

THE CHESTNUT ARAB STALLION, "MAHRUSS," SEGLAWIE JEDRAN  
FAMILY OF THE IBN ED DERRI STRAIN

From the Homer Davenport collection, and owned by Eleanor Gates, El Rancho de las Rosas, California.

## ABOUT HORSE BREEDING

BY JOHN GILMER SPEED

THE cry of those who, in various parts of the Union, are endeavoring to prohibit gambling on races between horses is that it is not so important to improve the breed of horses as it is to improve the breed of men. This assumes it to be a proved fact that gambling on the race tracks is injurious to men, and concedes the claim that the thoroughbred race-horse improves the breed of horses. On the other hand, the race-horse breeders and owners maintain that the sport of racing cannot be continued without the adjunct of gambling. In these three propositions there is wide room for honest differences of opinion. I shall not discuss the

first of these propositions as to the moral aspects of the case.

Now, as to the third of these propositions, passing by the second for a moment, is gambling a necessary adjunct of the sport? As the sport is conducted at present, this is unquestionably so; but I believe the sport is not conducted in a sufficiently conservative fashion. The prizes are too valuable, the prices of the horses are too great, the rewards to the jockeys are large beyond all reason. Let the breeders and the owners cut all these things down, and horse-racing could be maintained without gambling and the rewards that come from it.<sup>1</sup> Our great national sport is base-ball.

<sup>1</sup> On August 29, 1908, after the passage of the New York State legislation against race-track gambling, took place the Futurity race at Sheepshead Bay, won by "Maskette" in record time. "The New York Times" said of it editorially: "The Futurity was successful enough, as

an exhibition, to prove that there is a future for horse racing divorced from gambling. Pool-selling and book-making are not needed to sustain the interest of a reasonably large part of the public in an exhilarating sport, when the race is one worth seeing on its own account."—THE EDITOR.

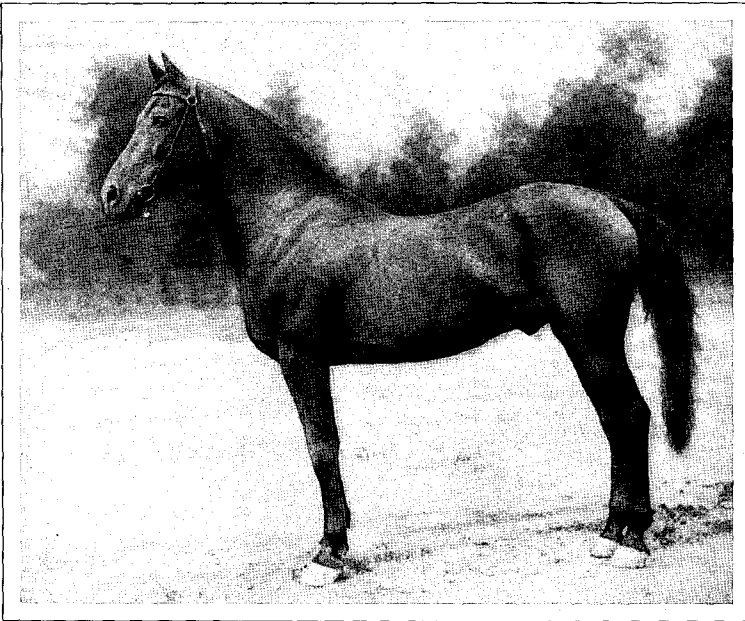
It is maintained for seven or eight months in the year without the aid or assistance of the book-makers, and I venture to assert without the fear of successful contradiction that very many more people in the United States see base-ball games from year's end to year's end than see horse-races; yet at base-ball games betting is so inconspicuous as to be negligible.

Why should a race-horse be worth twenty or thirty or even a hundred thousand dollars when as a general thing he completes his life's work at the end of or during his three-year-old form? If he survives through his fourth year, he is regarded as a toughened veteran. The most skilful and successful breeder and owner to-day has not more than one or two four-year-olds in his large stable, and this season has had to retire several of his three-year-olds because they have broken down or because the characteristic unsoundnesses of the modern thoroughbred have so developed as to make them worthless in the sole employment for which they are

way. This shortness of racing careers was not always the case with thoroughbreds in America. In 1823, on Long Island, when American Eclipse ran four-mile heats against Henry,—the North *versus* the South,—the former was nine years old and the latter four. The older horse was the winner, three heats being run.

