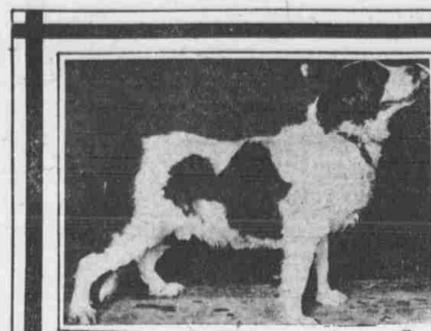


WHEN THE CHICKENS AND DOGS GO ON DRESS PARADE

High Bred Fowls and Aristocratic Dogs Afford Amusement and Instruction for Thousands During the Week at Transmississippi Association's Annual Show at the Omaha Auditorium



Irving S. Finn and his Merry Widow Dog.



Ch. Guard F



Tommy Hooker, Famous Show Winner



EASTER GIRL
OWNED BY
PRIST BENSON OF KENNEL CLUB



Miss Dorothy Challis and her Pet



50 Lb. Turkey



A 19 Pounder



A REAL DUCK
OF A BIRD



19 Ounces



FUR INSTEAD
OF FEATHERS



MERRY WIDOW

TWO thousand fowls, noisy belligerent, insistent, gathered into a cackling, crowing, crowing concourse—that was the Transmississippi Poultry show held at the Auditorium last week.

In the mind of the city dwelling consumer this vast gathering of show birds was more than likely to appeal from a utilitarian standpoint rather than from the enthusiastic but technical side of the fancier. Think of it, if you can, with the present prices fresh in mind after the holiday expenditures. Two thousand fowls, meaning in all nearly eight tons of poultry, worth at the prevailing prices something like \$5,000. Then, while fancy ranges consider the possibilities if each fowl would condescend to lay an egg a day at 10 cents a dozen for eggs. Seventy dollars' worth of eggs would be the daily output. But the show birds were just vain objects of admiration and really too proud themselves to be considered from so material a viewpoint.

There was one prevailing note in the poultry show room. The unmistakable murmur of the bellcote spirit of the birds arose from the long rows of coops. The Auditorium resounded with the one vibration, the war cry of the feathered clans. It was the enforced peace of stout cages alone that prevented the shedding of many feathers and much blood. Fair tradition to the contrary notwithstanding, and despite the dove as the emblem of peace, the bird is a natural born fusser, a scold, a combatant.

Just to give vent to the tenseness that surcharged the atmosphere of the show, a few of the sturdy game cocks were allowed to mix it with gloves on for little harmless three and four-round goes.

Yes, sir. Cock-fighting is sport that the olden days have seen, though. The Transmississippi "main" were lively contests, but as bloodless as a reading circle debate. The honors of the arena went to a strutting little bantam cock, of course. This little red pyle game wouldn't stand long in a finish fight, but for points he was clearing the "classiest what is," as Muggsy would put it.

There were many fighting birds at the show. The tall, spare-built, rangy fellows, those were the games. Some of the game birds at the Transmississippi show have a pedigree that runs half way back to the revolution, a regular family tree, with everything but a coat-of-arms.

Just a Part of Breeding

In these days of reform the game has become little more than a show chicken. Breeders find the game useful, however, in injecting a strain of stamina in the production of more valuable and remunerative birds. Then, it is just natural that the game should be healthy, because there has been no effort to take the fight out of the game chicken and he has developed unbridled.

With all due respect to the game cock, he may be said to be a sort of frontier fowl. His services as an entertainer have been dispensed with as civilization has gained maturity. The cock fight, by the way, so the historians would have us believe, is but a survival of the old Roman days when combats of the beasts made the Coliseum bloody.

At the poultry show a most interesting collection of Plymouth Rocks was to be seen. The Plymouth Rock is the most entirely American member of the chicken family. Just to size him up, a barred Plymouth Rock cock gives a sort of sturdy stars and stripes effect. The antecedents of this very American bird are somewhat like the nation's peoples, rather uncertain and highly complex. Experts have many theories, but the fact remains that no one can tell just what the Plymouth Rock is made of. This bird is the pride of the farmer and the despair of the breeder. He is a hard-working, persistent chicken of good, sober habits and a home-loving disposition. He has, however, a careless way of reverting back to ancestral traits of color and form in a most unexpected way.

