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58c.

75c a YARD.

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THE PASSING SHOW.

This is the great and glorious week of the horse show, the town has literally blossomed in orange and red and is full of "horsey" women. You can spot them wherever you meet them by their loud neckties and diamond scarf pins and yellow gloves. There are horse women from all over the world, from England and the south of France and from all over These States as Walt Whitman put it, and there is one glorious Russian who is almost as big and dark and dangerous looking as the charger she rides.

Of course there is no reason in the world why Pittsburgh should have a horse show, but New York has one and that is pretext enough. We spend our time down here trying to fancy that we live in Gotham. Really, I think I never saw anything funnier than the opening night of that show. The big hall of the riding school was gorgeously decorated in orange and red and the palms and magnolia trees and cut roses were so thick that the whole thing looked as overdone as Pittsburgh festivities usually do. The boxes were adorned like booths at a charity fair and the occupants were in battle array and had come to do execution. There was the Carnegie box and the Magee box and the Darlington box and all the rest of them, seventy in all, and all

filled with Gainesborough hats and white gloves and "swallow tails" and "Prince Alberts" and "Tuxedos" and silk hats of the latest shapes and neckties that cried aloud unto heaven. The boxes were so sprinkled with diamonds that from the front the view was quite dazzling. The gallery was packed with all the people in Allegheny who could dress and wear jewels if they might not have boxes. I never knew the presence of diamonds to become so oppressive, they cast a glitter over the whole affair that was not exactly one of elegance. The riders, men and women, were loafing about the judges stand, surrounded by a crowd of grooms. The men made very striking figures and the women were most of them dressed about like Isador Rush when she appeared in Reed's play "The Politician" at the Funke a few years ago. Most every one had her silk hat tilted at an angle and gestured with her whip a great deal. The big Russian woman who was all in black with crimson at her throat stood rather apart from the rest of them and bit impatiently at her whip handle which was studded with diamonds—probably so as not to be conspicuous.

Every old Coachman and stable boy in Pittsburgh had been arrayed in blue coats and white breeches and yellow topped boots for the august occasion and stood about helplessly, a sorry conglomeration of all sizes and types and

nationalities. Some of them wore boards and some of them wore moustaches and all of them looked nervous. Now it was almost 8 o'clock and the young "bloode" of the town had not yet appeared, that is, not the most blooded of the bloods. Presently they arrived in "tuxedos" and chrysanthemums and yellow gloves. Well, they didn't do a thing but hustle the grooms out and hunt up a barber and have every one of them shaved clean in the dressing rooms! You see this is the first horse show they have ever conducted and they forgot a few things. Presently those poor grooms came back looking cold and blue and more nervous than ever, and the Russian brunette saw what it all meant and threw back her head and laughed and thought some thoughts to herself.

Anon the "bloods" were settled in their boxes and had their glasses out and the gates opened and six tandems trotted out on the tan bark. Then the fun began, or rather it didn't begin. You see most of these people had never really been to a horse show before, they had only read about them in the New York Sunday World, and they didn't at all know how to act. They had kept all the dressmakers and tailors in the town busy for a month, and now they were out to be credit to their town and to their great and glorious state. They had an awful sense of responsibility and a vague notion that this great function

must be taken seriously—something like a grand opera. Yes, they had their grand opera airs on; they bore their gorgeous apparel and sat in those boxes as rigid as if they had been frozen. I didn't see a smile or hear an animated conversation the whole evening. They didn't stroll about to each other's boxes, they didn't go down to visit the stalls, they didn't do any of those things which people are supposed to do at horse shows. As someone remarked, "I should think just from looking at pictures in Harper's Weekly they'd know enough to walk a horse show!" But they didn't. They sat glued to their chairs, bolt upright, rigid and impassive, just as they sit in their dear Presbyterian churches when they are hearing about that hot old time to come. At the other end of the hall the orchestra droned away at slow waltzes and dead marches and as the driving was perfectly noiseless no other sound broke the stillness but the sizzle and gutter of the arc lights. Sometimes for a half hour at a stretch this appalling stillness would weigh down upon us, until it seemed as if one was at some sort of military funeral. Even when the magnificent Russian jumped hurdles the applause was quite correct and formal as at an opera, though you could see people's eyes glitter with excitement. There is no getting away from a Presbyterian environment, no getting