And the jockeys? Why, some of these lads in their teens earn more in a year than we pay the President of the United States. The thing is too absurd to discuss.

With the second proposition, the improvement of the breed of horses, we come to that part of the discussion which interests me more particularly. I concede that the thoroughbred cross has been invaluable in the creation of the recognized horse types that now exist in America. The English thoroughbred, as every one knows, was developed by a mixture of several strains of Oriental blood—Arab, Barb, and Turk—combined to a great degree with the common blood existing in England, say, in 1700. The thor-



THE BAY MORGAN STALLION, "BOB MORGAN"

Tracing twenty-three times to the founder, "Justin Morgan." Owned by A. R. Van Tassel, Du Bois, Pa.

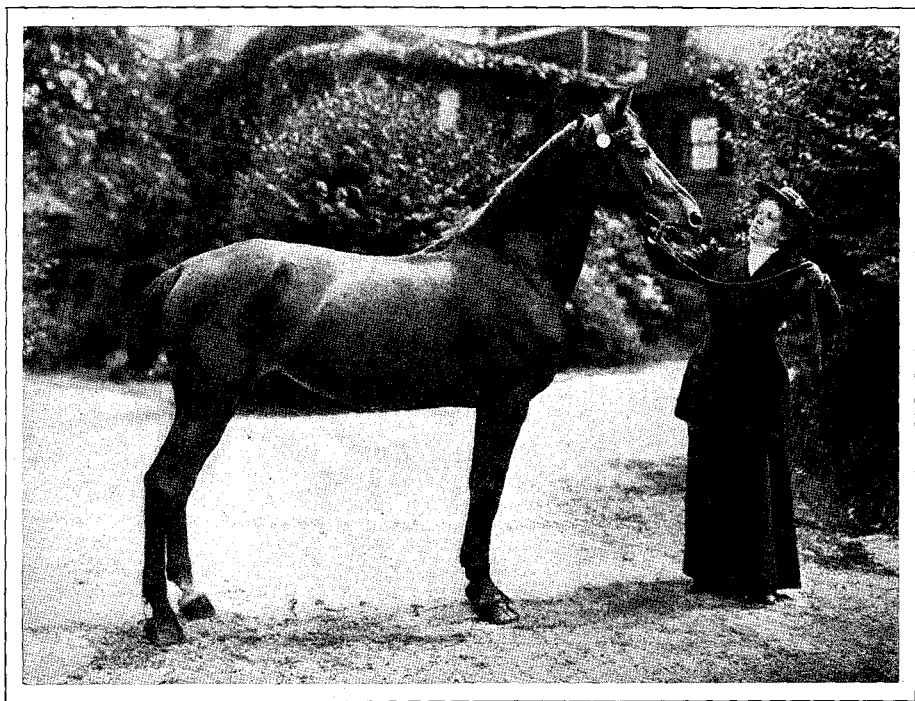
suited, namely, racing. If these horses lasted longer and cost less, an owner would not have to win in excess of \$100,000 in a season to make his stable pay its

oughbred or racer in England, when the records of the Messrs. Weatherby's stud-book began, was a pony much nearer fourteen than fifteen hands in

height. He was stout and sturdy, and though not fleet at short distances, compared with the racer of to-day, his career more frequently than not lasted till he was a veteran in years as well as in deeds. In the intervening two hundred years the thoroughbred has been bred up till he is on an average more than eight inches taller and certainly also very much faster. But he has become a long-legged fellow, very nervous, lacking in stamina, and no-

of breeding, "Like begets like" is violently violated.

The three thoroughbreds that have had a lasting beneficial effect on American stock, other than race-horses, were Messenger, the sire of Justin Morgan<sup>1</sup> and Denmark—Messenger being the founder of our fast trotting families, Justin Morgan of the Morgans of Vermont and Denmark of the American saddle-horse. But none of these horses was at all similar to



THE BAY MORGAN MARE, "BONNIE JEAN"

Tracing twenty-four times to the founder, "Justin Morgan." Owned by Mrs. H. C. Kelley, Watercress Manor, Nyack, N. Y.

