

# PURE BRED HORSE IS STILL THE KING

WILL BE SEEN IN ALL HIS MAJESTY AND GLORY AT ROCHESTER, SEPT. 7 TO 11.

## ONE OF THE FINEST EXHIBITS OF EQUINES

Number of Classes This Year Increased From Fifty-five to Seventy-three and Prizes From \$7,000 to \$12,000—World Famous Horses Entered.

The horse shows held annually in various cities throughout the country seem to be recalling the horse from the grave, in which anti-betting laws threatened to entomb it, to a point stimulating trade and breeding.

Recently a veteran breeder loaded his literary shotgun with a Rochester editor indited a half column on "The Passing of the Horse," in which the writer emphasized the fact that there are 1,300,000 automobiles operated in America.

The scrivener was effectually gagged by proof that after thirteen years' competition with motor cars the number of horses and mules remaining in this country is 25,411,000, having an estimated value of two billions of dollars. Which apparently proves that the day of the horse extinction is in the obscured faraway.

More than three millions of persons, it is estimated, attend the various horse shows yearly. Last year's attendance at the Rochester Horse Show, which this year will be held September 7 to 11, inclusive, and usual in connection with the city's Industrial Exposition, was such as to force the promoters to amplify great.

The equine industry represents an investment of \$2,000,000,000. When it is remembered that all the beef in America are worth only a little more than \$41,000,000,000, the swine less than \$250,000,000 and the sheep about \$100,000,000, one begins to realize the importance of the horse industry, which far exceeds that of all other live stock, with the Rochester editor's automobiles thrown in.

The officials of the Rochester Horse Show, which will be held Sept. 7 to 11, believe they are doing their share in lifting the horse from the sphere of tortuous drudgery to the realm of intelligent companionship. They have increased the prize list in money and plate from \$7,000 to \$12,000 and the number of classes from 55 to 73.

A Coaching Marathon, an event equivalent to anything conducted even

# THE TANGOING HORSE



The tangoing horse is quite the latest in performing equines. Horses which were adept at figuring out arithmetical problems or at spelling out words in numerous exhibitions have been often seen along with other exhibits at the circus and shows, but the horse which dances the turkey trot, the grizzly bear and Texas tommy is a brand new novelty.

At the Rochester Exposition, September 7th to 11th, Ray Tompkins' high school horses will give exhibitions before the grandstands in the afternoon and evening and included in the performance will be the dances. There are four horses and they are declared to be the most remarkably trained in the world.

In Madison Square Garden, except England's Olympia, has been arranged, and military events have been thrown open to all nations. The object of the latter is to bring out what is so essential in the troop horse or charger—steadiness and balance, soundness and stamina, hardiness and unconditional obedience.

Hunters, harness thoroughbreds and out-and-out jumpers will compete on an expanse of turf that is said by experts to be the finest in the world, equal in its most common details the best courses of the country. A slight alteration has been made. The arena will have no central obstacle, as has been the case in the past, the sensational in-and-out jump having been removed to the front of the grandstand, and in place of the middle jump the hurdling horses will twice cross the field from the corners. This is counted on to improve the view of the crowd.

A majority of the hunt events will be ridden in hunt costume, the riders being appointed as if for the actual chase. Mounts from Kentucky, Virginia, from the string of former Governor Bushnell of Ohio, from famous stables in New York's tight little island, from the pastures of Major Joseph Kilgour and Amelius Jarvis, once skipper of a Canada's cup challenger of Toronto and from the notable assortment of hunters from the Genesee Valley, will be put through their paces each day.

## Whippet Running Dogs to Race

When any question is raised as to the animal which is the most fleet of foot the natural response is that the horse is the one that outstrips all others. The horse has been carving records for years and is continuing to do so, but the horse is not the fastest four-footed animal. Racing dogs are faster than horses and they are rapidly coming into favor as a track diversion.

Racing dogs are often a part of the race meets in England, but have not been seen much in this country. At the Rochester Exposition, September 7 to 19, the Whippet running dogs, the fastest of four-footed animals, will race in front of the grand stands. They will prove the declarations which have been made with regard to running dogs and will present a most novel and entertaining exhibition. In addition to the races, the dogs will put on a ball game. Their performances have aroused the greatest enthusiasm where they have been seen, and are expected to prove one of the most interesting features of the Exposition.

