

Pleasures of Equestrian Exercise

EVER since Bellerophon of old Corinth mounted the bloodborn-winged horse Pegasus and from his back met and conquered in midair the dire Chimera, millions of men have in fancy flights wished for a similar steed. But flying horses seemed to become somewhat obsolete as far as humans are concerned after this incident, and the desire of the race for a little aerial equestrianism has so far remained ungratified. In fact, mortals never were, not even in mythology, permitted winged mounts, the instance of Bellerophon being the sole exception. Apollo had his four equine flyers to draw his sun chariot across the sky, but he was a god, and sad was the fate of Phaeton, the mortal youth, when he attempted the feat. After first driving too close to the earth and burning up all the vegetation on half of it, this ambitious human drove too far away the remainder of the journey, freezing up the other half, so that old Jupiter himself awoke from a slumber and hurled at the presumptuous youth his most terrible thunderbolt, precipitating his blackened corpse far below into the waters of the Eridanus.

Bellerophon's end, too, was a sad one, even though he was riding a flying horse by full sanction of the gods. As long as he contented himself with conquering Pegasus by the aid of the enchanted bridle which Minerva gave him, and with slaying the Chimera and flying modestly about in his own sphere, he was all right, but Bellerophon, like most mortals, could not stand prosperity, and decided that he would be a god himself. So he bade Pegasus to carry him to the very realms of the forbidden Mount Olympus, and he would have reached there on the back of

his wonderful horse had not Jupiter seen him coming and sent a gadfly out as a reception committee. This insect stung Pegasus on the neck, the horse shied suddenly, and the next minute Bellerophon was falling horseless toward the earth. But Jupiter didn't wish to kill him, so caused him to light on his feet, and thus the fall merely jarred him blind.

All of which goes to prove that men are not to be trusted with flying horses, and that the gods will not allow mere mortals to have any such, but it does not seem to be the cause of any great sorrow on the part of mankind, for the men of all the worlds of which we have any knowledge at all have ridden their earth-confined animals with lasting satisfaction and much pleasure.

Pleasures of Horseback Riding.

Undoubtedly the riding of horses is a great factor in the virile life of the world. It is the pastime of kings, the labor of warriors, the delight of everyone. There may be something else as good, but you cannot prove to any rider that this is true. There is a citizen of Omaha who tells an exciting story of how he once rode a bull buffalo some 200 miles across a Utah desert, but he insists that after the first novelty of the encounter had worn away there was not half the pleasure in the actual riding that can be found astride a horse's withers.

The supremacy of the horse over all other animals in the minds of men has always been a conclusion. Next has stood the dog, as faithful, perhaps, maybe more sagacious, but with capabilities limited by size, so not as valuable. A horse and a hound have been from time mythological the proper accompaniments of men great in birth or in feats of strength and skill,

but to the horse has always been given due precedence.

Many things lead to this love of men for horses. The element of heroism, so potent a factor with humans, is in this connection one of the strongest influences, for here it gets full play. Heroism on horseback is so apparently fundamental that the simplest mind can appreciate it, while in many other forms and circumstances this subjective attribute is to be conceived only by minds of education and ideals.

But a galloping horse, with grand, irresistible stride, sides flecked with foam, roaring hoofs and flying mane and tail, surmounted by a manly figure with every muscle and nerve strained in sympathy with the steed's efforts, is a sight to inspire any heart of a lout or a lord, and the same affair is likely to be just as inspiring to the rider.

How many heroes have not been represented on their horses? In statuary or painting the grouping of a great warrior, or even of a statesman, with his favorite mount is a common sight in any place where such tributes to public men are found. The coupling of these two is an idea that has ages ago become innate in men, and it would seem that this thought is in itself a force in preventing the abandonment of equestrianism for more novel modes of transportation and locomotion.

Has Its Effect on Mankind.