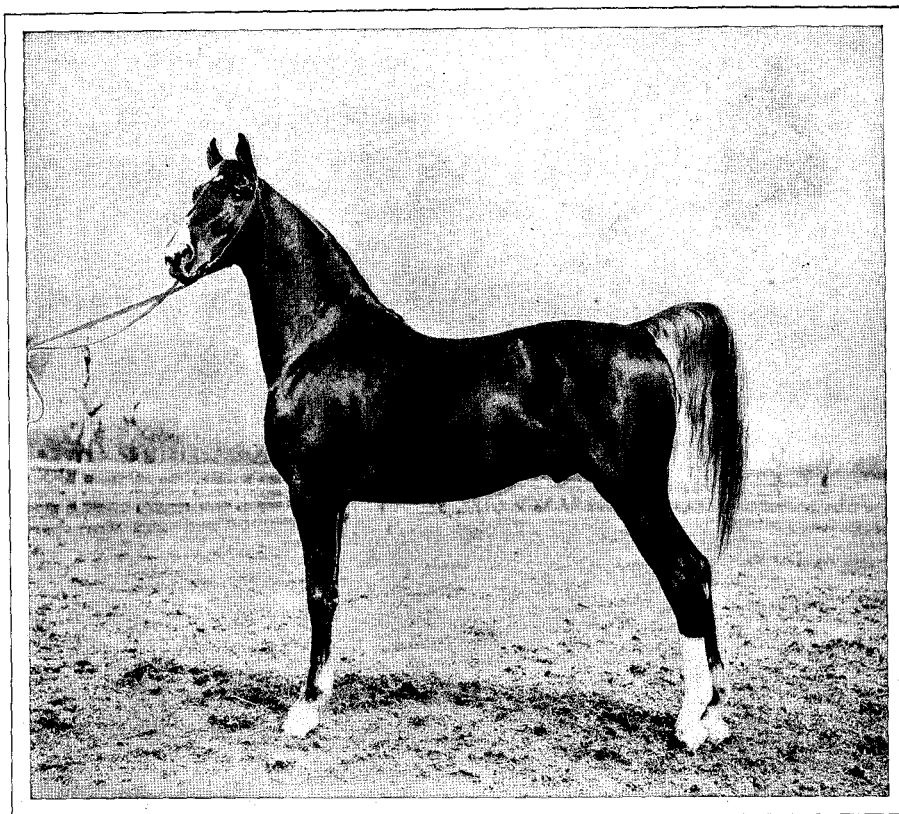
toriously unsound, so that, as has been said, he usually runs to the end of his career before he is four years old, very frequently, indeed, before he is three. In his present form I do not see how, as a general thing, he can be beneficial in the improvement of the general utility horses from which we must get our cavalry remounts as well as the horses used to till the fields. Nature abhors great contrasts, and the modern race-horse is so totally different in conformation, blood, and action from the horses of the basic American stock that the very cardinal principle

the modern thoroughbred. The contrast was not too great to mix kindly with the ordinary stock in their several neighborhoods, so that the prepotency of their blood was splendidly expressed in their progeny and has lasted to this day. The modern thoroughbred grafted on the progeny of either of these three strains could not conceivably be beneficial.

But if racing be stopped in this country, and the gift of prophecy is not needed to know that if it depends for its life on gambling, it will be ended in a short course of time, any of us will be able to buy a thor-

<sup>1</sup> Justin Morgan's sire may not have been a thoroughbred,—no one knows with certainty,—but if he was not, he was surely an Arab, which in the end comes to the same thing.





