

KENTUCKY'S SPLENDID HORSE HOMES

IN THE BLUE GRASS REGION WHERE THE RACING LORDS RESIDE.



SHADY SIDE, HOME OF RICHARD GIBSON

Grass country. It cost something like one million dollars. Mr. Haggin is said to be the most extensive breeder in the world, and he is a remarkable man in the matter of producing thoroughbreds. No other person in any country is breeding horses on the same scale. He offers for sale, it is said, about one twelfth of all the young horses which annually appear upon the turf. And he is not to be blamed if he keeps the best for future reference. Arkell and Salvator, who made themselves favorites this year, live in the paddock just behind the house. Unlike all the rest, August Belmont place is not adorned with a magnificent palatial residence, because that lover of horses does not live on his breeding farm. But what he loses in residence he makes up in splendor of horse buildings and interior equipment. It requires revenues arising from millions to defray the expenses of his racing stable, because he manages them on such broad lines.

Mr. Belmont's Mide Farm. Their active method of raising thoroughbreds was primitive—that is to say, pure and the blue grass had their way largely, and the horses were sheltered at night in



CASTLEMAN, FOXHALL KEENE'S PLACE, LEXINGTON, KY. HOME OF MAJOR DAINGERFELD



J. B. HAGGIN'S HOME, NEAR LEXINGTON, KY.



PETER DURYEA'S BARN.

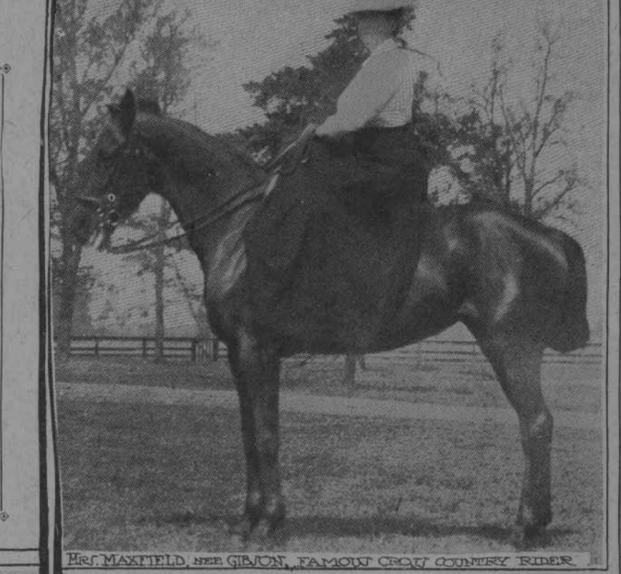


J. B. HAGGIN'S STABLES, WHERE ARKELL AND SALVATOR LIVE.

SOMETHING in the juicy blades of blue grass, in the clear water flowing from the limestone hills, in the glint of the yellow sunlight which warms the paddocks throughout the long waiting days of development, something—who can tell what?—made the State of Kentucky famous for her horses, and the city of Lexington, the centre of the Blue Grass region, the well bred horse's home. New York millionaires, when it was demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt that the racer born and bred in the heart of the blue grass was superior in all things to one reared in any other State in the Union, began turning their attention to the possibilities of that State, until to-day around Lexington, as a focus, there are grouped many of the most famous stock farms in the world. Among the first of the New Yorkers was Mr. L. V. Harkness, who was soon followed by Mr. August Belmont. Others who are grouped about the town, within a radius of eight miles or more, are Mr. Foxhall Keene, Mr. Peter Duryea, Mr. J. B. Haggin, Colonel Pepper, Senator Van Meter, Mr. Lesher and the two Gibson brothers, Howard and Richard.

At first these men went to Kentucky merely to establish breeding places and nurseries for promising colts, but somehow, as they repeatedly went down to see how the horses were getting along, the charming climate, landscape and customs grew upon them and they built homes near their training stables, and the homes are beautiful. Mr. Harkness bought the old Walnut Hall track and more in the vicinity, until he has a farm of two thousand acres of rolling meadow and woodland close to Lexington. It is called Walnut Hall farm, after the mansion house, a spacious colonial structure built by Victor Flournoy, a planter of the early thirties and a descendant of the Cavaliers, who owned several hundred slaves and much property in the South. Every door in the old house, it is said, is made from solid walnut cut from the adjacent woodlands, and the interior is all of carved walnut. Even the floors are of the same material. After purchasing the place Mr. Harkness spent thousands of dollars in modern improvements, and to-day it is one of the most complete stock farms of Lexington.

