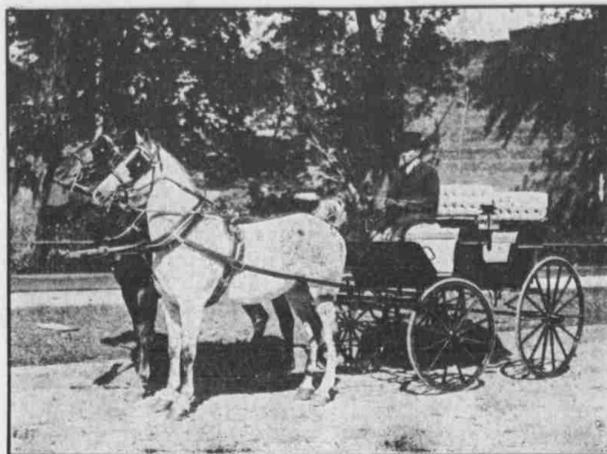


History and Helpful Hints for Patrons of the Omaha Horse Show



MRS. ALLISON AND MRS. NASH WITH MRS. ALLISON'S PAIR.



E. P. PECK'S WELL KNOWN PAIR.



MRS. F. S. COWGILL AND HER RUNABOUT.

ALTHOUGH this is but the second horse show for Omaha, the people of this vicinity must not think that the horse show is a new contrivance. As a matter of fact the horse show is a very old game, but it has only recently been thought necessary to make a good clothes exhibit a part of the show. It really had its origin in the old horse fairs which Rosa Bonheur pictured so faithfully—and likewise to such pecuniary advantage. The first real horse show where fashion cut any particular part was held in the reign of Charles I. It took place at his country residence at Crofton, eight miles from London. The practice has been revived at various times up to the present day and the British horse show of modern times is conducted annually under the direction of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. It was liberally patronized by Queen Victoria and is now supported by King Edward. The ribbons are highly prized for the royal benediction which they carry with them.

Twenty-three years ago this fall the first show was held in New York at the suggestion of some of the society leaders that the principal families of the metropolis be induced to gather to witness an exhibition of the blooded animals. Ward McAllister was then the leader of the "40's" and even he was not especially enthusiastic over the prospects of making the horse show a prominent social function. Those who really took hold of the scheme and worked it to a successful finish were Henry Wall, "King of the Dudes," Mrs. John Jacob Astor, and Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt. Theodore Roosevelt, at that time a citizen of New York, was one of the most interested of citizens. It was finally decided to hold the affair at Long Branch during the summer. Society was there in force and stamped it with the seal of approval. Since that time it is the real smart thing for a city to have a horse show.

Lessons of Last Year's Show.
Omaha owners of fancy turnouts had their eyes opened at the last Horse Show and for the past week have been practicing in the Auditorium arena, and exercising their high steppers. Many pointers on how to "hold the ribbons" were gleaned at the last show. The man who considered himself a good driver saw his faults and has found, to his dismay, that while he may have been able to control his horse he was entirely lacking in those elements which go to make a good "whip." Confidence is the first requisite. This will give him an opportunity to sit gracefully and keep his



W. H. MCCORD'S UNICORN TEAM.

elbows near his sides and not raise them as though about to fly. He should not keep his eyes riveted upon his horse, as though he expected him to bolt every minute. Neither must he gaze to the right and left, as though driving the family nag. The reins should be held in the left hand, the near reins running over the third joint of the forefinger and the off reins between the middle of the second and third fingers. Grasp the whip in the right hand and bring the hand over close to the left one in which the reins are being held.

Rules laid down as proper for driving in the arena are all based on common sense, as is easily seen when the horses of one of the crack drivers show signs of getting into any difficulty. It was noticed last year that all of the crack "whips" of the east, owners as well as high salaried drivers, had a set style in handling the reins and it was seen on several occasions that they had control of the situation at all times. Local exhibitors practice in the ring in advance to strive to get the right position of the reins and the professional horsemen are always ready and willing to instruct as to what is proper and right.

