# NO FLAGGING OF INTEREST.

## PEOPLE STILL THRONGING TO THE GARDEN HORSE SHOW.

### THE JUDGING GOES ON RAPIDLY—SOME OF THE WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE PRESENT—TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

In spite of the war cloud which overhung the Madison Square Garden for a short time yesterday noon, the horse show went bravely on, and the judicial department, out on the little white stand, continued on the even tenor of its way, measuring out blue, red and yellow ribbon for the horses by the yard. The ponies were the principal contestants in the morning and early afternoon, and little hearts beat high with alternate hope and apprehension as their favorites passed under the critical eyes of the judges. There were ponies under the saddle and ponies in harness. Every style and size of animal was represented, from the shaggy little Shetland who couldn't jump anything higher than a cobblestone to the animal who only missed being a full-grown horse by half an inch of stature.

The afternoon wound up with more jumping. The Garden was crowded to a greater degree than on any previous day of the week, and the great mass of people occupying the galleries and seats back of the boxes, evidently took the deepest interest in the fortunes of the riders. The audible comment of the spectators at a jumping contest of this kind is so delicately shaded that even if one shuts his eyes he can see it all in imagination. First upon the sea-like murmur of ten thousand voices there break little ripples of applause as the horses come into the ring. The sudden stoppage of the flood of music which has been pouring down from the balcony which holds the hidden musicians tells that the jumping is about to begin. A subdued burst of laughter around the great circle of seats means that some uneasy brute is creating a general ruction in his efforts to free himself from his rider. Then a hush falls on the multitude as one of the favorites springs out of the bunch and is headed for the first barrier. A rustle of half suppressed exclamations as he rises to it, a sudden stillness as the watching crowd holds its breath while horse and rider poise over the obstacle, and a burst of applause as the polished horse shoes twinkle over the rail in safety, tell the story of each successful jump; while the snapping of fence rails, the cracking of the whip on the flanks of an obstinate steed, or a chorus of anxious exclamations mark the "refusal" or the disastrous tumble.

The curtain lifter for the evening was the drill of the blue-coated policemen from the Annexed District. Twelve mounted police officers from the Thirty-first, Thirty-second and Thirty-third precincts competed for the prizes offered for the best trained horses and most perfect appointments and uniforms. Twenty-four mounted officers formed an escort, so that there were thirty-six men in blue. Sergeant Ravel, who has ridden up Fifth-ave. at the head of more parades than he can count, was in command. The three platoons were led by sergeants Gannon, Monahan and McAveddy. The blue-coats marched and wheeled in open and close order. Their ranks were straight as strings, and all the men sat as erect as so many horse guards on sentry duty. Their horses were not so spirited as those of the park policemen, and consequently the drill was smoother than that of Tuesday night. Superintendent Byrnes and Police Commissioners McClave and Martin reviewed the evolutions of the mounted squad from the judges' stand. After the squad drill the twelve competitors cantered around the ring one by one, while the judges compared notes. The lucky men were then called to the stand and the ribbons awarded in the following order: Blue, to James Gilliday, of the Thirty-third Precinct; red, to George M. Hubbard, and yellow to James Frawley, of the Thirty-first Precinct. Roundsman Herman Ohm, of the Thirty-second Precinct, was highly commended.

As the evening wore on the crowd became prodigious. Every seat in the house was filled, and the promenade was a solid mass of elbowing humanity. The air was heavy with the odor of roses and pinks, worn at corsage and buttonhole. When the Fourth-ave. end of the Garden was filled with prancing horses, as at the end of the prize winners' parade when 150 animals capered about on their way back to the stalls, there was no end of fun for the grooms who had to steer them through the frightened promenaders. In the height of this excitement one of the high steppers, which was being hitched up to a mail phaeton for the next competition, got way and let go a kick at his mate that must have cracked his ribs. There was a chorus of little shrieks from the women in the neighborhood, and a lively scramble of all hands for a more quiet place.

The crowd massed in front of Mr. Benedict's box, where Mrs. Cleveland sat at the rail looking as pretty as ever. Women stood up in their places and stared at her through their lorgnettes. Men elbowed their way into the centre of the crowd to get a nearer view. The object of all this inspection here it is only a woman with a Washington training can.

