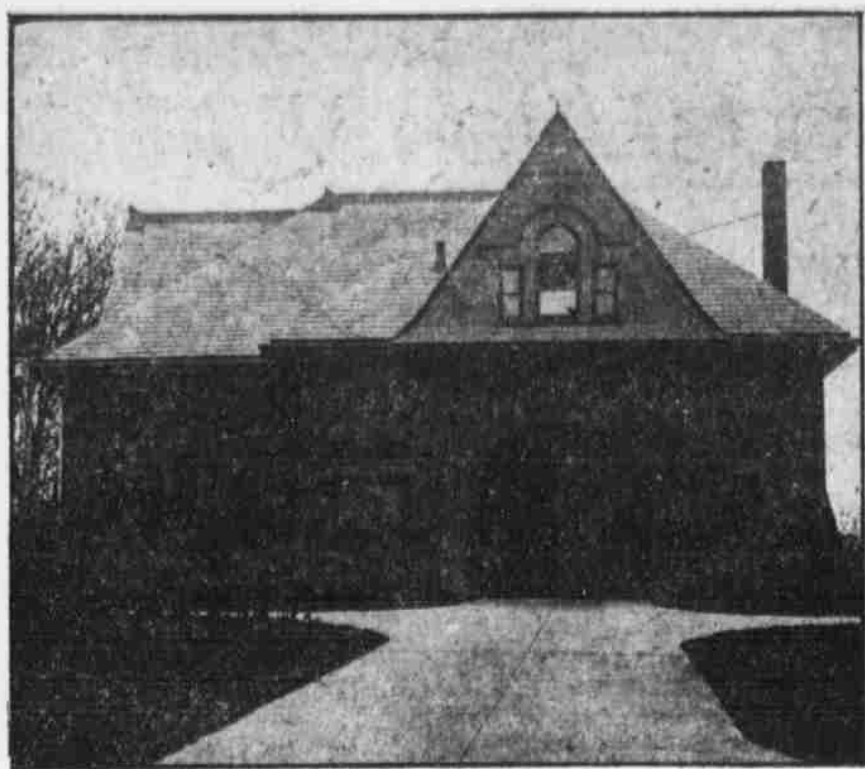
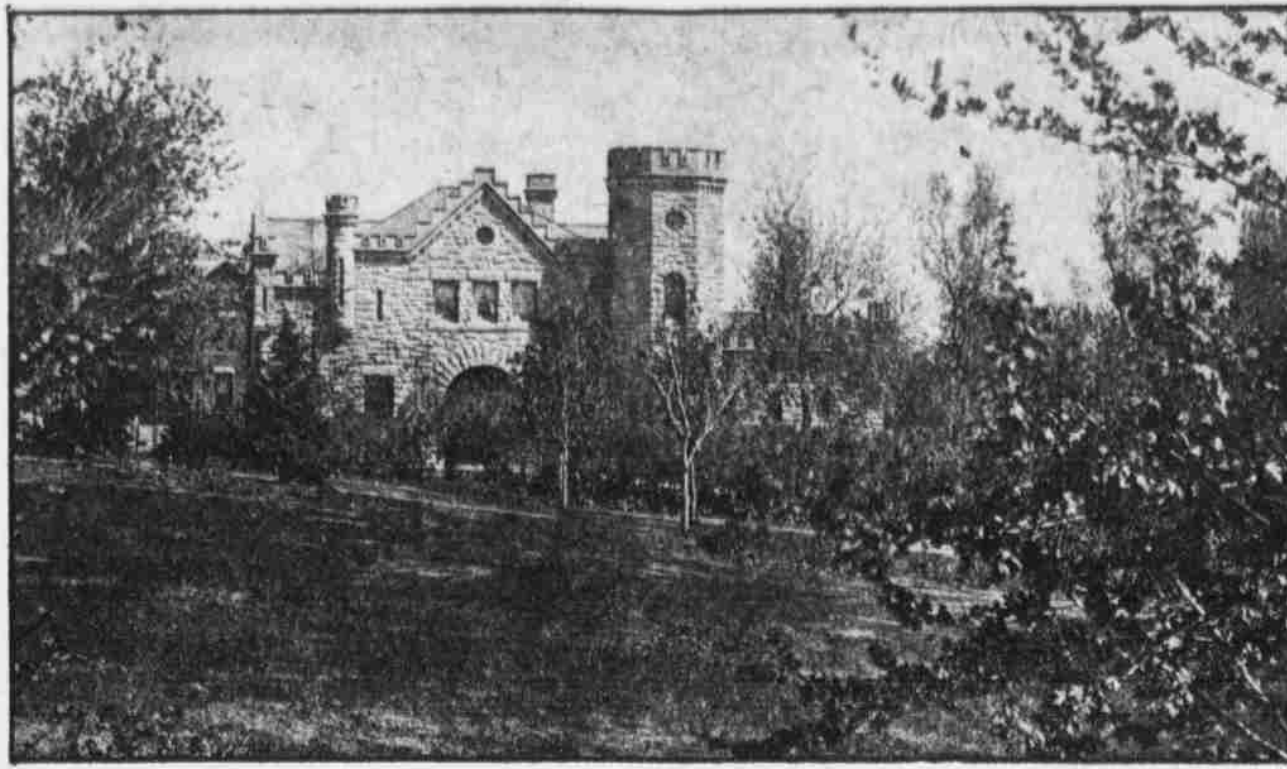


