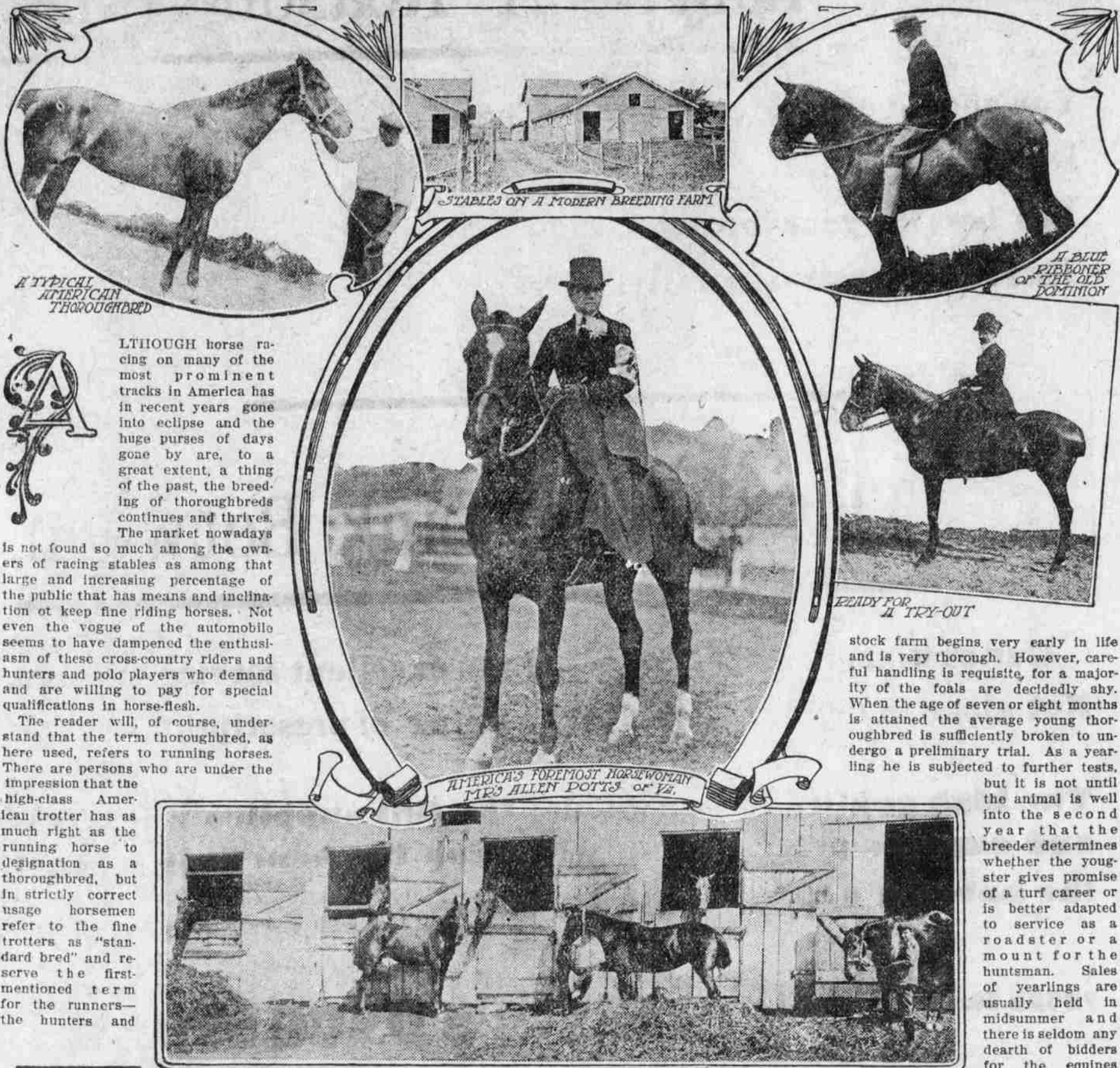


# BREEDING AMERICAN THOROUGHBREDS



ALTHOUGH horse racing on many of the most prominent tracks in America has in recent years gone into eclipse and the huge purses of days gone by are, to a great extent, a thing of the past, the breeding of thoroughbreds continues and thrives. The market nowadays is not found so much among the owners of racing stables as among that large and increasing percentage of the public that has means and inclination to keep fine riding horses. Not even the vogue of the automobile seems to have dampened the enthusiasm of these cross-country riders and hunters and polo players who demand and are willing to pay for special qualifications in horse-flesh.

