

Magnificent Stallions Owned by Homer Davenport

THE ONLY GENUINE ARABIAN DESERT HORSES NOW IN AMERICA ARE IN PORTLAND

IF THERE is any one man in America who knows Arabian horses from A to Z, that man is Homer Davenport. When he gets started, he can tell you more about them in ten minutes than the average man could absorb in two hours. Mr. Davenport's principal hobby is Arabian horses. And it may also be said that it is an expensive hobby. The five matchless stallions in his collection at the Lewis and Clark Exposition are worth a mint of money, and represent the only desert bred horses in America.

A few weeks before he left New Jersey with his exhibit, Mr. Davenport received a letter from his manager in Portland telling him not to bring his Arabian horses. Another concession for horses had been let to a circus, and the holder of that concession would not allow the Arabians to be shown. After a vast amount of red tape and wirepulling and a special meeting of the Fair board to consider the matter, the circus man was finally persuaded to let them appear, and there is no more attractive feature of the whole Exposition than these same Arabian horses.

The history of Arabian horses in America, as told by Homer Davenport, is brief. The first ones ever to come here were the Keene-Richard horses, which were brought to Kentucky in the early '40s, and are the ancestors of the high type of saddle horse for which the blue grass region is so famous today. Although animals of fine blood, these were not genuine desert horses, but came from Turkey.

The next to come over were the two stallions presented to General Grant on the occasion of his tour around the world, by the Sultan of Turkey. They were grays standing 14 hands three inches high and of no known breeding, but since they came from the Sultan's stables they were always supposed to be of good blood. They sired some very fine horses and both stallions lived to be quite old. At the time of their death they were owned by General Colby, of Beatrice, Neb.

How Davenport Acquired Treasures.

