



# HORSE SHOW



The horse show is a success, because society approves of it.

The second annual exhibition of the Horse-show Association of the Pacific Coast opened yesterday morning, with full stables, and the Mechanics' Pavilion was filled with the odor of tanbark and the neigh of the best horses that ever gathered together for the inspection and approval of the judges and society.

As is usual at such gatherings, the morning and afternoon of the first day wore away with the burden of preliminary arrangements and the saddling and grooming paddock was sprinkled with lit-

tle else than "those who had an eye for horseflesh"—and those who thought they had. It was merely a congregation of that class of fanciers who are sure to be on hand whenever the horses.

They roamed in and around the stalls looking over the sleek animals with a technical eye and frequent soliloquy regarding "the creature's pose, his contour and general appearance." At 10 o'clock the programme began, and the ringmaster and his assistants, together with the judges, moved around in the center of the tanbark ring speculating on the attendance of the first night.

By noon a few people came in, and the immense hall arranged with chairs and private boxes became sparsely populated with a little flutter of gay dresses and an occasional bevy of young people. There was an atmosphere of disinterest over it all, and the horses came into the ring for inspection as though they were rehearsing for a grander occasion, and so they were.

Painfully the afternoon wore away and the programme dragged in unison with the slowness of the judges. The park police wakened up the spectators with an exhibition and the four-in-hand tournaments succeeded in generating a round of ap-

plause. The Shetland ponies attracted some considerable attention, but at 5 o'clock the attendants and owners were ebullient with the dampness that arose from the saturated tanbark, and society's small delegation went to their homes with but half-approving expressions.

Those who knew what to expect said it would be all right in the evening and that society would be present. The directors went right on preparing things for a big attendance and the grooms lost no time putting a shine on the coats of the horses. They seemed to scent something stupendous—and it came.

After society had dined and the lights began to appear in the Pavilion the whole scene changed. The gay colors of bunting stood out boldly from the pillars and the air seemed to grow warmer. Promptly at 7 p. m., at which hour the evening's programme was arranged to begin, Ringmaster Richard Graham entered the ring and the orchestra tuned up its instruments.

The attendants from the different stables hurried around the stalls and horse-owners began to appear dressed in the proper style. Several carriages drove up to the entrance and ladies in fall furs and rich dresses stepped lightly up the stairway. Inside, the ushers were standing statue-like in the aisles, but by 7:30 they became aware there was something to do.

A great many arrivals, instead of going immediately to their boxes and seats, went round among the horses and spent half an hour admiring the pets of the hour. Ladies petted the massive Norman horses and old gentlemen commented on the fine points of the thoroughbreds. The buds gathered around the stables of their gentlemen friends, while the ever-present chaperon stood conveniently by to see that nobody was kicked by impolite horses.

Suddenly from the center of the immense building a bugle call rang out and died away in the tri-colored rafters. A burst of music came from the direction of the orchestra. The effect was magical, and the people who had already collected around the stalls began to pour into the promenade walk. Slowly the spacious hall filled itself with a thousand colors and by 8:30 o'clock a sea of faces stretched around the ring.

The front doors were thrown wide open and hundreds of carriages drove up to discharge their consignment of beauty and youth. A steady stream of men and women filed on the promenade, and a happy, buoyant string of visiting couples and small parties went down the line to congratulate friends on their appearance and to exchange opinions on the event.

Gentlemen in faultless evening dress mingled with the box occupants and San Francisco's social element found itself surrounded by friends. It was a veritable conclave of the upper ten and the buzz of voices and expressions of surprise and satisfaction at the magnificent opening indicated that they approved of it all.

When the gates were thrown open at the ends of the ring and the proud and magnificent horses danced and strutted into the inclosure the women craned their necks and the men gathered nearer the rail. There was nothing else talked of and horse prattle took the place of all other topics. For once society forgot that it had other irons in the fire and everybody discussed the horse show. After tea, season dances, party calls and other social affairs were buried in the chaos of opinions regarding the ever beloved and worthy equine.