Among the spectators during the afternoon and evening were Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Richard G. Peters, Mrs. S. F. Barger, Mrs. Charles S. Dodge, Mrs. W. Jay Schieffelin, Mr. and Mrs. George Gould, Mrs. Kington, Mrs. James Lewis, John Drew, Arthur Boucher, T. F. Cushing, Randolph Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sedgwick, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Franklyn, J. Lee Taller, the Misses Stirling, of Baltimore; Mr. and Mrs. Reginald de Koven, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Bogert, the Misses Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. James L. Breese, Miss Meaker, Miss McAllister, Nelson Lewis, Miss Ogden, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Chapin, J. H. A. Tremenheere, Prince Poniatowski, Miss Georgiana Wilmerding, Miss Elizabeth Van Rensselaer, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. D. Lanier, Mr. and Mrs. Marion Story, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. John Blood-good, jr., Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Havemeyer, Miss Havemeyer, Perry Tiffany, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Marie, Miss Hoe, Miss Schenck, Miss Cady, Mrs. Burke Roche, Richard Harding Davis, Charles Belmont Davis, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Coward, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper-Hewitt, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Strong, Miss Strong, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, Miss Fair, Mrs. Dunlap Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Carman, Miss Leech, Mrs. Alfred Youngs, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Esler, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Rives Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Moller, Miss Moller, Edwin C. Moller, Spaulding de Garmendia, the Misses de Garmendia, Miss Emma Ives, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Freeman, Dr. Fessenden Otis, George Enos Throop, Miss Enos, Miss Nathalie Enos, Miss V. A. Peebles, Miss Thompson, the Misses Webb, A. L. Webb, jr., W. Benson Webb, G. Creighton Webb, Mr. and Mrs. Hildreth Bloodgood, Mrs. Frederick Neilson, Frederick Gebhard, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pendleton, Miss La Montanye, Mr. and Mrs. Henry G. Hilton, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hilton, Mr. and Mrs. J. Townsend Borden, Miss Borden, William Myers, J. W. Gerard, jr., Alonzo de Navarro, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Clarkson, Miss Otis, Mr. and Mrs. Fernando Yznaga, Miss Adele Grant, Mrs. William Jaffray, Mrs. Frank Winthrop, Theodore Zarega, Mrs. Henry Alley, Mrs. Wilbur Little, David H. Biddle, J. L. Harrison, of London; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Frank K. Sturgis, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Lorillard, Mr. and Mrs. R. V. R. Kennedy, Mrs. J. C. Westervelt, Miss Westervelt, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Allen, Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Collier, R. McLean Paterson, J. Coleman Drayton, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Thayer, of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Elliot, Mr. and Mrs. George De Forest, Miss De Forest, Julius Potter, John H. Davis, Miss Flora Davis, Mr. and Mrs. A. Cass Canfield, Eugene Higgins, Mr. and Mrs. H. Mortimer Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Griswold, F. Gray Griswold, F. O. Beach, Mrs. William Goddard, Miss Hope Goddard, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, R. S. Grant, Center Hitchcock, Miss Juliana Cutting, Miss Mary Cutting, Barton Willing, Miss Jansen, R. St. George Walker, J. N. Griswold, Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Pisoque, Miss Eleanor Robinson, Robert Potter, John D. Crimmins, Miss Crimmins, Colonel and Mrs. De Lancey Kane, Isaac Iselin, Livingston Beekman, Lynch Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. E. Francis Hyde, Miss Amy Bend, Mr. and Mrs. James Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen H. Brown, Mrs. Roger Pryor, Miss Pryor, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Webb, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. K. Lawrence, Mrs. J. K. Gracie, W. Travers Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Irvin, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Oelrichs, Dr. and Mrs. John Woodbury, and Mr. and Mrs. Le Grand Benedict.

In Class 85, judged Monday, Sorchedoc was disqualified on complaint of one of the exhibitors, who said he was not a green hunter. W. B. Tucker's brown gelding, Duke, sixteen hands high, four years old, was placed first. Belwood Stud's bay gelding By the Sea, 15.3 hands high, four years old, was placed second, and Chestnut Hill Stock Farm's chestnut mare U. Kate, 16.1 hands high, five years old, third.

THE PRIZE-WINNERS.

Following are the awards made yesterday:

Class 75—Pony stallions above 10 hands and not exceeding 12 hands 1 inch; three-year-olds or over; to be shown in hand; not ridden or driven.—First, George Pepper's Charlie Burgess, roan, 12, 8 years; second, Chestnut Hill Stock Farm's Marr, dkb., 12¾, 5 years; third, W. D. Sloane's Sir Arthur, brown, 12½, 5 years; H. C., W. Seward Webb's Cock Robin, ch., 12, 8 years.

Class 77—Shetland stallions, not exceeding 11 hands 1 inch, 3 years or older; shown in hand, not ridden or driven.—First, George Green's imp. Montreal, skew, 11, 12 years; second, Dr. A. F. Sauvier's Superb, blk., 11.1, 4 years; third, George Green's Monte Carlo, skew, 11, 4 years.; H. C., Dr. Oscar C. Jackson's imp. Howland L., blk., 10.2, 6 years.