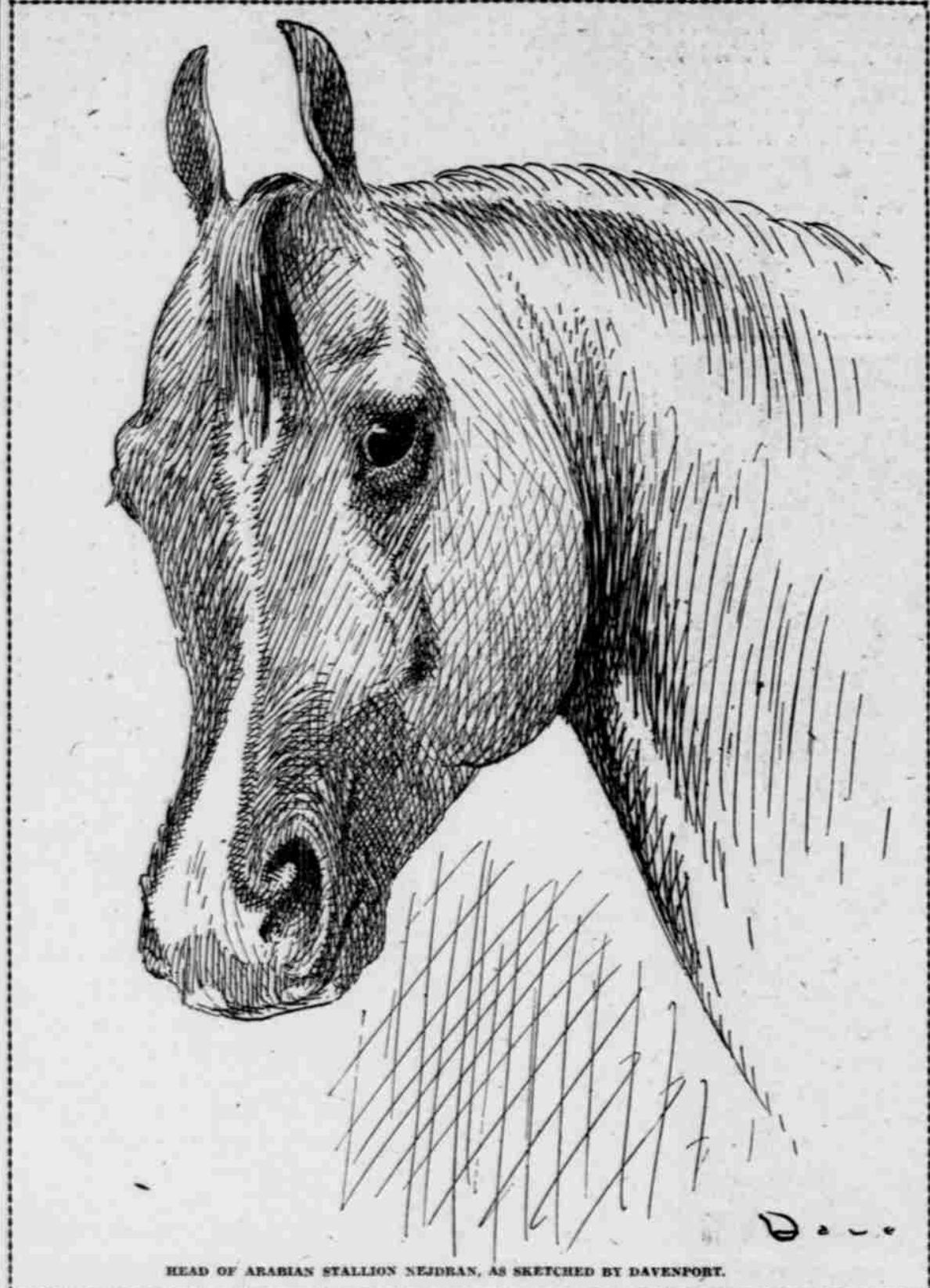
When the great World's Fair was held at Chicago in 1893, a corporation called the World's Fair Hippodrome Company made overtures to the Sultan of Turkey to let both horses and mares come to the Exposition. At first he refused their request point blank, but after greater pressure was brought to bear and he was made to believe that they would all be returned, he finally consented. Twenty-three head of horses and mares were allowed to be brought over under the name of the Hamid Hippodrome Company, and with the express condition that they should all be sent back. This band represented the highest type and families that have ever left the desert. The Hippodrome Company, however, was beset with difficulties from the first day, and soon after reaching Chicago a mortgage against them was foreclosed by Peter B. Bradley, of Massachusetts. In their frenzy at hearing the news the Arab attendants set fire to the bedding in the stalls and nine horses were burned to death before they could be rescued.

Of the entire 23, but two stallions now remain. Aboyan, a gray 22 years old, and Koubishan, a golden bay aged 13. Both of these horses are now owned by Mr. Davenport and are to be seen in his exhibit. They are magnificent specimens of the desert Arabian. When an American horse reaches the venerable age of 19 or 20 years, he is generally supposed to have outlived his usefulness, but the average age of the Arabian horse is from 30 to 35 years, and these two are as frisky as colts.

Three years ago Mr. Davenport sold Koubishan to Howard K. Davenport, he proved such a spirited riding horse that Mr. Gould could not manage him in his 19th year, and sold him back this Spring. And right here is shown the peculiar intelligence of the Arabian horse. Although he was too spirited for Mr. Gould to manage, yet Homer Davenport's small daughter rides him at any time and in any place with perfect safety.

The Perfect Natural Horse.

The best description of these horses, perhaps, that could be given, is found in one of the books in Mr. Davenport's library—Roger D. Upton's "Newmarket and Arabia." The description follows: "There is nothing more beautiful to contemplate than the Arabian horse; not



HEAD OF ARABIAN STALLION NEJDHAN, AS SKETCHED BY DAVENPORT.

only does he exhibit perfect symmetry, but he is a fit emblem of nobility, generosity and courage. The formation of the Arabian is so perfect that there is nothing to spare, no waste. His form is essentially one of utility. The space for the seat of the rider is sufficient and at once fixes his true position. The weight is therefore on the part most fitted for it. The rest of the weight is taken up by the powers of progression.

