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A. V. ALLEN,

A. J. CASSET IS DEAD

President of Pennsylvania Road Dies from Heart Trouble.

WAS AILING FOR SOME TIME

Caught Whooping Cough from Grand Children, Which Left Him Weak and Feeble—End Comes Suddenly.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 28.—President Alexander J. Cassatt of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, died suddenly this afternoon. The announcement of his death was made from his office shortly before 2 o'clock in the following bulletin:

"Mr. A. J. Cassatt, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, died suddenly of heart failure at 1 p. m. today. The symptoms were known to the profession as Stokes-Adams syncope, and, as in other cases, under the circumstances, death was instantaneous."

Mr. Cassatt died in his city residence surrounded by the members of the family. He had been ailing ever since he returned last September from his summer home, at Bar Harbor, where he contracted whooping cough from his grandchildren. This attack left him weakened and he did not go to his office for several weeks but remained at his country home at Haverford. Early in October Mr. Cassatt felt much better and came regularly to his office for several weeks, when he was again attacked by illness, this time with a heavy cold. His exact condition was not publicly known and this gave rise to many rumors of serious illness and sudden death. He recovered sufficiently, however, to resume his duties and was at Grand street station regularly until December 8, his birthday. That was the last day he was at his office. Since that time he spent much of his time driving and at his home, traveling only the most important business brought to his attention. He was out driving as late as last Monday. While not feeling as well as he had been, Mr. Cassatt rose from his bed today, but did not leave his room. The family was not alarmed as he seemed to be in good spirits, and no one had the slightest thought of his death.

About 1 o'clock, while sitting on a chair, the final attack came. He was instantly rendered unconscious and when his attending physician arrived, he found him dead.

Do You Realize

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543 Bond Street, Opposite Fischer Bros.

HORSE AND SADDLE

Are Part of Training of Washington Society Debutantes.

WOODEN MOUNT PRACTICE

Automobile Has by No Means Displaced the Four Footed Friend of Man in the Graces of the People of the Capital.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29.—In the northwestern section of the National Capitol, beginning in the vicinity of Dupont Circle, and extending across Rock Creek Bridge, past the Zoological Park, and on into the beautiful suburban country adjoining, there runs a bridle path. It is not distinctly known as such. In fact, it is a road used for other purposes as well, but from the first of October until February the galloping hoofs of horses strike its surface with a resounding ring until the city limits are reached and then beyond send the soft dirt of the country road scurrying into white clouds.

It is popular at present to declare that the automobile has thrown the horse in the shade when it comes to traversing country roads in search of exercise and pleasure. But this cannot be true if the suburbs of Washington tell a truthful story. The President and Mrs. Roosevelt are not the only residents of the district addicted to the healthful sport of horseback riding, although their practice in this line is so well established that many persons habitually gather near the Western High School, in Georgetown, at 4 o'clock on sunny days to see them take their mounts.

Nearly all of the diplomats ride, and a large percentage of society women. Riding masters are kept busy from the beginning to the end of the season. "Teaching the art of equestrianism is quite a different thing in Washington than in any other city," remarked a veteran of the profession, who for eight years has taught the elite of the Capitol the skill of keeping ones mount and of handling reins and whip when perched upon a lively horse.

"There is one peculiarity about Washington," he said. "Your people insist upon riding horses with mottles, even as beginners. It is quite common to laugh at the animals generally belonging to riding schools, but it will not take you long to realize that these horses are not really sleepy creatures. Why? Because there is a demand for a different kind of a saddle. If it were not so, there might be greater profit in the profession of riding master, for stamina in horse flesh comes high. But such your people must have. And so they have it. The President sets the pace and the others follow. He recently purchased two beautiful chestnuts at the cost of several hundred dollars apiece, but one of these was too light in weight, and had to be exchanged making an additional expense.

