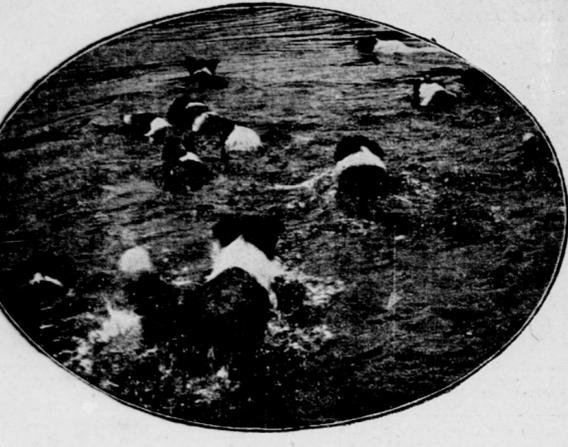


J. P. MORGAN'S COLLIES WILL PROBABLY SET THE PACE FOR THIS WEEK'S SHOW OF THE COLLIE CLUB OF AMERICA.

Photographs reproduced from "Town and Country" by courtesy of the publishers. R. K. Armstrong, keeper of the Cragston Kennels, photographer.



J. P. MORGAN'S COLLIES ENJOYING A MORNING SWIM.



J. P. MORGAN'S CHAMPION COLLIE, SEFTON HERO.



SOME OF THE BABIES AT THE CRAGSTON KENNELS.

COLLIE CLUB SHOW. TO BE AT STAMFORD.

Many Fine Dogs Will Be Seen Belonging to Well Known Breeders.

There promises to be a most interesting gathering of high-bred dogs at the second show of the Collie Club of America, which is to be held in the 4th Regiment armory at Stamford, Conn., next Friday and Saturday. This is the place where the Connecticut Cat Club held its greatly talked about show a couple of weeks ago, but from all accounts the Collie Club can stand on its merits and won't have to announce any sensational features in order to attract attention. The Collie Club includes all the United States and Canada. Nearly every part of this country is represented in it and there are some Canadians who take an active interest in it. The club is a member of the American Kennel Association, and although in existence for a dozen years or more, it has recently gained more prominence than formerly, owing to the popularity which the collie has attained the last few years. The club was organized in Huntington, Long Island, and has thus far given only one show. That was in 1892, and was given in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City, in connection with the exhibition of the Pet Dog Club of America. Since that time the club has been actively engaged in the development of the collie and has given special prizes for collies at the shows of the American Kennel Association. For a couple of years the president of the club was J. Pierpont Morgan, and although not holding that office for two or three years past, he continues to take much interest in all the undertakings of the club, and it is expected, will have some of his valuable dogs entered in the coming show. He is now one of the past presidents of the club, and the Cragston Kennels which he maintains at Highland Falls, N. Y., lead the world in Scotch collies. More than one of these dogs is valued at \$50,000, but the figures mean little, for a few of the fine animals in Mr. Morgan's kennels are practically priceless. Such animals are Cragston Masterpiece and Cragston Peter, acknowledged the finest collies in the world. To be a member of the Cragston colony is honor of itself; to be contented king of the kennels is an honor falling to few dogs. There are no doubt dogs in the big kennels at Mr. Morgan's country home. None but those with pedigrees dating far