THE CHESTNUT STALLION, "HIGHLAND EAGLE"

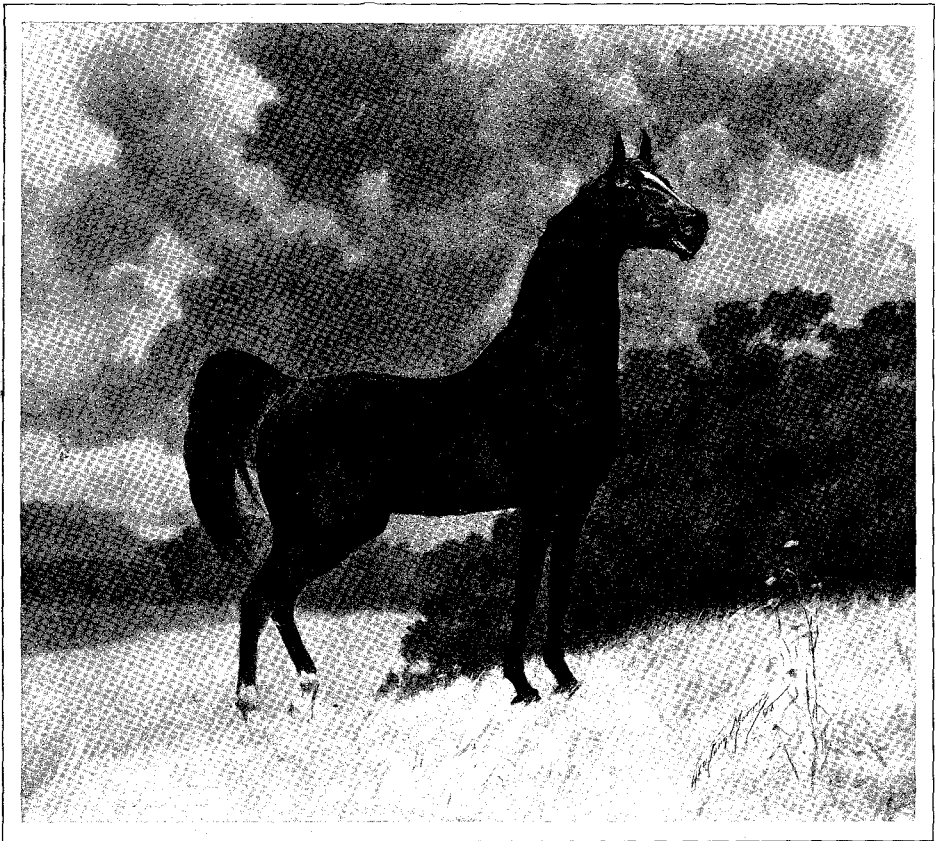
A closely inbred Denmark, sired by "Highland Denmark." Owned by Thomas F. Ryan, New York City.

oughbred for a song. The long-existing belief that the thoroughbred is useful in improving the breed of horses will then do its baneful work, for the temptation will be almost irresistible to cross these high-spirited, hot-tempered, and spindling racing machines with our common stock. This will do great harm. We have great breeding farms where much care is taken in the matings of proper sires and dams; still the greatest numbers of our horses are not bred on these large places, but by the every-day ordinary farmers who breed a colt or so, each year. This is just as it should be. A colt should be a farmer's savings-bank, or one of his savings accounts at least. A colt can be fed from his weaning until he is ready for the market on the farm's surplus, which would otherwise go to waste, and a thrifty farmer with some pastureland ought to have a few matured colts each year either for his own use or for market that had cost him next to nothing. But if these farmers

breed wrongly or in haphazard fashion, they will realize a minimum rather than a maximum of profit.

Every one who has intelligently watched the horse markets during the last few seasons has seen the handwriting on the wall: "None but high-class horses are in demand." To be sure, the hucksters' and peddlers' carts will still have to have horses, for I do not apprehend that in the near future there will be large enough profits in such business to justify the substitution of automobiles, but it has never paid and never will pay to breed horses for such work. This work has been done and will probably continue to be done by the derelicts, the lame, the halt, and the blind—the outcasts of the equine world.

Farmers, and others, for that matter, as well, must breed to type. They must know what kind of horses they wish to produce and strive to that end. To do this, they should know what kind of material is at hand, and how it can be used.



