



THEODORE SHELTON IN FLY TIME



COL. KIP'S FAMOUS TEAM



JOHN R. GENTRY A SUCCESS



JOHN R. GENTRY A FAILURE



PORTRAIT PHOTO OF ROBERT J.

PICTURES OF HORSES

It is Not a Task for the Amateur Either in Photography or Equine Love.

THE NECESSARY CONDITIONS

Difficulty of Posing Animals—Fly Time Annoyances—Autumn the Best Time.

Over and over again the attention of the people has been drawn to the fact that although the trolley car and the bicycle have raised havoc with horses in general throughout the United States, quite as much money as ever—and perhaps more than ever—is freely expended, nowadays, by those who love them, for horses of the highest grade. This will be exemplified in a marked degree at the big New York horse show to be held in the Madison Square Garden next week.

The financial value of the horses on view at this show has been growing larger and larger ever since the first of the exhibitions, and last year the announced aggregate was a figure high enough to make one hesitate before accepting the statements made. This year, it is said, both the individual and the aggregate valuation will be higher than ever, and that means nothing less than that the men who make a specialty of the finest horses can do well, no matter what new inventions take the place of horses of lesser degree, or how hard the times are.

There is one way in which the owners of fancy horses delight to spend money lavishly, about which the people at large know little or nothing, and that is in having portrait pictures made of them. In these days of cheap photography we are apt to think \$10 a dozen an exorbitant price for the very finest photographs of ourselves, and it is. Only the swiftest photographers in the biggest cities can charge such a figure and only the people who have money to burn will pay it. But there are many owners of swell horses who are ready to pay from \$25 to \$50 a dozen for good portrait photographs of their favorite animals.

The chief reason for this lies in the fact that it takes an expert in a double sense to photograph high grade horses satisfactorily. He must not only know a lot about photography, but he must know horse nature like a book as well, since more than half the battle consists in getting the subject to pose satisfactorily. It is hard enough to get a child, or a nervous woman, or an especially uncomely person to sit or stand effectively before the camera, but the difficulties encountered by the photographer in any of these cases fade away to nothingness compared with the troubles of the horse photographer.

ment, please, as you can a person. You can't get the beast in just the attitude you are after and induce him to keep the pose. Not at all. You must wait your chance and take him when you think it's all right. Even then the horse may make a sudden movement and spoil everything. "I have given you two pictures of the noted pacer, John R. Gentry, whose record is 2:01 1/4. In one, which was the fifth or sixth of a series of exposures, the horse's head is swung around to one side, and there is a dark shadow across the face, and his tail has just been whisked. While anyone would know the picture to be that of John R. Gentry, few would conclude, after looking at it, that he is really a good-looking beast. The trouble was all caused by a little dog, which lies on the ground at the animal's side. This dog is a stable mate of the noted pacer. Just as I had everything ready and the horse was in good position for an excellent photograph, the dog waddled out and lay down. That caused the horse to whisk his tail and turn his head just enough to give his little four-footed friend a friendly glance, and also to get the shadow of the groom across the face. In the other picture I was quite successful in getting the horse to maintain his pose.

"In the picture of the 3-year-old pacer, Theodore Shelton, you can get some idea of the troubles that beset the man who essays to photograph horses in fly time. You see that this photograph has two defects, both caused by the buzzing little creatures that always worry horses so much in warm weather. The tail looks as though it was blown by a strong breeze and the horse has turned his head around in the most awkward fashion. It took me a long time to get a satisfactory photograph in this instance.

and to the rear in opposite instances, so the production of a symmetrical picture. We have a good deal of trouble, too, when we are asked to photograph horses in particular places, say in front of the owner's house or stable, or in a park. You see the background in such a case is likely to come out as strong in the picture as the horse, and owners are rarely satisfied in such cases. I took a photograph once of Colonel Lawrence Kip's team, Emolita and Mambino Belle. It was excellent so far as the pose of the team was concerned, but the lines of the house and stable in the background were altogether too strong to suit Colonel Kip. In a line or wash drawing from this photograph these background lines could be weakened, but not in the photograph. These horses, by the way, posed naturally and about as satisfactorily as any I have taken. There are some horses who seem to understand that you are desirous of getting them in a graceful pose and to be determined not to gratify you. Occasionally I have had an ugly brute to photograph, and on one or two occasions I have been obliged to get over the fence and out of reach of a charging horse in great haste.

"Among the pictures I have given you is one of Robert J., with a record of 2:01 1/4. Robert J.'s owner was exceedingly anxious to have this photograph a perfect portrait of his speedy nag. You will see that the beast is a grunting, and this is the characteristic that was most strenuously desired to bring out. As a rule owners are anxious to conceal any such defects in the pictures of their favorites and sometimes we have a great deal of trouble from this cause, but Robert J.'s owner wished the bad looking knees to show very plainly and I had to make several attempts before I scored perfect success."

Subscribe for the Standard.

WERE WATER DRUNK

Captain Hance Describes the Frenzy of Thirst on the Plains of Arizona.