### Our Curious Brain.

A wonderful piece of self analysis, worthy of St. Augustine, which occurs in one of John Donne's funeral sermons gives poignant expression to what must doubtless have been a common condition of so sensitive a brain: "I throw myself down in my chamber, and I call in and invite God and his angels together, and when they are there I neglect God and his angels for the noise of a fly, for the rattling of a coach, for the whining of a dog. I talk on in the same posture of prayer, eyes lifted up, knees bowed down, as though I prayed to God, and if God should ask me when I last thought of God in that prayer I cannot tell. Sometimes I find that I forgot what I was about, but when I began to forget it I cannot tell. A memory of yesterday's pleasures, a fear of tomorrow's dangers, a straw under my knee, a noise in mine ear, a chimera in my brain, troubles me in my prayer."

It is this brain turned inward upon itself and darting out on every side in purely random excursions that was responsible, I cannot doubt, for all the contradictions of a career in which the inner logic is not at first apparent. —Fortnightly Review.

### Hospital Efficiency.

A highly developed efficiency system in saving time and trouble for the staff is used in a London hospital. Indicators bearing the names of the officials, house doctors and some of the staff doctors are located in many rooms and hallways, and these indicators show at all times whether or not any one of the officials is in the hospital and available for consultation. When each doctor comes into the building a button is pressed that makes it known on all the indicators that he has arrived; and when he goes out the indicators are made to record that fact. The indicators also show the word "engaged," which means that the official doctor is not to be disturbed—a push on a button in the official's room accomplishing this. Thus, in any part of the hospital, at any time, each doctor knows and each nurse knows when the various officials and doctors may be asked to give attention to any matter. —Saturday Evening Post.

### Code of Machinery.

The ceremony of propitiating the gods which are supposed to reside in the printing machinery is annually performed by the Hindu members of the Times of Malaya printing staff. The usually prosaic machine and composing rooms are turned into weird caverns of mystery, dimly lit by candles and oil lamps, and odorous with the heavy scent of incense and perfumes. Every machine is garlanded, and has placed before it an offering of "makhan." Rice and bananas and cakes are the portion of each machine according in its size and importance; even the "stone" comes in for a share of the gifts. At the appointed time brasses, containing smoking camphor and coconut oil, are carried round and held before each machine, while the power engine, whose god presumably is regarded as a particularly aggressive personage, is "smoked" for a specially long period. —Times of Malaya.

### Von Moltke and His Staff.

During the Prussian advance in the Franco-Prussian war Von Moltke continually took pinches of snuff. When he was told that Machebon was marching northward he exclaimed, "He is surely mad!" and forthwith nearly emptied his snuffbox as he retired to his tent to organize the plans that culminated in the tremendous conflict of Sedan. At the end of the war Von Moltke received a bill from the military stores with this item: "For one pound of snuff supplied to General Von Moltke, I thank." The great soldier paid it without a murmur.

### Accounting For Patrick Henry.

It is related that Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase on stopping at the birthplace of Patrick Henry in Virginia exclaimed: "What an atmosphere! What a view! What glorious mountains! No wonder Patrick Henry grew here! Whereupon an honest native drily remarked that the atmosphere, the view and the mountains had been there for ages, but that only one Patrick Henry had been produced.

### Quite a Difference.

When a woman winds a towel around her head and calls for a bucket of water it means the beginning of a big day, but when a man winds a towel around his head and calls for water it means the end of a big night. —Atlanta Constitution.

### Comparisons.

"I like athletics for girls. You ought to see how my daughter can run up a rope."  
"And you ought to see how mine can run up a bill." —Baltimore American.

### Woman's Advantage.

It's easy for a woman to clean up. She can rub a little powder on her nose and cheeks, but a man has to take off his collar and necktie and wash. —Detroit Free Press.

### Left Eye For Microscope.

In microscopic work use the left eye rather than the right, says the American Machinist. Astigmatism and other eye troubles occur more frequently in the right eye.