Society simply changed its god and the horse crowded out the individual. Entire families were there, from the college-clothed youngsters to the staid and demure parents, and they one and all mingled in the conversation that tended to enlighten them in matters pertaining to horseflesh, and slight inflections of an Anglo-maniac character were put upon the words. Those who had been to the New York and Philadelphia horse shows made comparisons and told willing listeners that San Francisco should be proud of her display.

The time was ripe for a vast amount of home patronage in a conversational way, and the native-born were loud in their expressions of assurance that the East would finally come to us for pointers. The previously initiated jestingly pointed out slight breaches of technique in the dress of grooms or drivers, and the traveled man told how it should be done according to foreign methods.

The great majority, however, were delighted at the spectacle, and the matter was finally reduced to the belief that the whole affair was remarkable for the fact that it was but the second of the kind ever given west of Chicago.

While there were a great many opinions put forth by both San Franciscans and strangers, or visitors, the gentlemen who had come all the way from the proper horse-cultured East nodded their heads approvingly and said, "Well done."

From 8 o'clock to nearly 11 the bugle

sounded out its call to the horsemen at intervals, and almost immediately the gates flew open to admit all kinds and classes of stately and magnificent animals, whose owners had entered them to win. Throughout it all there was a pronounced, but good-natured rivalry, which resulted in the horsemen putting up the best animals they had to contest for the prizes.

Each new arrival on the tan-bark ring resulted in a burst of applause from all parts of the pavilion and the gentlemen coach and tandem drivers were showered with praise by their friends and admirers when a graceful turn or a neat piece of driving was introduced. Handkerchiefs and fans fluttered in the air for a moment to attract some prize-taker and then the gloved hand that raised it swept by as the equipage passed on.

There was something more than mere cash prizes to win. There was something more than approval of the judges to some of the horsemen, and the look of contentment that came in some other persons' eyes told the tale.

Every contestant was urged on to do his very best by a thousand friends and for this approval some risked their necks. It was a game played in earnest, but with good feeling. Everything tended to enliven the participants and the successful ones were heaped with congratulations. The clanking of chain harness and the steady ruff, ruff, of the horses' hoofs, was the only music that seemed in harmony.

It was nothing but horse, horse, horse, and the very best horse at that.

Henry J. Crocker found himself constantly in the midst of congratulations from all those who were fortunate enough to run across him during the evening, and the night closed over the best beginning any horse show ever had in this City.

It was certainly a most commendable performance, and, as the week progresses, will improve. Society has placed its stamp of approval on the whole affair, and those who care to educate the people up to the highest standard of horse-raising cannot fail to recognize the following gentlemen as the prime movers in that commendable work:

Board of directors—Henry J. Crocker, John Parrott, J. L. Rathbone, George Almer Newhall, Joseph D. Grant, J. B. Crockett, Frank Hicks, Maurice Casey, M. Theodore Kearney, George A. Pope and J. A. Donohoe.

Officers—Henry J. Crocker, president; John Parrott, J. L. Rathbone, vice-presidents; George Almer Newhall, secretary; Obed Horr, assistant secretary.

Honorary vice-presidents—W. Mayo Newhall, W. S. Hobart, A. B. Spreckels, C. de Guigne, William S. Tevis, C. E. Worden, W. F. Banning, Peter J. Donahue, J. M. Cunningham, C. A. Spreckels, P. E. Bowles, Fred R. Webster, C. P. Huntington, John F. Boyd, C. H. Hastings.