"Nature, the unerring artist, has not made a mistake, and man with his improvements has not had the opportunity of spoiling him. If he be carefully examined, it will be found that all limbs of progression are longer and better placed than in any other horse. The scapulae, haunches, thighs and legs are all longer, which, added to the power of great propulsion, will explain how the stride of the Arabian, although under 15 hands, is at all events greater in proportion to his size than that of any other horse.

Whether we look at the Arabian as a whole, or analyze his points one by one, you can arrive at no other conclusion than that he is an original of perfect form. It has been truly remarked that the more he is examined, the more one is enraptured and convinced that he is looking at something genuine, and this cannot be said of any other horse."

Why They Cannot Be Imported.

This is a vivid and true description of all of Mr. Davenport's horses, but more particularly of the 2-year-old chestnut, with two white feet, called Nejdhan. Nejdhan is the personification of equine grace and beauty, and is the only desert horse ever smuggled here from the desert. He was presented last year to Captain Gainsford, of the British army, as a religious gift, after that gentleman had seen him win two four-mile heat races on the desert in

the same week, carrying 165 pounds. The Captain smuggled him out by way of Jerusalem and Beirut, and Mr. Davenport secured him soon after. The reason that no other horses have ever been brought out is on account of the love which the Arab has for his steed. This love is real, and not only a thing of poetry. His horse is the Arab's religion, and he believes that if he allows one to become the property of an "infidel Christian," he will have no hereafter. Therefore he will sell his horse rather than part with him, a characteristic that is illustrated by the World's Fair incident mentioned above.

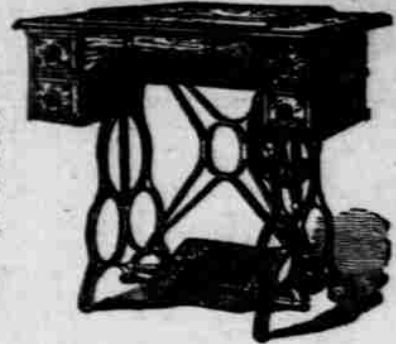
Wonderful Endurance.

For centuries these Arabian horses have been brought up to a life of hardihood and endurance, till today they are as nearly perfect as horses can be. Their enduring qualities are something wonderful. The longest races ever run now-

SEWING MACHINE SPECIAL

Having no commissions to pay out to high-priced solicitors, and carrying Sewing Machines as a side line, as we do, we are able to give prices at least 50 per cent lower than the regular dealer. Our Sewing Machine department is in charge of our Mr. F. Brook, an expert machine man, and every machine passes his personal inspection, and is complete in all its parts and is in perfect working order when it leaves the store. We carry several makes. The one we show today is a Davis drop-head. Instead of paying \$40 for this machine you pay \$20—on the special terms of \$3 down and \$3 a month.

\$20



EXTRA TABLE BARGAINS

Whether you need an Extension Dining Table or not, you will be interested in a special—an extra special—bargain in the Table line we are now offering. Everybody is pleased to learn of bargains, so we feel that we are doing you a service to mention it when we have something extra good to offer.



Regular \$24.
Special Monday
and Tuesday—

\$17

We are making a decided cut on the above style of Dining Tables, as we must have room in our warehouse for a shipment of pedestal tables. We carried the above 5-legged extension tables over from last year and have decided to move them out of our way if a cut price will accomplish that result.

The price has been \$24. Monday and Tuesday \$17 will take it. The stock number is 651. It is 48 inches in diameter and extends to 6 feet. Made of the finest selected kiln-dried oak, hand-rubbed and given a piano polish; legs are 4 inches in diameter, exactly like cut. We have the same table in round top at a dollar more.