Women Will Drive.
Many of the swell turnouts at the Horse Show will be driven by the society women of the city for their friends, and to this end many have been practicing at the Auditorium. A clever man realizes how much more fetching is the tout ensemble of



W. H. MCCORD'S FOUR-IN-HAND.

any picture when there is a woman in the case. So he scans his wife's visiting list to see who there is among the lot that can handle the reins. The women in the ring will be the observed of all observers. They will drive forth conquering and to conquer. Last season one of the prettiest sights of the week was the riding by some of the society girls of the city of the splendid big hunters from the eastern stables. One young woman rode around the ring in a continuous outburst of applause, and won the deserved prize for her skill in handling the horse and for the way that she rode her saddle.

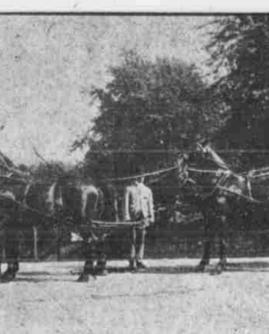
Chance for the Work Horse.
The addition of the working horse to the prize lists is a step in the right direction. It will have a tendency to awaken a greater interest among owners and drivers in the welfare and appearance of their work horses, to induce more humane treatment, to encourage better care and perhaps more oats, to incite consideration for the welfare and appearance of the horses which daily toil on the streets of Omaha. A benevolent spirit of harness is an impossibility, as it requires a double equipment for a set.



THE SHOW ARENA.

Horse Show Venacular.
There are many things about a horse show that are just as distinctive as the horse show colors. Principal of these is the horse show language. Don't tell your groom to have the stable man "hitch up a pair" instead of "put to," and do not say "horn blowing" for "horn sounding." The local winner should not show his appreciation of the judge's decision by tipping his hat. Instead he must acknowledge the honor merely by a slight movement of the whip. Neither at the horse show at least should the knowing ones call a stable a barn. A barn is all right when speaking of one of the big sheds on a farm. Some of the other adjectives for the horse show are:

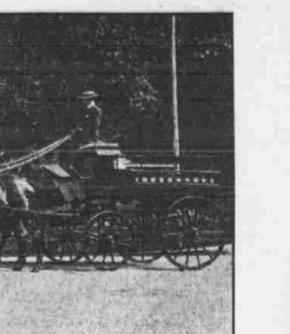
Don't call a single harness a single set of harness. A single set of harness is an impossibility, as it requires a double equipment for a set.
Don't call two horses a team unless hitched tandem; call them a pair. A team is more than a pair, such as a tandem, unicorn or four-in-hand.
Don't say your high school horse parks. The word "parked" should apply only to the eastern saddle horse of the walk, trot and canter varieties. They are movements.
Don't call your saddle horse a saddler. A saddler is one who makes saddles. Properly speaking, a saddle horse is of the English variety of three gaits, namely, walk, trot and canter; usually docked for park usage. A gaited, or what is called the Kentucky, or what is called running walk, fox trot or slow pace.
Don't call a coach a salpigo. The word "salpigo" is used in a perverted sense as applied to coaching. It is a hunting term, pure and simple, and has nothing to do with coaching. It is a hunting error in America to call any kind of a horse a salpigo, but it is the origin of the word in this country, by the owner having called a drag a coach. Drag is the



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name applied to a coach when used privately. As soon as a four-in-hand is put into service and a fare charged it ceases to be a drag and becomes a coach. A break is similar in some respects to a coach or drag, the difference being in the weight of the latter and the inside seats which it has.

And above all, do not hiss at the judge's decision. They are all gentlemen from abroad, serving without pay, and there may always be some good reason for not giving a prize to a certain horse which cannot be noticed from the boxes or gallery.
Show Hints.
Any color in harness but black is strictly tabooed.
Runabout horses should be 14.3 and not exceeding 15.2.
Of brass or silver harness, the former is given the preference.
The box must always be mounted from the off or whip hand side.
The roughness of horse or harness must be 15.1 hands-high, with quality, pace and good heavy bone.
Never use the whip unless wishing to convey to the horse a distinct command to go on, and never hit twice in the same place.
The pulley bridle is in much favor for tandem and road harness, for its flexible working gives greater ease to the horse's mouth.
Bearing reins are always used on horses for city purposes, both as a matter of safety and for uniformity of looks in a pair, or tandem, etc.
The clock horse on a road coach is not necessary when showing in that class, being only used for actual road purposes, where an extra horse is needed in pulling up hills, etc.
Appointments for a runabout have been



