

DESERT BRED

By E. P. O'BRYAN
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WNU Service.

YOU would have thought, to hear Pop Travis talk, that by merely looking at a young animal he could tell within the fraction of a second, or thereabouts, just how fast it would run a couple of years hence.

He told me of his ambitions, of his imperishable hopes and how they finally had to come to rest in that long slender body that was Starlight's.

"I took Desert Lady and bred her to Thistledown," he explained, "because I figured it was a good combination. Desert Lady was fast in her time—but light. She couldn't carry any weight to speak of. And Thistledown was too heavy. One of the fastest desert horses ever on a track, but he carried too much flesh to compete with the best."

"Listen, Pop," I said. "You can't win on these modern tracks with desert horses. You're getting too old to go on fooling around with these jack-rabbits. Why don't you get wise to yourself and spend a few thousand for some decent blue-grass stock? If you're going to stay in the game, go into it right. I've known you for nearly twenty years and you've always messed around with desert stock. Sort of a second money winner—when you do win. Why, come to think of it, you've never owned a horse that took first money—have you?"

Pop shook his head.

I paid twelve thousand for Bellshire. He was a grand horse. I had counted on him to win the Derby. In fact, I was so sure of it I had laid my last dollar on his nose.

At post time I was as nervous as a mouse in a den of cats. You get that way when you're shooting high. The horse we had to beat, as everyone knew, was Gray Shoes. She was plenty fast.

Then, suddenly, we heard the stroke of hoofs against the dirt and they were off.

For a moment I couldn't identify Bellshire in that unbroken line. The important thing was that he was off with the rest.

Suddenly the voice of the crowd lifted.

"Bellshire! Bellshire!"

I saw then what had happened. Bellshire and Gray Shoes had taken the lead, with Bellshire pulling slowly away from her, his powerful thrust carrying him forward rapidly, so that Gray Shoes' neck, which at first had been obscured by the stallion's hind quarters, seemed to lengthen gradually.

By the time Bellshire was leading into the first turn the others

were strung out behind him like a train of box cars. Only Gray Shoes seemed to be giving him any competition. This was as it should be. It was in the cards for Bellshire to win.

But suddenly my heart missed a beat, for something was looming up like a house on fire. It was another horse coming out of the dust—and coming wide. The shape took form so quickly that it sort of took your breath away. Was it Gray Shoes? No—now that it popped out of the dust it turned black . . . blacker than the ace of spades.

"St. Arlight!" The crowd cried it in a single voice. St. Arlight, a long shot—a very long shot indeed—moving up to give my Bellshire competition.

The crowd went crazy—bughouse. Men threw their hats in the air and started yelling warwhoops. The women, too.

Then out of the corner of my eye I saw Pop Travis going berserk. St. Arlight? Starlight! All he had done was give that desert jack-rabbit a fancy title. He'd just used a period between the "t" and "a" in Starlight. And I hadn't guessed. In a couple of years one does forget things.

The desert seemed to breathe power into those driving pistons. He came on like an evil wind. His muscles rippled as his hoofs rapped out a challenge to the swift. Stamina gleamed beneath that black coat.

Bellshire took one sidewise look at this black menace and slipped into high gear. They came down the home stretch together, cheek to jowl, wither to wither, their nostrils cups of living flame.

I think that as long as I live I shall never see another race like that one. They were as nearly matched, these two, as twin hurricanes blowing out of the Caribbean. Though half a century or so of royal breeding lay back of him, Bellshire could no more shake off that black wind than he could fly, and he was doing everything but that. As they thundered under the wire thirty thousand people leaped to their feet and thirty thousand throats screamed as one.

St. Arlight by a nose!

When Pop found me, the old coot had real tears in his laughing eyes. "It's all right," he said, his voice quaking with deep emotion. "It's just that the desert breed had to win sooner or later and I'm plumb sorry, son, I had to beat one o' your plugs."

Pop is with me now. He owns half my string.

Uncle Phil Says:



It's Useless to Wish

Trouble not yourself with wishing that things may be just as you would have them; but be well pleased that they should be just as they are, and then you will be at ease.

Let conscience be your guide; but don't be so presuming as to offer it for the guidance of other people.

In trying to make the world pleasant for other people, you find 90 per cent of them will reciprocate.

Don't Harbor Resentment

No person on earth can hope to advance while harboring in the heart a case of resentment toward his or her service.

It is a sensible man who doesn't expect more than one expression of gratitude for a favor.

Those who are "blunt" in their statements aren't very sensitive and they think others are not.

Half the people that achieve fame didn't start out with that intention. They merely followed their liking.