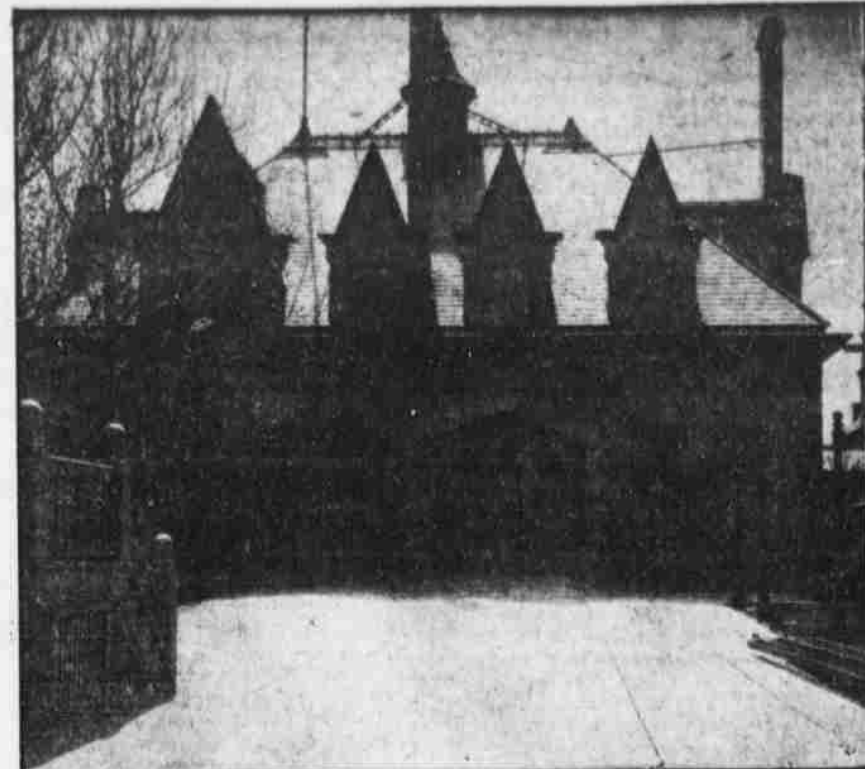
Palatial Homes Occupied by Omaha's Most Aristocratic Horses



W. H. McCORD'S STABLE IS WELL APPOINTED.



BEAUTIFUL STABLE AT JOSLYN HOME, NOW ALMOST ABANDONED.



E. A. CUDAHY'S STABLE IS THOROUGHLY MODERN.

OMAHA stables have not reflected a proud point of faddism attained some parts of the world, but from the point of equipment and appointment they take rank among the best. They have architectural beauty, are substantially constructed and are fitted with the latest of appliances for the care of the horses, harness, vehicles and other incidental appurtenances. Not all of them are such as would be called "large," but it does not follow that the largest stables are the best. It is a well-known fact that in the American metropolis one of the men most widely noted for the style of his turnouts and his taste in all things appertaining to his establishment has a stable modest in its size and in the number of its vehicles and horses.