I. GEVURTZ & SONS

173-175 FIRST STREET

219-227 YAMHILL STREET

days by our best horses is a mile and a quarter, but on the desert four miles is the shortest distance. The usual races are four, seven and nine-mile heats, and the horses can easily go 25 miles at full speed. It is so uncommon a thing for a desert horse to go three or four days without food or water and yet make 40 or 50 miles a day.

Bred on the desert, these horses are very scarce and the Arab is very particular in choosing his steed. He insists rigidly upon three points—the size of the forehead, the throat at its juncture with the head and the shape and inclination of the ears. The forehead cannot be too large or prominent to suit him. From ages of life in the company of man the Arabian horse's intelligence has developed until the size of his forehead is something remarkable. The throat, to suit the Arab, must be of great width.

giving much space to the windpipe and making the horse extremely long-nosed. Without this feature, 20 miles at full speed would be impossible. In all of Mr. Davenport's horses, the forehead is extremely prominent and the width of the throat the greatest ever seen by horsemen of this country.

An Illuminated Page; A Sunday Sermon

Written for the Sunday Oregonian by Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, Pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

THE foreign dispatches tell about the rare good fortune of an Italian Prince. His house is an old palace of stone, gray, crumbling and mellow with time, rich also in its old paintings and art treasures. One day, recently, he noticed that an old desk cover was splitting sideways. On examination he discovered that the top was made of two pieces of board glued together. Separating them, he chanced upon a page bright with colors of some old master's brush. The page was of vellum and illuminated. Each word had been written by hand, and each initial was glorious with gold and blue, crimson and black. The margin was a marvelous design, with inwrought leaves and flowers. Charms climbed up the side of the margin, as beautiful as angels that drew near the heavenly battlements to look down on the sleeping boy, Jacob. The genius of a great master flamed forth from that illuminated page. The treasure had rested in its hiding place for perhaps 300 years. From the moment of its exhibit art lovers, collectors of old prints, rare books, and the great masters, began to compete for the page. So beautiful is the illuminated sheet that today it lends a distinction to that room in the gallery of the palace in Florence.

A Page Beautiful for Artists.

What an illuminated page of God is this spread out for all beholders, on the slopes of these Berkshire Hills! This page of green and gold is ten miles square, and holds such beauty as to make the misal of Beilini seem petty and contemptible. That Florentine sheet is ten inches by 12, and this page of landscape is ten miles by 12. His canvas is of vellum, dead and moldy, but this page of nature is a canvas whose texture is alive, moist, perfumed and melodious. The decorative margin of the old misal is but two inches and a half wide, and many of the flowers of Beilini seem stiff. But the frame and setting of this page of nature is a quarter of a mile wide, is spotted with scarlet and fire, golden with buttercups, glorious with daisies and wild plinks, with clover of purple and white, and the splash of poppy, with shades of amethyst and sapphire on the horizon, where earth and sky meet, that represent colors so delicious that one finds no words in the language to describe them. Little wonder, therefore, that Ruskin describes the mountain side as a library full of treasures, "of manuscripts for the scholar, kindly and simple lessons for the worker, quiet in pale cloisters for the thinker, glorious in holiness for the worshiper." Wondrous the old Gothic minsters and cathedrals! But these Berkshire Hills are our cathedrals, protected by gates of rock, and glorious with pavements of clouds, choirs of stream and stone, altars of snow, and vaults of purple, traversed by the continual stars.

A Page Wise for Scholars.

But this illuminated page of nature is a page that is wise, with its tracery for the scholar. It is not enough that God's