It must be just a whimsicality, but the Plymouth Rock cock insists on feathering lighter than his sister, and that sister persists in getting darker generation by generation. The breeders are busy all the time keeping the Rock family at a happy average for the show pens. Then there is a hidden streak of yellow in the Plymouth Rock, not his disposition, but just his colors. Down there in the Auditorium show one could see this yellow streak cropping out in a few of the birds. The fanciers grow grey hairs trying to keep down that brassy tint, for in prize-winning Plymouth Rocks there must not even be a suggestion of the yellow. This is quite right, too. Who wants a real American chicken to show the yellow?

To the close observer the cages of the big show exhibits told many interesting chapters in the history of the chicken family. The chicken is an old institution. He originated, according to the most reliable information obtainable, somewhere near where the human race is supposed to take its beginning over there among the mysteries of Asia.

Evolution of the Chicken

The first chicken was a jungle fowl. Long association with man, and frequent removal to distant climes has wrought many changes in the bird and in the fat, sleek beauties of the show there is little that suggests the pheasant-like jungle fowl, the unchanged descendant of the same parent stem.

As might be expected, the Chinese put this jungle fowl to work long before the western civilization got acquainted with it. This may account for the oriental origin of chop suey, of which chicken is alleged to be an important component. This hazy Asiatic origin must, of course, also account for the inherent scrappiness of the chicken. Down there in the Malay provinces, where the chicken first grew into glory and prime, they fight for pastime.

The heathen Chinese has builded up from the parent stock, possibly by accident, possibly by design long ago conceived, some of the most valuable breeds of fowls. The beefy Brahmas and lumbering Langshans are Asiatic chickens. Then there is the big black Shanghai bird. His outlines are those that suggest the sturdy Mongolian coolie build. Just to be outlandish, these Asiatic birds are given to the frivolity of growing feather leggings, making them look clownish and ungraceful.

The real sports of the chicken show were plenty. Taken all in

all, of course, the bantam, naturally impressed with its own importance, was the Beau Brummel of the exhibition. There is more strut, crow and vanity in a bantam than any other chicken born in captivity. The bantam tribe of the Transmississippi chicken show has some claim to real blood, anyway, for the premier bird of the 1908 show was "Omaha," a red pyle game bantam. "Omaha" is a real sportive gent in chickendom. The bantam's aggressive nature is said to be in inverse geometrical ratio to his size. Like wrens, chickadees and other puny but pugnacious pets of the bird family, the bantam is much to be heard from in the councils of the barnyard.

Along Top-Knot Row

A Council Bluffs fancier showed some high-bred ornamental fowls more distinguished for their eccentricities of garb than utility. Several coops of crested Houdans and white-crested Polish fowls constituted "top-knot row." The crested Polish birds appeared in public wearing striking collections of home-made millinery in pure white and silver grey surrounding bodices and vests of the jettest black. The effect was altogether charming and chic, as the society editor would remark. Then there were silkies—chubby, sweet dispositioned birds that do nothing of consequence but grow long, fine coats of glossy hair-like feathers.

"Angora hens" was the designation that a conscienceless visitor placed upon the silkies. The silkies' feathers, by the way, are delicate as satin floss and about as easily ruffled and tangled. The birds spend most of the day at their toilet. They don't have to work for a living, though, on account of their good looks.

In the Mediterranean group one big, black Minorca cock was the king. His claims to especial prominence were the biggest comb and wattles that ever grew on a chicken, and two iridescent sickle feathers in his tail, which gleamed like black pearl. Besides a high-sounding name and a proud Spanish ancestry, this cock had a crowing voice that was the envy of the whole rooster congress.

The Leghorns, brown, white and black, gave the show a good representation of the most typical of the chickens where originated about the Mediterranean coast. The Leghorn is very properly a proud fowl. Besides being very shapely and cheerful, the Leghorn is much given to the production of eggs, a quality which cannot be overlooked. The Omaha show was more than usually strong in the showing of Leghorns.

The Plymouth Rocks are finding a close rival in the contest for supremacy as the American chicken in the Columbian Wyandotte, the latest edition of the Wyandotte family. The Columbian fowl has assumed the colors of the Brahma, minus the leggings, with the blocky but pleasing lines of the typical Wyandotte.

Chickens in the making was the subject of a most attractive display by an incubator concern at the show. In a glass-covered incubator one could see the fuzzy hasn't-scratched-yet chicks come peeping out of their shells into a motherless world. The incubator chicks found their way into another machine substitute for the mother hen, the brooder. Given a good, enthusiastic hen to lay eggs, modern

poultry science can produce chickens by electricity with greater certainty than unassisted nature can.