Paradise of the Thoroughbred. The home of the horse about Lexington is really a beautiful park. Each millionaire tries to outdo his neighbor in the matter of improvements. Everywhere, as far as the eye can reach, are miles of macadamized roads cutting their even way through the green of the level turf and the shadow of the forest trees. Everywhere the natural beauty of the landscape has been preserved. Even the paddocks are so well placed as to give no unpleasant suggestion of their stock yard existence. Many of the houses are approached by circular drives under long galleries of high fir trees. And here on Mr. Harkness' place is one of the largest training stables in the world. It is 400 feet long by 70 feet wide, and there is an arched central aisle running through its full length. The stalls, neat and clean, open upon it from either side. It was in this stable that many noted horses have been born and sheltered, for Walnut Hall Farm has the distinction of having accomplished in ten years what was usually difficult to attain in twenty. In a single season its horses won three classic stakes, including both divisions of that most important of American turf events the Kentucky Futurity.



MR. MAXFIELD, SENIOR GIBSON, FAMOUS COUNTRY RIDER

primitive stables which served well enough a generation ago. When Mr. Belmont appeared on the scene he erected some buildings. There were buildings for stallions and buildings for mares and buildings for young stock, with all the modern improvements. And the rest of the horsemen, catching the merit of the idea, eagerly followed. On his Kentucky farm lives the great stud Hastings, a horse which is considered one of the leading stallions in America, a reputation which he holds owing to the winnings this year of two of children, Magistrate and Gunfire. Besides his stud farm Mr. Belmont still maintains two training stables, one at Babylon and the other on the South Carolina training track. Recently four yearlings from his Kentucky farm were sent to England to be trained for their entry in the Derby and Oaks of 1905. With them he hopes to renew the success of the famous old Bridgemore.

As an addition to their racing stable in England, Mr. James R. Keene and his son, Mr. Foxhall Keene, maintain a large breeding stable in Kentucky, also near Lexington. The place is called Castleman, and here is the home of Major Daingerfeld, not the Southern brick house, with a front porch and the inevitable short columns. Shaded by tall trees growing from a well kept lawn, it is a place of rest for the venerable trainer.

Homes of the Gibsons. Elmside and Shady-side are the names of the homes of Messrs. Howard and Richard Gibson, who own adjacent farms near Lexington. Both of these places are old fashioned mansions. One is a typical Southern porch, with a plain red brick house back of it; the other is a Gothic structure, most suggestive of a Norman church. Only the best of horses are in the stables. At Elmside lives Mrs. Louisiana Maxfield (née Gibson), whose room at a fashionable New York hotel was robbed last year, when she came North to see some of her favorites run, and who has the reputation of being herself the most famous cross country rider in Kentucky. Like all the other native breeders of horses, the Gibsons—father, sons and daughters—are always in the saddle, and their greatest pleasure is to ride over to Senator Van Meter's place or to Colonel Pepper's to see how the horses that make Kentucky famous are getting along and to exchange gossip of the turf.

Before the Belmont idea of separating stables for stallions, mares and young stock obtained Mr. Peter Duryea had built his place, and consequently he made but one long stable. It is an eighth of a mile long, the largest barn in America devoted to harness horses. It is famous as the home of the great stallion Patchen Wilkes. After a visit to Lexington one can readily understand that racing has taken a firm hold on the millions of Americans as a recreation and from the pure love of the horse. With such a stable as is represented by the combined farms in this most populous home of the thoroughbred it is believable that Americans will some day lead, instead of follow, as they now do, the English and French gentlemen of wealth in the thoroughbred procession.

Pigeon Raising in the Suburbs.

Commuter Tells the Secret of Providing the Market with Squabs.

"ES," remarked the commuter from up Elmsford way, "I raise a few feathered fowl between times, but I can't give my entire attention to it, and I don't declare many dividends, but I have fun with it in a quiet way. There's ducks, for instance. Did you hear of a duck laying two eggs a day? No? Well, I'm telling I've got ducks that will do it every now and then, and three eggs every two days is not at all uncommon. Duck eggs are worth money in market, too. I tried Pekins first, but that brand sheds their feathers all the year 'round, and the place got to looking so much like it was covered with snow that vegetables wouldn't grow, and it killed all the fruit. Then I got rid of my Pekins and one day in Washington Market I got some ducks called Indian Runners—don't know why, because Indians don't run to eggs like them ducks do. They are the ones that lay two eggs a day on a spurt. I'm short on ducks now, though, because the dern drake killed a hen or two for me, and one day I caught him thrashing one around the yard and I knocked his head off.