Class 76—Stallions above 12 hands 1 inch, and not exceeding 14 hands 1 inch, 3 years old or over; shown in hand, not ridden or driven.—First, W. Seward Webb's Rocket III, blk, 14.1, 5 years; second, George Green's imp. Sir Gibble, brown, 13, 8 years; third, Galen Stock Farm's Lord Mar, brown, 12¾, 5 years; H. C., E. E. Bwynne's Warwick, bay, 14.0½, 4 years.

Class 78—Brood mares not exceeding 14 hands 1 inch, in foal, or with foal at foot, shown in hand, not ridden or driven.—First, Joseph E. Widener's Her Majesty, br., 14¾, 5 years; second, George Green's imp. Fleur de Lis, blk., 13½, 6 years; third, R. Penn Smith's Merryleg, bay, 14, 10 years; H. C., Miss Conrad Stanton's imp. Duster, roan, 14.1, 7 yrs.

Class 17—Shetland brood mares, in foil, or with foal at foot, shown in hand, not ridden or driven.—First, Percival C. Baker's Jane, chestnut 10.8, 4 years; second, Mitchell Harrison's Lillie, 11.1, 3 years; third, Dr. Oscar C. Jackson's Fairy, blk., 10, 3 years; H. C., George Green's Kismet, 9¾, 3 years.

Class 112—For best pony stallion not exceeding 14.1 hands, two-year-olds or over, suitable for getting polo ponies; shown in hand.—First, E. G. Gwynne's Warwick, bay, 14½, 4 years.

Class 118—For best brood mare not exceeding 14.1 hands, in foal or with foal at foot; shown in hand.—First, $50, E. Willard Roby's Nina, chestnut, 14½, aged.

Class 114—For the best mare or gelding not exceeding 14.1 hands, 2 years old or over; shown in hand. First, E. Willard Roby's Nina, chestnut, 14½, aged.

Class 50—Jumping class, for horses over 14.1 hands and not exceeding 15 hands; performance over fences only to count.—First, George Pepper's Maud, bay, 14.2½, 7 years; second, Chestnut Hill Stock Farm's Vixen, 14¾, 14.3, 6 years; third, Harry S. Martingale's Arrow, ch., 14½, 5 years; H. C., J. S. Hewitt's Blazes, 14, 8 years.

Class 71—Mare or gelding, above ten hands and not exceeding twelve hands, four years old or over, ridden. First, $100; second, $50; third, $25. First, The Misses Walbaum's Merry Lass, br. m., 10.3, 8 years; second, George Green's imp. Jennie, blk. m., 11½, 6 years; third, George Green's Lightfoot, skew g., 12, 7 years; H. C., E. M. Fulton, jr.'s imp. Joey, ch. g., 11, 4 years.

Class 16—Mare or gelding, four years old, non standard, shown in harness or wagon. First, $100; second, $50; third, $25. First, A. H. Moore's George, bay g., 15.2¼, 4 years; second, Lawrence McCormick's Victor, ch. g., 15.1, 4 years; third, Dr. Louis de V. Wilder's J. A. C., ch. g., 16.2, 4 years.

Class 5—Stallions kept for service, four years old or over, shown in hand or by the side of a saddle horse; first, $600; second, $200; third, $100. First, Village Farm's (C. J. Hamlin) Chimes, br., 16, 8 years; second, Rundle & White's Quartermaster, 4540, br., 9 years; third, George L. Clark's Haldane, 4548, bay, 15¾, 9 years; H. C., Woodruff & Rosenkrans's Nutcomb, bay, 10242, 16.1, 6 years.

Class 41—Mare or gelding over 14.1, and not exceeding 15 hands. Shown before a village cart, gig or phaeton. First, $200; second, $100; third, $50. First, William L. Elkins's imp. Ivanhoe, blk. g., 14.3¾, 6 years; second, Joseph E. Widener's imp. Jack, br. g., 14.3½, 6 years; third, John Arthur's Gay Bird, bay g., 15; H. C., W. Seward Webb's Her Majesty, br. m., 14.3, 9 years.

Class 62—Mare or gelding above thirteen hands one inch and not exceeding fourteen hands one inch, four years old or over, shown before an appropriate carriage. First, $100; second, $50; third, $25. First, W. Seward Webb's Eccles Wonder, blk. m., 13.3, 5 years; second, Richard Trimble's Peter, br. g., 14.1, 4 years; third, Miss Sara Conrad Stanton's imp. Duster, roan m., 14.1, 7 years; H. C., Mrs. Pulsifer's Mattie, blk. m., 14, aged.