FEARFUL RIDE OVER THE SAND

Wild Debauch on Aqua Pura When at Last the Men Came Reeling to the Cheyenne Wells.

Old John Hance had taken three of us down his trail in the Grand Canyon one hot day, and we were preparing a meager lunch under the mesquite boughs. I had brought up a pail of water from the tawny-colored river and the lieutenant's wife, a dainty young Eastern woman, peered at it through her glasses.

"Are you going to drink that?" "Certainly," I replied, "that water will settle in a few moments so that you can almost see the bottom of the dipper."

"That's only good, wholesome diet," the lieutenant said. "I wish I could be assured of always having as good water as that to drink. Sometimes when we are on the march we have water that is corrupt with carrion."

"The little wife shuddered. 'O, Harry, you didn't tell me that before.' "Well, sir," said the captain to the lieutenant, speaking of bad water reminds me of a trip I made in 1893. I was guide to old Colonel Bankhead in an expedition against the Cheyennes, and I just reckon you ain't got anything worse in Arizona, lieutenant. There was no water fit to drink for plum 200 miles, but that makes no difference to the government. The general he looks at his map and he says: 'Order Colonel Bankhead to proceed from Deathhead creek to Pipe valley, an' do hit quick,' an' Colonel being a good soldier, hits leather and says: 'Come on, boys.' "You see there was a small garrison up there at Cheyenne wells, a needin' our aid an' needin' it right bad. So we lay out another link and started their way. The water was punikin'. We had to drink water that was stinkin'. That was bad, but a day or two later water that only stunk wasn't worth shettin' yer eyes to. When it come to haulin' out dead buffaloes—beg your pardon, Mrs. Scott—why we thought we'd reached the limit, but

when it come to usin' water that you could take hold of an' shake like a blanket."

"Oh! Captain!" I shouted. He turned gravely toward me. "Yes, sir—certainly, sir! Shake like a blanket when yer dipped it up. Of co'se we biled it and rebiled it and skimmid it like yer would sweat and thickened it with coffee, but we had to drink hit at last. Hit were skunk at the beginnin' and skunk at the end."

"Well, sir, we got one day, as I calien'ed it, about 15 miles from the Cheyenne wells, an' I said so to the colonel on the quiet—'cause I wasn't just so plum shure of it as I wanted to be. I didn't want to get the men excited. Their tongues lolled out so they couldn't cuss, but they could sure shoot an' it wouldn't do to monkey with their feelin's. No, indeed, ma'am. You know how those things go, lieutenant. There is a line where discipline stops."

"Finally we sighted green trees—I hope Canaan will look as good to me when I die as them green trees did. The horse broke for it an' I let him go. My tongue was as big as your arm an' scalin' off like a sick pickerel. When I rolled off my horse he was up to his eyes in water an' the sergeant splashed me with a bucketful. Elijah's God! but that water was sweet. I couldn't get near enough to it. I wanted it all inside of me."

"Well, after I could shut my teeth on the outside of my tongue, I delivered the colonel's orders. They hustled together all the old cans, tubs and barrels and filled 'em to the brim and every man stood there ready to help. I laid there soakin' water and my horse walked like a carpenter's bench."

"Pretty soon we see a line of alkali a-flyin' on the swell, an' then they come a-flyin'—but no yell. They couldn't yell and their eyes! Lady, I hope you'll never see a troop of soldiers look that way. The horses had nostrils on 'em like the brass horns in a brass band a reekin' with sweat an' dust, an' a-squallin' like they was plum crazy. The men were leavin' forward and a poundin' for life—seemed like their necks was a foot long."

"They tumbled into one hidgous mass at the wells. Such a struggle I never want to see again. There was 'bout 20 'round every bar', fightin' the horses back an' tearin' at each other like wildcats. One feller who couldn't get up, and didn't have a cup, leaned up, an' bet'n' a tall feller took off his shoe and dipped and drank out o' that. Hit was powerful funny to see, but nobody else noticed it but me. They were shore busy."

"They got filled up finally and let the horses have a chance, and that night the old colonel says to me, 'John, no use tryin' to put out pickets. You and the sergeant just keep an eye out, an' we'll let the boys camp around the water bar's an' trust to luck.' "The boys was just plum drunk on water—water drunk. They yelled and grunted and cussed in their delight. Cheyennes couldn't ha' got 'em to leave camp. All night long you'd see a clum o' men 'round a bar' drinkin' an' a gruntin'—'O, that's good!' and such like things. They were shore 'nough cotton dry, an' it did seem like they could never get soaked up as'm—but they was all right in a couple o' days."

"So just get all the comfort ye can out of the water ye have back in the states. Frize it. It's the sweetest thing in the world when ye need it, especially in Oregon."

And the burning sand, the withering wind and the sere foliage around us, lent powerful emphasis to his tale. The little wife laid her hand on her husband's arm, and her eyes grew very thoughtful.

YALE BEAUTY



Young Girls, Old Girls, Mothers and Grandmothers

Increase your beauty and renew your youth with MME. YALE'S Scientific Complexion and Toilet Preparation. Bad complexion and wrinkles are very unbecoming to you. BEAUTY will please you all. MME. YALE is very anxious to have every woman in the world profit by great discoveries. They are all the rage.