One great bronze turkey cock graced the Transmississippi show. He gobbled and fluffed and strutted with an amusing air of grandeur quite befitting the royal American bird. He was probably the only turkey who got through the holidays alive. This handsome bird was raised over at Dunbar, Ia., by Mrs. J. J. Nellie.

A college scientist has just made the startling announcement that the American turkey, the only turkey the world has ever seen, is doomed to extinction. It has come just this way. The turkey has had too much civilization and he is falling prey, the professor says, to that patriotic disease of appendicitis. We might have expected, however, that the turkey would follow the noble redskin, his one human contemporary in the primitive wilds, over the border into the past. It will be generally admitted that the too close touch with civilization of the city has been hard on the turkey. There is not a case on record of a turkey going to a banquet and surviving the indulgence. This, however, cannot be attributed to the Iowa professor's diagnosis of appendicitis.

The Transmississippi show barred the guinea. It may be that the guinea is a vociferous bird, but still he ought to have been welcomed instead of barred out on that score. A few professional noise-making guineas might have put the less able fowls to shame and secured a few minutes of ultimate quiet during the show.

There was a small showing of waterfowl. Despite the smallness of the pond-paddling delegation, they were much to be heard from in the general discussions of the feathered congress. The white China geese took the palm by a continuous concert in their native tongue. The China goose makes a bigger hit on the table than in the display pen.

Much Chicken Chatter

The show gave the breeders of this territory a great opportunity for talkfests. There were busy groups of animated arguers all about the show. The chicken "fever" ran high. There is no limit to the possibilities in poultry breeding and plenty of room for argument in the questions involved. The Omaha show aims at the one greatest object of the business, the production of eggs and flesh fowls. The "show" side of the exhibition was subordinated to the material interests of industry.

The work of preparation of the chickens for the show is an art of which the public knows little. Show chickens are always given a most elaborate toilette and special dress for the occasion. Careful baths are administered to put the feathers in their finest conditions. Leg scales and wattles must be oiled to bring out their colors in the brightest tints and claws and bills must be polished and scraped.

Traits of the New President of the Union Pacific

JUDGE LOVETT, Harriman's most trusted lieutenant, who was recently elected president of the Union Pacific railway, is the subject of the following interesting sketch by Garet Garrett in the December American Magazine:

"Lovett is Harriman's conscience," said one of the Union Pacific's bankers, impatiently, and Judge Robert Scott Lovett resented it, the more so because there was truth in it. A man with a big nose, wide mouth and fine head, who has worked with his hands and come out of the west, is apt to be loyal. The legal representative of the Harriman roads was intensely loyal to Harriman. He had brought the great spirit of the west to No. 120 Broadway, and had obliged all men, even Mr. Harriman, to respect it. To his office on the fourth floor of the Equitable Life building Mr. Harriman was accustomed to summon men peremptorily. When he needed Lovett he went upstairs to Lovett's office on the fifth floor and sat down with him. No other man about Mr. Harriman was able to maintain his independence in the same degree. In the last two or three years of a tempestuous life Harriman leaned heavily upon Lovett; at the very end the only man whom Harriman perfectly trusted was

Lovett. And Lovett, of all men who knew, was the only one who did not lie to Wall street about Mr. Harriman's health. Wall street thinks Lovett honest, and this is so much for Wall street to think of any human being that the fact deserves to be prominently recorded. He is honest, in a most old-fashioned way. He may owe it to the Scotch stock of which he is, but more likely he owes it to himself. His father was a Georgia slave owner who moved to Texas after the war in traditional circumstances—that is, with fewer of the world's goods than one ought to have. What with farming and tie-hauling and holding a job with a construction crew, young Lovett must have had little time for school. He got as far as the Houston High school; the rest was self-education. As railroad station agent he found time to read law, and in 1882 was admitted to the bar at Houston. He was then 22 and is now 49, which leaves him a young man. At 40 he was perhaps the best known railroad attorney in the southwest, having enjoyed the confidence and fees of both Jay Gould, who had large railroad interests in Texas, and Collis P. Huntington, who owned the Southern Pacific. When Harriman bought control of the Southern Pacific he