From a painting by George Ford Morris

#### TYPE OF THE DENMARK STALLION

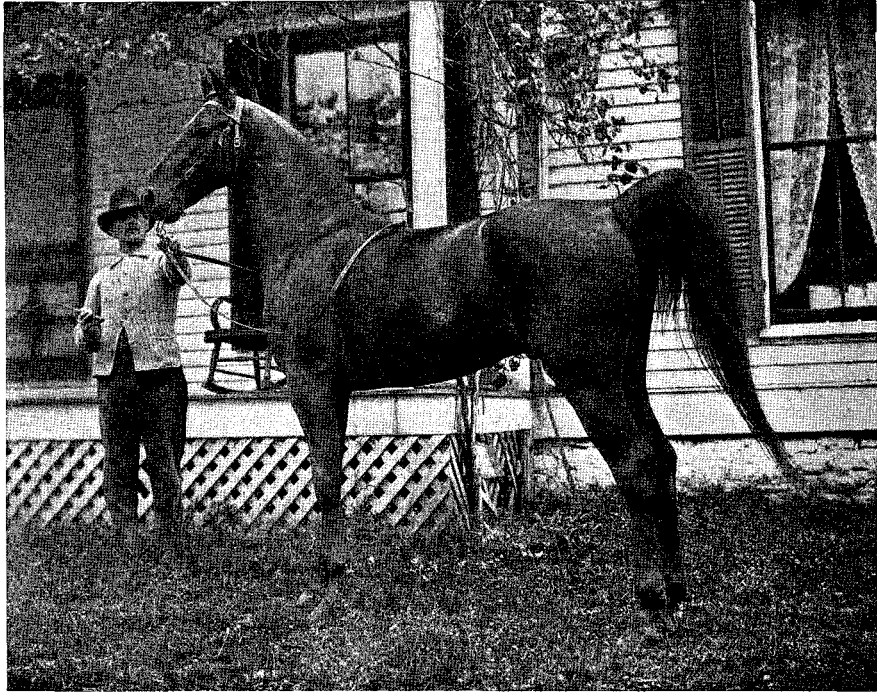
Here is something that the United States Department of Agriculture should do. And the War Department might also assist, for proper cavalry remounts are difficult to secure. In European countries, where great standing armies are maintained, there are not only governmental breeding farms, but the farmers are encouraged to breed army horses by the giving of prizes, and by permitting government-owned stallions of proper breeding to stand to approved stock at merely nominal fees. In Austria I have seen a whole regiment of cavalry mounted on horses so true to type that it would take study and acquaintance to tell one horse from another. In Germany the government has been breeding for the cavalry since the time of Frederick the Great, and with most satisfactory results. In these continental countries much enterprise is shown in securing the best blood that may be had in other countries, not omitting the Desert of Arabia, whence comes the best

and purest equine blood in all the world. In this matter of horse-breeding the Italians are not the least enterprising, nor, by the way, are the Italians by any means inferior in their horsemanship.

The Department of Agriculture is conducting experiments in horse-breeding in Colorado and Vermont, and in both places with careful deliberation is producing mongrels—crossing types in an entirely haphazard fashion. My prediction is that the coach horses of Colorado when matured will be waddling and light-boned pacers and the “improved” Morgan in Vermont, the kind of semi-Hambletonian that originally brought this invaluable little horse into a disrepute which nearly resulted in his extermination.

The most of the good blood that we got in this country in the Colonial era, and for many years after the War of the Revolution, was from England. Since we became established as horse-breeders, we have bred better horses in all lines save thor-





THE CHESTNUT STALLION, "CLOUD KING"

Being an inbred Harrison Chief with a strain of Indian Chief, and also a Denmark strain.  
Bred and owned by J. Gano Johnson, Mount Sterling, Ky.

oughbreds—better driving horses and better saddle-horses; and if we had not followed the English too closely in breeding thoroughbreds for sprinting, we should probably have beaten them in this as well. But the English are better horse-traders than we are, and for several decades they have been unloading on us whatever was undesirable at home. In this they have been immensely assisted by the Anglomaniacs among what in the slang of the day is known as the "Smart Set." We have imported into this country millions of dollars' worth of hackneys, horses that have no place whatever in our world—horses whose blood does not mingle kindly with that of any of the strains that distinctively belong to America. What good can they possibly do? They cannot go the road if it be long, they cannot keep pace if it be fast. They can only make a splurge for a few minutes in the show ring, lifting their forefeet to a great elevation, and moving their hocks in almost the same fashion. Yet the judges in our so-called National Horse Show pretty nearly always select them in preference to our own

horses, as though these cold-blooded English products should be a standard to which we should strive to breed. I should like to see a prize offered for heavy harness horses that were required to go thirty miles in three hours, and then appear in the show ring to be judged by conformation, manners, action, and so on. Where would the hackney be? I suspect none would be entered. Its limitations are too well known.