back and with canine blood of the bluest blue may eat meat and drink milk at Cragston. Collies are Mr. Morgan's fad. For over twenty-two years he has been devoting much time and money to the breeding of these beautiful dogs. Beginning in a modest way, he purchased here and there, until the finest collies to be found had been gathered at the Cragston Kennels. At astonishing prices such prize winning collies as Ruford Ormunde, Sefton Hero, Choshton Phyllis, Bardwell Mystery and others were bought in England and Ireland and added to the colony at Cragston. Meanwhile, under the scientific direction of R. K. Armstrong, breeding has been going forward until now there are collies at Cragston as much superior to the finest collies of years ago as the average collie is superior to the average street dog. Meticulously careful attention to each detail of dog life has wrought the change. Dog life at Cragston is in a way an imitation of the military life at West Point, two miles further up the Hudson. With a precision and detail bordering on the military, the Cragston collie is reared from rollicking puppyhood to mature old age. The Cragston collies are surrounded with every possible comfort. There is a regular corps of trainers, there is a hospital presided over by men trained in every known dog disorder, and any canine "off his feet" or "inlimped" is promptly placed on the sick list and excused from the exercises of the day. For each day brings with it training in things calculated to develop brain and brawn in the collies. In the warm months there is a bath in the river, a scurry over the hills, under the supervision of Mr. Armstrong mounted on a fleet footed horse. In the winter months there is exercise in a large room, including running, jumping, and even rope walking. Barking is an exercise followed in all weather. They have lively lungs, those Cragston collies, and persons subject to headache have no peace at the kennels. The result of all this careful supervision and training of the Cragston collies is shown in their lithe, strong bodies, their shapely limbs, quick, bright eyes, sharp ears and silky coats. There was a time when Sefton Hero was counted the finest collie in the world. There are now many at Cragston his equal, and others ahead of him. Competent authorities assert that there are more fine collies to be found at Cragston to-day than at any other place in the world. Mr. Morgan, with all his business cares, manages to spend considerable time among his valuable dogs, and they obey him as readily as any of the keepers and trainers. The collie is a wonderfully intelligent animal. To a properly trained collie a sign is sufficient, and there is little or no use for harsh words or the lash. In the summer months

the dogs are quick to recognize the whistle of the Corsair, Mr. Morgan's private yacht, as she rounds Anthony's Nose, and then what pandemonium reigns until they are free to dash through the woods to the landing, there to meet their master! The president of the Collie Club of America now is Henry Jarrett, of Chestnut Hill, Penn. He is associated with Mitchell Harrison, of Philadelphia, who has a noted stock farm. Mr. Jarrett is a manager of the farm, and is one of the best known dog fanciers in the country, being unusually successful as a rule at bench shows. An old veteran dog fancier is James Watson, who is treasurer of the club. He has been a breeder of dogs since a small boy, and what he doesn't know about them isn't worth much. He lives in Hackensack, N. J., and is editor of a kennel paper. He is among the oldest members of the club, but is as active in all its undertakings as the younger members. Mortimer M. Palmer, who is a son of A. M. Palmer, a well known theatrical man, is chairman of the committee on the coming show, and has more to do in making the arrangements for it than any of the other members. When fifteen years old he took a fancy to dogs, and has spent a great deal of time and money in breeding them ever since. He has built up the Rippowam Kennels, which are now worth several thousand dollars and include some exceptionally well bred dogs. For some years Mr. Palmer has given his attention mostly to collies, and he believes them to be the best breed. Dr. McNabb, of Chicago, has entered a collie for which he paid \$3,000, and will have another, valued at \$5,000, in his string of entries. R. A. Murray, of Boston, will have a valuable list, including about ten imported dogs. One of these is Proclamation, for which \$1,000 was paid. Another extensive exhibitor will be the Winnetka Collie Club, of Illinois, which never fails to carry off prizes at exhibitions. The entries of the Rippowam Kennels, of Stamford, will reach fully \$5,000 in value, and will include Salvation Lass, imported. She has attracted much attention wherever she has been exhibited. J. J. Bohling, of Milwaukee, has entered his Conqueror, which is valued at \$5,000, and several imported dogs. It is to be a four point show—counting four points toward championship, which is one point less than that provided by the Westminster Kennel Club. There are to be five regular classes—puppy, novice, limit, open, and winners. There will be two special classes—the junior class, under two years old, and the veteran class, over five years old. In addition to these there will be a local class, open to residents of Stamford only. In each class prizes are to be as follows: First, \$10; second, \$5; third, \$3. Entrance fee, \$2 in each class. There are also to be

