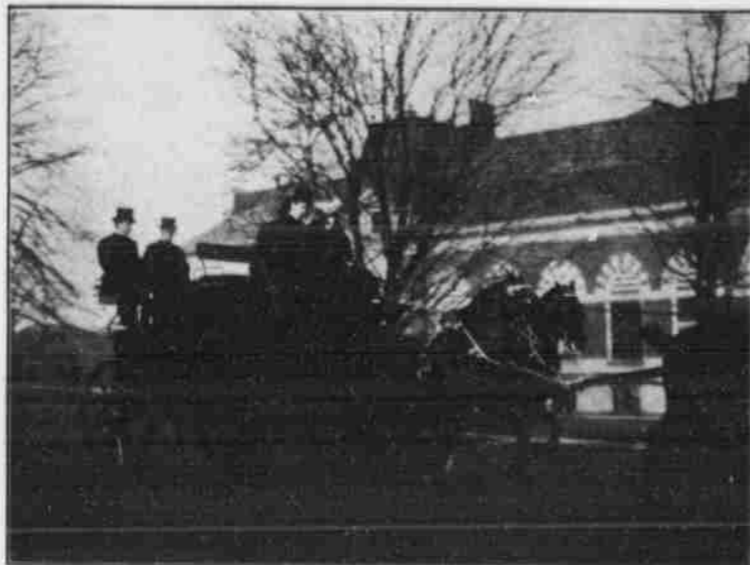


Swell Women Who Drive Their Own Coaches



MISS HELEN BARNEY, NIECE OF W. C. WHITNEY, MAKING SHORT TURN IN CENTRAL PARK.



MR. AND MRS. ALFRED GWYNNE VANDERBILT ON THEIR PRIVATE COACH.



MISS MILLS, DAUGHTER OF MRS. OGDEN MILLS.

PERHAPS the most picturesque adjunct to the fashionable life of the day is the coach. In great cities, and more especially along the highways of some noted summer resorts, a coach-and-four, bowling along resplendent with the gay toilettes of the women and the liveries of the statuesque grooms, is sure to be followed by what the cockney called "h'admiration h'amounting to h'awe." Nothing else gives the same impression of wealth, of luxury, of sportiness and of a general good time. They are sufficiently common nowadays, but twenty years ago there were none of them; that is, none of them correct in every particular, for let no one think that the noble art of coaching is without its lore which regulates the smallest details of the turnout. The late August Belmont it was who first set before the delighted and imitative American public the spectacle of a really, truly coach, horses properly matched, harness just right and grooms correct in their liveries down to the last, least button. Nearly a quarter of a century ago that was, and today there are more coaches and more eagerness for the sport, twice over, than at any other time.

It is no light matter to choose the horses for an up-to-date coach. To the ordinary vehicle, even, drawn, to tooting of a horn, by four horses endless care must be taken in selecting the four. They must not be thoroughbreds, of course, or they would never be able

to draw the load at a steady trot, and they must be a long way removed from those animals whose strength has made them clumsy. They must match, to a hair, in color, and what is more difficult, they must be equally well mated in disposition. The wheelers should be just half a hand higher than the leaders; and, most important of all, they must be able to trot steadily, unvaryingly, their eight or ten miles an hour. Then, with proper liveries and harness (the latter not too showy) you have a coach—if you can pay for it.

If the very thought of sitting aloft guiding four noble animals is fascinating, what must the realization be? No wonder that society women are turning their attention to coaching. It is a rather to be lamented fact that the American woman does not add any very marked degree of sportiness to her acknowledged charms. If sportiness is to be considered a charm, as few are going to dispute in these strenuous, athletic days. It took the coach to tempt them, but now that a fair number of society



MISS MARION HAVEN, DAUGHTER OF GEORGE D. HAVEN.

women handle the ribbons in fine style others are taking lessons in the art (no very easy one, as may be imagined), and this season will see more such turnouts with

women on the boxes than ever before.

Of women drivers, perhaps the very best is Miss Helen Barney, a favorite niece of William C. Whitney, who is shown in the illustration making a short turn in Central park. Not many women drive in the city and Miss Barney is the head and front of these. Could anything be more dashing than the way in which she sits and handles the ribbons, keeping a watchful eye on her wheelers the while? This summer Miss Barney will be at Newport, where she will spend much time on the boxseat of a coach.

