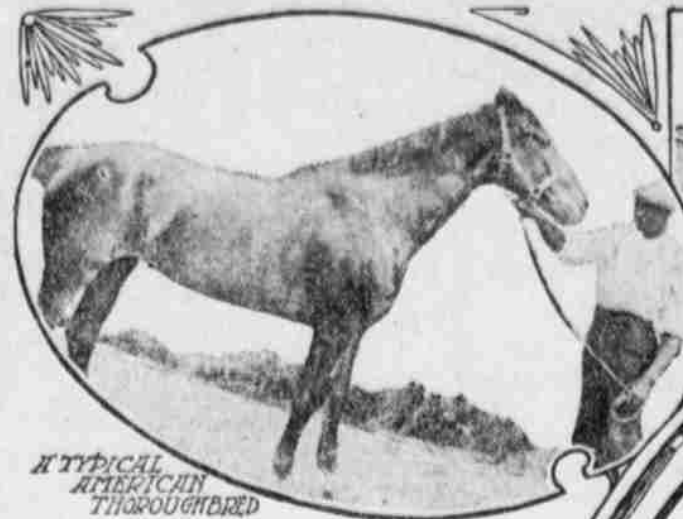


BREEDING AMERICAN THOROUGHBREDS

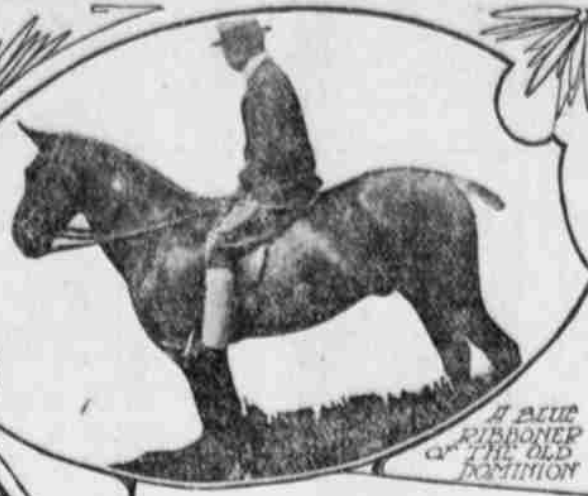
PROMINENT PEOPLE



TYPICAL AMERICAN THOROUGHBRED



STABLES ON A MODERN BREEDING FARM



A BLUE RIBBONED HORSE OF THE OLD FASHION



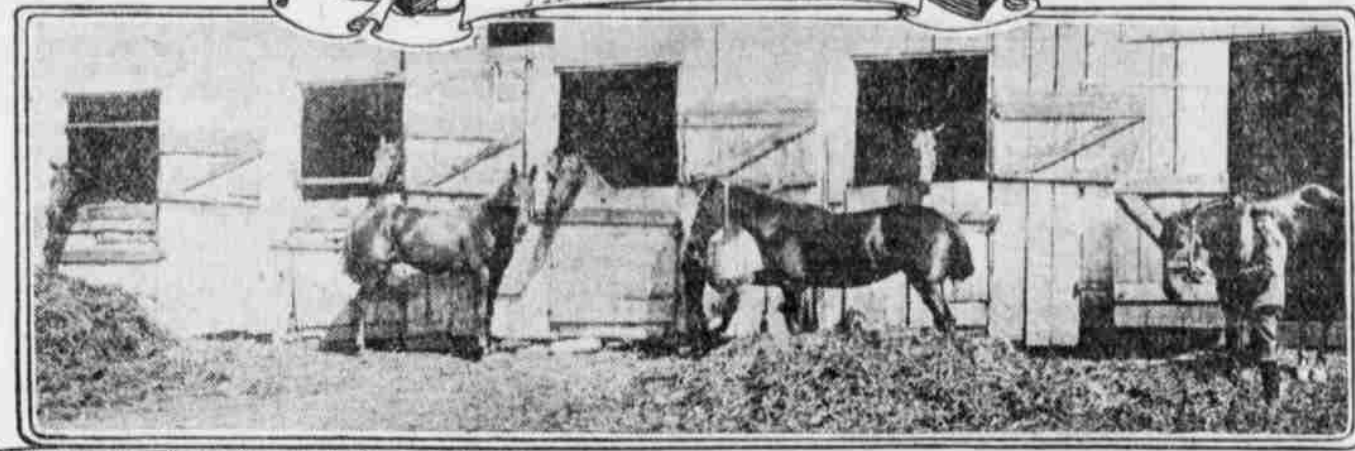
AMERICA'S FOREMOST HORSEWOMAN MISS ALLEN POTTS OF VA.



