

SOCIETY AND THE HORSE.

The Face of the Four Hundred Is Turned Joyously and Expectantly Towards Madison Square Garden.

As Heretofore the World of Fashion Will Go to the Horse Show to See and Admire and Criticise Itself.

By Gholly Knickerbocker.

Of course everybody is thinking and talking about the Horse Show. Some of us may pretend that we are indifferent concerning the exhibition that is to be given in Madison Square Garden this week, and a few of us go even to the length of declaring that we won't attend.

But that is all tommyrot. There isn't anybody that can go to the Horse Show that won't be there at some time or other in the next six days.

They may not have arena boxes, or boxes at all, but they will be there on the promenade or down among the stalls or in somebody else's box. The Horse Show has become such an institution in New York City that society cannot turn its face away from it.

The auction sale of boxes did not indicate, as I pointed out last Sunday, any great desire on the part of what he call reigning families to appear in the arena display.

But I have heard during the past week that nearly all these people will find an opportunity to go to the Horse Show.

Certain boxes were sold to ticket speculators for people who, for reasons best known to themselves, did not care to have their names printed in that connection.

Therefore the list that will appear in the official programme will not differ largely from that given out at the time of the auction sale. Indeed, there are not more than a dozen changes altogether.

I find that one of the boxes that was knocked down to John Heckscher will be occupied by Mrs. J. D. Prince, and that the box which Colonel M. J. O'Brien bought will be occupied by Mrs. H. B. Plant, the wife of the Florida hotel magnate.

"O'Brien," as everybody delights to call Colonel O'Brien, exercised his well-known gallantry in acting as the agent for Mrs. Plant, and yet Colonel O'Brien himself will be on hand, which is undoubtedly delightful assurance for all the ladies from the South who contemplate attending the Horse Show.

One of the boxes that were sold to McBride, the speculator, will be occupied by Joseph Stickney, while George Gould, whose name will not appear in the official catalogue at all, will occupy Box 38, that still stands in the name of Tyson.

Further developments show that George Crocker, the California millionaire, will occupy Box 35, and that Colonel Robert B. Baker will be on hand in Box 69.

If I am not mistaken, this is the box that was occupied on the last night of the show last year by cooks and chambermaids and coachmen, and all the kitchen and stable help of the distinguished owner.

It is to be hoped that Colonel Baker will not have forgotten the criticisms that were expressed last year, and that on the coming Saturday night he will either occupy the box himself or give it to some friend, or leave it empty.

But of all the people that will be seen in the arena circle of boxes, both those that are familiar by long habit of showing themselves there, and those that are entirely new from never having been there before, none is likely to attract more attention than Mr. Richard Croker, who has taken Box 103, right along in the neighborhood with Walter Jennings, C. Albert Stevens, E. M. Robinson, R. L. Stevens and William Watts Sherman.

Mr. Croker, so far as I can recall, has not had so conspicuous a position at the Horse Show heretofore.

With his fame as a politician and as a horse owner, it is not at all unlikely that he will create as great a sensation this year as the Duke of Marlborough did two years ago, or as Mr. and Mrs. George Gould did on their return from England, after having hobnobbed with the Prince of Wales, and enjoyed the distinction of being beaten by His Royal Highness in yachting.

Last year we were just a bit shy of notabilities. Indeed, the only person that in any degree aroused our curiosity and made us press closely about the box he occupied was Prince Luigi di Savoia.

The most of us were a trifle disappointed in the appearance of the illustrious Italian, and I remember that I came near being called out by a fellow countryman of the Prince because I referred to his antlered equipment in terms of such exalted admiration as to liken him to the Yellow Kid of the Journal.

Prince Luigi, however, was but a poor substitute for either the Duke of Marlborough or the George Goulds.

I fancy that this year we shall find Mr. Croker far more satisfactory. There is nobody in New York, and possibly in America, that New Yorkers are just now so greatly interested in as the Tammany Chief-in.

Many members of the 400 have been accustomed to regard this gentleman as somebody not very far removed from Memphis. All such persons will be very agreeably surprised when they stand in front of Mr. Croker's box and study the well-groomed, genteel, self-possessed man that occupies it.

It is now almost a certainty that we shall have at the horse show Mr. and Mrs. William C. Whitney, who sailed from England on Wednesday last and ought to be here in good time to be in the show, and of the show when it is at its best.

We expected to have Mrs. Whitney at the show last year, but a combination of circumstances kept her away, and we did not see the bride of the magnate of the Metropolitan Railway until the opera season had got well under way.

As there will be no opera season this year, it is probable, as it is desirable, that Mrs. Whitney will grace the horse show with her presence.

With the Whitneys will come some of the English nobility. Most of us like the English nobility. We may make all sorts of pretence to the contrary, but as a matter of fact, a British title is the most agreeable thing possible to an American aristocrat.

As heretofore, the horse will be merely an excuse for attending the horse show. Those of us that have advantageous places will go there to be seen; the rest of us will go to see.

All the chappies will wear their best togs and all the ladies will do their utmost to outshine each other in the matter of dress.

The result will be all that one could wish—pretty women, gay men, fine clothes, and an atmosphere of superiority to the rest of the world. What more is necessary to make a success of the horse show?

The year will be as all other years have been.

The rank and file of society will pay its money to see the leaders, and Colonel Kip and Johnny Heckscher and Frank Sturgis and Fred Bronson and Newbold Morris and Neely Fellowes and Harry Hollister and all the rest of the old chappies that hold horse show stock will get the usual annual profit on their investment.

But we'll have enough of horse show through the week to drop it now. Let's turn to something more immediate, if not more interesting.

I have just heard of a marriage that will certainly be of great interest to many people who make a practice of living in Newport for the Summer.

It is that of Mr. John B. Hannan, a millionaire shoe manufacturer of New York, and Mrs. Charles T. Smith, of Newport.

It would appear that there is quite a romance in this union, for it seems that these two interesting people, each of whom had been married before, took on the hymeneal yoke for the second time several months ago.



SOME OF THE FOUR HUNDRED'S BEST KNOWN AND MOST CONSPICUOUS BELLES