The number of private establishments in Omaha which are said to compare in many respects with that of this metropolitan man of taste is considerable. To get an idea of the beauty and value of the animals contained in them, one has only to attend the horse shows held each fall. He catches a slight of an equipage here and there on the street, which is all very well, but unsatisfactory so far as a collective idea of the Omaha turnout is concerned. At the horse show the best of animals and vehicles are out in the best of condition, although it is unfair to presume that they are ever in anything but the best of condition, as may be seen by a visit to the stables. Fine animals, indeed, the horses are. Go with the owner to his stable after the show and somewhere on the wall in a conspicuous place your eye will rest on a case of ribbon trophies. "This one was won by Prince in Detroit before I bought him," the proud man will say to you, or, "Bess carried off this one in one of Ohio's largest cities. Here are the ribbons my horses won in the Omaha horse show last year."

Horse for Pleasure.

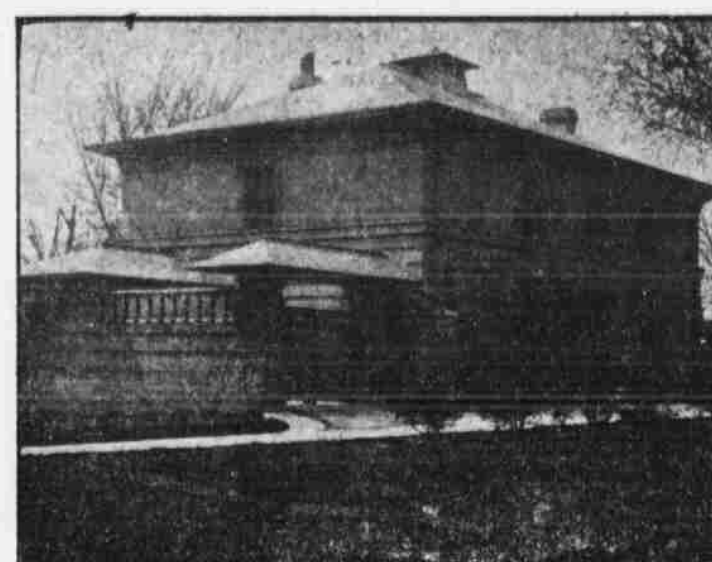
Private stables such as these are scarcely a quarter of a century old. Man cannot remember when the high bred racing horse did not receive all the distinguished consideration due him, but the rise of the horse of pleasure is of recent date. Commodore Vanderbilt and the other rich men of his day, although they had excellent horses, scarcely spent on their establishments as large a sum as is required to keep up some of the stables of Omaha today.



HANDSOME QUARTERS FOR THE A. D. BRANDEIS MENAGE.



STABLE AT THE J. H. EVANS HOME.



F. P. KIRKENDALL'S HORSES ARE WELL HOUSED.

Practically little is generally known of the care and money expended on smart turnouts. To be sure, one easily imagines that they are costly, which is the way he would have them were he a leader of fashions in horses, but he has at best an imperfect knowledge of the care and thought expended on the modern stable. It takes a competent man to see that the vehicles, harness and horses are receiving the proper care, and the man who can do this is always sure of a position.

As regards expense, there is a continual outcry for coaches, grooms, liveries, new harness and carriages, feed, veterinary's bills, stable repairs and innumerable other items. The initial outlay for the erection and equipment of the building is frequently what many a citizen of Omaha would consider enough to build him a fine mansion. Several multi-millionaires of our land own stables which are 50x100 feet in dimension, are three stories in height, contain twenty vehicles and as many horses, and keep five men at work all the time. Besides quarters for the coachman and the stableman, there are gymnasiums, billiard rooms and bath-rooms for both men and women. In Omaha

the billiard room is left out, but the gymnasiums and bathrooms are frequently seen. Three men is as large a force as is required in any Omaha stable of the present day, while two stories above the basement is the limit of height.

Barton Establishment a Marvel.
From the standpoint of convenience and comfort for horses, men and owner, the establishment of Guy C. Barton at 322 Farnham street is remarkable. Feeding and watering arrangements are admirable, the stalls large and the carriage room spacious. Everything is kept so clean that a girl from a ballroom might traverse the carriage room floor to the very door of the stalls without soiling her skirts. The harness room is off the carriage room at one end and the door of the stable opens directly by it, so that there is a minimum of space to cover in getting horse, vehicle and harness together.

On the second floor, directly above the carriage room, are two rooms, one for the coachman and another for a groom. They have the appearance of comfortable bach-

elors dens. The floor has a hard oil finish and is laid with rugs; the furniture is neat and substantial.