Class 58—For the best park team (four-in-hand) and drag; owners to drive. Appointments to count 50 per cent and horses 50 per cent. First, $300; second, $150; third, $75. First, Joseph E. Widener's Artesse, ch. m., 15.1, 4 years; Lady Preston, ch. m., 15.1½, 9 years; Woodbine, ch. m., 15, 5 years; Ramsey Belle, ch. m., 15, 6 years. Second, T. Suffern Tailer's Jester, bay g., 8 years; Duchess, bay m., 7 years; "No. 26," bay g.; "No. 27," bay g.

Class 84—Ladies' qualified hunters, must be up to carrying 165 pounds to hounds. Conformation and quality to count 25 per cent, performance over fences and manners to count 75 per cent. First, $250; second, $150; third, $50. First, Miss Bird's Merry Boy, blk. g., 16, 6 years; second, F. Gebhard's imported Countess, br., m., aged; third, Sidney Dillon Ripley's Overback, w. g., 15.1, aged; H. C., Thomas Hitchcock, jr.'s Red Baron, ch. g., 15.3½, 5 years.

Class 98. Municipal Police Horses.—This prize given in money or plate. The best and best trained police horses, ridden by officers; appointments and uniforms also considered. First, $200; second, $100; third, $50. First, Peter, bay g., ridden by Patrolman James Gilliday; second, Prince, bay g., ridden by Patrolman George M. Hubbard; third, Dick, bay g., ridden by Patrolman James Frawley; H. C., Flora, bay m., ridden by Roundsman Herman Ohm.

Class 44—Pair of mares or geldings, or mare and gelding over fifteen hands and not exceeding fifteen two, shown before phaeton, T cart or carriole. First, $250; second, $150; third, $75. First, John Sanford's Portia, bay m., 15.1¾, 5 years; Jessica, bay m., 15.1¾, 5 years; second, Joseph E. Widener's Dorothea, ch. m., 15.1, 3 years; Mas Day, ch. m., 15.1, 3 years; third, Miss F. B. Tailer's Belle, bay m., 15.1, 8 years; The Duchess, bay m., 15½, 8 years; H. C., Miss M. Van Cortlandt's Exile, blk. g., 15.1, 6 years; Esther, blk. m., 15.1, 7 years.

Class 82—Qualified hunters (light weight) up to carrying 175 pounds to hounds. Conformation and quality to count 50 per cent, performance over fences to count 50 per cent. Horses taking a prize in this class cannot take one in classes 80 or 81. First, $200; second, $100; third, $50. First, Perry Chubb's Julep, gr. g., 15½, 6 years; second, George Pepper's Maud, bay m., 14.2½, 7 years; third, Miss Bird's Merry Boy, blk. g., 16, 6 years; H. C., Mrs. J. S. Hallen's Sunbeam, ch. m.

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

9 to 10 a. m.—General exercise of horses in the ring.

10 a. m.—Judging six pairs of ponies in harness, class 60, and five ponies in harness, class 61.

10:30 a. m.—Judging five ponies under saddle, class 72, and eight Shetland ponies, class 74.

11 a. m.—Judging seven cab horses and cabs as let for hire, class 110.

11:15 a. m.—Judging twenty-six saddle horses, class 66.

11:45 a. m.—Judging twenty green hunters, class 87.

1 p. m.—Recess.

2 p. m.—Judging five pairs of roadsters, class 17.

2:30 p. m.—Judging eight trotters in harness with a record of 2:30, class 9.

3 p. m.—Judging trotters, three stallions to be shown with four of their get, class 4.

3:45 p. m.—Judging thirty-four horses in harness, class 43.

4:30 p. m.—Judging nine brougham horses and appointments, class 51.

5 p. m.—Judging high jumpers, seven qualified hunters, class 96, and seven green hunters, class 97.

6 p. m.—Recess.

8 p. m.—Judging tandems, fourteen park tandems, owners to ride, class 59, and three tandem drivers, class 108.

8:45 p. m.—Judging eleven horses, to be shown before a "runabout," class 111.

9:45 p. m.—Judging six qualified hunters, class 80, and seventeen Canadian bred hunters, class 102.


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## BLOWS EXCHANGED IN THE GARDEN.

### MR. NEVILLE STRIKES MR. HOWLAND AND IS CHASED AND ARRESTED.

The Highbred calm which broods over the Horse Show at Madison Square Garden was ruffled yesterday noon by an incident not on the programme. While S. S. Howland, who has entered a number of horses from his Bellwood stud, was sitting in his box on the Twenty-sixth-st. side of the Garden with two friends, ruminating on the ribbons won and to be won, he was suddenly stung into activity by a resounding slap on the cheek. Instead of turning the other cheek, he jumped up and struck at his assailant with his cane. The other, who proved to be "Bob" Neville, well known in the club circles of New-York, Baltimore and Washington, parried with his umbrella. In the short bout at stick sticks which followed Mr. Howland got in one blow that knocked off Mr. Neville's hat, and another upon the head thus exposed. Mr. Neville then ran down on to the promenade, with Mr. Howland and a detachment of horse-show officials hot on his trail, calling aloud for somebody to "stop that man."