It would seem that this art must have had a great effect on mankind, and still will have on those who practice it. Physically, its advantages are unquestioned. It is keen exercise and demands the outdoor air, such a great factor in all athletic ventures. But on the personality of men, too, the influence must be great if subtle.

Honest exhilaration is always a benefit and this may be found in essence on the back of a good horse. Then there is the element of risk very prominently in existence, and any real rider will not lack daring or initiative.

What better school, too, could there be found for the dashing ways which made memorable the horseman knights of chivalry and are still admired as the characteristics of real men, full of life and blood and vigor? That riding tends to make men big-hearted and generous is seen by referring to types of classes of men who ride today. Take the cowboy. He may be brutal, coarse, a fighting drunkard, but he is seldom mean or small, and he is never a coward. This is not saying that association with a horse has actually removed from him all these characteristics if he has them, although it ought to go a good way in that direction. Maybe, however, the fact is that a man cannot be a coward and ever become a real rider; in that event he could certainly never be a cowboy.

At the time that bicycles came so strongly into public favor, a decade since, the finish of the horse was often "seen" by prognosticators. When this craze had passed the four-footed friend was still on earth. The more recent run to automobiles has caused more predictions of the sort. It seems safe to prophesy that they will be equally mistaken. It is extremely unlikely that any description of inanimate conveyance, even though it attain the speed of a comet, can ever fill the place of a horse in a horseman's breast. The growing strength of the animal in the turf world each year indicates this. When racing men are confronted by so many new "Derbys" that they have almost run their

entire gamut of expressions in seeking for titles for these contests, when the amount of money spent in speculation in such ventures is increasing at a rapid rate each season, when in other departments, the chase, for example, the time and money spent on horses is on the swell instead of on the wane—all these things seem to point to the never-ending status of the horse as it is instead of to a dearth of interest in affairs equine.

Riding for Pleasure Revived.

Just recently, too, there seems to have been a little revival of riding for pleasure. This has been marked in Omaha. For years a few devoted ones have kept their well-bred mounts and paced them along the boulevards and country roads, but just recently these landmarks have found themselves joined by a host of others, so that there is now a really handsome bunch of riding horses in Omaha. The men who have them are enamored of the game, too, and say they want nothing better.

When it's all said and done, and clever minds have done their best with electricity, with steam, with gasoline and other things dangerous to handle, a horse is still a horse, and till these same inventive minds can add to their terrific speed the sensations of a champion jaw, of heaving sides beneath you, of rolling muscles and of a pair of lines straining from a foam-flecked mouth, till they can convey a sense of the animate being, of the unquenchable spirit of a horse, they need lay no plans for superseding this animal. The story of the wild rides of Paul Revere and of General Phil Sheridan will ever remain far more thrilling to the boys of America than tales of record-breaking runs by a steam machine weighing a ton and a half.

Episodes and Incidents in the Lives of Noted People

THE speech of Senator Pettus of Alabama, in which he paid his respects to "orators" in the person of Senator Beveridge of Indiana, will be long remembered in the senate. That portion of his speech was plainly impromptu, but arriving at the psychological moment it convulsed the entire senate and the galleries. Senator Dewey walked wildly about the chamber swaying his arms over his head, while the president pro tempore, Mr. Frye, laid down his gavel, threw himself back in his chair, while the tears streamed down his cheeks. Senator Pettus was warmly congratulated by his colleagues of both parties. When one of these, on the next day, shook his hand and declared the speech "epoch-making," Senator Pettus gravely replied: "Well, I don't know about that; it depends on the point of view. When I got home last night I found my wife reading the afternoon paper. She glanced up and said: 'I see you have been over there in the senate making an old fool of yourself.'"

The famous German actress, Marie Seebach, used to be considered miserly, but she was saving her money for her son, and when he died she bequeathed it to an institution for the support of aged and indigent actresses. Her life has recently been written by Otto Gensichen in a truly Teutonic style. Whenever the author comes to speak of her engagement in a new city—Kassel, Munich, Hanover—he recapitulates the history of that city, political and otherwise, up to the appearance there of this actress!