Across the hall is a private room used by Mr. Barton himself. He calls it a den and the name is supported by the appearance. One can see at a glance that it is just the place to sit alone and smoke after coming in from a ride or drive, or to bring a friend for a quiet game of cards while the rain is beating on the roof. It is comfortably furnished with chairs, table and couch, while a bed in one corner proclaims the fact that it is unnecessary to go to the house in case one is overcome by lassitude while taking an evening smoke. A bookcase is present containing several hundred volumes and appropriate pictures decorate the walls. From the door it is but a short distance to a bath room.

One Not Yet Known Here.
Omaha has not yet reached the day when its citizens have a whole suite of bachelor apartments above their stables, including sitting room, dining room, bed room and a store room with refrigerators and wine chests. This is left as a fad for two or

three New York millionaires.

Cudahy Horses and Quarters.
E. A. Cudahy is another man who keeps good stables and his men are proud to show the visitor his horses. The horse "Sunrise," bought a year ago, took two prizes in the 1904 horse show, and already had a number to his credit when Mr. Cudahy bought him from Crow & Murray of Toronto. "Sporting Duchess" made her first appearance in Omaha at last year's horse show and did herself proud by taking two ribbons. "Contralto" is an animal just bought from Herbert Klyn of Pontiac, Ill., in preparation for this season's show. The trophies won by Mr. Cudahy's stables are securely kept in a glass case on the front wall of the carriage room, together with a fine collection of bits.

Under English Direction.
The horses of W. H. McCord are well known. He keeps six of them in his stables and has an equal number of vehicles. The place is well kept and every carriage and piece of harness looks as though it had just come from the factory. This faultlessness is explained by the coachman, who was

originally from England. He said that every rig and every harness has to be thoroughly cleaned whenever it is used. When one considers that two hours are required to clean one set of double harness, it will be seen that the man in the stable has no spare time. This particular coachman compared the stables of this country and those of England. He said:

"I find two faults with the stables here. First, the Americans most always insist on having wooden floors, which are hard to keep clean. Wooden floors should be used only in the stalls, and even then there should be a metal pan beneath them to carry off refuse. The next criticism is that the stables might be roomier. Here in a country where there is an almost unlimited amount of land, it seems that they might be built a little larger."

It was this same man who said, when speaking of an Omaha stable which is not noted for its convenience of arrangement: "It has good horses and it cost lots of money, but it would give a man the measles to work there."

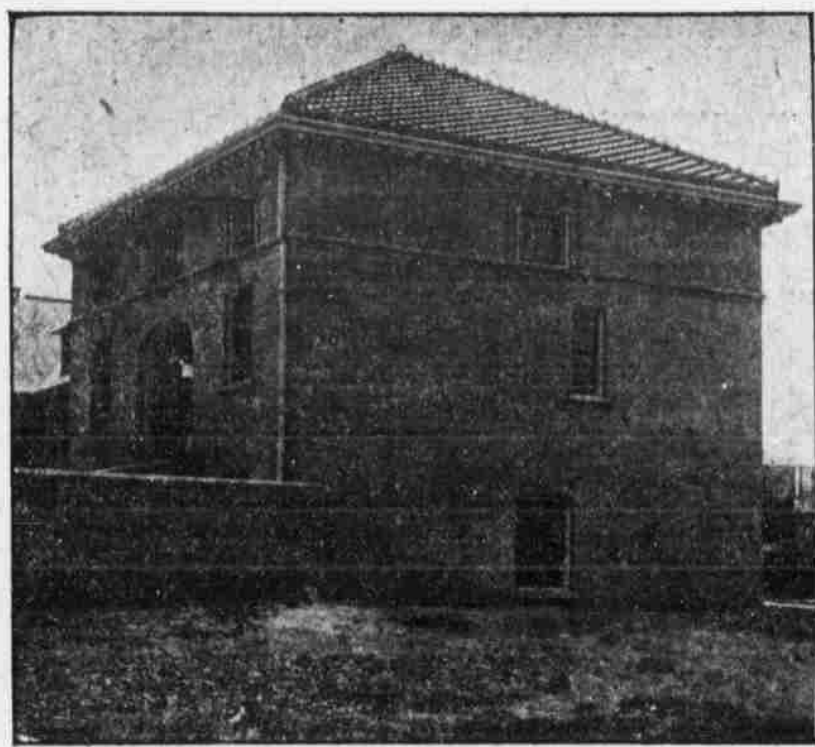
Stable Dedicated with a Bell.
George A. Joslyn's establishment at Thir-

ty-ninth and Davenport streets is a large and costly pile of masonry, but at present it does not amount to much from the viewpoint of a horseman. Four years ago this spring its completion was celebrated by an evening entertainment with white shoulder gleaming and diamonds sparkling under a glare of lights. Where slipper feet danced then on the carriage room floor, it seems now almost deserted. Mr. Joslyn's horses are all in pasture with the exception of two, and these he does not use. He prefers the automobile, and his carriages stand idle.