Mr. Neville deftly glided in and out among the crowd on the promenade in the effort to throw the avenger of blood off the scent, and to reach some city of refuge. At the Fourth-ave. side of the Garden Mr. Howland and his pursuing party overhauled Mr. Neville; as Detective Hayes and a patrolman had joined in the hue and cry, Mr. Neville was arrested on a charge of assault, preferred by Mr. Howland, and of disturbing the peace. He was taken over to Jefferson Market Court. After a preliminary powwow in the secretary's office, Justice Hogan released the prisoner on $300 bail, given by Guy F. Whiting, of No. 18 West Twenty-fifth-st.

Mr. Neville is a member of the Union Club, the Maryland Club, of Baltimore, and of several of the leading clubs of Washington. He was also a prominent member in the Dumbiane Hunt which used to chase the festive deer seed bag about the fields adjacent to the Capital. The beginning of the trouble dates back a year or so. It began with what Mr. Howland considered uncourteous behavior on Mr. Neville's part at the meet of the hunt club. Some time ago Mr. Howland was the executor of the estate of a Baltimore man. Percy Drayton, to whom Mr. Neville owed a racing bet. Mr. Howland tried to collect the debt for the estate, but was unsuccessful. He thereupon wrote Mr. Neville and announced to the public at large that he did not care to recognize Mr. Neville thereafter. The latter replied with a retort courteous to the effect that he would slap Mr. Howland's face on sight. Yesterday he carried out the threat in the manner and form described.

## HIGHLY EDUCATED TURKEYS.

### THE CLIMATE NEAR SCRANTON MUST BE STIMULATING TO FOWL INTELLECT.

Scranton, Penn, Nov. 8.—"Here Nip; here, Nip; here Nip! Here, Tuck; here, Tuck; here Tuck!" shouted Jeremy A. Gifford, a young farmer of Windsor Township, as he leaned on his dooryard fence last Sunday afternoon. He was calling to a pair of small, dark objects at the foot of a sloping field of buckwheat stubble several rods from the house, and at the sound of his voice two pair of wings began to flap vigorously, and two loud and merry gobbles answered the farmer's call. Mr. Gifford shouted the names again, and immediately a pair of fine turkey gobblers half ran and half flew across the field. In a moment the big fowls hopped over the fence to the road, slipped through the gate, trotted up to Mr. Gifford and gobbled three times. They looked up to see what he wanted, and presently Mr. Gifford sang out:

"Nip, you get up into that tree and stay there till I tell you to come down!" Nip instantly flew to the top of the dooryard fence, and from there to the lower limb of a maple tree, where he roosted. "Tuck, fly up on the fence and sit there!" shouted Mr. Gifford, and Tuck did so at once and went to picking his feathers.

Mr. Gifford had called the two turkeys from the field for the purpose of showing them off to a couple of gentlemen who had driven ten miles to see the interesting fowls. They had heard that they wouldn't be likely to find Mr. Gifford and his trained gobblers at home on a weekday, and such proved to be the fact. He owns a threshing machine, and in the fall and early winter he threshes the grain on all the farms within a radius of three or four miles from his place. His trained gobblers follow him from farm to farm and roost on the horse-power at night. In the early fall they fed on grasshoppers while he was busy in the barn of the farmer he was threshing for, but now they live on grain entirely. When he packs up the machine and starts for another farm the turkeys perch on some part of it and ride all the way. They gobble triumphantly whenever they pass a flock of turkeys, and once in a while they leave the machine, engage in a battle with strange gobblers that yell out a challenge to them, and then fly back to their perches with a song of victory. Every Saturday night Mr. Gifford leaves his machine at the barn where he threshed that day. He and his man ride home on the horses, and the gobblers follow them on foot, running and flying when the horses strike into a trot. At the end of the threshing season the gobblers often ride to the village and back on the wagon. While Mr. Gifford was telling his visitors these interesting things about his pets, Nip and Tuck sat still and eyed him closely.

"Now, boys, come down and have a dance," Mr. Gifford said, in an ordinary tone, and instantly Tuck jumped from the fence with a gobble of approval and Nip fluttered out of the tree and gobbled lustily. They stretched their necks toward their owner, as if they were ready for him to give a command, and when Mr. Gifford started to whistle "Yankee Doodle" the turkeys went to dancing like everything, and as though they couldn't help it. They kept good time and seemed to enjoy the fun immensely. Then Mr. Gifford took a mouth-organ from his pocket, and the gobblers were so eager for another dance that they couldn't keep still. He played a polka and the turkeys danced around on the grass like veteran steppers.