Miss Barney's rival for the leadership in this sport among women is Miss Kate Carey, but this enthusiast does not drive in the city. Her stunning turnout is to be seen among the roads about Lennox every summer. Another Lennox coacher of distinction is Miss Marlon A. Haven, who is shown in the illustration. Miss Mills, the daughter of Mrs. Ogden Mills, is another enthusiast who does not hesitate to tool a coach even in the city. One of the first converts to this delight-

ful sport was Miss Helen Benedict, who is now Mrs. Tom Hastings. She was very devoted to it and her teacher, William C. Tiffany, was exceedingly proud of the style of his pupil. Around Meadowbrook Mrs. James Kernochan may sometimes be seen on the box of a coach, and Mrs. J. E. S. Haddon and Miss May Bird are yet others who tool along the roads of Long Island. In the neighborhood of Long Branch, in the summer, Miss Norma Monro may be seen guiding her four in good style. Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt is not a "sporty" woman, but she is fond of going out with her husband, who is devoted to coaching (partly on account of his health), and one of the illustrations shows her sitting beside him on the box of his private coach.

There is no doubt, say the horse authorities, that interest in coaching, and indeed all sorts of sport in which the horse takes a share, is on the increase. Automobiles are many, but they do not oust the horse from his traditional place in the affections of mankind—and womankind, too. There is more coaching in Philadelphia, almost, than in any other city, and in the neighborhood of the Brookline Country club Boston society people galore may be seen on their coaches. It takes money, but, given a sufficiency of that, there seem to be few better ways of spending it than in setting up a strictly correct coach and delighting not only the lucky drivers, but also the less fortunate wayfaring man.

Episodes and Incidents in the Lives of Noted People

THE members of the famous class of '60 of Bowdoin college, to whom Thomas B. Reed gave a dinner at Portland recently, seem to bear charmed lives. Of the fifty-five who were graduated forty-two years ago nearly forty are still in the flesh and, as Mr. Reed remarked to his classmates, "in some instances uncomfortably fleshy." One of Mr. Reed's guests, Amos L. Allen, was formerly his private secretary and succeeded him in congress. Two others, Judge Symonds of Portland and Judge Burbank of Saco, made the nominating speeches the last time Mr. Reed was put up for congress.

General Sherman could say the most pleasing and tactful things and yet no one could be more sarcastic. He was attending a large reception at Fort Leavenworth once when a youth approached him and said familiarly: "What a great bore these things must be to you, general!" "What's that?" asked General Sherman quickly. "I say," repeated the other, "it must be such a bore to you, meeting a lot of people you don't know and making them feel that you do remember them." "Yes, yes," replied the general; "now, for instance, I don't know who the devil you are."

T. P. O'Connor in his London weekly calls attention to the fact that all members of the present British cabinet have been in office nearly seven years—a tremendous strain on anybody, no matter how robust in health or ardent in ambition. Most of them, too, are so well off that they do not care for the big salaries they draw. Curiously enough, Mr. Chamberlain is now one of the men to whom the \$25,000 a year that goes with his office is a consideration. He was worth about \$3,000,000 at one time, but he bought a costly property and has lost a good deal in speculation. Consequently, he is not by any means so well to do as he was when he entered the cabinet.

The late Sol Smith Russell had three young nieces living in the west, of whom he was very fond. On one occasion, so the story goes, he took the youngest of them for a walk and bought her some candy on the agreement that it was not to be eaten until they reached their home. They started, but before they had gone far the little girl proposed, "Let's win!" Her uncle declined, and there was long pleading, all to no purpose. Finally, the little girl stopped, knelt down on the pavement and offered up the petition: "Dod, please make Uncle Sol win." "It was simply a question of my losing my dignity, or her losing her faith in God," said Mr. Russell

in relating the incident, "so we ran as fast as we could for home."

Circumstances appear to show that Russell Sage does not believe it is cheaper to move than to pay rent, even though the landlord should become progressively grasping as the years go by. Forty-two years ago Mr. Sage rented a house from Elbridge T. Gerry for \$700 a year. Twenty-one years ago Mr. Gerry raised the figure to \$3,000 a year. Now it is \$12,500 per annum and Uncle Russell refuses to move, though no one knows what he may do next year when, it is said, an advance to \$45,000 will be demanded.