John F. English, W. F. Drake, A. L. Stetson, R. M. Tobin, Harold Wheeler, J. O'H. Cosgrave, F. W. Merritt, W. H. Thomas, G. H. Fox, T. J. Flynn, William Murray, C. Lathrop, A. F. Wainwright, J. C. Kirkpatrick, R. F. Morrow, Timothy Hopkins, Lloyd Tevis, B. B. McElroy, Charles H. Chase, J. N. Killip, Dr. A. W. Skafie, General Forsyth, De Wolf Hopper, J. G. Polansbee, Dr. Hugh Tevis, Captain Rogers, Charles Crocker, Alexander Forsyth, G. Tut-hill, G. L. Bennett, D. M. Bevis, R. E. de B. Lopez, John Mackey, James B. Ferguson, H. A. Mayhew, Lot D. Slocum, Judge W. E. Greene, Lieutenant-Colonel S. B. M. Young, J. F. Bell, Seventh Cavalry, U. S. A.; J. T. Landis, First Cavalry, U. S. A.; General F. W. Murphy, J. D. Horan, L. Taylor, A. L. Whitney, James McNab, W. F. Egan, Dr. C. Massaro, Dr. E. J. Creeley, J. Talbot Clifton, R. P. Doolan, Rodney Kendrick, Henry Root, J. H. Culver, W. S. Lenke, Edward Corrigan, Joseph Gilman, E. H. Hamilton, T. T. Williams, Charles M. Shortridge, Wells Drury, M. H. de Young, John P. Young, Hugh Hume, Alfred Bouvier, W. M. Bunker, Fremont Older, W. Mayo Newhall, Thomas H. Williams, Moses Gunst, A. M. Allen, Samuel Walter Taylor Jr., F. T. Underhill, R. F. Carman, H. K. Bloodgood, Henry J. Crocker, John Parrott, J. L. Rathbone, George W. Newhall, Joseph D. Grant, J. B. Crockett, Frank Hicks, Maurice Casey, George A. Pope, Obed Horr, W. S. Hobart, A. B. Spreckels, C. de Guigne, W. S. Tevis, C. E. Worden, W. F. Banning, P. E. Donahue, J. M. Cunningham, ham, C. A. Spreckels, P. E. Bowles, Fred R. Webster, John F. Boyd, C. H. Hastings, M. Theodre Kearny, E. M. Greenway, Charles Baldwin, Clarence Waterhouse, W. O. B. Macdonough, Frank Van Ness, William Corbett, Russell J. Wilson, C. A. Durfee, J. G. Green, Frank H. Burke, Harry J. Agnew, Gilbert Tompkins, John A. McKerron, O. F. Willey, O. Morosco, James W. Sperry, Captain Sime, Major Bates, J. Nagle Burke, A. S. Hallidie, George Cuming, Grove P. Ayers, Will E. Fisher, H. C. Holmes.

Most of the boxes were filled by their owners during the afternoon, and there was a good crowd in attendance at 2 o'clock when Noah Brandt's band struck up a march from "Tannhauser" and the bugler announced the opening of the regular programme.

The first thing was a parade of all draft horses. These great elephantine beasts made an impressive show. First came Pointstman Jr., 2900 pounds, George McNear's Clydesdale from Napa, the biggest horse in the world. Then there was Ironclad, a Norman yearling, that weighs 1440 pounds, which they say gives promise that he may become, when full grown, the biggest horse in the world.

There were only twenty-five of these animals, Normans, Percherons, Clydesdales and English Shires, but they filled up the arena and looked as if they weighed as much as all the other horses in the show put together. Two of the Percherons from A. W. Foster's ranch, Eugene and Marie, were led by Thomas Longmore, who raised them and is very proud of his pets.

The trotting stallions came next, and included McKinney, Guy Wilkes, Silver Ban, Diablo, Boodle and Tombo, all with great records. Horsemen are wondering what the judges are going to do when they come to decide between McKinney and Diablo. These two horses were at the last State fair and the judges divided the first prize between them.

The next event in the programme was a parade of the hackney, pony and coaching stallions. One was led around by a groom in a high hat with a cockade.