"Go and swing now," Mr. Gifford said when the gobblers had rested. Nearby a small swing hung from an apple tree limb a foot above the ground. It had a board seat six inches wide. At the command Nip ran to the swing, hopped on to the board and set it in motion. When it came back Tuck flew to the board with so much force that the swing got a good headway, and for two or three minutes the obedient gobblers went back and forth, much to their satisfaction.

"Tuck, jump down now, and Nip, you stay there," was Mr. Gifford's next order. "Now go and hide somewhere, Tuck, and when you're hid gobble." Mr. Gifford told the turkey. Tuck scurried around the house at once, and presently some he gobbled from behind it. "Nip, go and hunt Tuck up!" shouted Mr. Gifford, and like a flash the intelligent gobbler left the swing and flew around a corner of the house. Mr. Gifford and his visitors followed him, and when he saw Tuck squatting in the cellarway he gobbled and ran to his owner. Tuck ran up the steps when his name gobbled, and the hiding and finding trick was reversed. Nip hid in an empty barrel, but Tuck soon found him. Then they performed on a revolving clothes-line frame by fixing to one of the arms and making it revolve. When they got up a good motion they got on and rode around. A horizontal bar, small enough for the gobblers to grasp with their claws, stood in the back yard. "Nip, get up there and swing by your feet," Mr. Gifford said, and Nip alighted on the bar, grasped it and let his body swing under it. He swung till his wattles became fiery red, and when Mr. Gifford told him to stop he let loose and struck on his feet. The trick was repeated by Tuck, and then Mr. Gifford rewarded them for their obedience by giving them a mess of corn, over which they gobbled their thanks.

It was a very interesting entertainment for the visitors. The trained gobblers were hatched two years ago last May. A mink killed the rest of the brood, and Mr. Gifford took them away from their mother and began to train them when they were a month old.

## DANGEROUSLY BURNED WHILE DRESSING.

Newport, R. I., Nov. 17.—Mrs. Theodore W. Pilsbury, of New-York, one of Newport's prominent summer residents, was seriously burned at her villa today. She was dressing, when her skirts took fire from an open fireplace, and before her daughter could respond to her cries for help she had been dangerously burned about her arms and shoulders. Her advanced age makes the injury more serious.

## DELTA KAPPA EPSILON CONVENTION.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Nov. 17 (Special.)—The forty-sixth annual convention of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity is being held in this city. Nearly all the colleges in which there are D. K. E. chapters are represented, and a large number of alumni is present. C. H. Clarke, of Amherst College, was elected president.

## A ROYAL DINING-ROOM.

One of the things to do this week, during the show, is to dine at the Buckingham Hotel, on Fifth-ave., and inspect one of the finest dining-rooms in the world. Music every Wednesday and Saturday evening.

# THE DINNER WAS A GEM.

## JEWELLERS HAVE A JOLLY TIME.

### THEY ENJOY THE DELIGHTS OF A FINE REPAST AND CAPITAL SPEAKING BY ROSWELL G. HORR, EX-JUDGE DAVIS AND OTHERS.

In a setting of glorious roses and fantastic chrysanthemums six long tables in Delmonico's were filled last night with an assemblage which ate as good a dinner, and evidently enjoyed it as thoroughly, as any company of diners that ever touched elbows there. It was the eighteenth annual dinner of the New-York Jewellers' Association, and it made a fitting link in the chain of annual reunions, which stretch back to 1874, and, it is hoped, will extend far into a golden future. The menu was a beautiful one. The figures '92 in gold were in the upper right-hand corner, and six gems were set in daintily. William L. Sexton presided, and after a brief but witty speech proposed the toast, "The President of the United States." It was drunk standing.