"Personally there is no finer man than Senator Tom Patterson of Colorado," said Judge T. B. Melton of Chicago to a Washington Post reporter. "At the same time it is hardly a misstatement of the facts to proclaim the senator the Jonah of the democratic party. His course in the senate the late session has been so ultra and so greatly at variance with public sentiment that his party will suffer for it in the November elections. But he started out to work democratic disaster more than a quarter of a century ago. In 1876, when he was in the house of representatives as a delegate from the territory of Colorado, by his persistent efforts Colorado was admitted to statehood. It was his three votes in the electoral college that made Rutherford B. Hayes president. Had it not been for Patterson there would have been no statehood that year; had it not been for statehood Samuel J. Tilden would have had a majority of the electoral vote and Cleveland would not have had the honor of being the only democratic president since the civil war."

Although Russell Sage, the famous financier, will be 86 years of age on August 4 next and has recently had a severe turn of illness, he has expressed his determination to continue at his business the same as before. It was some five years ago that Mr. Sage was asked why he did not retire and take a rest and enjoy what he had made. His reply then was doubtless what it would be now if he were asked the same question: "I don't know that I could stop if I would. I fear I should not live long if I did so. I believe I like work better than I do play. My chief happiness today is in my work and I suppose my machinery will go on at this same rate as long as I live."

Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field survives from that family of Fields which included David Dudley, the codifier of laws; Stephen J., a justice of the supreme court of the United States, and Cyrus, who laid the Atlantic cable. Dr. Field was born at Stockbridge, Mass., on April 3, 1822, the same day and year as Edward Everett Hale. As a Presbyterian minister he won a position in the

church as pronounced as did his famous brother in their chosen walks of life. The New York Evangelist under his editorship and ownership grew to be one of the most widely read denominational publications in this country. He has traveled many times to Europe, twice to the Orient and once around the world.

"Once a priest always a priest," according to the canon law. If so, the French Republic has for the first time a priest at the head of the government as prime minister.

The premier set out in life as the Abbe Combes, says London Truth, but soon threw aside the soutane, or priestly gown. After being a doctor of theology he became an M. D., and had the good luck to be, as republican mayor of a commune, where he practiced in the Charente Inferieure, persecuted by MacMahon's "moral order" government. By rapidly successive efforts of universal suffrage he, in consequence, became again mayor, county councillor and senator.

He is now, though but 67, among the senior of the elected members of the senate, where he soon took a leading place as a useful member. In no haste to shine as a speaker, he distinguished himself as a hard-working member of special committees, and then as a reporter on bills. He speaks remarkably well, and always out of knowledge of the subject with which he has to deal. By his application to business this little man—he is a hop-o'-my-thumb—puts to shame his big colleagues.

M. Combes is a good writer, and has consistently added to his income by furnishing articles on physiological subjects to the papers, and on physiological and historical subjects to the reviews. He distinguished himself by a work on "La Psychologie de Saint Thomas d'Aquin," the great Catholic doctor of theology and casuistry. He also dissected the soul of St. Theresa, and went into the causes of "l'infirmité des races royales," physical and mental. He demon-

strated his thesis in this instance with a crowd of examples. As an M. D. he never lost literary style, which he cultivated in youth as professor of history at the School (or College) of the Assumption at Nîmes. His literary style has derived body from medical studies. M. Combes had a very large provincial practice before he betook himself to legislation as a senator. As a doctor in hot haste to render assistance to his many patients, he acquired his peculiar way of running when he walks.

Some feminine visitors from North Carolina were in Washington recently and noticed that the old north state is not represented in Statuary hall. They called on Congressman Thomas regarding this omission, and he asked them what North Carolinian, in their opinion, should be honored with a statue. The unanimous reply was "Zebulon Vance," and Mr. Thomas promised his active aid in securing a monument for Mr. Vance.

Omaha Fast

Coming to the front in fine vehicles. Many of Omaha's leading establishments are beginning to realize that it is money well spent in having not only strong and durable but beautiful wagons as well for their delivery business. Recently one of our largest manufacturing concerns, the National Biscuit company, has attracted considerable attention by its turnout of three fine wagons.

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This enterprising concern makes the building of vehicles a study and an art, giving particular attention to three things—quality, strength and a pleasing appearance. In the building of three wagons for the National Biscuit company Messrs. P.

J. Karbach & Sons were thrown into direct competition with the leading Chicago wagon builders, with the result that they were awarded the contract. In the designs the wagons are well balanced and the color scheme has indeed been a happy one, the body proper being a beautiful cream color sustained by a medium carmine for the carriage part. On the body side panels are paintings of the "Unecuda" package and the "Iner-Seal" trade mark neatly bordered with appropriate striping, and while the wagons are most attractive, the work has been done so neatly as to give them the grace and dignity of art. Omaha may well take pride in such enterprise.

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