WORLD'S FAIR MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS OF HONOR AWARDED

MME. M. YALE'S

Toilet Preparations for Purify and High Class Merit.

YALE'S LIST.

- Yale's Skin Food removes wrinkles and the traces of age. Restores youth. \$1.50 and \$3.00—two sizes.
Yale's Immod Blossom Complexion Cream increases the beauty of the complexion every time it is applied; healing, cooling, soothing and beautifying. Price \$1.00 per bottle.
Yale's La Freckla—The only positive cure for freckles; removes them in from 3 to 9 days and leaves the skin spotless, pink and white.
Yale's Special Ointment—Sore cure for pimples and all known skin diseases. \$1.00 per jar.
Yale's Hair Tonic develops and makes plump the neck, arms and bust. \$1.50 and \$3.00.
Yale's Elixir of Beauty—wonderful tonic; makes and gives nature's rosy glow of youth to the skin. \$1.00.
Yale's Complexion Bleach—A perfect cleanser of the skin; it permanently removes and cures moth patches, sallowness, leaden hues, excessive redness and all known skin discolorations. Price \$2.00 per bottle; 3 bottles for \$5.00.
Yale's Hand Whitener softens and makes the hands lily white. Everybody needs it as a toilet article. Price \$1.00 per bottle.
Yale's Eye-Lash and Eye-Brow Grower makes thick long lashes and luxuriant eye brows. Wonderful. \$1.00 per jar.
Yale's Mole and Wart Extractor—Extracts moles and warts without injury. \$3.00.
Yale's Great Scott kills and cures hairs that grow on the face, neck or arms; removes roots and all in five minutes. \$5.00 per box.
Yale's Hair Tonic stops hair falling in 24 hours, brings back the natural color to gray hair; increases its coloring matter, bringing it into circulation; not a dye, but a tonic; finest hair dressing in the world for general use; makes dry, harsh hair soft and glossy; increases its thickness; makes it grow more rapidly than anything else ever did or ever will; for blondes or brunettes, children or adults. \$1.00 per bottle; 6 for \$5.00.
Yale's Blood Tonic scratches the blood drop by drop, purifying and enriching it. It acts on the kidneys and liver, restoring those organs to perfect action and sound health. It is a life-giving fluid that men, women and children need to tone up their systems and purify their blood. \$1.00 per bottle; 6 for \$5.00.
Yale's Fruiticura is the answer to thousands of women's prayers. A speedy cure for all forms of female weakness. A fruit tonic, delicious to take and exhilarating to effect. MME. YALE is especially anxious to have all sick women try it. \$1.00 per bottle; 6 for \$5.00.
Yale's Face Powder—Three Shades; pink, white and brunette. 60 cents.
Yale's Complexion Soap, 25 cents.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Inquire of Druggists and dealers in Toilet Articles and Patent Medicines for these goods and if you cannot find them send direct to Madame YALE and she will send them to you. Please specify the day that your order is received.

MME. YALE'S "Guide to Beauty" will be mailed to all who order. Price 10 cents.

MME. M. YALE, Temple of Beauty, Chicago, Ill.



DOCTOR SWEANEY,

The ablest and most successful specialist of the age in the treatment of (various Nervous and Private Diseases) both Men and Women. All diseases of the eye, Ear, Head, Throat, Lungs, Stomach, Liver and Bowels, Kidney, Bladder, and Urinary Troubles, Rheumatism, Gout, Piles, Eczema and Varicocoe treated with unflinching success. Diseases of women peculiar to her sex scientifically treated and cured. Permanently cured. Loss of partial loss of manly power and vigor in young, middle-age or old men positively restored. Wasting drains which sap the vitality destroy the life, cause nervousness, insanity, premature death, quickly and permanently stopped. Private diseases of every name and nature cured without increasing a bad habit and that disease which poisons the blood decays the bones and causes more physical and mental suffering than any other known disease—either thoroughly and forever cured or not mentioned in this ad. Heart, Brain, Nerves and Blood, if you are dizziness of the head and palpitation of the heart, difficult breathing and a beating feeling in the chest, disordered stomach and fear of impending danger or death, a dread of being alone or the reverse; if your memory is failing and you are gloomy and despondent and feel an aversion to society, you are suffering from a serious disease of the nerves, brain, heart and blood. You have no time to lose. Call at once and CONSULT DR. SWEANEY.

Your troubles if they are away from the city. Thousands are cured at home by means of our Prescription and medicine sent them. Letters of many of our patients in England, France, Italy, Spain, Sweden, Norway and Denmark. Correspondence strictly confidential. Book-Guide to health—sent free on application. Address: P. O. BOX 853, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

OPIUM OR MORPHINE HABIT

DR. S. B. COLLINS' PAINLESS OPIUM ANTIDOTE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE REMEDY. Discovered in 1868. "THERIAKI" Book Free. Office, 72 Monroe Street, CHICAGO, ILL. P. O. Drawer 653.