The reader will, of course, understand that the term thoroughbred, as here used, refers to running horses. There are persons who are under the impression that the high-class American trotter has as much right as the running horse to designation as a thoroughbred, but in strictly correct usage horsemen refer to the fine trotters as "standard bred" and reserve the first-mentioned term for the runners—the hunters and

stock farm begins very early in life and is very thorough. However, careful handling is requisite, for a majority of the foals are decidedly shy. When the age of seven or eight months is attained the average young thoroughbred is sufficiently broken to undergo a preliminary trial. As a yearling he is subjected to further tests, but it is not until the animal is well into the second year that the breeder determines whether the youngster gives promise of a turf career or is better adapted to service as a roadster or a mount for the huntsman. Sales of yearlings are usually held in midsummer and there is seldom any dearth of bidders for the equines from breeding farms which have been awarded blue ribbons in the past.

At all times it is essential for the breeder or owner to keep a sharp watch regarding the health of his blooded equines. Particularly close watch must needs be kept as to the condition of the mouth, legs and feet of each animal. It is obvious that a horse cannot eat properly and be adequately nourished if he has a sore mouth, just as he cannot run satisfactorily if his feet are in bad condition or the shins are "bucked"—the bugbear of two-year-olds. Training a thoroughbred for racing involves, of course, special instruction quite aside from anything included in the animal's education at the breeding farm, but for that matter every step in the life of a young thoroughbred taxes the temper of the nervous, high-strung animal. And the men in charge of one of these equines must show judgment and patience in introducing a four-footed charge to each new experience even though it be something so simple as initiation into the mysteries of a box-stall or the donning of a blanket for the first time.

Since the decadence of racing in the United States a number of American millionaires who breed thoroughbreds primarily in order to supply their own racing stables have transferred the scene of their activities to the Old World. There are several in England; quite a few in France and a number in Ireland, where Richard Croker, former Tammany leader, is among those who have established important breeding farms. With most of these wealthy men, however, breeding is a fad. The men who breed thoroughbreds for a livelihood continue to do business at the old stand in America and most of them obtain satisfactory profits for their efforts.

covers cost of feed and labor and takes no account of the investment represented by the stock farm—usually a heavy one. There are breeders who declare that unless they can sell each of their yearlings for a price close to \$500 they do not make a reasonable profit, but in the South, where labor is cheap and where the initial cost of much of the land was fairly low, it is possible for breeders to make money from sales at lower figures than that mentioned.

The organization and management of an up-to-date breeding farm is interesting from the manner in which it insures attention to detail. The owner of the farm is usually his own manager, but in some instances there is also a resident manager to handle matters when the owner is absent—as he must be much of the time if he attends the fairs, horse shows and horse sales. Under the manager are a number of skilled trainers, each of whom is responsible for the education of a certain number of horses, and has the assistance of several helpers in his work. In addition to this staff there is a boss or foreman for each barn and under each barn boss is enrolled a number of grooms, exercise boys, etc. At some of the costly farms in Virginia and Kentucky we find every modern facility from a private electric light and power plant to feed cutters that not only take the grain from the private elevator and crush it, but mix the feed in any desired proportions.

The education of a thoroughbred at a modern



the "timber-toppers," as the jumping horses requisite for cross-country riding are designated.

The modern American thoroughbred, as we see him at our present day race meetings and horse shows, is the product of four centuries of breeding, training and experimenting. The ancestors of the present numerous equine family were brought to Virginia by the early English settlers and Virginia and adjacent parts of the South have always been famous as the breeding ground of thoroughbreds. However, much of the breeding of thoroughbreds which is and has been done in this favored region has been carried on for love of the task rather than for financial returns.

There is a wide difference between American thoroughbreds and those bred in other notable horse-raising sections (for instance, Ireland), but it would be difficult to find an American horseman who will not argue up and down that the Yankee steeds are as fine examples of all-around training as may be found anywhere on the globe. The American thoroughbred is admittedly shorter than his English prototype, but it is claimed that this lack of stature is more than counterbalanced by soundness and superior constitution.

Horsemen in the United States and in the United Kingdom hold to different ideals in breeding that are bound to be reflected by certain dissimilarities in the animals produced. In America the tendency has been to develop thoroughbreds that will run comparatively short distances at maximum speed, whereas in England greater attention is bestowed upon the problem of breeding horses that will run long distances and will carry weight. It is to be expected that with the passing of racing as the supreme field of usefulness for the American thoroughbred there will be a tendency on the part of Yankee breeders to more nearly approach the English standard, which is supposed to produce horses ideal for private use.

The breeding of thoroughbreds in America has been carried on most extensively in the States of Virginia, Kentucky, California, Montana, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, New York and New Jersey. The principal requisites are an equable climate, good soil with a foundation of limestone, plentiful water and an abundance of sweet grass. There are yet in existence many breeding farms of modest pretensions, but the tendency of recent years appears to be to create vast estates where wealthy men specialize in the breeding of thoroughbreds by aid of every facility that money and thought can provide. In Kentucky a few years ago eight old-fashioned stock farms were merged by a millionaire into one vast breeding estate of fully two thousand acres.