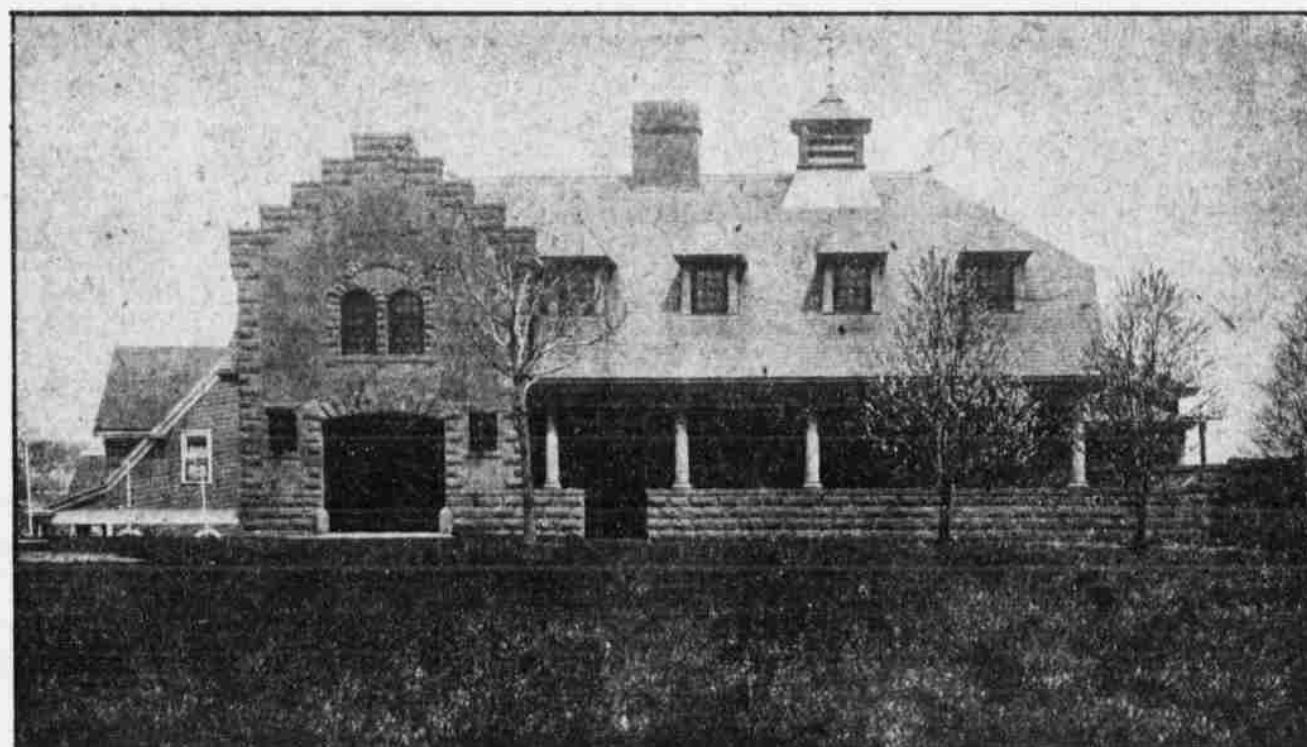
What is Required.
To be up-to-date in Omaha the requirement for the carriage room seems to be about six vehicles. In looking over the best establishments of the city the brougham, the gig, runabout, stanhope and station wagon are always found. Some places contain a victoria in addition. Most universally used of any of these is the runabout, light, inexpensive and adapted to infinite use. It is ordinarily black, with red running gear. The brougham is indispensable to people who have pretensions to social distinction. The landau is not so common as the victoria and brougham.

The gig is used for driving single or tandem. The custom of driving tandem originated at the old time English fox hunt, when the hunter was hitched up in front of the cart horse when driving to the meet, instead of being led along behind. It is noticeably lacking in utility, but it is picturesque and on this account will probably always be used. In Omaha it appears for the most part at the horse shows, and is not seen elsewhere so frequently as to lose its novelty. The tandem is said to be the highest test of a woman's skill in driving.