Lord Salisbury's retirement has once more raised the interesting question whether he did actually dig for gold when he was in Australia in 1852," says the London Chronicle. "His latest biographer, F. D. How, gives the most complete account of Lord Salisbury's Australian experiences that has so far appeared in print. According to Mr. How, who apparently gathered

his information at Hatfield, young Lord Robert Cecil was a member of a party that pegged out a claim on the Mount Alexander gold field, which was twenty-three miles on the Melbourne side of Bendigo, and is now the town of Castlemaine. Mr. How cites the statement of a still living miner, who remembers seeing Lord Robert Cecil working on the claim, and the kindness of the future prime minister to a sick digger in a neighboring tent is also mentioned. But Lord Robert was not among the lucky ones at Mount Alexander, where fabulous fortunes were made by a few, and he afterward proceeded to Bendigo, where his interest in auriferous operations was more scientific than personal. There is a speech of Lord Salisbury, in which he made incidental and humorous reference to a time when circumstances constrained him to become his own cook and laundress."

Winston Churchill is following his literary confrere, Booth Tarkington, into politics. Both will run for election to the legislatures of their respective states—New Hampshire and Indiana—in the November election. The Indiana novelist is sailing over a smoother political sea than the New England writer. Mr. Tarkington is backed by the republican machine of Indianapolis, and that backing virtually means election, while the town bosses of Cornish, N. H., are quoted as saying that not a vote will be cast for Mr. Churchill. The novelist has apparently learned the first lesson in politics by not being upset by such want of sympathy in his political plans, as it is hinted that he aspires to congress.

While the great mass of his subjects are still comfortably asleep in bed, King Edward, when in health, has risen and is seated at his desk, deep in the consideration of state documents, for, though his majesty does not lie down with the lamb, he gets up with the milkman.

It is always after midnight before the king is in bed, but by 7 o'clock he is astride

to him on one occasion: "You are like a policeman, Bannerman, you can always sleep standing up." An equally curious habit is that of Lord Rothschild, who confesses that he can sleep better in a theater during the performance than he can at any other time or place.

A correspondent sends the London Telegraph the following characteristic anecdote of Lord Kitchener: "The governor of Natal wired to the commander-in-chief: 'My ministers and myself consider we should be vouchsafed further news.' The Man of Iron wired back: 'I do not agree with either you or your ministers.'"

Rev. Cyrus H. Stinson, pastor of the leading Congregational church in Stratford, Conn., has a decorous fad for raising fancy fowls. In the last month or so he lost several of his pets, so he bought a small rifle and lay in wait for the enemy. The other evening he saw a large cat prowling about his henery. One bullet was enough, as the reverend gentleman is an excellent shot. The four-footed marauder proved to be the pet cat of his most influential parishioner, Dr. H. M. Knapp, a wealthy physician, who is said to have severed his connection with Mr. Stinson's church after a stormy interview with the preacher.

General Thomas M. Anderson, who lately went on the retired list, has a small opinion of Admiral Dewey, dating from a time shortly after the battle of Manila. When Anderson arrived there he was anxious to do something, so he visited Dewey and proposed to take the town. The admiral dissented, suggesting mildly that the events of May 1 gave him some distinction as well as authority. General Anderson, who is given to plainness of speech, rejoined bluntly: "Hell! All you did was to smash a few pewter ships." Ever since then the two men have been anything but friends. This story is related by an officer of the Second Oregon

The czar of Russia is another of the 7 o'clock breakfast brigade, while the emperor Francis Joseph is astride even earlier.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has been credited with being able to sleep as easily in a standing position as he can lying down. Said the duke of Devonshire