Joseph C. Hendrix then responded to the toast, "American civilization." He was a little too jubilant about the recent victory of his party, and it worked him woe afterward. He began by repeating the lines printed on the menu under the toast, "We are but as the instrument of Heaven, our work is not design, but destiny," and said: "That is just the way I feel now that the returns are all in. But gentlemen, God still reigns and the Government at Washington still lives." He made some other humorous remarks about the election, and then becoming serious, delivered a good and well received oration on the progress of American civilization. He was followed by the Rev. Dr. John W. Brown, who responded to the toast "American Progress." After some humorous introductory remarks, he said: "Do you know that American progress is only a century old? Do you know that steam is a factor in civilization only within the memory of most of you? I am a young man, yet I have travelled in a low back car. I have seen in my young days the gradual development of all the wonderful improvements that science has achieved. The electric light is only in its infancy. The telephone is only in its infancy. We shall yet have improvements which will startle the inhabitants of Mars—when we get a telephone there. (Applause and laughter.) Every President—aye, from Washington's day to the day of Mr. Harrison, whose deserts you have heard so justly portrayed by Mr. Sexton (loud applause and cheers) has witnessed a continual advance in the progress of the Nation. And when Mr. Cleveland, (applause), takes his seat, the country will go onward as it has done. But there is one thing. We have a big stomach and a large maw, but it will take more than that to digest the hordes that come here, unless we have a repetition of that immigration which came here long ago with stout arm and honest purpose to effect a lodgement on the soil, instead of the hordes that come here now, to prey on the generosity of the American people." (Loud applause.)

The next toast was "The Jewellery Trade," and it was fittingly responded to by the gray-haired ex-president of the Jewellers' Security Alliance, David C. Dodd. He said: "Some allusion has been made to politics, though I think the subject has been barred, at these dinners. But it is pleasant to say at the end of these contests, 'We are satisfied,' whatever the result (Laughter.) It is good that the results of these great National contests are accepted so philosophically. It is a guarantee of the stability of the Nation. (Applause.) We took over the administration four years ago as we hand it over now. Keep it, you Democrats (turning to Mr. Hendrix), you will have to hand it back again in four years. (Cheers and applause.) You may yet learn to cry 'Save us, ye Republicans, or we perish.' Forty years ago over 90 per cent of all the jewelry sold here was imported. Now 90 per cent of all the jewelry sold here is made here. (Applause and loud cries of 'Protection.') You need not say Protection. It is a demonstration. It demonstrates that, give American art and American industry a fair chance, and we can vanquish all the other nations in the field of commerce." (Loud applause.)

Roswell G. Horr responded to the toast, "Our Country." Mr. Horr directed many of his humorous remarks at Mr. Hendrix, much to the delight of all present. Hearty bursts of laughter punctuated his sentences. He said: "I did not expect to be called on to talk politics to-night, but my fur has been rubbed the wrong way. Now, most people can talk, and do talk most, on those subjects about which they know the least. If you have a cold, everybody you meet will tell you all about how to cure it. If there is a legal question you can find somebody on each corner ready to solve it, while a chief justice will spend weeks over it and then guess at the answer with trepidation. And thus we hear Democrats—Democrats, mind you—talking of modern civilization. (Loud laughter.) It's very well to turn in and work for the cold world, that is if the cold world will go in and work for us. It's all very well to turn in and hustle for somebody else's family, but we want to begin and work for our own family first. And that's why I like to respond to the toast of 'Our Country'—our country (turning to Mr. Hendrix), and I would like to imprint in the heart of each one here the love of our country, so that no man here will ever think of offering a thing to traduce her. So that, if a bad thing happens and our country makes a bad mistake and doesn't do just what she ought, nobody will go around blowing about it." He turned to the unfortunate Mr. Hendrix again and the diners again broke out into thunderous applause.

St. Clair McKelway responded to the toast, "The Empire State," and ex-Judge Noah Davis spoke for "Our Guests." "The Ladies" was responded to by Robert W. Taylor. The members of the dinner committee, which now has the exceeding reward of the consciousness of things well done, were William L. Sexton, William H. Atwater, Ludwig Nissen, F. S. Douglas, G. Fessenden, James F. Spencer, Samuel Cottle and P. T. Tuckson.

