

The Horse's Foot.

A HORSE'S foot, more delicate than a watch, contains a multitude of intricate springs, levers, and exquisitely-fitted joints, all packed for safety into the outer case, the hoof. In running or leaping a severe shock would be felt by the horse's brain every time his foot touched the ground if the impact were not lessened.

Another Installment of "The Wolves of New York" on This Page

Magazine Page

This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the payment in 1873 of the last installment of the five milliards of war indemnity imposed on France by Germany in 1871. The promptness of the payments surprised the world. It was in this war that France lost Alsace and Lorraine, which the end of the present war will see restored to her.

The Wolves of New York

A STORY OF LOVE AND MYSTERY
Valenski Leads the Way to a Ruined Castle, the Habitat of Gypsy Brigands.

"Well, to continue. The village was quickly left behind, and we sped through the narrow valley at the mouth of which it lay. Valenski spoke little; his attention was wholly taken up by the horses, spirited creatures that dashed along over the rough road at breakneck speed. Our way lay through successive gorges, the road zig-zagging and undulating continually. Sometimes the bare rocks almost met above our heads, sometimes the sides of the mountains were three-covered to their summits, and the road led for a mile or so through the fringe of the forest. Always there was a roaring torrent at our feet, now close beside us, now far below at the base of a sheer precipice, wholly unguarded.

"Thus we drove for some two or three hours. At last we entered a gorge in which there was hardly a sign of vegetation, and where the road was little more than a track. The valley was rather broader than those through which we had been passing, but infinitely more desolate. The mountains rose dark and somber on either side, rocks of fantastic shape marking their summits and protruding here and there in gaunt outlines. Patches of snow lay in the crevices, and sometimes across our path. Above all rose the great snow-mantled heights that I had noticed that morning shimmering red in the sunlight. One could imagine that the rocky buttresses gave refuge to tortured souls and torturing fiends; it was the setting for an inferno.

"We are near our destination," said Valenski, and he had almost to shout his words because of the roaring torrent that at this spot formed a series of cataracts, hurling itself down from rock to rock, rushing, surging, and seething madly. He pointed to the base of a cliff that lay before us, outlined vaguely upon a projecting buttress of rock.

"That is the castle of the Valenski's," he said. "From time immemorial my ancestors have owned it. It is mine today. And hither at stated times comes a host of the race who wish to communicate with me, to learn from me, or to bring me tribute. For I am their chief, their leader, their king. My kingdom is the whole of this mountain range with strange enthusiasm—and this is the seat of government. Here no man disputes my way—here my word is law and my will is done."

"It is a terrible spot," I said with a shudder, "a spot which is best left to nature, a spot unfitted for the habitation of man."

"That is why I love it," he replied. "That is why my reign is undisputed. No one ventures into this valley unless he be of the Valenski's or unless he has business with me. Peasants pass the mountain range with fear and trembling, and cross themselves in nervous trepidation—poor fools! Years ago my men were sent to build a road to Dielitz, and all who passed over it paid them tribute or were carried off to the castle, and there—well, probably enough, they were willing to pay them tribute."

"He laughed and I felt a shudder of apprehension pass down my spine. So it was to a brigand's haunts that I had come! This man was the descendant of a race of thieves and murderers, self-avowed, glorying in his ancestry!

"What a fool I had been.

"We no longer practice those arts," he continued. "It is not in accordance with the spirit of the times to do so. I have no wish to have my valley invaded by soldiers and my way disputed by men of arms—as Zara does—they are not brigands, Mr. Swan. We are but gypsies, and there is no law to prevent gypsies gathering together where it seems good to them. Our methods today are more subtle, but perhaps they are just as effective. It is not only from a single road that we draw tribute. American gold finds its way into our coffers as well as Austrian paper."

"But the gypsies are peaceful people," I exclaimed. "I have never heard—"

"He laughed shrilly. "Oh, yes, we are peaceful people, all of us," he replied. "We gain our ends by peaceful methods. Our folk travel all over the world; they perform at fairs—as Zara does—they have little shops of their own. They steal sometimes; the gypsy has never fully understood the law of poverty. And by other means they make money which they have no need to spend. You will understand better presently. I shall show you, and you shall know." Again he laughed, and then relapsed into silence.