work is beautiful, that his every blade of grass is fluted, that all his leaves are exquisitely sculptured, that his every asphodel and ruby is polished to the innermost atom, and that the bounty of loveliness is in flower and face and landscape. Such beauty, indeed, as the surplus of loveliness in each herb and flower would adorn, as has been said, a dozen cathedrals. But the page of rock and grass and flower is a wise page. Indeed, all the wisdom of the books comes from the reading of Nature's book. Job said, his footprints are in the clouds, and on the seashore, and in the waves. Newton, the astronomer, once said that the astronomer thinks God's thoughts out after him. Geology copies God's handwriting on the rocks; botany copies God's work upon the flowers, the procession of the seasons represents the great unfolding thought of God, slowly unfolding before man's admiring eyes, just as the rosebud unrolls its crimson secret. Indeed, the first page of a dozen of the physical sciences are spread out before the scholar, who looks upon these Berkshire hills, and mountains. Long ago the divine teacher said that the least thing that God does represents more wisdom of the scholar, and more beauty of the artist than the greatest thing that man can do. Consider the lilies of the fields. Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. Now Solomon's robe was purple. Solomon also was a King. Solomon was a scientist and scholar, and yet the least thing that God does, in a wild lily, is more beautiful and more perfect than the greatest thing that the greatest man named Solomon could produce through royal robes of purple and gold.

But Nature's misal contains treasures that are useful as well as beautiful. All wealth is in this field before us. The hillsides are stored with the water brooks and the springs, that 100 miles away will quench man's thirst. These slopes also offer the forest with a shaft for man's axe, a handle for his plough, beams for his ship, timber for his stores. Treasures of wood and coal also are here, ready for man's snow and winter; grains also are here, and fruits for his hunger; oils for his medicines, and balms for his pains. All these forces also are flexible to man's touch. The sun and soil, and rain, will do his bidding; they will, at his request, pass through an acorn and build an oak for his shade. They will pass through a grain of corn and build a sheaf for the scholar, kindly and simple lessons for the worker, quiet in pale cloisters for the thinker, glorious in holiness for the worshiper. Wondrous the old Gothic minsters and cathedrals! But these Berkshire Hills are our cathedrals, protected by gates of rock, and glorious with pavements of clouds, choirs of stream and stone, altars of snow, and vaults of purple, traversed by the continual stars.

lery of beauty and delight for the tired worker who has left the great city behind him.

Nature and God, then, are the true hospital for hurt hearts. Therefore, men are bidden to "come apart into a quiet place, and rest awhile." On these Summer days the hillsides were made to lie down upon, and dream and brood and recover the faded senses to their early freshness and vigor. Abroad, to historic cities we do not need to go. All the great epochs of earth's greatest souls have come midst common things. Our father man walked midst the common corn and kept his trust with God. In the fields Jacob saw the vision splendid. Strolling the grass Jesus discovered God's loving care and learned that the world is the father's house, and that death itself is only the other room. Verily, the heavens do declare the glory of God. And all Nature is God's illumined page for those that have eyes to see.