And so with the saddle classes. An English dealer has been brought here in recent years to judge these classes. Whenever it is possible he selects a thoroughbred; that to him is the type *par excellence*. We have in the Kentucky-bred horse the best, the handsomest, the most handy, and the most amiable saddle-horse in all the world. This type makes the best park hack a gentleman or lady ever mounted, and the more rugged of them the best cavalry horse in the world. For cavalry purposes the thoroughbred is virtually worthless. Bred only for short distances, under light weight, and to last only a few years, what would he do



From a painting by George Ford Morris

THE CHESTNUT STALLION, "GOLDEN KING"

The result of the union of the Indian Chief and the Harrison Chief blood. Bred and owned by J. Gano Johnson, Mount Sterling, Ky.

in a campaign on short rations, where his rider, accoutrements, and other impedimenta weighed more than two hundred pounds? He would do as he did in South Africa during the Boer War, where the English suffered only defeat until they obtained horses from this and other countries. This saddle-horse standard as to the thoroughbreds does not obtain far beyond the confines of Madison Square Garden.

At the International Show held in London in 1907 were exhibited a few Kentucky saddle-horses. They attracted much attention and excited great admiration. One of these, Poetry of Motion, won everything for which he was eligible. One of those admiring this class of horse is a British officer of very high rank and world-wide fame. In his campaigns he has usually ridden Arabs; but he is now anxious to have a Denmark, a five-gaited Kentucky saddle-horse, and

only a little while before this paper was written he wrote a letter asking a Kentuckian to secure such a horse for him. When the animal to be selected is shown in England, no doubt it will excite curiosity, as two of the five gaits it will perform are quite unknown in that part of the world except among those who have visited or lived in those parts of this country where these gaits are appreciated.

The two gaits referred to are the rack, or single foot, and the running walk. These are artificial gaits, though, to be sure, some breeds of horses are trained to them so easily that they seem to do them by a kind of second nature. The running walk is a glide. The feet are moved in the same progression as in a walk but much faster and are scarcely lifted from the ground. It is the easiest of all gaits and, so far as I can learn, came into being when the journeys from the Kentucky frontier to the sea-board had to be made

on horse-back. The rack, or single foot, is hard to describe, but I can tell the rhythmic beat of a racking horse's feet though he be out of sight. That accomplished horseman, Mr. Charles Railley of Kentucky, says the rack is a concentrated trot. That is true with a slight difference. In the trot the left hind foot follows the front right foot, the right hind foot following the left front foot, the front and hind foot on each side striking the ground at the same instant so that the sound of the hoof beats is one, two, one, two; in the rack the order of progression is the same except that there is an appreciable difference between the striking of the front and the following hind foot and the sound of the hoof beats is one, two, three, four, each foot making its distinct sound—hence the name single foot. The rack is a very smooth gait for the rider, but even when a horse does it without friction or apparent effort it is wearing upon him. A very fast racking horse can cover a short distance at the rate of a mile in three minutes. The other three gaits, the walk, trot, and canter, are natural gaits and common to all horses.

Our farmers need to be made better acquainted with the material ready at hand. In the Morgans we have a priceless possession; our Denmarks are finished to a perfection almost beyond criticism; the Chief families (Indian Chief and Harrison Chief), which are rich in Morgan blood, are suitable to give finish and style to their progeny of whatever strain and so assist in making the much needed cavalry horse and the coach horse, as the case may be. At the present time we have difficulty in mounting even our small cavalry force in proper fashion. In case of war, we should have to take anything the farms could give us, and also go to the range country of the West, as the English did in the Boer War. If attention were paid to this type, a most useful general utility

horse would be produced, and the general utility horse is the ideal cavalry horse. Every now and again an almost perfect specimen would be produced fit alike for the park and the show ring. These Chief families are being largely utilized for breeding in Kentucky, and the farmers so using them are not in the least panic-stricken over the fate of gambling on horse racing. It does not concern them at all. The Chief horses are valuable as stock horses by reason of the singular prepotency of their blood, and their wonderful capacity to impress their own characteristics upon their progeny. Of Indian Chief Mr. Railley says that "he was the best harness horse Kentucky has had within her borders." And of Harrison Chief qualified authorities speak almost as highly.