### Sea Otter Skins.

Sea otter skins measure 48 by 24 inches. The best color is a dark bluish brown, almost black. A perfect skin in this color is worth \$4,000.

### Habit, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity.

## MAN'S CRITICAL AGE

### Thirty is Safely Passed Many Serious Diseases Are Outgrown.

A medical lecturer recently declared that in many ways thirty is the critical age in the average man's life. Once you reach thirty you have outgrown many serious diseases. On the other hand, you become liable to many others that seldom or never attack people in the teens or twenties.

Anemia, for instance, is practically unknown after thirty. If you have not had it by then you never will. If you have you will have outgrown it at thirty or so. Acne, too, that spots the complexion so common among young people—is certain to have vanished by then.

Thirty, too, sees you out of the reach of the gravest of all diseases—consumption. If you have shown no sign of it by then in all probability you never will. If you have hitherto escaped rheumatic fever, too, you are fairly safe from it for life. Epilepsy and gonorrhea, too, never make their first attacks on any one who has reached thirty.

But your thirtieth birthday lays you open to kidney troubles of all sorts. They are very rare in people under that age. Cancer, too, usually confines itself to people over thirty. And you may at any time be surprised by a touch of gout. You may have had a tendency that way all your life without knowing it. It never develops till the critical birthday is past. —New York Press.

## OLD TAPESTRY.

### How the Product of Different Eras May Be Distinguished.

The word "tapestry" needs to be defined, for it may mean anything from figured furniture covering to carpets. Tapestry as the word is here used is a pictured fabric woven by an artisan on a hand loom, in which the design forms the cloth and is not worked upon a basic tissue. The design itself is painted by an artist, and the loom, either upright or horizontal, has altered but little from prehistoric times to the present. The difference in the tapestries through the ages lies in the dye, in the design and in the talent of those who translate the drawings in weaving. The species of stitch alters not and belongs to all peoples—African, European, aboriginal of North and South America.

For those who would be quickly wise in a general classification of old tapestry it may be said loosely that three great periods of design and weaving dominate the history of the art. First, the primitive or Gothic; next, the renaissance, and then that florescence of decorative design which belongs more peculiarly to France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. As these three great periods of artistic development prevailed all over the Christian world in all varieties of art one can, by using the simple key, arrive almost instantly at the century to which a tapestry belongs. —Scribner's Magazine.

### Turkish Inns.

To the traveler accustomed to the luxury of up to date hotels a Turkish khan (inn) comes as a rude surprise. One finds oneself suddenly whisked from the twentieth to the tenth century. Beside a central archway one passes into a quadrangle, which, with its fountain, suggests university precincts. The ground floor of the building forms the stables. Above are the guest rooms. The principal guest room—the one above the entrance gateway—is allotted to travelers of note. It is innocent of the appointments proper to a European bedchamber, its furniture consisting merely of a roll of matting to spread on a low wooden platform and an earthenware pipkin for water. —London Answers.

### Vanished Vegetation.

The ancient vegetation which grew in South Carolina and Georgia during upper cretaceous and eocene times, or, as geologists state, at least several million years ago—included the sequoia or "big tree," now confined to the Pacific coast. Also there were three kinds of araucarias or Norfolk island pines, which at the present time live only in South America and Australia, a pine with the leaves in clusters of three, as in the living pitch pine, and a number of cypress-like trees which were once widely spread over the world but are now extinct.

### Easy to Hide It.

"Mary," said a lady to her housemaid as she surveyed the furniture, "just look at the dust! Didn't I tell you to go carefully over it? I expect company this afternoon, and I shall feel disgraced. Every one will go away talking about it."  
"Well, ma'am," said the girl, "why don't you pull down the shades?" —New York Globe.

### Too Persistent.

She—You know very well that you had to ask me three times before I would consent to be your wife. He—Yes, I know, and that only goes to show that it is sometimes possible to be too confounded persistent. —Boston Transcript.

### With the Modern Heel.

"What on earth are you doing with your shoe on the desk?"  
"I'm only rubbing out a mistake. I've lost my eraser." —Meggendorfer Blatter.

### Fore-sight.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is fore-sight? Pa—Fore-sight, my son, is the faculty of being around when there is a melon to be cut. —Chicago News.