CORN BREAD FAR THE BEST

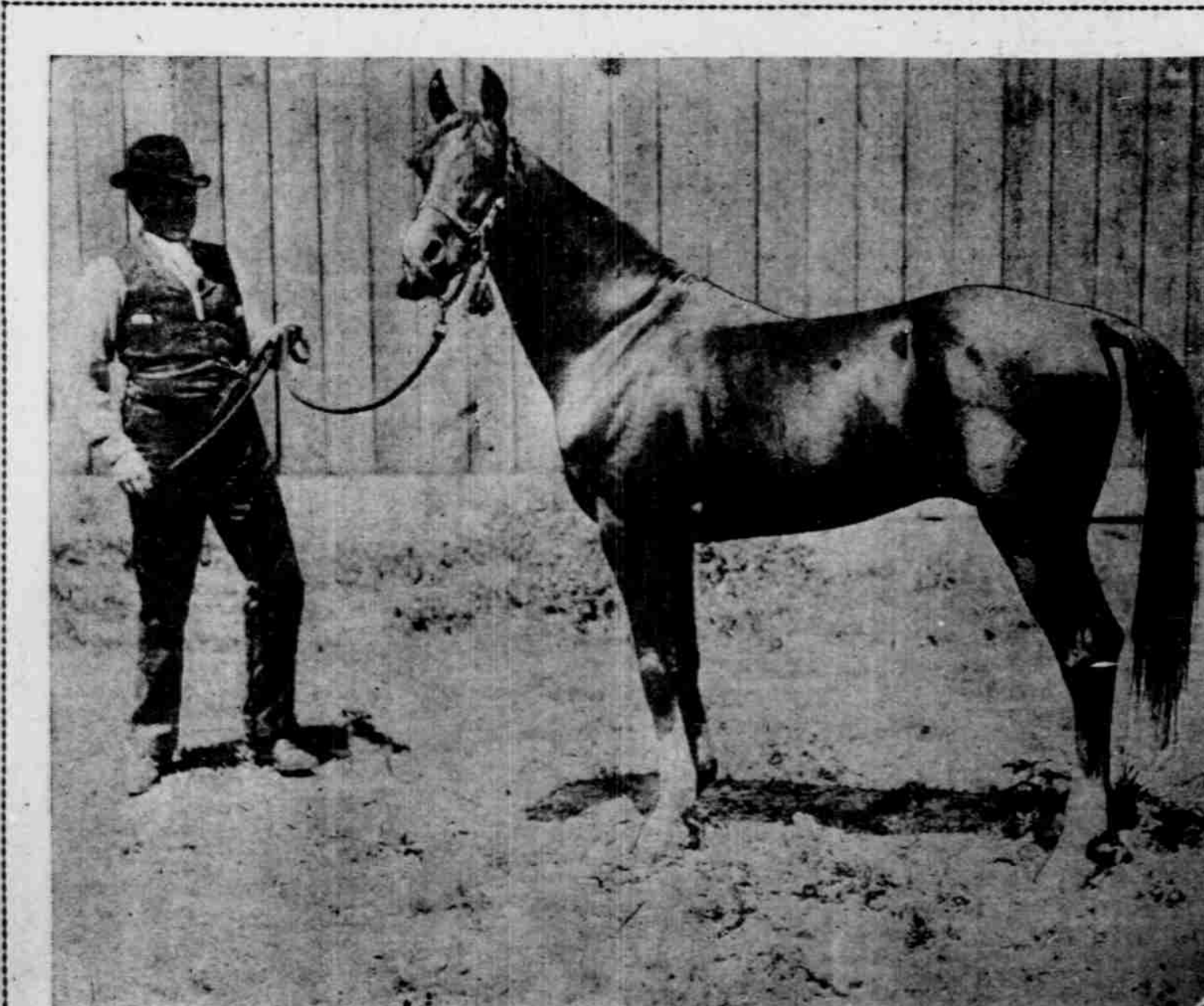
Too Little Used as Food in Country Where It Is Indigenous.

Washington Post.

"It is a great pity," said Judge Hutchings, of Muskegon, I. T., "that the greatness of American people fail to appreciate the marvelous nutritive value of corn bread, which is the sure-enough 'staff of life' and which is far and away superior to the bread that is made of wheat or any other kind of grain. I am saying this not from an academic view point, but from personal knowledge, based on years of observation and experience. "Any old hunter will tell you that corn bread fed to his foxhounds will enable them to pursue the game longer and farther than any other food, and it is the universal rule of owners of packs to give their dogs all the corn bread they can eat before starting on the chase instead of meat or wheat bread. The tremendously long journeys that our North American Indians have been known to make afoot could never have been accomplished on any other kind of ration. "The man who eats corn bread regularly may not know it, but he is following a dietary system that is ideal. Corn bread gives strength to the system, promotes good digestion and is an invaluable ally to Nature. It is better far than the rice that the little Japs depend on for sustenance and yet in the land that is the home of corn the people ignore its virtues."

Song of a Dyspeptic.

Washington Star.
If I could know
The names of all the flowers that grow
And all the stars whose light extends
Above me, like familiar friends,
And fathom what their message meant,
I wonder if I'd be content?
If I could know
Just what good dining meant, my wee,
I would rejoice and safely eat
My favorite pastry, fruit and meat,
With a digestion worth a treat,
I know that I should be content.



ARABIAN STALLION Koubishan AND HIS OWNER.