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out to the following: Storm coat, waterproof apron, road blanket, rein, hoof pick, wrench, clock on dash, whip and small spool of wire.
Fole chains to broughams or carriages are not in good taste. In the best appointed turnouts the pole pieces are of leather. They are essential, however, in the drag, road coach or carriages driven by gentlemen.
In runabout appointments it would be well to remember that wipers are necessary; the elbow or Liverpool bit is used, with bearing rein and breastplate optional; with a choice between a Kay rim or breast collar, breeching optional, and with a flat saddle with round tugs and square or horse-shoe buckles.
It is part of the duty of a groom to so time his actions as to be at the head of his horse by the time they are brought to a full stop. To do this, he should commence his descent from the vehicle the instant he feels the pulling up of the horses. It is not necessary that he should lay hands on the horses unless they are restless or fretful.

Horse Show Definitions.
A cock horse is an additional horse to be used in helping a coach or road four over a hill or other hard pull. He may be hitched in front or ridden by a groom.
A unicorn is three horses, two behind and one in front. Sometimes called a spike team.
The Gig Horse—Horse over 14.3 and not exceeding 15.2, with quality, style, high action, speed and solid color; brass or silver mounted harness; bridle and square blinkers, zig bit, spring hook bearing reins, standing martingale, chain to connect harness at bottom, closed foot tugs (French); single square or horse shoe buckles; bridle fronts of metal to match mountings.
Lady's Phaeton—Single horse or pair; solid color, with quality, style, good manners and true action; brass or silver mountings, Burton bit; standing martingale, breeching, spring hook bearing reins, straight pad, square buckles. Speed is not required in this class, but park gait only.

Tersely Told Tales Both Grim and Gay

Search for Ancestors.
His story is told of the visit of the Honorable Artillery company of London to Boston. One day when they were passing the Old Granary burying ground in Boston Lord Denbigh turned to Governor Bates and said:
"What is going on over there? I have noticed that these churchyards of yours seem to be the scene of some strange activity."

"Oh, that's one phase of the mining cure," replied the governor.
"What, grubbing for gold in a churchyard? Why, that's vandalism!"
"Oh, it's not gold these grubbers are after; it's ancestors," was the governor's reply, with a smile.—Boston Herald.

A New Definition.
Former Mayor Patrick Collins of Boston told this one as the Irish cab driver had narrated it to him in Dublin. Cabby took "a fare" out into the country one night. The gentleman paid him well and told him to "hook under the seat."
There cabby found a quart bottle of pure Irish whisky, and he sampled it immediately. He also gave some to the horse, which seemed to like it. Telling the story cabby said:
"After I'd been givin' ol' baste only four or five drinks he got gay, he did. Th' first thing ol' knowed ol' war in th' shafts pullin' th' keb, an' the baste war up in th' state lashin' me wid th' whip, makin' me pull hard an' dance."
"Well, what was the result?" inquired Mr. Collins.
"Ol' never give th' baste another drop fr'm that day till th'!"
"Yes, but what was the result that night? You were drunk of course."
"Ol' war not drunk, at all at all."
"Were you entirely sober?"
"No, Ol' O'll not lie about it. Ol' war not in-tirely sober."
"If neither drunk nor sober, what was your condition?"
"Ol' war on th' defensive."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Nevada Fun.
Senator Newlands of Nevada often regales his colleagues with puns, original and quoted. It is generally admitted that he is an excellent judge of this sort of wit.
"Here," said Senator Newlands the other day, "is a Nevada pun."
"An old farmer sat on the doorstep smoking his pipe. His favorite hen pecked near him. He regarded the hen indulgently as he puffed the smoke into the clear evening air."
"All of a sudden he gave a start of astonishment."
"By jingo!" he said, "the old hen is eating stray facks. Can she be going to lay a carpet?"

Old Ben's Trouble.
Old Ben is a familiar character of the North Side, Chicago, and is well known in the Twenty-third ward, where he has been driving a mineral water wagon for some years past. It is an old joke among those who know him that, although Ben is always "on the water wagon," it does not help to keep his gait steady. In fact, jokes about Ben are as common on the North

Side as those about our venerable city hall and the postoffice are downtown. He spends most of his money for beer, and consequently his person is always a doleful sight.

Not long ago some one asked him why he did not drink mineral water instead of the beer which he took in such quantities. He answered: "Waukeeba water is all right for the Methydist, but give me somethin' with a Milwaukee label." Ben has a peculiar high nasal twang which renders his conversation very comical.