"The castle was plainly visible by now. In the gathering twilight I could see its frowning, time-worn walls. As we neared it I gave a little cry of surprise.

"But that," I cried.

"Yes," he replied, "it had been a ruin for over a hundred years. But there is a portion of it which is still habitable, and what do I need with more? My men bring their tents when they come to visit me, and many sleep in their carts. Yans cannot be drawn over these roads."

"We were mounting a steep incline, and the walls of the castle loomed above us. Upon a terrace of rock I could now see that there was indeed an encampment of some sort, and vaguely I could distinguish the figures of men moving about. There was a great roaring in my ears, and presently I realized that from the other side of the prominence upon which the castle stood a tremendous cascade hurried itself into the valley below, a slight bend of the road brought this into view. From this side it seemed as if the very walls of the castle, but at the same time, terrible.

"The roar of the water never

ceases," shouted Valenski in my ear. "In the winter the flood pours down from all sides and envelops the castle. But it stands firm, nevertheless. I have been within it at such times, shut off for weeks from the world. A house that stands in the very center of a waterfall—how does that strike you, who are accustomed to the conventionalities of New York?"

"It did not strike me as at all pleasant, and I said so. I fancy that I may even have said that I did not like the appearance of my surroundings, at which his lips curled scornfully; and glancing at him, it seemed that his face seemed wicked and malignant to a degree. How was it that I had dared trust myself to such a man?"

"Presently we reached the plateau upon which the castle stood, and the horses drew up, panting and out of breath, before a ruined archway. A crowd of men pressed about us—the most villainous-looking lot of cut-throats that you could imagine. They all stared at me with aggressive eyes, but Valenski shouted a few words to them—in Magyar, I presume, or in their own dialect, for I could not understand a word—and they drew back. To him they showed marked and almost servile respect. It was, indeed, as if his boast was true, and he was regarded by these men as their king.

"We descended from the carriage. My limbs were stiff and numb from the cold and for a few moments I could hardly stand erect.

"Come," said Valenski, "you will need rest and refreshment. I will show you the way. You need not fear that I shall offer you the poor hospitality of a tent. I have at least a few rooms which are furnished with some pretense at luxury."

"He gave some orders to Paul and led me through the gateway. The great courtyard within, which we had to traverse, was filled with gypsy tents as was the plateau outside. From all sides, swartly faces, men and women, gazed at me while rendering obedience to my companion. Then we reached a massive door, which Paul opened with a key he had evidently been to fetch, and we entered.

"The vast hall was absolutely bare. Paul kindled a torch and conducted us across the floor to a massive door which he threw open for us. Opening first, he applied the torch to a large number of candles affixed to brackets in various parts of the wall, and there was one, larger than the others, over the hearth. A huge wood fire blazed up a vast chimney.

"The room had once evidently been a banqueting hall. It was sparsely furnished now, and in spite of the fire, the atmosphere of it chilled me through and through. Valenski led me to the fire.

"If you will kindly wait here a few minutes," he said, "I will see that your room is prepared for you."

"He went out, followed by Paul. I heard the sound of the key turning in the lock.

"Was I a prisoner?"

When You Can't Sleep

SOME COMMON SENSE SUGGESTIONS

By Brice Belden, M. D.

In the treatment of ordinary insomnia drugs should not be employed. When the cause of the sleeplessness is ascertained, it is generally possible to relieve it by the correction of some sin against the laws of health. Indeed, to take hypnotic drugs when the cause of insomnia is easily removable is the height of medical folly.

A very common cause of insomnia is fatigue, associated with late eating and indigestion. A meal eaten early in the evening, but indigestible, may keep one awake, the failure to digest the meal properly being due either to the kind of food eaten or to its manner of cooking. Fatigue may or may not enter into the problem. Denial defects which make effective mastication difficult have much to do with the insomnia of indigestion.

People prone to insomnia because of digestive disorders should take a light and easily digested meal in the evening, and a warm bath and hot drink just before retiring.

Hot drinks act in three ways: they divert blood from the base of the brain, they dilute the poisons which are present in the blood in excess when one is unduly fatigued, and they facilitate the elimination of such poisons.