Experienced breeders figure that it costs not less than \$125 to raise a thoroughbred yearling at an up-to-date stock farm and this sum merely

THE RUINATION OF SAM BUD  
STORY OF A MAN WHO MIGHT HAVE LIVED HAPPILY IF HE HADN'T HAD SO MANY RELATIVES.

I kin remember when th' only feller that had a suit case wuz some dude with two sets o' scenery that attended all th' out-o'-town dances. Now, ever' one you meet, Hunyaks an' all, has a suit case an' is goin' some place or jist gittin' back. Ever' time I read about somebuddy returnin' home after a delightful two weeks' visit, or see a ole battered up pasteboard suit case, I think o' Sam Bud's fate.

Sam Bud got married long before he begun t' shave, an' he never seemed able t' find anything t' do at home that jist suited him. He was allus talkin' about "acceptin' a position," an' when he'd go 'way t' accept it he'd allus come back an' say, "Aw, they didn't want t' pay nothin'." He didn't want a job with wages or he didn't even want a situation. He wanted a light position with a good salary. Nobuddy knew what he wanted t' do fer he couldn't do nothin'.

His relatives got kind o' tired o' him after he fooled around eight or nine years, an' I guess he noticed it, fer one day he took his golden oak dresser an' four chairs, a plaid husk mattress an' a blue enamel bedstead up by th' livery stable an' sold 'em at auction an' him an' his wife lit out.

Nobin' wuz heard o' em fer nearly ten years. When one day Pinky Kerr found a ole city paper in an empty egg case. Th' fust thing he read wuz this: "While Samuel Bud, a wealthy an' prominent manufacturer, wuz crossin' Washin'ton street Tuesday evenin' he wuz struck by a tourin' car an' taken t' his home at 10757 North Meridian street. He wuz not seriously injured."

Sam Bud, wealthy manufacturer! Jist think o' it! An' livin' on th' North side, too. That wuz enough fer his kin folks.

So one evenin' Sam Bud went home he found his verandy covered with relatives an' th' hall full o' suit cases. Weeks went on an' they kept comin' an' goin'. Ever' few days a new family group appeared. Sometimes it wuz Uncle Jim an' his family. He'd bring a 40-cent dressed hen an' they'd all stay two weeks; then Aunt Lide an' th' girls would come with a pound or two o' pale butter an' say, "Now, Ellie, don't you go t' no trouble on our account. Th' Lord knows we hain't used to much;" then Cousin Bill would jist happen t' be in th' city an' he'd say, "Now, Sam, remember, no didoes. I kin eat anything you kin;" then Sam's father would drop along with one side of his suit case full o' Early Rose pertaters an' th' other side full o' socks—enough t' run him a month. He allus mixed business with pleasure an' when he wasn't out t' th' stock yards he'd set on th' verandy in his stockin' feet an' watch th' autos go by.

Th' relatives kept comin' till Sam had t' sell his interest in th' factory an' go t' bookkeepin'. Then his big home went next an' he rented a flat an' had t' put in foldin' furniture an' cots.

Ever'buddy from th' ole town looked Sam up an' brought him hickory nuts an' sorghum an' pawpaws an'—remained over.

One Saturday he returned home after puttin' a delegation o' home folks on th' interurban an' fell int' a easy chair an' picked up th' daily paper. Purty soon his wife, who wuz peelin' some turnips in th' kitchen, heard a muffled report. Rushin' int' th' room she found Sam layin' on th' floor. In his hand wuz a clippin' from th' paper sayin': "The State Grange will meet in this city next week."—Abe Martin, in Indianapolis News.

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The nerves suffer from want of pure oxygen. They run like a network all through the skin and when they are overwrought the skin is apt to be dry and colorless. Walking is an excellent tonic for the nerves. It gives them strength to control themselves.

If one has means or leisure, there are plenty of other more enjoyable exercises. But few forms are so beneficial as the regular daily jaunt of four or five miles for obtaining a good complexion.

There are two kinds of suffragettes—the unhappily married and the unhappily unmarried.

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is but one of the many signs that tell of the poisons in your blood, clogging up your system, because of constipation. Many other symptoms are the direct result of this condition.

A lazy liver leaves in your system all sorts of lingering poisons, which it should have filtered out, so there is no use treating the symptoms, unless you first relieve the condition of constipation itself, which is largely the result of a lazy liver. For headache, backache, biliousness, indigestion, rheumatism, malaria, tired feeling, pimples, blotches, yellow complexion, etc., you are urged to try

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