READY FOR A TRY-OUT

ALTHOUGH horse racing on many of the most prominent tracks in America has in recent years gone into eclipse and the huge purses of days gone by are, to a great extent, a thing of the past, the breeding of thoroughbreds continues and thrives. The market nowadays is not found so much among the owners of racing stables as among that large and increasing percentage of the public that has means and inclination to keep fine riding horses. Not even the vogue of the automobile seems to have dampened the enthusiasm of these cross-country riders and hunters and polo players who demand and are willing to pay for special qualifications in horse-flesh.

The reader will, of course, understand that the term thoroughbred, as here used, refers to running horses. There are persons who are under the impression that the high-class American trotter has as much right as the running horse to designation as a thoroughbred, but in strictly correct usage horsemen refer to the fine trotters as "standard bred" and reserve the first-mentioned term for the runners—the hunters and



SCENE ON A BLUE GRASS BREEDING FARM

covers cost of feed and labor and takes no account of the investment represented by the stock farm—usually a heavy one. There are breeders who declare that unless they can sell each of their yearlings for a price close to \$500 they do not make a reasonable profit, but in the South, where labor is cheap and where the initial cost of much of the land was fairly low, it is possible for breeders to make money from sales at lower figures than that mentioned.

The organization and management of an up-to-date breeding farm is interesting from the manner in which it insures attention to detail. The owner of the farm is usually his own manager, but in some instances there is also a resident manager to handle matters when the owner is absent—as he must be much of the time if he attends the fairs, horse shows and horse sales. Under the manager are a number of skilled trainers, each of whom is responsible for the education of a certain number of horses, and has the assistance of several helpers in his work. In addition to this staff there is a boss or foreman for each barn and under each barn boss is enrolled a number of grooms, exercise boys, etc. At some of the costly farms in Virginia and Kentucky we find every modern facility from a private electric light and power plant to feed cutters that not only take the grain from the private elevator and crush it, but mix the feed in any desired proportions.

The education of a thoroughbred at a modern stock farm begins very early in life and is very thorough. However, careful handling is requisite, for a majority of the foals are decidedly shy. When the age of seven or eight months is attained the average young thoroughbred is sufficiently broken to undergo a preliminary trial. As a yearling he is subjected to further tests, but it is not until the animal is well into the second year that the breeder determines whether the youngster gives promise of a turf career or is better adapted to service as a roadster or a mount for the huntsman. Sales of yearlings are usually held in midsummer and there is seldom any dearth of bidders for the equines from breeding farms which have been awarded blue ribbons in the past.

At all times it is essential for the breeder or owner to keep a sharp watch regarding the health of his blooded equines. Particularly close watch must needs be kept as to the condition of the mouth, legs and feet of each animal. It is obvious that a horse cannot eat properly and be adequately nourished if he has a sore mouth, just as he cannot run satisfactorily if his feet are in bad condition or the shins are "bucked"—the bugbear of two-year-olds. Training a thoroughbred for racing involves, of course, special instruction quite aside from anything included in the animal's education at the breeding farm, but for that matter every step in the life of a young thoroughbred taxes the temper of the nervous, high-strung animal. And the men in charge of one of these equities must show judgment and patience in introducing a four-footed charge to each new experience even though it be something so simple as initiation into the mysteries of a box-stall or the donning of a blanket for the first time.

Since the decadence of racing in the United States a number of American millionaires who breed thoroughbreds primarily in order to supply their own racing stables have transferred the scene of their activities to the Old World. There are several in England; quite a few in France and a number in Ireland, where Richard Croker, former Tammany leader, is among those who have established important breeding farms. With most of these wealthy men, however, breeding is a fad. The men who breed thoroughbreds for a livelihood continue to do business at the old stand in America and most of them obtain satisfactory profits for their efforts.



A FINE EXAMPLE OF A HIGH-PRICED STALLION

the "timber-toppers," as the jumping horses requisite for cross-country riding are designated. The modern American thoroughbred, as we see him at our present day race meetings and horse shows, is the product of four centuries of breeding, training and experimenting. The ancestors of the present numerous equine family were brought to Virginia by the early English settlers and Virginia and adjacent parts of the South have always been famous as the breeding ground of thoroughbreds. However, much of the breeding of thoroughbreds which is and has been done in this favored region has been carried on for love of the task rather than for financial returns.

There is a wide difference between American thoroughbreds and those bred in other notable horse-raising sections (for instance, Ireland), but it would be difficult to find an American horseman who will not argue up and down that the Yankee steeds are as fine examples of all-around training as may be found anywhere on the globe. The American thoroughbred is admittedly shorter than his English prototype, but it is claimed that this lack of stature is more than counterbalanced by soundness and superior constitution.