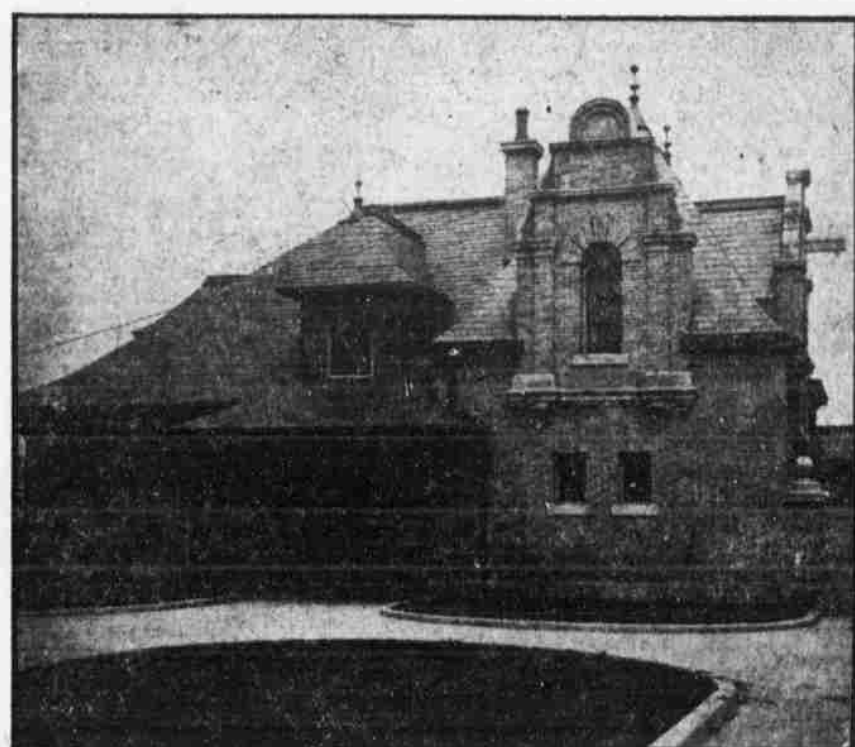
Perhaps the majority of vehicles in Omaha stables have come from Chicago. There was a time when Americans had to send to France and England for their best carriages, but that time has long since passed and Europe is now buying from us. As for horses, many of the most stylish drivers have but two in their stables. Some have four or six, and the high limit is seven or eight. There may be horse lovers who have more than this, but some of them are kept on a convenient farm part of the time. A set of harness for every vehicle is necessary.



THREE-STORY STABLE BUILT FOR T. J. MAHONEY.



GUY C. BARTON'S STABLE, WHICH IS ONE OF THE MODEL STRUCTURES OF ITS KIND.



MRS. BEN GALLAGHER MAINTAINS A HANDSOME MENAGE.

Quaint Features of Current Life

Strange Lightning Pranks.
SEVERAL families living on Hickory street, between Eighth and Ninth streets, St. Louis, reported the appearance of a large ball of fire following a stroke of lightning. The bolt ran along the water spout of one home, knocked the soot down the chimneys of another and caused a stove pipe to fall in a third. One woman seated at a window of one of the homes was slightly hurt.

George Gover of 221 Hickory street, while standing in a grocery store opposite his home, reports having seen the ball descending. After reaching the ground it seemed to rebound, he states, to the third floor of the house, where it exploded with a terrific report. Mrs. Schwartz of 519 Hickory street was seated at the window of the third floor of her home across the yard from Gover's home. When the explosion occurred she was stunned for a second. Later she complained of a great pain on one side of her face.

Lived on Fifteen Cents a Day.
The funeral of Samuel T. Lloyd of Philadelphia, a veteran of the civil war, who prided himself on having lived on 15 cents a day for more than twenty years, took place in Philadelphia, May 2. He lived to be 81 years of age, and, save for being incapacitated from paralysis, due to his army experience, he enjoyed the best of health.

Mr. Lloyd had a pension of \$10 a month and, finding himself unable to work, faced the problem of clothing himself and paying his board upon that meager sum. He faced the difficulty bravely and refused to go to a soldier's home. He found that he could allow himself but 15 cents a day for his meals and managed to keep in comparatively good health on that sum for more than twenty years. His daily and almost unbroken rule was to have a cup of

coffee and rolls at 9 o'clock in the morning and liver and onions at 5. Up to the day of his death he was unusually cheerful. "I am perfectly happy," he said to a friend a few days before his death. "The trouble is that people of today depend too much on material things for happiness. A clear conscience and kind friends are the greatest sources of happiness."