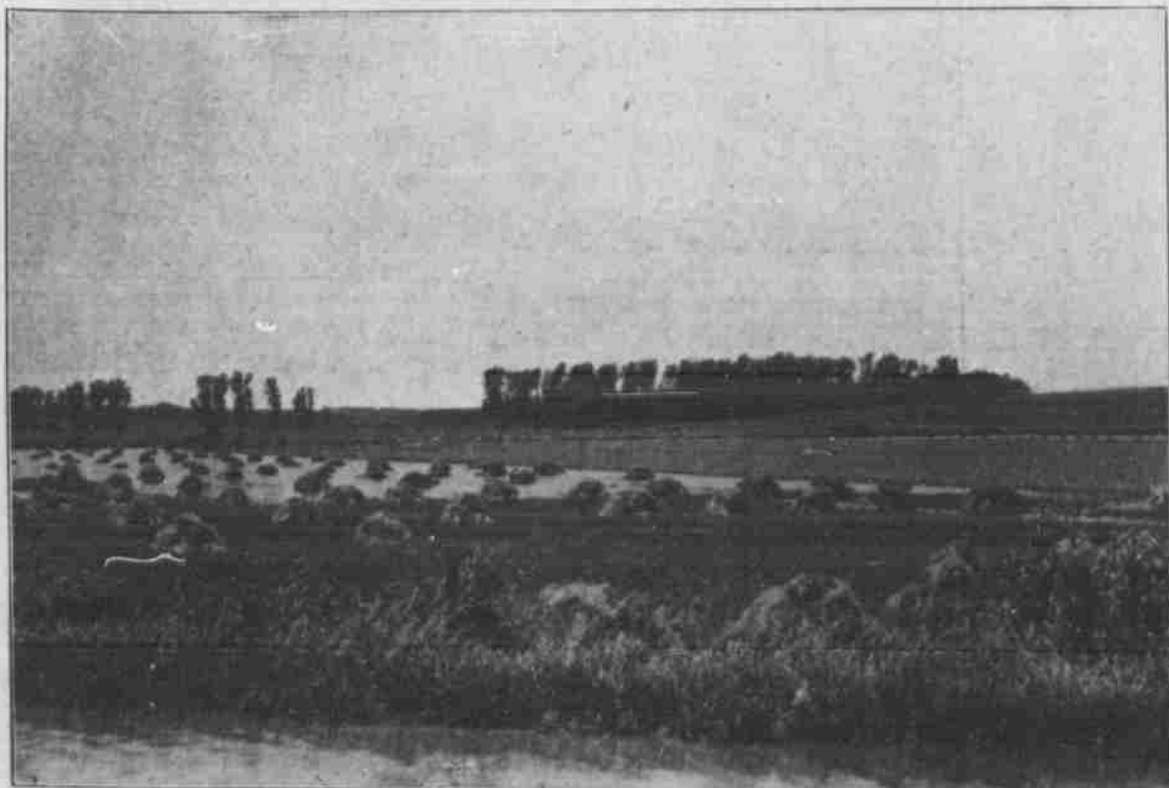
regiment, which was in Manila at the time under Anderson's command.

The following anecdote illustrates strikingly Lord Salisbury's inveterate conservatism and suspicion of all movements for general social reform: A temperance advocate was arguing the case of public house reform. Pressing the matter home, he concluded: "At least, my lord, you will admit that a great increase in the number of drinking places in a given locality is an additional temptation to overindulgence." "Not at all," retorted Salisbury. "If I visit in a home with forty bedrooms I feel no greater inclination to sleep."

