

kind been shown in years except in the thoroughbred hunter and the "Suitable-for-making-hunters" divisions? Is a judge justified in selecting an animal which is solely an example of his personal preference, and which is typically representative neither of his native market nor of any other in any comprehensive way? Of what worth is individual opinion as opposed to the convictions of hundreds of thousands of other people who buy liberally and use freely.

We in the East have been criticized, and justly, for the rather "harnessy" type of our saddle horses. For this there are excellent and logical reasons. The public demand—that which really counts in the market—is *not for the saddle horse, but for the ride-and-drive horse*; the one that can step away and show some action in harness; can catch a train in the morning and not disgrace himself in the park before a runabout in the afternoon. Ninety per cent. of our horses are usable for these dual purposes. The public eye has been for years educated to the outline and rather high action which such a horse shows, and fancies him even when used entirely under saddle, despite the rather rough "feel" which such an animal generally gives one at the canter.

For another reason horses so bred are usually quieter and more easily managed; sure to behave with discretion after several days of idleness, and to bring safely home the equestrian who, after perhaps twenty lessons in a riding school, tempts fate by taking the air upon them after our usual offhand fashion. Your scampish thoroughbred needs a good man on his back always, and especially after several days' confinement, and the average easy jaunt of an hour or so daily is barely enough to keep his back down and his head up. What a spectacle of sudden and dire disaster would our bridle-paths present were these light-hearted gentry to come into general use!

Referring again to the Western saddle horse, his producers marvel that in the East we do not appreciate nor demand the accomplished gaited horse governed by one hand, and stepping off his five distinct paces with precision. They make the criticism that we hardly knew the difference between a canter and a hand gallop; a collected trot and a hop-skip-and-jump that is anything and everything but correct, and that they are absolutely right, ten minutes on the roads or bridle-paths will convince any one. They forget, however, that traditions and practice are different here, and that while they ride by instinct and for business purposes, we do the same by haphazard and for exercise; nor has our public the skill to ride the gaited horse, nor the patience to hold him down to the distinct performance of his paces; nor do such gaits harmonize with an outline hideously disfigured by docking as is that of nearly all our horses. We ignore the fact that even as a walk-trot-canter horse the gaited animal is easier and better balanced than anything we are likely to find, and we do not know the seductive pleasures of the varied gaits, consequently our brethren from toward the setting sun send us hacks which they themselves would not own, and their choicest products, their genuine types, we must visit the Western shows to see, for they never come to us. Truly a "ring" of these gaited stallions, shown by the cream of the native talent, is an inspiring sight, and one horse here portrayed (though the picture by no means does him justice) is simply the grandest type of a saddle horse the writer has ever seen. Had we such animals as Montgomery Chief in any quantity, the position of the American saddle horse would be unassailable, and there is no show ring in the world which would not own his supremacy. He may be held up as our type—the type breeders have striven for—and yet he is as different from the thoroughbred type as possible.

LITTLE TRIPS FOR LITTLE PURSES

SOME STEAM CANALING.

THERE are a few travelers who have the patience to make a journey by canal in the old-fashioned mule-drawn style, and for that kind in pleasant weather no more delightful traveling can be found. There are others who would like the canal for its novelty if they could go just a little faster than a mule walks. Not a great deal of that kind exists, but some does, and if the canal enthusiast will find his way to Syracuse on the Erie Canal, by any route he may choose, he will find there three really very interesting canal trips by steam-

boat. One is west for three or four hours, depending on what lock waiting may be in store, eighteen miles, to Canastota, and back by train, unless he wants to wait till next morning and come back by canal. Another is east to Baldwinsville, about the same time and distance and back by rail or trolley. The third is north to Fulton, about twenty-two miles and back by rail. These boats leave every afternoon, and there are others going to Little Falls, at intervals, a picturesque place well worth visiting. Syracuse is one of the few cities having railways, trolley lines and a canal running right through its midst, so to speak.

A PLEASANT SOUTHERN TRIP.

For those living within two hundred miles of Montgomery, Alabama, or New Orleans, Louisiana, a very interesting trip of five to seven days may be made by river, rail and sea. Its starting-point should be Montgomery. Take a steamboat there on the Alabama River—not the nicest steamboat in the world, perhaps, but no less interesting on that account—and go to Mobile, about two hundred miles by river. Thence, after seeing Mobile, which is a beautiful city, take a steamer via Gulf around to New Orleans, and back to Montgomery by rail. Little trippers from the South can make the rail trip to Montgomery first. The cost of the trip will depend upon the length of time given to it, but it can be made for \$20 or less.