About a month ago he was taken ill, so that he was forced to give up delivering water to his customers. A doctor was called, who diagnosed the case as one of dropsy. Poor Ben was getting worse all the time, and one morning the doctor said: "Well, Ben, I think we will have to tap you."
"Tap me," said Ben, "for what?"
"For water, of course," replied the doctor.
"Water?" shrieked Ben in disgust. "I ain't teched a drop in twenty years."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Cause for Remorse.
A western lawyer recounts a story of a trial he once witnessed in a Texas court. A hard looking tough was the defendant. His counsel, in a voice apparently husky with emotion, addressed the jury something in this wise:
"Gentlemen, my client is a poor man. He was driven by hunger and want to take a small sum of money. All that he wanted was sufficient funds wherewith to buy bread for his wife and children. He did not take the pocketbook containing \$50 that was in the same bureau drawer."
At this point the counsel for the defense was interrupted by the convulsive sobs of his client.
"Here, man!" exclaimed the judge, "why are you crying so?"
"Because, your honor," replied the defendant—"because I didn't see der pocketbook in de drawer!"—Harper's Weekly.

The Inventor Balked.
"General Nelson A. Miles," said an inventor, "was to be continually besieged by banks with pneumatic rifling rings, gobs, subterranean rifles, dirigible war balloons and such like martial inventions. The general would weed these cranks out with admirable speed."
"I sat in his office with him one day when a servant brought in a card."
"Oh, send him in," said General Miles. "His business won't take more than a minute or two."
"So in came a wild-eyed, long-haired man, twisting his soft hat nervously in both hands."
"General," he said, "I have here—and he took out a small parcel—a bullet proof army coat. If the government would adopt this!"
"Put it on. Put it on," said General Miles, and he rang the bell. The servant appeared as the inventor was getting into the coat.
"Jones," said the general, "tell the captain of the guard to order one of his men to load his rifle with ball cartridges and—"
"Excuse me, general, I forgot something," interrupted the inventor, and with a hunted look he disappeared.—Independent.

Entertaining Little Stories for Little People

How Grandpa Knew.
"THINK it's going to rain right away," grandfather said, coming into the sitting room where Ruth and grandmother were.
"Yes," grandmother said, "there is a thunder cloud over the west."
"Is there? Sure enough—but that wasn't what made me think it was going to rain. I noticed the nurses were all hurrying the babies into shelter. When you see as many as a hundred nurses all hurrying home at once, in a great excitement, you can be certain it's going to rain."
Grandpa was watching out of the corner of his eye. And Ruth—oh, Ruth was looking too astonished to speak! A hundred babies, and everybody knew Aunt Rita's little new baby was the only one in the little village of Cross Corners—the very oldest one!
"Yes," went on grandfather slowly. "My aunt's nurses are very careful of the babies of the family. It's interesting to watch them logging the little white babies around, into the sun or out of the rain."
Ruth gasped softly. "His aunt's?" Aunt Rita wasn't grandfather's aunt, and she only had one little new baby, anyway, and she never kept a nurse! Grandpa'd been out in the sun making hay—it was a very hot day—swooping it had made him crazy! Sometimes very hot days did hurt folks. Ruth looked at grandfather's dear old face anxiously, but it didn't look crazy. It was laughing! Grandfather held out his hand.
"Come, little Wonderer," he said, "there's just time to go and see if the babies got home safely, before it begins to rain. It's only a little way. They live under the front sidewalk."
Dear me! to think that was what grandfather had meant—a-n-t-t-a, not a-u-t-t-e! They tried up a loose board in the walk, and there they were—little ant-nurses and ant-fathers and ant-mothers and—maybe ant-aunts! There were hundreds of them, hurrying about as if they were altogether too busy to stop to receive callers.
"Where are the babies?" Ruth asked. "I don't see a single baby."
"I do—dozens!" laughed grandfather. "All those little white bundles like fat little pillows, or bags of grain in pillow cases, are my ant-babies. They don't look like your aunt's, do they? But they're the babies, as sure as you live, Wonderkins! The nurse-aunts tug them out into the sun day-times, and bring them home nights. And when it's going to rain—why! don't they hurry 'em home! I tell you, you could watch my little ants a whole day and not learn all the wonders about them then."
And Ruth tried it for an hour at a time, and found grandpa was right. Why don't

some of the rest of you try it, too.—Child's Herald.