Afraid of a Mouse? Never!
A reputation for remarkable nerve has been won by Miss Bernice Baker of Bryan, O., an Ohio Wesleyan senior.

Miss Baker presided at senior oratoricals in the lecture room, attended by the 125 members of the senior class. During an oration a mouse appeared on the platform. A moment later Miss Baker felt something moving under her dress. Her first impulse was to scream, but realizing the consternation it would cause she grasped her dress and held the mouse a captive for ten minutes, until the speaker had finished. She then dislodged her prisoner.

Queer Impressions on Glass.
The family and neighbors of J. W. Fletcher, a marine engineer of Toledo, O., are greatly puzzled over strange impressions which have appeared on the glass of one of the windows in Fletcher's house. One afternoon last week, there appeared on the window glass the imprints successively of the hands of an adult and infant. All efforts to erase them have proven unsuccessful.

Mrs. Fletcher, a niece, and neighbor lady relate that there appeared on the glass the outlines of a baby's face, which, after about an hour, began to fade, and was replaced by a profile view of a woman's face. This, they claim, was again replaced by a woman's head wearing a Salvation Army bonnet.

No one seems to be able to explain the phenomenon.

Entertaining Little Stories for Little People

Dulcie's Rainbow.
"MOTHER!" said Dulcie Raymond, "I want a pink dress just like Ruth Baldwin's!"
"Why, Dulcie, you already have a pretty dress you have never worn," said her mother.
"But that is violet and not so pretty as pink."
I am sorry to say that Dulcie always tired of what she had and was continually wanting something new. Did you ever meet with such a little girl?
"Come here, Dulcie," called Mrs. Raymond later from the porch. "What do you see, dear?"
"Oh, the loveliest rainbow I ever saw," and Dulcie danced about delightedly.
"Is the rainbow all pink?"
"What a question, mother! It would not be half so pretty if it was all one color."
"I know of a little girl who would be glad of a new dress of almost any color."
"Who is she, mother?"
"Ollie Brown, our washerwoman's daughter. I have learned she has not clothes to wear to Sunday school. Would not my Dulcie rather have Ollie wear a new dress and hat than have the pink dress herself?"
"Yes, mother, I truly should!"
A few days later Mrs. Raymond told Dulcie that Ollie's dress was finished and she might take it to her.
"Are these things really mine to keep?" asked Ollie.
"Yes, indeed," said Dulcie. "And mother told me to invite you and Ruth Baldwin to come and have tea with me tomorrow afternoon."
It was such a lovely warm June afternoon when Ruth and Ollie came to see Dulcie that they spent it out in the apple orchard.
"I could not have told which my lit-

tle girlie was when you were fitting about in the orchard if your dresses had all been pink," said Mrs. Raymond at tea time.
"Violet, pink and blue," said Dulcie.
"Why, we are mother's rainbow of girls!"—S. Rosalie Hill in Sunbeam.

Dogs Who Are Newsboys.
Wow-wow-wow-wow!
Four sharp barks in quick succession, emphasized by an animated tail and the bright glare of a pair of bead black eyes. To the ordinary mortal it might sound like the delighted greeting of an irresponsible little doggie to a passing friend. To the initiated, however, it represents the cry of one of the cleverest knights of the road that the effete city of Boston boasts.

"Here's your papers, Waxtry!" says that bark, and the dog newsboy, picking up the paper he has dropped while he cried his wares, trots up to the customer he has selected and holds up his offering with a persuasion that few can resist.

"Newsy," as he is very properly called, is a small white poodle, the property of a man who sells papers on Park street, down near the office. He started his career when he was a mere puppy. At first only the comrade of his master in his long hours on the street, the idea occurred to the newsman to use the faithful little wow-wow's superabundant energy in his work. The training was slow and arduous. Newsy was proud of his responsibility when intrusted with a paper, but like others of his kind, objected to give it up. If you interpret his language sympathetically he will tell you himself that this was only in his early days. As soon as he realized that he was to become a man of business he began to take the paper—and himself—seriously.