When we say hot drinks, alcoholic concoctions must not be understood, for alcohol is a narcotic poison, the use of which as a "remedy" for insomnia would prove a boomerang, for it would produce sleeplessness after its hypnotic effects had passed off.

To Be Continued Tomorrow

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An Afternoon Suit and Two Attractive Hats



The base of the crown of this piazza hat is encircled with garden flowers, and the whole set over straw braid with underfacing of lace.

A smart suit in black velvet, featuring a hip-length coat and rather narrow skirt.

A charming hat with feather, designed for the late Summer days, and carrying an up-to-date smartness all its own.

When a Girl Marries

A SERIAL OF YOUNG WEDDED LIFE

By Ann Lisle.

CHAPTER XVII.

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"DON'T know what it was—friendly and fine, as Tom Mason's handclasp seemed to be—that impelled me to insist that I must return to the Walgrave at once.

"I managed to do it so casually that he took no offense at my sudden haste and insisted on escorting me on my homeward journey. And he remained jolly and friendly even when I asked for the refusal of his apartment for a day or two.

"I'd like to talk it over with Jim," I confessed.

He smiled in big brotherly fashion.

"Nice little old-fashioned wife. Of course you shall talk it over with Jim."

Then still with courteous and impersonal friendliness, he took me to the desk and waited while I got my key. The clerk handed me a sealed hotel envelope.

"Captain Winston has telephoned twice and wished you to call the Army and Navy Club as soon as you came in," he said, with something very like a leer. Then he added, "Your friends are not letting you miss the lieutenant too much, are they?"

Perhaps he was only over anxious to offer a guest "every possible courtesy." But his officiousness brought home to me very poignantly the fact that I did not want to live in a glittering big hotel a day longer than I must.

As soon as I got to my room I called Captain Winston and found he was giving a dinner for some officers and their wives that evening and wanted Jim and me to come. I could not bear the thought of seeing happy married folk together—while my boy was already long hours away—and planning to go still further from me. And I blurted out the truth.

"You poor little lonely lady! The dinner is off—positively! My friends are all a sporting lot. No swank to 'em. They'll let me give the party another night and comfort the bride tonight. Not a word, Mrs. Jimmie. Husband's matey looks after the little lady to-night."

RECIPES FOR WARTIME

Here are some excellent recipes for sugaries sweets recommended by the United States food administration:

Honey Cake.

Honey, 2-3 cups; sour milk, 1-3 cup; beaten eggs, 1; barley flour, 1-4 cups; rice flour, 1-3 cup; baking powder, 1 teaspoon; soda, 1-2 teaspoon; salt, 1/2 tablespoon; fat, melted, 1/2 cup; vanilla, 1 teaspoon. Combine the ingredients in the order given, sifting together the dry ingredients. Bake the cake in a rather shallow pan in a moderate oven, thirty minutes. One-third cup light corn syrup, and one-third cup two-thirds cup honey.

Date Custard.

Milk, 2 cups; dates, 1/2 pound (1/2 cup); eggs, 2; salt, 1/4 teaspoon; nutmeg, 1/4 teaspoon. Cook dates with milk fifteen minutes in top double boiler. Run through a coarse sieve, then add to beaten eggs and salt; flavor with nutmeg. Put into individual custard cups in a shallow dish. Bake in hot water. Bake in slow oven until firm (about fifty minutes). Chill. Yield—six individual custard cups.

Apple Brown Betty.

Apples, medium size, 5; fat, 4 tablespoons; bread crumbs, 1-1/2 cups; hot water, 1/2 cup; lemon juice, 1-1/2 tablespoons; corn syrup (datki), 5 tablespoons; salt, 1/2 teaspoon; cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon. Core and slice apples into thin slices. Mix bread crumbs with melted fat. Mix together the hot water, lemon juice, syrup, salt, and cinnamon. Into a greased baking dish put alternate layers of bread crumbs and apples, pouring part of liquid over each layer of apples. Bake in a moderate oven about forty-five minutes. Yield—ten servings.

Jellied Apples.