# A Band of Velvet Ribbon

By JOHN Y. LARNED

At a summer hotel in the Adirondack mountains, where there were the most quaint of young girls and the most dainty of young men for them to sit with, Albert King, who needed consolation after too much work, found himself in demand. Not King was not a ladies' man, and he deserved it.

Nevertheless, there was one girl who attracted him. She was not one of the rocking chair beauties, as the ladies who sat on the piazza were dubbed, for she was not admitted to their charmed circle. Why, King did not know.

King made her acquaintance and was thereafter taboo by the polished girls, who had no use for a man who would divide his attentions to them with one of another caste. But he did not mind this, for Miss Bickford, the young lady in question, interested him and relieved the monotony of his stay in the mountains. Besides, he discovered her superiority in one respect, courage, for when a large party was caught out on the lake in a terrible squall and it looked as if their boat would be swamped, Miss Bickford displayed no terror whatever, while other girls were desperately frightened.

Miss Bickford never wore "glamorous" clothes to her dress except on the hotel dances, when she flaunted a well rounded neck and arms. But at each dance her right arm was invariably encircled with a broad strip of velvet. The fact that this part of her arm—midway between the shoulder and the elbow—was never touched soon began to excite comment. "What does she mean, something, something, something," she concealed was evident, for she stepped in and would know what it was. But there was a story about Miss Bickford that caused curious people to abstain from making inquiries, so the matter remained unexplained.

King was ignorant of the story, remembering what kind of blanching was hidden under the velvet. He had noticed the fact of Miss Bickford's wearing it, but had not troubled himself as to the cause. If he thought of it at all, he very likely let it down to the usual amount of a year, probably caused by rheumatism. One day the visitor reached his care the Miss Bickford, was the daughter of a common sailor who, when she was a child, had been on her arm—an anchor. When King had been smitten with the young lady this report naturally interested him.

Whatever he may have thought of Miss Bickford's origin, it seemed to him worthier to conceal any quality of it. He would rather expect her to permit the whole world to know her life exactly what she was.

Miss Bickford, it seems, was so much attracted by Mr. King as he was by her. Moreover, she noticed that after a certain period he seemed disposed to drift away from her. She knew that what she was concealing was causing a smothered emotion among the young ladies of the hotel and inferred that some one of the many stories that were floating about concerning it had reached him. One day she frankly said to him:

"Mr. King, have you heard the story that I am the daughter of a common sailor who tattooed an anchor on my arm?"  
"I have."  
"You are the only person in this house whose opinion I care for, but I do care for yours and do not wish, as far as you are concerned, to put under false colors. My father is or was a landman and had nothing to do with what is under the circle I wear. But I do wear it to conceal something that has been tattooed on my arm."

"Thank you very much for the preference you have shown me and your frankness. For the first time my curiosity as to that ribbon has been satisfied, and since you have caused it I look to you to gratify it."  
"I assure you that it is nothing to be ashamed of."  
"Is it anything to be proud of?"  
To this she assented haltingly.

"In that case I insist upon seeing it." After some persuasion she pulled the ribbon down toward her elbow, and there in blue ink under the skin were the letters "Herotie."  
King looked at the word, then up at the girl's face and, with a smile, said: "Come, tell the story. I am dying to hear it."  
"It is not much of a story. For years my family had a cottage on the seacoast. My summers were spent there from the time I was six years old. I learned to swim like a duck and could handle a boat as well as a boy. Our cottage was on one side of a neck of land, and a life saving station was on the other side. One day on our side a ship came ashore. The life men did not know of her being there, and there was no time in which to tell them. Three men were about to drown. I pulled out in my boat and saved them. I was but thirteen years old and didn't know enough to refuse to permit one of the life savers to tattoo my arm."

"You have hurried through your story," said King, "as though it was something to be ashamed of. I'm glad what you are is indelibly written on your person, and if you were mine I would never consent to an attempt to eradicate it."  
In time she became his, and there was nothing he was more proud of than the proud title he with continued to conceal.

## SNAP SHOTS AT ROCHESTER HORSE SHOW

300 Blooded Equines will be Exhibited at this Year's Show, which will be held Sept. 7 to 11

