natural channels—the kidneys, bowels, liver and skin.

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RHEUMA is guaranteed by J. B. McLeod, who sells it for 50 cents a bottle.

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