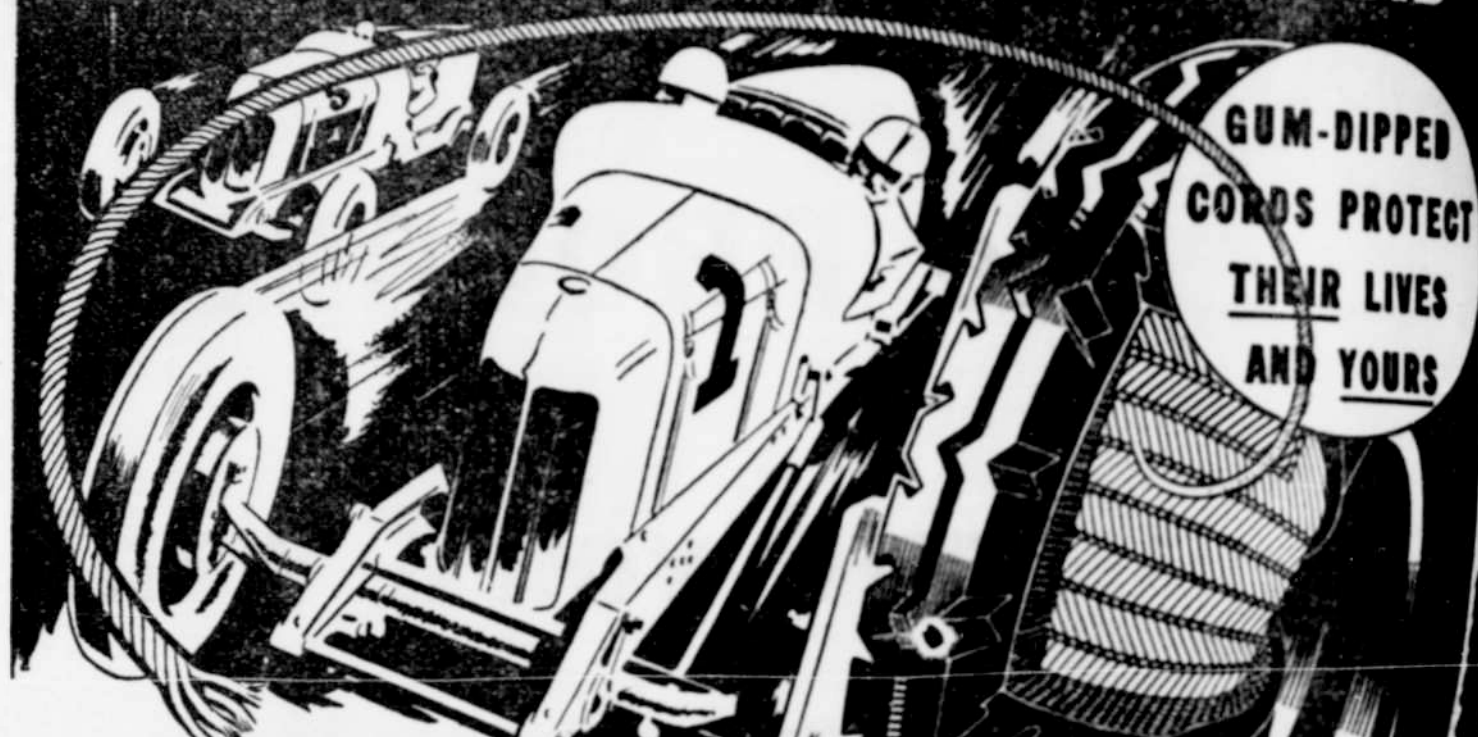
Don't find fault more than 10 per cent of the time. Nothing wears people like long listening to fault finding.

Lost Continent Believed to Lie Under Arabian Sea

The lost continent of Godwanaland, or Lemuria, famous in poetry and legend, now is believed to lie under the Arabian sea instead of the Indian ocean, as was formerly supposed.

A group of scientists, studying the region since last autumn, think the whole area from the Gulf of Aden to the Indian coast was once dry land. Besides other indications, they found the water to be impregnated with a gas which can be formed only by decaying plant and animal life. —Washington Post.

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30x3 1/2 CL.	4.33

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Field Home Saved From Auction Sale



The beautiful home of Mrs. Eugene Field, eighty-year-old widow of the famous poet, at Heafford Junction, Wis., has been saved from sale under a foreclosure judgment by payment of a \$2,600 mortgage. The money was raised by members of Phi Delta Theta, Field's fraternity when he was in college. The Field estate, which is on Crystal lake, is valued at \$65,000. The residence is shown above.