found, among its other assets, Robert S. Lovett, attorney and counsel in Texas. Mr. Harriman's genius consisted partly in knowing men, and in a very short time he knew Lovett so well that he brought him to New York to act as general counsel for all the Harriman lines. Baptist, mugwump, awkward and honest, he was regarded at first with considerable curiosity in Wall street; presently it was said of him that when the rough corners disappeared with eastern wear he would do. He isn't much smoother today, but that has ceased to matter at all to anybody. As the intimate legal adviser of Harriman Lovett was drawn into the fiercest eddies of the financial maelstrom and never once, so far as anybody knows, grew dizzy. His cool, good judgment pulled Harriman safely through many tight places and was invaluable in the trying times of 1906 and 1907, when the head of the Union Pacific was the object of intense public interest. Harriman was to most people an unlovable man, a great speculator and a marvellous money-maker. Lovett is to everybody a lovable man, with no more genius for speculation than had Lincoln, whom he sometimes resembles."

It is true, too, that the vain show birds are given to the use of paint. The practice of staining birds to improve their marking is not allowed in the annual Transmississippi shows, but experts can accomplish makeups that defy detection. Butter coloring or analine is used to give the slacks of the legs and bills fuller coloring. Inks of various colors can be deftly applied with a brush to make up nature's deficiencies in markings. Even false feathers can be attached to the show bird. Should a long, sweeping sickle feather of the proud cock's tail be damaged it is but the work of a minute to replace it. The old feather is cut off at the base, leaving the hollow quill attached to the matrix in which the substitute is placed. A drop of glue on the splice makes it secure and the rooster's tail waves once more.

Poultry alone did not claim the entire attention of the visitors to the Transmississippi show. The Nebraska Kennel club held in connection with the fowl show the annual exhibits of Fidos, Neros and Towlers. It was a right merry collection of pups, with a wide representation of the dog family.

The aristocrat of the show was "Rodney," an English bulldog, so homely that he looks like a cartoon of a bulldog. This valuable dog is the property of Emil Brandeis of Omaha. This squat-built canine has legs like an antique dressing table, a jaw undershot like a shovel and, withal, a sweet disposition.

Pat Liked the Limelight

Little Pat, the mascot of the Merry Widow company, a Boston bull from Boston, Mass., spent most of his time at the show sitting on a pedestal, with many admirers about him. Pat wears a real Back Bay air of reserve, but condescends to make a friend now and then. He, of course, enjoys the limelight. He was one of the few seasoned show dogs of the Kennel club's exhibit. Most of the dogs there were new at the game as compared with the entries in the eastern shows. The real old-timer among show dogs gets into the game and shows himself off with an air of consciousness.

Pat had plenty of competition among the terriers, however. There are many well-bred Boston terriers in Omaha. They are quite the proper pet now.

The fighting character of the show was Jack Wonder, a pure-bred English bull. Jack weighs fifty-one pounds and don't care who he meets. His running mate about the dog show circuit is Toddy Bob, a pit bull some twenty pounds heavier. Toddy Bob is the silent partner, however—Jack has taken all the noise out of him by showing the power of pit science over mere force. Jack's average is 1,000 per cent, having whipped Toddy Bob three times out of three times up.

A wolfish little vixen of Polar ancestry is "Tootsie," a Spitz belonging to C. W. Irwin of Omaha. Tootsie and her family were at the show in force. The mother dog considered herself the whole show. She is fashionably attired in the season's fur, pure white. A rare bit of vanity displayed was in her finely pencilled eyebrows, perfect semi-circles of pale yellow. She lorded it over the Ayrdale terriers, the ugliest and wisest of the dog family. The average Ayrdale terrier is so homely he is ashamed to speak to other dogs, or maybe he is too wise and too proud.

The Dalmatians, commonly known as coach dogs, attracted much admiration at the show. The Dalmatian is of no particular use except to run around behind his master's four-in-hand or tandem trap. The Dalmatian has a spotted hide and a wistful wandering eye that betokens a wool-gathering mind.

Another show dog of unusual design was a tiny Italian greyhound, a miniature of his big brother. The Italian greyhound is built on slight lines and wears big gazelle-like eyes that look hungry.

Carl Lambicht of Omaha had a sedate old St. Bernard about the size of a Shetland pony on display. "Nero" looks the part of an Alpine hero and resembles the picture in McGuffey's Fifth reader. Nero is said to be very fond of children, but he is fed exclusively on dog biscuit.