Granulated gelatine, 1-1/2 tablespoons; cold water, 1/2 cup; corn syrup (light), 1 cup; ginger, 1/2 teaspoon; cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon; cold water, 1-1/2 cups; lemon, 1 slice; cooking apples (pared and quartered), 1 quart; hot water; lemon juice, 1-1/2 tablespoons; lemon rind, 1/2. Soak the gelatine in 1/2 cup cold water for ten minutes. Cook together the syrup, spices, and slice of lemon, and 1-1/2 cups cold water for ten minutes. Then add apples, a few at a time, letting them cook until tender, but not broken. Remove from syrup when done and place in a shallow dish. When all apples are cooked, add the syrup to the jellied gelatine; add enough hot water to make 2 cups of liquid; add lemon juice and grated lemon rind; strain; pour over apples and chill. Yield: 8 servings.

Stewed Fruit With Raisins.

Pears, 5; water, 1 cup; corn syrup (light), 1/2 tablespoonful; raisins, 1/2 cup; lemon, 1 slice. Peel pears, cut in quarters; remove core; add water, corn syrup, raisins and lemon. Cook until pears are soft and transparent. Yield: 8 servings.

The Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang's Dinner Happened to Consist of the Very Same Things He Had Eaten For Lunch That Noon.

By FONTAINE FOX.



Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

NOW you remember in the last story that Puss had gotten the better of the great giant, who was now his faithful servant. So after kissing Puss Junior's paw in token of submission, he lifted his little master on one shoulder and the six bags of gold on the other and started off through the forest.

"Wait a minute," said Puss for he had forgotten his magic tols, the ax and the pickax, you see. So the giant picked them up and put them in his pocket, and then off he went at a tremendous rate.

Well, after a while, they came in sight of a great castle where lived a lord who was even more wicked than the cruel Blue Beard. And as they drew nearer they heard loud screams like those of some fair lady in distress. And then all of a sudden, they saw the wicked lord dragging a lovely lady across the courtyard by the hair.

With one stride the giant stepped over the castle wall and stood before the wicked lord.

"Shall I toss him over the moon," asked the giant.

"No, save him to me," replied Puss, while the wicked lord trembled and grew as pale as a white swan that swam near by in a beautiful fountain.

So the Giant lifted little Puss Junior down to the ground, and as soon as the lovely lady saw him she said:

"Oh, little Sir Cat, I have often heard of you. Were you not at King Arthur's court, and did not you and the good knight, Sir Lancelot, rescue a maiden in distress?"

"We did, fair lady," answered Puss with a bow. And then he turned to the wicked lord, who stood cowering by the fountain.

"My giant servant at a sign from me will pitch you over the moon. But instead, I will give you a chance. You have the reputation of being the greatest liar that ever lived. Now we will see who can tell the biggest story, you or I. If you lose, you shall give your castle to this fair lady and take yourself off. I don't much care where, but you must never return."

So the wicked lord began to tell the biggest story he could think of:

"I have a bull so large that a man can sit on each of his horns and the two can't touch each other with a twenty-foot pole."

"Oh, that's nothing," replied Puss. "At the castle where my father, the famous Puss in Boots, lives is a bull so large that a servant sitting on one of his horns can't see the servant sitting on the other."

And then the pretty Princess clasped her hands and laughed, for she knew that Puss had beaten the wicked lord. So the wicked lord went to his stable and saddled his best horse and rode away. But before he rode through the gate Puss touched his steed with his magic flaming feather and instantly the horse turned into an immense bird and flew away, but where he went I do not know, and neither does anybody else. So that was the end of the wicked lord. And next time I'll tell you of another adventure which little Puss Junior had.

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ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Difference of Religion.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have known a sailor for the past five months, during which time we have grown very fond of each other. He was on two trips across and is now on a third. He is very handsome and has some little things, which I hesitate to accept. I care for him, but do not know whether or not to see him on his return trip. We are of different faiths and cannot think of one another as anything more than friends. He has told me that religion should not stand in the way when people love each other, but I think differently. Is it advisable for me to see him on his return, or do you think it best to write and tell him? While he is away I write to him, but my letters contain nothing of encouragement, while his talk is of nothing but love and how much he misses me. Please advise.

ANXIOUS.

Free book of instruction on drying and caring has been issued by the National War Garden Commission. This may be obtained from any of the Washington Times distributing stations.

USE A BRUSH



Free book of instruction on drying and caring has been issued by the National War Garden Commission. This may be obtained from any of the Washington Times distributing stations.