Horsemen in the United States and in the United Kingdom hold to different ideals in breeding that are bound to be reflected by certain dissimilarities in the animals produced. In America the tendency has been to develop thoroughbreds that will run comparatively short distances at maximum speed, whereas in England greater attention is bestowed upon the problem of breeding horses that will run long distances and will carry weight. It is to be expected that with the passing of racing as the supreme field of usefulness for the American thoroughbred there will be a tendency on the part of Yankee breeders to more nearly approach the English standard, which is supposed to produce horses ideal for private use.

The breeding of thoroughbreds in America has been carried on most extensively in the States of Virginia, Kentucky, California, Montana, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, New York and New Jersey. The principal requisites are an equable climate, good soil with a foundation of limestone, plentiful water and an abundance of sweet grass. There are yet in existence many breeding farms of modest pretensions, but the tendency of recent years appears to be to create vast estates where wealthy men specialize in the breeding of thoroughbreds by aid of every facility that money and thought can provide. In Kentucky a few years ago eight old-fashioned stock farms were merged by a millionaire into one vast breeding estate of fully two thousand acres.

Experienced breeders figure that it costs not less than \$125 to raise a thoroughbred yearling at an up-to-date stock farm and this sum merely

UNCLE SAM'S MAN IN CHINA



In the present critical Chinese situation it is reassuring to know that the very heart and brains of America's China policy is now on guard in the capital of that nation in the person of Edward Thomas Williams, secretary of the American legation at Peking, and charge d'affaires during the visit home of Minister Calhoun for conference with the heads of the state department.

Mr. Williams is a specialist in the history and languages of China, and on familiar terms with its statesmen. It is common report in the inner circles of diplomacy that all the astute moves which blocked Japan and Russia in Manchuria, maintained the open-door policy of John Hay, and prevented the dismemberment of China have been of Williams' devising when he was "Chinaman" of the state department.

The famous "four-nation loan" of \$50,000,000 was the cleverest bit of diplomacy that the far east has witnessed for a generation, and was only made possible through the intimate understanding of eastern conditions and finesse which Mr. Williams possessed. Japan and Russia had buried the hat-belt and secretly intended to work their own will in Manchuria.

The howl that came from the Japanese and Russian press was not exactly a psalm of rejoicing. Publicly and officially, however, after a rather embarrassing delay, the two governments gave their formal assent to the loan, their foreign offices meanwhile scratching their heads for ways of thwarting the game of these—umh!—blessed Yankees.

Mr. Williams was born in Ohio, and served as a missionary in China for ten years, obtaining a perfect command of the language, and an equal knowledge of Chinese character. At Shanghai he was interpreter for the American consulate, and transfer for the Chinese government, afterward acting as secretary of the American legation at Peking from 1901 to 1908.

LOEB MAY BE CHAIRMAN

It is the generally expressed opinion among wise politicians that if President Taft is renominated as the candidate for the presidency on the Republican ticket Collector Loeb, of New York, will be chairman of the Republican National committee.

The story of the rise of William Loeb Jr., is one of hard work, an unconquerable determination to succeed, backed by a love for the political game, combined with keen insight into character.

Mr. Loeb is of German descent. The straitened financial circumstances of his parents forced him to leave school before he had finished the course and prohibited any thought of a college education. He took up the study of law, but finding that slow and unprofitable he studied stenography between times and later branched out into shorthand reporting.

From the start he was interested in politics and worked hard for his district chief. In 1888 he was so well known in local politics at Albany that he succeeded in having himself appointed official stenographer of the assembly.

The making of Mr. Loeb, however, occurred shortly after the election of Col. Roosevelt as governor.

As president, Col. Roosevelt relied largely on Mr. Loeb's advice.



SPENDS NIGHT IN PRISON



After spending a night in prison to observe the condition of the convicts to investigate conditions there, Gov. B. W. Hooper has announced that the stripes should come off all but the worst prisoners in the spring and that thereafter the stripes should be used only as a means of punishment. As soon as the new chaplain took charge, he stated, schools would be started. As a result of his investigation the issued pardons to 25 prisoners as Christmas gifts. During the night he spent in the penitentiary he mingled with the convicts and learned from many of them the story of their lives.