several prizes offered by the Collie Club of America: Collie Club trophy, \$300 for the best American bred collie; Van Schaick Cup, \$300, for best collie; Hanover Cup, \$50, for the best American bred sable and white dog or bitch; Wolsbourne Cup, \$200; Brandage Cup; Watson trophy; Rippowam Cup, for best dog or bitch in show, to be won three different times by same owner under the rules of the Collie Club of America. The show committee is composed of M. M. Palmer, Henry Jarrett, James Watson, John Black, Edward S. Van Schaick and Henry C. Hunter. Among the patrons of the show offering prizes are H. O. Havemeyer, John D. Ctrimmins, Emerson McMillin, Edwin Holbrook, Mr. and Mrs. E. Hope Norton, Mrs. Homer S. Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. L. Townsend Howes, Dr. and Mrs. Frank M. Tiffany, Miss Anna Marks, Mayor Charles H. Leeds, James T. Jenkins, Mr. and Mrs. Belden B. Brown and Miss Brown. The Westminster Kennel Club has offered a special prize. The judge is to be William R. A. Murray.

ON THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

San Francisco, Jan. 30.—The severe storm which cut this city off from telegraphic communication with the rest of the world for many hours this week has done incalculable good to the State. One of the heaviest rains in recent years brought moisture to fields that were suffering from long drouth. The rainfall averaged from an inch, in Southern California, to four inches, in Shasta and Humboldt counties. Snow has fallen heavily in the mountains and the cold weather prevents thawing, thus assuring a plentiful supply of water for irrigation and mining next spring and summer. The snow and wind in Utah broke down telegraph poles and wires, and led to almost complete interruption of messages for several hours. It was the worst blockade of news dispatches that California has suffered in several years. A protest has been made by the Central Avenue and Presidio Improvement Club against further maintenance of the antiquated Summer-st. cable railroad, which, with its electric connections, runs from Market-st. ferry to the Cliff House. This cable road was one of the earliest built, and both roadbed and cars are in poor condition. Five years ago it would have paid the company to convert the road to an

electric system. Now it has been absorbed by the United Railroads, but the corporation shows no intention of improving the road. With an electric line an all night service could be maintained which would pay well. The determination of the police to close up such low dives as the Olympia, the Thalia and the Palm will do much to reduce crime in this city. These places give free admission to disreputable women, who use them as rendezvous for robbing strangers. Returned soldiers have been the chief victims of these places, though many visitors from the country have also fallen into the hands of the female sharks. The police commissioners announce that they will close all restaurants with bars attached, as these establishments are merely breeding places of vice. The San Francisco Tenderloin is in the heart of a rapidly growing business district, and a strong effort will be made to move it elsewhere. The demand for Grant-ave. property is shown by the sale of the plot at Grant-ave. and Harlan Place, between Bush and Sutter sts., for \$75,000, an advance of \$10,000 within less than six months. The death of Professor James Maxwell Will, assistant professor of irrigation at the University of California, removed one of the best informed men on irrigation in this country. He made his reputation while State Engineer of Nebraska, but he had been two years at Berkeley, and in that time he had done much to solve irrigation problems in this State. At the time of his death he was working on a remedy for the percolation of underground water through the soil at Fresno, carrying alkali, which ruins the land. Dr. Jacques Loeb, the biologist, who left the University of Chicago to take charge of the new department of biology in the University of California, delivered his first lecture here this week. He dwelt on the importance of State universities in original research, and declared that much of the success of Germany in scientific research and in the industrial field was due to the laboratories in chemistry and physics maintained by the State in the various universities, all of which are aided by the State. He declared that