The Baby and the Crocodile.
When a little baby comes to an Egyptian mother and father the mother anxiously awaits the day when it shall first be carried to the sea, there to notice a crocodile. One of the first lessons taught to the little folk of this race is that they shall gaze intently upon every crocodile that they are fortunate enough to come upon. The Egyptians believe that crocodiles bring luck, the more crocodiles the more luck. If the new baby shows any interest at all in the crocodile, it is regarded as prosperous. When little Egyptians fall sick they are carried miles to look upon one of these animals. All Egypt, from the lowest to the highest, is full of crocodiles. It is the eagerness with which the sick child fortunate enough to gaze upon him.

The Clock and the Spider.
"What all our new clock!" said father one day, as he came home from his work and found mother just putting on the potato kettle for dinner. "It is 12 o'clock now and our clock lacks a whole half hour of the right time."
"I don't know," said mother; "it always has kept very good time until now."
Just then Eliza came running in from school, saying, "Oh, mother! I was at all school this morning, and Miss Prentiss was so sorry, because she had been teaching the children a new song that I missed."
Father moved both hands of the clock around until both pointed straight up. Now Eliza knew what time it was, and guessed why she had been late in the morning. "The clock could not keep up, but grew slower and slower, until finally it stopped altogether."
"Now," said father, "I will open the door to see if I can find out the trouble with our new clock."
Eliza and mother peeped over his shoulder and what do you suppose they saw? Somebody's little home, all fixed up there among the pretty wheels, with curtains, draperies and other silken things. The one who made all this was scampering away as fast as his little legs could carry him.
"That's right," said father, "hurry away, for you have just tied our clock up with so much spinning that it cannot go at all. You and the clock are both such busy workers that you cannot work together, so you had better fix up a home somewhere else."
Father brushed the spider's web all away, when the wheels commenced turning and

the pendulum said its soft "tick-tock" again.

Father set the hands again with Aunt Jennie's watch, and the next morning both were together, telling the right time.—Child's Garden.

Seven Little Rainbow Fairies.
Once there was seven little raindrops, whom everybody loved—sun and wind and flowers and Mother Nature most of all. Once, when they had been very, very good for a long time, Mother Nature promised them a party, and everybody helped to make the raindrops happy.
"I wish I might get them each a new party dress," Mother Nature said, and then she examined them one by one, and asked if he might get the dresses for the raindrops.
So he sent away to Fairyland and got them each a different colored gown; red for the bright little raindrop with red shoes, orange for his own very favorite, yellow for her dainty little cousin, green for the one who was fond of the grass, blue for the pet of the sky, purple for Mother Nature's little standby (heart's ease), and violet for the shy little drop with the violet eyes.
The Cloud Queen sent them a cloud for a boat, and the Storm King sent them the wind for a sail, and away they went.
"Do only kind acts," Mother Nature had said as she kissed them good-bye, and so, as they journeyed along, each thought out a plan that would make some one glad.
The red drop sang to a poor garden rose that was sad, and its gay little song brought joy to it and made the rose sweeter all day.
The orange drop fell on a cross baby's nose and made it stop crying and smile.
The yellow drop swung on a dandelion's stem and washed off the dust from its face.
The green drop played hide-and-seek with the grass, and it fairly bristled with fun.
The blue drop played with a dear little brook, and it bubbled and laughed and gave a poor pussy a drink and spoke a few words of love, and the violet drop, the shyest of all, hid from sight in a violet bed.
But the rough little wind said he did not like to wait. He was anxious to go to the party, so he whistled at each flower's door to say he was ready.
"No one wanted the raindrop to go, but it was late, so he hurried away as fast as he could, and as they sailed into the sky their friends could only see a faint glimpse of each dress.
Each had a sweet little story to tell as they sat on Dame Nature's big lap and thanked her again and again for their gay rainbow party.—Viola Collins Edwards in Child's Garden.