"But pigeons are my long suit, and my boy helps me with them. We started in with eight and now we've got over two hundred. You see a pigeon lays two eggs, and in about nineteen days they are hatched. They are mighty particular, too, and if you happen just to touch an egg in the nest the pigeon is done with it for good. Have to lift 'em out with a spoon if you want to change them. There's money in squabs, too. Young squabs are called 'squabblers.' After the feathers start the squab gets hard and isn't good. The parents take turn about doing the hatching, the length of time each one covers the eggs being about six to seven hours, and they are very prompt to quit when their time is up. The father is just as devoted as the mother, and he stays by the nest till the young ones are out of it, and he sticks his head under them and pushes them out if they are slow about starting from home. The hen begins laying again as soon as the first brood has left.

"Squabs don't eat anything except the food that they get from their parents. This is a sort of pre-digested food, I guess, for the old birds eat it first, and afterward bring it up out of their craws in a kind of a milky looking saliva and feed it into the mouths of the little ones. That's what makes them such dainty food for people with fine taste, I suppose. You get a squab ready for market by sticking a knife up through the roof of its mouth into its breast, and setting the wood all run out. Then you drop it in boiling water for a second and take all the down off. Leave the insides where they grew and carry the squab to the market. No, the insides don't do any harm staying in. You can't sell a squab if they are not there. They'll keep two weeks on ice and no bad taste from the entrails. Oh, I don't know why purchasers want the entrails to stay in, but they do, and as they pay for them it's none of my business.

"Pigeons are easier to keep than other fowls, too. They will eat most anything if you give them some hemp seed about twice a week and nail a salt codfish against the barn so that they can pick at it. They have to have more salt than other fowls, chickens especially. I had some salt beans that my wife put up for the winter, and we had to throw some away. I concluded they would do for the chickens and fed them to my collection. Next morning I had seven dead hens that were worth \$20 before they ate those beans. It acted on them very funny—twisted their heads clean round under their necks and took all the stiffening out of their joints. One of the hens that didn't get enough to kill her hasn't got over it yet, and every now and then she has a fit of blind staggers.

"A pigeon is worse than a cat for getting back home again. Every one of the eight that we started business with left as soon as we let them out of the coop, and we had kept them for four months and they had raised families. The young ones stayed all right. My boy has sold one pair of extra fine ones about a dozen times. They are beauties, and every time some chap with money sees them he wants them. The boy sells them, but always tells the buyer that he must keep them penned or they'll get away, and if they do they're his again. The first time he sold them a Tarrytown man gave him \$5 for the pair, and the boy told him they would come home if he did not keep them penned up. The man said he knew what to do. The next morning the pigeons were back. The man never came after them. Then he sold them around the country to other people that knew about pigeons and they came back. The last time a man away over in Port Chester, twenty-five miles away, bought them and carried them home with him in a bag. For ten weeks we never heard from the pigeons and the boy had about made up his mind that they were gone for keeps. One day I was sitting on my front porch, and off up in the sky I saw a couple of specks. They came closer fast and then began to circle about, and pretty soon came down and settled on the old spot with a kind of satisfied coo that was good to hear.

"The Port Chester man never came after them. Neither did any of the other buyers. There's money in selling that kind of pigeons, but it works both ways. I bought a fine pair in the Bowery one day. Gave \$2.50 for them. Beauties, too. Took them home and penned them up for four months. Let them out, and, by cracky, the first thing the rooster did was to scoot straight up in the air about half a mile and begin to circle, and then straight south for New York city he shot like an arrow. That was the last of him, and I didn't go to the Bowery dealer to look for him, because he had got him from some other place, and I guess the bird went there. But the hen didn't follow him. I don't know why. She kind of hung around for weeks, like a lone widow, and one day when I told my wife that I would get a mate for her, blamed if she didn't rise right out of the yard, as her partner did, and after circling high in the air for a minute or two she shot a way in the same direction he had gone. That was the last of them, as far as I was concerned. But those that are bred on the place are not wanderers, and you can always be sure that they will come home to roost, no matter where they may get to during the day. Pigeons are a good thing, and if I had money enough I'd go into pigeon raising as a business. There's my car, good-by."



COL PEPPER'S HOME