the opening of the isthmian canal would make San Francisco an intermediary between Europe and the Orient, and that this would lead directly to the development of the medical school of the university, as the country that makes commercial conquests in China must be ready to send out physicians who will carry the basis of all civilization, sanitation. The State legislature, which has been in session four weeks, has done practically no work, except to appoint committees and receive bills. The attaches greatly outnumber the members of both houses. The Senate has 197 and the Assembly 217, whose salaries amount to \$11,500 a week. Though there were protests against the usual extravagance of junketing committees to various parts of the State, most of these committees have received authority to waste money in the regular way. WASTED ALL THREE WISHES. An Irish legend has it that a good fairy once visited an old couple and promised them that any three wishes they would make would be granted. After racking their brains for some time in an endeavor to discover what they desired most, the couple decided to visit the county fair, to see if something there would suggest what they wanted. They did so, and after rambling around all day, not seeing anything that exactly suited them, toward evening they themselves before a display of kitchen utensils. Among them was a soup ladle, cheap, but likely to appeal to a woman, so the old woman, in an absent moment, said, "Oh, I wish I had one of those," and immediately she had it. The old man was so enraged because his wife had thoughtlessly thrown away one valuable wish that he retorted, "I wish my wife were down yonder," and immediately this was done. Thereupon he was at once sorry at what he wished, and the only thing left to do was to wish the ladle out again, so all three wishes went for naught. THE FINAL STRAW. A story is told of a rustic, who, after imbibing too deeply, fell asleep by the wayside. The day was hot, and a swarm of flies settled on his face and proceeded to make his sleep anything but pleasant. In a little while a few mosquitoes came along to add their torture to that of the flies. Of course, the man woke up after repeated attacks by the combined forces, and vainly tried to brush them away. Finally along came a big wasp and stung him on the nose. "Now, for that, you can all get off," he said.

A SOCIETY WHICH SPREADS KNOWLEDGE OF HOW TO RAISE FINE FRUIT, AND FIGHT THE PESTS THAT DESTROY IT.

A FRUIT CONGRESS. TO BE HELD IN HARTFORD.

Twelfth Meeting of Connecticut Pomological Society Members.

The twelfth annual convention of the Connecticut Pomological Society will be held in Hartford next Wednesday and Thursday. As its name implies, the society is made up of persons interested in the cultivation of fruit. It has a membership roll of 350, and practically every town in the State is represented. While there are among the members a number of extensive fruit growers, some cultivating a couple of hundred acres, yet there are others who have merely a few trees, but who take an interest in the development of pomological science. Any man or woman who manifests an interest in this branch of cultivation may join. Some of the members are able to carry on fruit growing on the street, and others have several acres given over to orchards, and who are dependent upon them for a portion of their yearly income. If the society would only open its doors to all lovers of good fruit, especially apples, there is no telling how large its membership might become. A recent issue of "Country Life in America" seems to think that the number of people who love good apples is far larger than the number who know a good apple when they see it. Here is part of what he says about city folk who eat apples: "Fifty the man who does not know a good apple—and how many do? One in ten? No, not one in fifty. It may be red and showy and the Italian may have raised it, but it is not an apple you would buy or form and in price. It is now midwinter. There are apples in storage in the cities and in the cellars of farmers. Go into one of these places. Get the odor—the cool, fresh, fruity smell. Pick out the highest priced parcel—even then the individual apples will probably be cheaper than you can buy on the street. Pick up your hands over them as you would over the keys of a piano. Hold one in your hand, clasping your fingers over its plump roundness. Note its size and shape. See the slight bluish on the cheek and the tones of green that run from bottom to top. Look in the ends. Sent. There are no wormholes, no rough patches, no ugly blotches, but most of them are thrifty farmers, who have several acres given over to orchards, and who are dependent upon them for a portion of their yearly income. If the society would only open its doors to all lovers of good fruit, especially apples, there is no telling how large its membership might become. A recent issue of "Country Life in America" seems to think that the number of people who love good apples is far larger than the number who know a good apple when they see it. Here is part of what he says about city folk who eat apples: "Fifty the man who does not know a good apple—and how many do? One in ten? No, not one in fifty. It may be red and showy and the Italian may have raised it, but it is not an apple you would buy or form and in price. It is now midwinter. There are apples in storage in the cities and in the cellars of farmers. Go into one of these places. 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