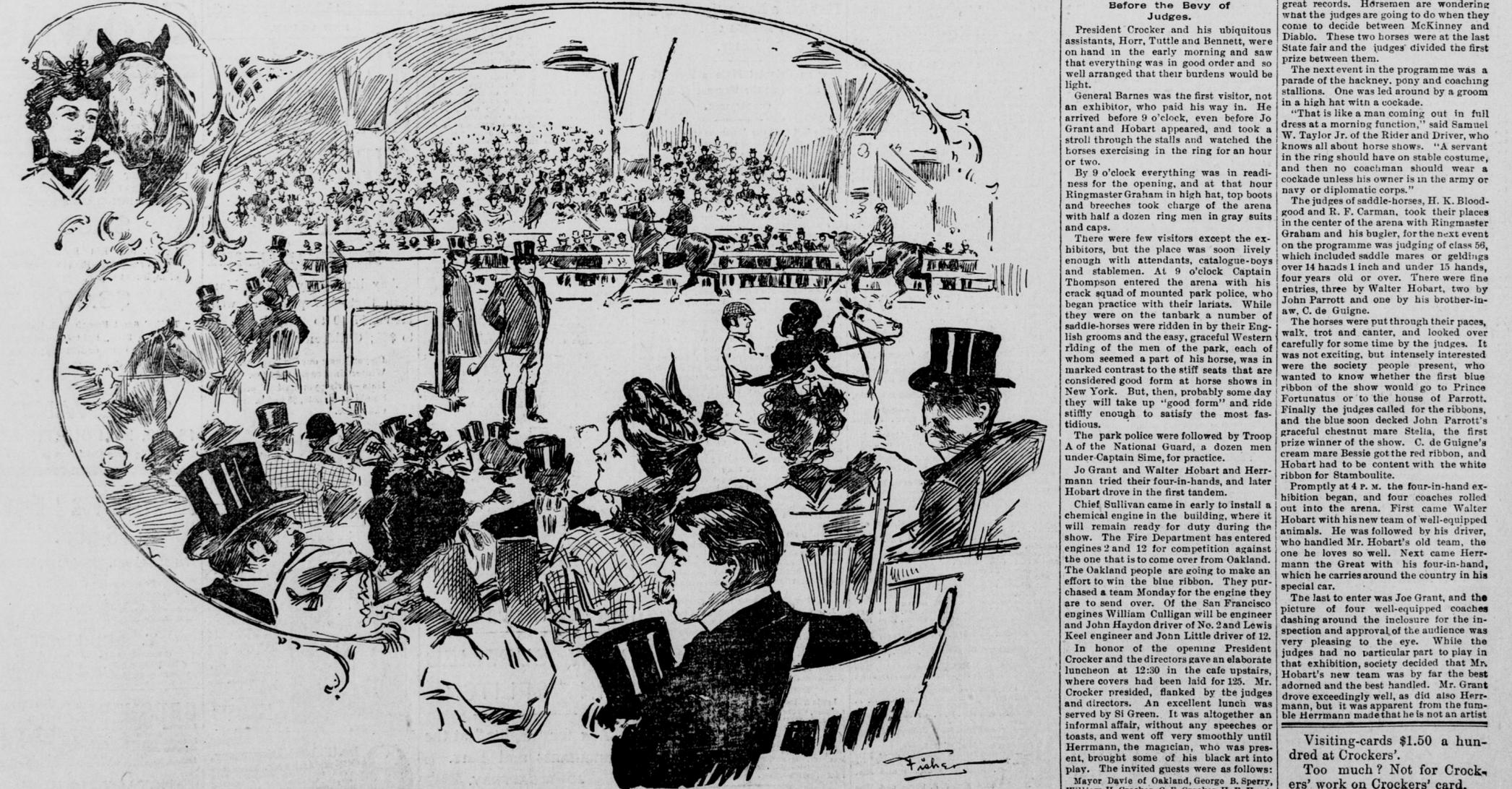
"That is like a man coming out in full dress at a morning function," said Samuel W. Taylor Jr. of the Rider and Driver, who knows all about horse shows. "A servant in the ring should have on stable costume, and then no coachman should wear cockade unless his owner is in the army or navy or diplomatic corps."

The judges of saddle-horses, H. K. Bloodgood and R. F. Carman, took their places in the center of the arena with Ringmaster Graham and his bugler, for the next event on the programme was judging of class 56, which included saddle mares or geldings over 14 hands 1 inch and under 15 hands, four years old or over. There were five entries, three by Walter Hobart, two by John Parrott and one by his brother-in-law, C. de Guigne.