The coach horse in America has happened rather than been bred by design, though efforts have been made in desultory fashion to create a reproducing type. The French coach horse has been used by crossing that type with our trotting-bred families. The result has been most unsatisfactory. The hackney has also been tried in the same way. Unsatisfactory is too mild a word to characterize the result. But the Chief families, though the members are more frequently called saddle-horses, produce ideal coach horses. The great Montgomery Chief (sixteen hands high and weighing over 1200 pounds) is an ideal coach horse, and so also are Cloud King and Golden King. Montgomery Chief is of Harrison Chief ancestry; Cloud King and Golden King are both the result of mixtures of Indian Chief and Harrison Chief blood. These horses and many of their kindred originated and are bred in the Blue Grass section of Kentucky, where the horse will still be the thing though it should soon become unprofitable to bother with thoroughbreds.





# GUS

BY JAMES HOPPER

Author of "Caybigan," etc.

THE shaven hills were copper-gold with the rising sun, and the day-shift of the "Grizzly" were going down to their work. When the turn of the men of his level came, Gus was pushed, almost thrown, to the bottom of the great bucket that hung waiting from the gallows-frame above the yawning shaft; and as he crouched there, the men avalanched about and upon him, treading upon his feet, poking their elbows into his face. Jerry Dinan, the big level-boss, was the last one on. As he stepped upon the bucket's rim (he always went down thus, standing upright, feet outspread upon the rim, his hands holding the taut sustaining cable), he carefully rubbed the hobnails of his right boot across Gus's cheek.

"I don't tank," Gus began to protest, raising his pathetic nose toward his tormentor—"I don't tank you god—"

"Scuse me, Gus," answered Dinan, with humorous mouth; "beg your pardon, Gus. Did n't mean it. Them pesky shoes of mine they *will* cavort around when I want them to be still."

And shifting his left foot, he brought it down crushingly upon his victim's fingers, which clutched the rim.

"I don't tank you god de right," Gus began again. "I don't tank you—"

But the bucket, with a smooth swoop, had slid into the black tube. A last "I tank" floated up, like a hollow groan from a grave, a wave of laughter passed like an exhalation, and Gus, with his rights, had vanished into the bowels of the earth.

To be a Swede among Irishmen is not specially conducive to happiness. Besides, unfortunately, he had been ill used of nature. He was small and badly shapen, had a mouth that touched both ears, and a long, white, flexible nose. The men

called him "Gus" after the clown of a traveling circus that had made a one night's stand in the camp. He wore with persistence a small, round hat, sprinkled with alkali dust as with flour, and had the complexion of a baker's apprentice. This clinched the resemblance already more than suggested by his wide mouth and that unlucky, pale nose.

He was the butt of the rough risibility of the camp. He was stepped upon when in the cage, his hat was constantly being knocked off; down below, it was considered exquisite fun to trip him as he was scooting along the tunnels after lighting the fuse of a blast, or to drop a drill down the shaft at the bottom of which he was working. Above ground, when he got up in the morning, he found his clothes tied up in knots; at meal-time his beans mysteriously bloomed with red pepper, salt was in his coffee, and he had only to sit at the end of a bench to have it immediately tilt up, spilling him to the floor on his back.

At such a time he would recover slowly, and then, turning his long nose solemnly from one to the other like a telescope, "I don't tank you god de right do dat," he would say with a whining intonation; "I don't tank you god de right." And when the provocation had been particularly stinging, he would add, "You ma-ak me ma-ad."

This curious inadequacy of anger amused the men greatly.

"If I was to slice off that long trunk of his," Jerry Dinan, chief of the persecutors, would say, elucidating this trait, "he 'd yell, 'Don'd you gud off anudder inch, Dcherry—or I gedds mad.' And if he was married, and I 'd steal his wife, and throw him out of his own house, he 'd peep in at the window, I bet, and say,