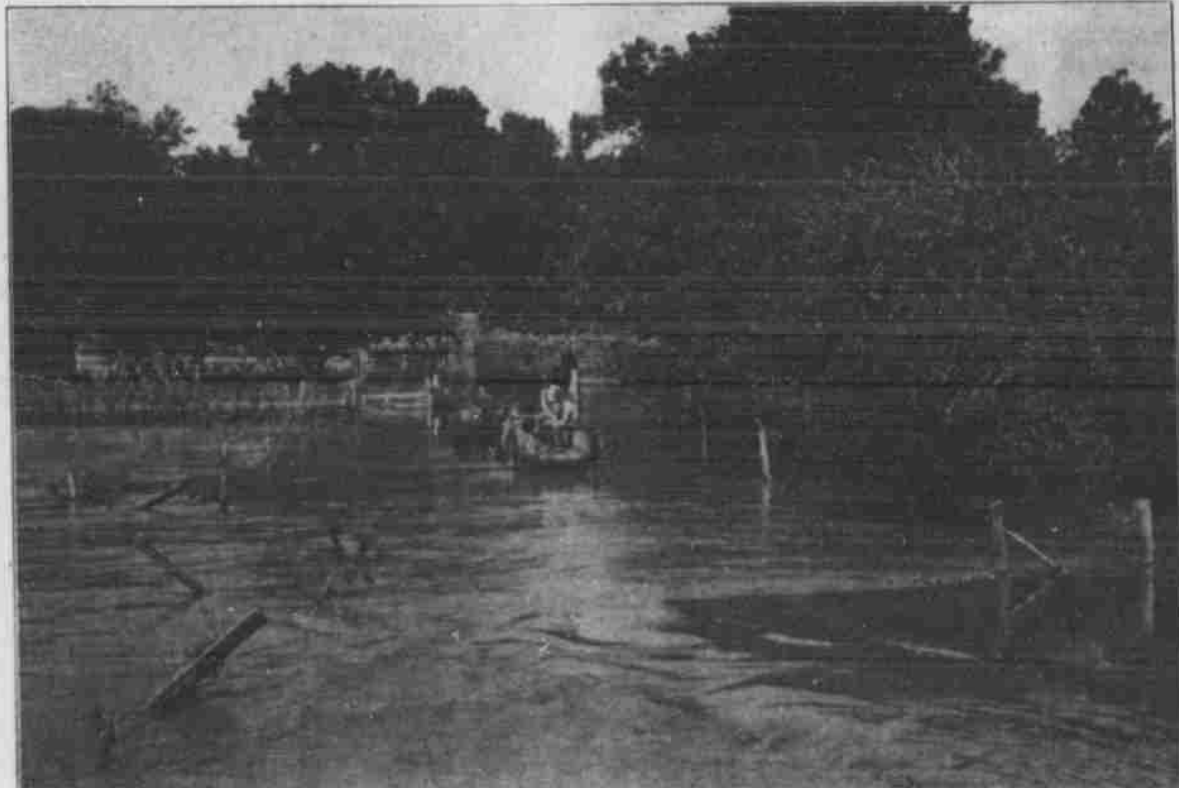
Judge Pennypacker, republican candidate for governor of Pennsylvania, was seated on the bench one day when his brother Harry entered the court, walked up to his honor and in a whisper requested the loan of \$5. The judge looked over his spectacles and said in clear tones: "Put your application in writing, Mr. Pennypacker, and present it in proper form." Thinking the judge insisted on this form out of regard for judicial dignity, Harry did as he was bid and handed up the slip of paper by way of the clerk. His honor read it with great gravity and said in a voice that could be heard all over the court: "Application for a loan of \$5 to this court is received—and refused."

P. J. Francis, a public-spirited resident of Bozeman, Mont., proposes to erect a monument over the grave of Henry T. P. Comstock, the man who discovered and located the famous Comstock lode at Virginia City, Nevada, from which the late John W. Mackay and James G. Fair took many millions. Discouraged, ill and without a dollar, Comstock, in September, 1870, shot himself through the head. His body was buried by the county in the cemetery just east of Bozeman, where it has remained up to the present time in an unmarked grave.

Scenes in the Beautiful Valley of the Nemaha, One of Nebraska's Pretty Streams, During the Recent Freshet



WHEAT FIELD OF ANTON GADEKEN IN OTOE COUNTY.



ORCHARD AND YARD OF E. D. MURRAY NEAR TALMAGE.