TO THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

For those living to the west, there is not much choice except by rail, and to the south, only the Mississippi and rail. But to the Easterners, there are ways of getting to St. Louis which will be pleasanter experiences than many they will have at the great show itself. For instance, Easterners may go by rail to Pittsburg, where they may take steamboat on the Ohio and go 450 miles to Cincinnati, a beautiful ride all the way, and very good boats. At Cincinnati change to another and larger boat, and go on down the Ohio, about 550 miles to its mouth at Cairo, where the boat goes out into the Mississippi, and runs north for 180 miles to St. Louis. The trip can be made in six days, or a week, and it will give the traveler not only great delight, but much instruction, not to be secured by other means. What it will cost we cannot say, as no doubt special rates could be made to encourage travel that way. Later in the summer the Ohio between Pittsburg and Cincinnati is not reliable, owing to the lack of water, but there is always plenty from Cincinnati around.

Another water trip, not quite so interesting as the rivers, because it is on wider waters, is to go by the Great Lakes, starting from the tourist's nearest port, as far east as Lake Ontario extends, and going through the chain to Duluth. There take train for St. Paul, and there take a Mississippi boat down to St. Louis through the most picturesque portion of the mighty river. This will require a week or more, but it will be time well spent.

Still another and all-water route for those living along the Atlantic coast, will be to take steamer for New Orleans, a fine sea trip of five or six days, and transferring at New Orleans to a boat for St. Louis, go up the Mississippi for 1,200 miles to destination. This is the longest way of the three, and the least desirable for those who do not love the sea. It is also the most expensive in time and money.

All roads in 1904 lead to St. Louis, as in

old times they led to Rome, but in our time the roads, wet or dry, are offering inducements to travelers, and now and then bargains may be secured.

TO THE DEVIL'S CAUSEWAY.

Nearly every one who goes to Colorado from any direction, unless in a great hurry, gets to Glenwood, or in that neighborhood, but every one does not know of the novel and interesting trip from that town to the Devil's Causeway, taking from eight to ten days. The traveler, accustomed to the usual methods of getting about, must here discard them, and take to burros and horses and have a pack train. For this reason a party of from four to six is best to make this trip. A pack train is easily made up in Glenwood, and the party moves off down the Grand River Valley, a beautiful agricultural country two or three miles wide between lofty mountains. The first day takes the party to Newcastle, 23 miles, and from there next morning the route leads west through the mountain ranges to Marvin lakes, 30 miles. The night is spent at the Lodge, near the lakes, and after that it is life in the open, making your own meals and sleeping under the blue canopy of the heavens. These lakes are three in number, closely connected and full of fish. They are set deep down with cliffs rising about them a thousand feet high, and their settings are beautiful. You go around the lakes by blazed trails along the wooded shores in the narrow valley. From the lakes you pass over the mountains by trail, seeing magnificent cliffs colored as if painted, and go down into the White River Valley to the Deep Lake trail. At Deep Lake is good fishing and good camping, and the night is spent in the primeval wildness. Next morning go back to the White River trail, three or four miles, and down the river to the trail over the Flat Tops. This is a plateau on the mountains, ten thousand feet above the sea and twelve hundred above the valley. Here you find your breath coming quick, and you are ready to rest on short notice. Thence along the Flat Tops to the Devil's Causeway. This is a narrow causeway seemingly hollowed out from the plateau, and the path along its ridge is only from four to a dozen feet in width, while on each side is a sheer drop of a thousand feet. It is not a very long path, but when you have passed it, you feel as if it would be a great deal longer before you went over it again—to use a brand new joke. All about here the scenery is of the grandest sort, and you are glad you came. From the Causeway you go on to Meeker, and from there next day by an interesting mountain stage ride to Rifle, which is but three hours or less, by Denver and Rio Grande Railroad to your place of starting. This is one of Nature's outings, and is well worth the time and the \$60 to \$80 it will cost. Any one wishing to make this trip will find everything at hand at Glen-

wood, with guides at \$4 a day, though some people do their own guiding, but not unless they know something about mountain travel. The greater the number in the party the less expense.

THE DALLES OF THE ST. CROIX.