"The prison," he afterward said, "is a terrible place however humane the management and conditions. Heretofore Tennessee has thought of only two things in connection with the state prison. One was to get some one into the penitentiary, and the other to get him out. It shall be my purpose to reform convicts and turn them

out better citizens. Gov. Hooper understands the under side of life. He was born in Newport and as a child was a waif on the streets of Knoxville, nameless, answering only when some one called "Ben," knowing nothing of his parentage and penniless. He roamed the streets of the city selling papers until some one attracted by his brown hair and bright eyes picked him up and placed him in an orphanage. Later a physician of Newport, Dr. L. W. Hooper, took him into his home and gave him his own name—a name to which, by the way, he was entitled.

SMOOT BACKS WOOL FIGHT

Senator Reed Smoot, of Utah, one of the most unrelenting reactionaries in public life, is to direct the administration tariff on the floor of the United States senate.

That Smoot is to be the administration spokesman in the contest over the revision of the wool schedules, around which the entire tariff discussion will center, is a matter of keen satisfaction to the woolen manufacturers of the country in general and to the directors of the so-called woolen trust in particular.

Smoot, a member of the powerful Senate Finance committee, had his training for the important part he has been designated to play during this session, under the tutelage of former Senator Nelson W. Aldrich.

The Mormon church, of which Smoot is an apostle, is understood to be interested in the manufacturing as well as the sheep raising end of the wool industry. This bill, as Washington now recognizes, was a reduction in the extortionate woolen rates fully justified in the light of the tariff board report just filed with congress.



THE RUINATION OF SAM BUD

STORY OF A MAN WHO MIGHT HAVE LIVED HAPPILY IF HE HADN'T HAD SO MANY RELATIVES.

I kin remember when th' only feller that had a suit case wuz some dude with two sets o' scenery that attended all th' out-o'-town dances. Now, ever' one you meet, Hunyaks an' all, has a suit case an' is goin' some place or jist gittin' back. Ever' time I read about somebody returnin' home after "a delightful two weeks' visit," or see a ole battered up pasteboard suit case, I think o' Sam Bud's fate.

Sam Bud got married long before he begun t' shave, an' he never seemed able t' find anything t' do at home that jist suited him. He was allus talkin' about "acceptin' a position," an' when he'd go "way t' accept it he'd allus come back an' say, "Aw, they didn't want t' pay nothin'." He didn't want a job with wages or he didn't even want a situation. He wanted a light position with a good salary. Nubbidy knew what he wanted t' do fer he couldn't do nothin'.

His relatives got kind o' tired o' him after he fooled around eight or nine years, an' I guess he noticed it, fer one day he took his golden oak dresser an' four chairs, a plaid hunk mattress an' a blue enamel bedstead up by th' livery stable an' sold 'em at auction an' him an' his wife lit out.

Nothin' wuz heard o' em fer nearly ten years. When one day Pinky Kerr found a ole city paper in an empty egg case. Th' first thing he read wuz this: "While Samuel Bud, a wealthy an' prominent manufacturer, wuz crossin' Washin'ton street Tuesday evenin' he wuz struck by a tounrin' car an' taken t' his home at 10757 North Meridian street. He wuz not seriously injured."

Sam Bud, wealthy manufacturer! Jist think o' it! An' livin' on th' North side, too. That wuz enough for his kin folks.

So one evenin' Sam Bud went home he found his verandy covered with relatives an' th' hall full o' suit cases. Weeks went on an' they kept comin' an' goin'. Ever' few days a new family group appeared. Sometimes it wuz Uncle Jim an' his family. He'd bring a 40-cent dressed hen an' they'd all stay two weeks; then Aunt Lide an' th' girls would come with a pound or two o' pale butter an' say, "Now, Ellie, don't you go t' no trouble on our account. Th' Lord knows we hain't used to much;" then Cousin Bill would jist happen t' be in th' city an' he'd say, "Now, Sam, remember, no dideoes. I kin eat anything you kin;" then Sam's father would drop along with one side of his suit case full o' Early Rose pertaters an' th' other side full o' socks—enough t' run him a month. He allus mixed business with pleasure an' when he wasn't out t' th' stock yards he'd set on th' verandy in his stockin' feet an' watch th' auto-go by.

Th' relatives kept comin' till Sam had t' sell his interest in th' factory an' go t' bookkeepin'. Then his big home went next an' he rented a flat an' had t' put in foldin' furniture an' cots.

Ever'buddy from th' ole town looked Sam up an' brought him hickory nuts an' sorghum an' pawpaws an'—remained over.

One Saturday he returned home after puttin' a delegation o' home folks on th' interurban an' fell int' a easy chair an' picked up th' daily paper. Purty soon his wife, who wuz peelin' some turnips in th' kitchen, heard a muffled report. Rushin' int' th' room she found Sam layin' on th' floor. In his hand wuz a clippin' from th' paper sayin': "The State Grange will meet in this city next week."—Abe Martia, in Indianapolis News.