Stationed by his master, his keen eyes watch the passing faces. Newsy knows the

man who likes dogs at a glance. He never approaches any other. He catches up his paper, dashes out in front of him, lays down his load for his sharp little remark and then waves it in air with an engaging certainty of success in his eager appeal. If the dog is noticed and the man stoops for the paper Newsy's master stoops for the pay and the poodle rushes back to prepare for the next sale.

The dog has been a great vogue with women and is perfectly aware of the fact that here his sales will require no great effort. He accepts their attentions like a matinee idol—polite, but blasé.

While on his beat nothing can lure him from duty. His canine acquaintances who invite him to take a turn around the corner are sternly refused. Even the vision of a stray cat cannot tempt him away from his post, though Newsy's black beads grow wistful with longing.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Mister Butter-In.
Dirty face and clothes in rents, Allus round a-putter-in. Just a bunch of impudence, Little Mister Butter-in.

Mummy's can't keep things neat, When he's allus clutter-in; Trackin' dirt with two bare feet, Shiftless Mister Butter-in!

"Yes, mother, I truly should!"
"Who gets dad's first kiss at night, Crownin' Mr. Butter-in?"
"That's for little Butter-in."
"If we set down to a meal, If he wakes a-putter-in; Per his share, with such a squeal, Gredy Mister Butter-in!"

Talkin' Mr. Butter-in's ear, Dad can't say a word no more, 'Count of that old Butter-in."
"Still we're used now to his ways, An' there's no uterin'! Quite, how lonesome were our days If we had no Butter-ins."

Curious and Romantic Capers of Cupid

Miss Keller's Teacher Weds.
THOROUGH informality and simplicity characterized the wedding of Miss Anne Mansfield Sullivan to John Albert Macy at Wrentham, Mass., May 2. The bride is the instructor and companion of Miss Helen Keller, and the groom is of the editorial staff of the Youth's Companion and an instructor of English at Harvard university.

The romance which culminated in the marriage had its beginning in their common interest in Helen Keller, the young woman who, though deaf, blind and dumb, received the degree A. B. from Radcliffe college last June.

Miss Sullivan's attachment to Miss Keller is an instance of remarkable devotion. During nearly twenty years the older woman was the inspiration of the younger—her teacher and friend; Miss Sullivan was eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf, tongue to the dumb and an open door to her who sat in darkness until she was 7 years of age. The teacher, who was herself temporarily deprived of sight, by sheer genius for her work, gave to Miss Keller and to the world the latter's fine personality.

For several years Mr. Macy has been interested in the education of Miss Keller; he became an intimate friend of both teacher and pupil, and was often in their company. Some of the gossip connected the names of Mr. Macy and Miss Keller, but a few months ago Miss Sullivan and Mr. Macy announced their engagement.

Mr. Macy, who was a prominent member of the class of '89 of Harvard college, is an instructor in English at the university and also miscellaneous editor of the Youth's Companion. He has aided Miss Keller in her literary work and wrote the preface to her book, "The Story of My Life."

An Elderly Bridegroom.
George Schmitt, 56 years old, of Asbury

Park, N. J., formerly a manager of Washington market, New York City, married, Easter Sunday, Mrs. Ellen Day Swartz of Newark, who is 57 and twice widowed. An accidental search of the records in Neptune's township disclosed the romantic marriage. The bride said it was a love match. "I've known him since my childhood," she said. "I know he will make a model husband, because he has never smoked, chewed or drunk, and is as sound in mind and body as he was twenty years ago."

The bridegroom, who has retired from business with an ample fortune, has children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Elopers' Club on Warpath.
The fourth in the series of weddings by members of the Waterbury (Conn.) Elopement club was announced on May 6, when Clifford D. Sandland, an official in the Waterbury Lumber and Coal company, and Miss Gertrude Field, daughter of a local manufacturer, blushing confessed that they had been married in New York on Good Friday.

The parents of both parties received the news with equanimity. There now remains only one surviving bachelor of the original Elopement club of five. The club was organized nearly two years ago. They declared that weddings were becoming too prosaic and they proposed to restore something of the spirit of romance.

Frank Morsehead led the procession eighteen months ago, and he stole away to the metropolis with Miss Eva Chatfield. They returned man and wife and the club gave them a handsome silver service.

Phillip Morsehead came next, eloping with Miss Etta Lewin. They didn't announce their wedding for a month afterward, but got a silver service.

The club tendered a reception to Mr. and Mrs. Sandland. Serving, the sole survivor, acted as master of ceremonies.