Travelers passing through St. Paul and Minneapolis, and people living within a day's journey of those places, will find the Dalles of the St. Croix a point for an interesting outing. Leaving Union Station, St. Paul, about 9 A.M., the tourist climbs the hills up through the ravines to the eastward, and Lake Phalen is soon reached, where the city will have a boulevard and park. Next comes the well-known White Bear Lake, and after it Bald Eagle, Forest and Clear lakes, all pretty to the eye. A little further on at Wyoming the tourist leaves the main line of the Duluth division of the Northern Pacific and takes the branch for St. Croix. Crossing the Sunrise River, the Silver Lakes, a beautiful group, are seen, and after passing the old abandoned town of Franconia, the train runs along the bluffs and down to Taylor's Falls running through the Interstate Park, a wild and picturesque feature of the trip. Park Commissioner Hazzard looks out for the comfort of visitors here, and the Park is a collection of rugged and impressive scenery. To the left is Taylor's Falls, and across the river St. Croix Falls, about which Wisconsin has 600 acres of the Interstate Park. All about below the visitor are pot-holes, and cataracts, and gorges, and precipices, and torrents, and down the steep walls a stair leads to the steamboat landing. Here a launch may be taken for a ride through the famous Dalles. Taking the steamer for Stillwater the tourist passes through a wild gorge to Franconia, where a second begins, and at Osceola is a beautiful cascade. Through thirty miles of rugged river and the Lake St. Croix the tourist passes to reach Stillwater at the head of the lake. Here a trolley may be taken for a delightful ride back to St. Paul, or the tourist may go by railway. The Dalles of the St. Croix are one of the famous natural wonders of America, and they should be visited by all seekers for the interesting. The cost of the round trip from St. Paul for the day is trifling.

THE LAKE REGION OF CENTRAL NEW YORK.

Nowhere in the United States can the tourist find more natural beauty for a small amount of money than in the lake region of Central New York, beginning, say, at Canandaigua and traveling eastward to Syracuse, a distance of about 100 miles more or less, though considerably more will be added in his wanderings of a week. A definite route cannot well be made out because there are so many of these lakes, and they are so beautiful, and the towns and

country about them so attractive to the eye, that the wanderer is best left to his own choice. Possibly the most interesting, because of its wealth of vineyards on great hillsides sloping down to the water, is Lake Keuka, the second in the chain from the west, and it may be seen by fine steamers twice a day from the pretty town of Penn Yan. From this point it is but 24 miles to the famous Watkins and Havana glens on Lake Seneca, where a steamer may be taken to Geneva, a town of beauty. Thence a trolley 16 miles to Cayuga Lake Park and a boat to Ithaca, where is Cornell University with a view from its campus that no college in the world can surpass. Train from Ithaca to Auburn, another town of handsome residences, and a trolley out to Owasco Lake, two miles. From Auburn trolley 7 miles to Skancateles and its lake, 16 miles long, with swift little steamers plying its length; thence by trolley to Syracuse, 19 miles, with great scenery in places, and at Syracuse there is Lake Onondaga, and 16 or 18 miles out, by train, is Lake Oneida, rather too large for the beauty that marks the others, which lie long and narrow between the farm-clad hills. There are numerous smaller lakes, about which cluster cottages and inexpensive hotels, and the tourist may wander at his own sweet will through a succession of delights where there is never the hum of the mosquito nor the smell of malaria. This happy region may be reached from any point of the compass by railway trains through fine scenery, and I do not hesitate to say that for those living within a reasonable distance, no choicer locality for an outing of a week or more can be found. The expense, of course, must depend upon the tourist, but a week of it may be had from \$25 up.

SOMETHING OUT OF CHICAGO.

A five or six-day trip of convenience and pleasure to Chicago people and the thousands tributary to that town may be made by lake, trolley, and rail. Leaving Chicago by lake, go to Detroit and spend a day; thence by rail or lake to Toledo, Ohio, for a day; thence by trolley through Ohio, to Cincinnati, where a day can be filled up easily, and then not see half there is to be seen there in a hurry; thence by rail to Indianapolis, the literary and political center of the "Hoosier State"; thence by rail to Chicago. Or if the tourist wants a ride on the Ohio River, he may go down by boat from Cincinnati to either Louisville, Ky., or Evansville, Ind., and go north. Louisville is preferable, because it is a much larger place than Evansville and in another State, and the tourist from there can stop over at Indianapolis. Evansville's only advantage is that it gives a longer ride on the river. The expense of this trip ought to be from \$35 to \$45. This is one of the circular trips, and may be started anywhere on the route.