Among other guests were Le Roy B. Hall, Aaron Carter, jr., Prince Lonny, John C. Mount, Robert Fluherton, D. C. Townsend, William R. Alling, J. B. Bowden, George N. Wilcox, Harrison S. Smith, William H. Thurber, Clement Weaver, Barston Drakesmith, S. C. Howard, Elmer E. Wood, Charles F. Wood, Arthur H. Fray, James A. Smith, Edward F. Sanford, C. T. Overton, C. Cottier, E. E. Kipling, Louis Delpogue, Charles S. Cook, Charles Pickslay, J. Frederick Thomas, James R. Armiger, T. J. Haring, Isaac Mills, J. L. Hutchinson, E. A. Warerman, William A. Bryant, John Lorment, C. E. Hastings, William M. Lane, William F. King, S. Bass, Robert C. Black, C. A. Jenney, D. L. Salford, William A. Wiedersheim, E. M. Gattle, William T. Gough, A. W. Wood, Frederick Greenwood, Henry Abbott, W. T. Carter, William H. Hennegen, H. K. Dyer, Charles L. Power, W. S. Stilcocks, jr., J. M. Parker, jr., A. Alling Reeves, Henry D. Dumont, George W. Schlobler, Lewis A. Sanderlin, J. S. Franklin, H. W. Rupp, George R. Howe, George B. Jaques, Augustus K. Sloan, General George H. Ford, Colonel James Sheafer, W. Warren Wattles, John R. Greason, A. W. Woodhull, John R. Humphrey, Herbert Cockshaw, C. D. Kent, Edwin M. Parker, Irving A. Lewis, Charles S. Eastis, Henry Tilden, L. J. Mulford, A. V. Forster, F. T. May, Henry Carter, Hayden W. Wheeler, Malcolm Bridgman, L. M. Barnes, Willard H. Wheeler, Charles W. Bridgman, W. F. Ackermann, E. F. James, C. Stiebel, W. C. Kimball, A. Sylvester, E. J. Schofield, A. A. Webster, A. Hardy, Theodore A. Loggett, Charles E. Sexton, G. T. Wagloss, A. T. Hubbard, Henry E. Ide, J. C. Grogan, William H. Kays, William M. Harker, J. L. Heavell, R. S. Ferguson, J. T. Perkins, J. B. Bailey, M. L. Bowden, H. T. Schmunk, G. E. Parker, J. H. Johnston, J. G. Dillon, William A. Thompson, A. C. Chase, A. E. Johnston, E. H. Ehends, Frank M. Wood, E. S. Simons, J. M. Parker, jr., J. E. Keim, F. P. Benedict, James O. Estes, G. Krementz, C. Haridegen, J. S. Spencer, A. D. Selover, A. W. Atwater, H. W. Patterson, H. G. Fiersons, C. C. Adams, S. A. Bryant, W. H. Ball, F. E. Dodge, F. A. Douglass, A. O. Headley, J. V. Shafer, the Rev. J. G. Hamner, J. C. Day, W. S. Campbell, T. Krementz, J. E. Spencer, L. C. Norvell, P. W. Hoffman, H. P. Doremus, Paul Hoffman and Hayden H. Batts.

## CADET CORPS DRILL TOGETHER.

The St. George's battalion, an independent organization, connected with the St. George's Episcopal Church, gave its second annual military drill and reception last night at the Lenox Lyceum. The 1st Battery Cadets, commanded by Captain F. J. Connell; the 8th Regiment Cadets, commanded by Captain C. H. B. Hollers; the 22d Regiment Cadets, under Colonel J. Bliss Dudley, and the 13th Regiment Cadets, under Lieutenant I. Morris, also took part in the drill. Dancing followed the military exercises. There were about 265 cadets in uniform. Colonel J. Bliss Dudley was in command. The reviewing officer was Lieutenant E. D. Cushman. The dress parade by the entire corps, under command of Charles E. Metcalf, adjutant of the 22d Regiment Cadets, was a pleasing sight. Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mrs. William Lanman Bull, Mrs. William H. Scheffelin, Mrs. A. R. Randolph, Mrs. Russell Sturgis, Mrs. William P. Douglass and Mrs. Lawrence Miller were the patronesses. Among those in the boxes were the Rev. W. S. Rainsford, the Rev. Theodore Sedgwick, William Harman Brown, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Stearns, Mr. and Mrs. George Bell Wallis, jr., and Miss Wallis, Mrs. Ben Ali Haggin, Frederick H. Lee, Miss Lee, Mrs. George Schenck, Miss Morgan, Miss Tripler, Mrs. Charles Perry, Mrs. Theodore Price and Robert Wallis.

## LECTURING TO YOUNG MEN.

The second of the star course of entertainments for the season, given under the auspices of the Harlem branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, was held at the hall of the Association, No. 5 West One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth-st., last night before a large audience. The entertainment consisted of a lecture by the Rev. Russell H. Conwell, pastor of the Baptist Temple and president of Temple College at Philadelphia. His subject was "Acres of Diamonds."

# A DINNER ENDS THE SESSION.

## THE PAINT, OIL AND VARNISH CONVENTION.

### ELOQUENT SPEAKERS INTEREST THE MEMBERS AT THE HOTEL BRUNSWICK—J. SEAVER PAGE TALKS ABOUT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The National Paint, Oil and Varnish Association closed the business part of its three days' convention yesterday at noon. The first business transacted was the passing of a resolution to continue the committee appointed to advocate the organization of a Government Bureau to be known as the Department of Trade and Commerce, and a petition to Congress recommending the formation of such a bureau was signed by the greater number of those present. The representatives from the clubs of other cities were also requested to obtain signatures in all parts of the country for the purpose of furthering this object. The secretary was instructed to furnish from time to time during the year topics of interest to the paint, oil and drug business, to be considered by local