Gossip and Stories About Noted People

Glad He Laughed.
THE direction of my career was completely changed," said United States Senator Albert J. Beveridge to a writer in Success, "by a careless laugh. When I was a youth in Illinois I heard that the congressman from our district intended to hold an examination to determine what young man he should appoint to West Point. I pitched in and studied hard for that examination, and found it other when I came to take it. Most of the other fellows seemed to be still struggling with it when I had finished. The latter evidently felt that the dignity of the occasion had been trifled with, for he scored 1 per cent against me. When the papers came to be corrected this loss caused me to fall one-fifth of one per cent below the boy who stood highest on the list. He is a captain in the army now, where I suppose I should be had it not been for that laugh. I believe in the power of cheerfulness. Looking back, I am rather glad I laughed."

Roosevelt as a Humorist.
Dean Shaler of Harvard university remarked, not long ago, that he had discovered that President Roosevelt is something of a wit. This rather surprising remark aroused curiosity, and, after some questioning, the dean was induced to explain.
"A few days before the election last November a member of the cabinet met the dean in Boston, and as they parted the secretary inquired: 'What shall I say to Theodore for you?'"
"To this the dean, with his customary candor and vigor, replied: 'Give him my regards and tell him I'll be d-d if I'll vote for him.'"
He had entirely forgotten his message to the president, until a few days after the election, when he received the following note from the White House:
"Dear Dean: Judging by the size of our majority, you must have changed your mind. T. R."

Frederick and Bismarck on War.
In his diary of the campaign of 1866 the late Emperor Frederick of Germany wrote: "It is a shocking thing to ride over a battlefield and it is impossible to describe the hideous mutilations which present themselves. War is really something frightful and those who create it with a stroke of the pen, sitting at a green cloth table, little dream what horrors they are conjuring up." Bismarck once expressed himself to the same effect and added: "Had it not been for me there would have been three great wars the less, the lives of 50,000 men would not have been sacrificed and many parents, brothers, sisters and widows would not now be mourners. That, however, I have settled with my Maker!"

Conkling and Collins.
F. F. Scannell contributes to the Boston Record this story of a pass-aget-arms between the late Mayor Patrick A. Collins and the late Senator Conkling:
It was in 1877, during General Collins' last term in congress. A hearing was given

at the Treasury department in Washington of Colonel Roger Scannell of Boston before Secretary Fairchild on the question of placing an import tax on certain mineral waters. Conkling was counsel for the water company. John H. Burke of Boston, now Judge Burke, represented Mr. Scannell.

General Collins entered the chamber before the hearing opened and introduced Mr. Scannell and his counsel to Mr. Fairchild. The secretary then presented all three to Mr. Conkling. The latter immediately began to banter the general after this fashion:
"Conkling—Mr. Collins! That name seems familiar. Perhaps you are acquainted with Mr. Collins, the congressman from Massachusetts, whose speeches I have read with much interest?"
"Collins—I know the Mr. Collins you speak of very well, indeed. In fact, I see his face every time I look in the mirror."
"Conkling—Oh, indeed. I believe you have refused another term. That must be rough on your constituents. If your constituents were rats, I should say it was rough on rats."
"Collins—My constituents are the best in the world, and I do not resign in the middle of my term."
This last shot was too much for Conkling and he quickly subsided.

The Whole Thing.
Lieutenant Commander A. F. Niblack of the United States navy is stationed at Honolulu in command of the Iroquois and seems to be a sort of poon-bah there. He has been called upon to perform all manner of civil, military and naval duties. So much so that in a recent letter to the secretary of the treasury he signed his title in full as follows: Lieutenant commander, United States navy, commanding United States steamship Iroquois, recruiting officer, captain of the yard, head of department of construction, head of department of ordnance, head of department of steam engineering, head of department of yards and docks, inspector of lights and buoys of the Hawaiian islands, inspector of immigration for outlying islands, inspector of customs.

Everybody Works but Father.
Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, got a great send-off when he left Pittsburg from the Union station a few nights ago. A big crowd of labor leaders and union men was there to bid him good-bye. As a parting ode they sang for him "Everybody Works but Our House."
It runs something like this:
Everybody works but father,
And he sits around all day,
Puts his feet in the breeches,
And smokes his pipe of clay.
Mother takes in washing,
So does Sister Ann;
Everybody works in our house
But my old man.

Now, isn't that a grand send-off to give to the leader of America's greatest labor organization? Just at first Mr. Gompers did not know how to take it. Then the humor of the thing struck him and he laughed heartily. He will never forget the parting ode sung for him at Pittsburg.