The Washington debutante who determines to become a horsewoman has an interesting experience before her for one could scarcely find more beautiful country than that which surrounds the Capitol. But the Washington debutante generally has become a horsewoman before she becomes a debutante. This was true of Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, who had her first riding lessons in Washington before her father had risen to fame, but was serving his country as Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

The school girls who will be the debutantes of tomorrow come to the riding academy in droves, and such fearful times as they do have. First seated upon divans, or the floor of the reception room artistically fitted up or in the hay loft over the stables they devour lettuce sandwiches and English breakfast tea in large quantities, for they are full of eagerness, and eagerness in schoolgirls is apt to create appetite.

Then every girl is taken into the stables, where she is shown a saddle securely fastened to a wooden horse, and asked to jump upon it. She is shown how to grip the two horns of the saddle with her knees; instructed where to keep her eyes, between the imaginary horses two ears; told always to keep her left shoulder forward in order, that if, by any chance, she is thrown from her mount she will light face downward, and thus be able to break her fall by her outstretched arms, and then the four reins are placed in her hands.

Learning to ride horseback nowadays is not the simple task of sticking on and turning your horse's head

to the right or left. It is a much more for riding horseback today, means always to be in poise, whether your horse is walking a slow gait or jumping hedges, and being always in poise means never to have your elbows thrust out wildly in the atmosphere but nestling neatly against your waist while you hold your reins daintily in one hand and daintily to your whip with the other.

To do all this and yet be master of the raging steed that bears you along the road or across the country requires the proper use of the four reins, the snaffle lines for mere guidance, and the curb lines to bring the animal beneath you into instant submission to your will. But, again, it is not so much the use of the reins as it is the perfect adjustment of rider to horse, in which condition the latter knows the wish of his mistress by the slightest swaying of her small body, that distinguishes the good from the poor horsewoman.

All this instruction, however, is not given while the pupil is perched upon the saddle on the wooden horse in the stable. It comes out in the conversation of the instructor, who rides by her side at a slow walk until the end of the city's asphalt pavement is reached. For the first five or ten lessons, according to the aptness of the pupil, every girl is given individual instruction, the same as if she were riding in a paddock.

At Wooley Lane the horses are turned into a vacant lot, that the lesson may be learned of always keeping them conscious that they are being ridden and not roaming at will; for in a grassy plot a horse is quite inclined to stop and refresh himself. On the way to historic Tenallytown, the first trot is indulged in, to the musical tune of the instructor's voice, which keeps calling. "Rise on my count—one, two, three, four. Rise on my count, you'll catch the motion after awhile."

A course of riding lessons includes taking hedges and possibly coming a cropper, but if the debutante is able to grace the tan bark in the horse show arena or to ride to hounds across country, the schoolgirl must have this instruction. There is very little riding astride in Washington.

"It is a mistake," said the riding master, "to think there is greater safety in the cross than on the side-saddle. On the contrary if a woman knows how to properly grip her saddle, she is safer on it than she would be riding astride."

"I will give you an illustration. A miss—whose name need not be mentioned—had a great desire to ride my favorite mare, and to ride her astride. She thought it would be great sport, and she had so much pluck that, finally, I consented. Well, we were going out into the country, and were going at a lively rate, and she kept rising higher and higher in the saddle, until, all of a sudden, she plunged over the horse's head.

"The trouble was that she did not know how to grip her saddle. Women think that in riding astride they have only to hang to the stirrups, but, as a matter of course, this is no protection to them at all. A man grips his saddle with the inner side of his thigh. It is this that enables him to keep his mount. But a man's legs are built so that he can do this. It is different with a woman."

RUEF DELAYS TRIAL

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 28.—When the conspiracy case in which Chief of Police Dinan and Abraham Ruef are charged with protecting a house of ill fame came up for hearing in Judge Dunne's court today, motions in behalf of both defendants were made to set aside the indictments. This means a long technical fight will precede the actual trial of the case on its merits.

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