The horses were put through their paces, walk, trot and canter, and looked over carefully for some time by the judges. It was not exciting, but intensely interesting, and the society people present, who wanted to know whether the first blue ribbon of the show would go to Prince Fortunatus or to the house of Parrott. Finally the judges called for the ribbons, and the blue son decked John Parrott's graceful chestnut mare Stella, the first prize winner of the show. C. de Guigne's cream mare Bessie got the red ribbon, and Hobart had to be content with the white ribbon for Stamboulite.

Promptly at 4 p. m. the four-in-hand exhibition began, and four coaches rolled out into the arena. First came Walter Hobart with his new team of well-equipped animals. He was followed by his driver, who handled Mr. Hobart's old team, the one he loves so well. Next came Herrmann the Great with his four-in-hand, which he carries around the country in his special car.

The last to enter was Joe Grant, and the picture of four well-equipped coaches dashing around the inclosure for the inspection and approval of the audience was very pleasing to the eye. While the judges had no particular part to play in that exhibition, society decided that Mr. Hobart's new team was by far the best adorned and the best handled. Mr. Grant drove exceedingly well, as did also Herrmann, but it was apparent from the tumble Herrmann made that he is not an artist.



THE FOUR HUNDRED OF SOCIETY ADMIRING THE FOUR HUNDRED OF THE EQUINE WORLD.

[Sketched yesterday by a "Call" artist.]

**MORNING PROGRAMME.**

**How the First Events Come Off Before the Bevy of Judges.**

President Crocker and his ubiquitous assistants, Horr, Tuttle and Bennett, were on hand in the early morning and saw that everything was in good order and so well arranged that their burdens would be light.

General Barnes was the first visitor, not an exhibitor, who paid his way in. He arrived before 9 o'clock, even before Jo Grant and Hobart appeared, and took a stroll through the stalls and watched the horses exercising in the ring for an hour or two.

By 9 o'clock everything was in readiness for the opening, and at that hour Ringmaster Graham in high hat, top boots and breeches took charge of the arena with half a dozen ring men in gray suits and caps.

There were few visitors except the exhibitors, but the place was soon lively enough with attendants, catalogue-boys and stablemen. At 9 o'clock Captain Thompson entered the arena with his crack squad of mounted park police, who began practice with their lariats. While they were on the tanbark a number of saddle-horses were ridden in by their English grooms and the easy, graceful Western riding of the men of the park, each of whom seemed a part of his horse, was in marked contrast to the stiff seats that are considered good form at horse shows in New York. But, then, probably some day they will take up "good form" and ride stiffly enough to satisfy the most fastidious.

The park police were followed by Troop A of the National Guard, a dozen men under Captain Sime, for practice.

Jo Grant and Walter Hobart and Herrmann tried their four-in-hands, and later Hobart drove in the first tandem.

Chief Sullivan came in early to install a chemical engine in the building where it will remain ready for duty during the show. The Fire Department has entered engines 2 and 12 for competition against the one that is to come over from Oakland. The Oakland people are going to make an effort to win the blue ribbon. They purchased a team Monday for the engine they are to send over. Of the San Francisco engines William Culligan will be engineer and John Haydon driver of No. 2 and Lewis Keel engineer and John Little driver of 12.

In honor of the opening President Crocker and the directors gave an elaborate luncheon at 12:30 in the cafe upstairs, where covers had been laid for 125. Mr. Crocker presided, flanked by the judges and directors. An excellent lunch was served by St Green. It was altogether an informal affair, without any speeches or toasts, and went off very smoothly until Herrmann, the magician, who was present, brought some of his black art into play. The invited guests were as follows: Mayor Davis of Oakland, George B. Sperry, William H. Crocker, C. F. Crocker, H. E. Huntington, W. H. Symmes Jr., Thomas Kelly, J. C. Johnson, George R. Shreve, Alexander Herrmann, C. C. McIver, J. O'Kane, A. W. Foster,

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