PART V.
EIGHT PAGES.

New-York Tribune.

FINANCIAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

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FIST FIGHTS OF ANNAPOLIS MIDDIES.

Unknown to the Authorities, Some Lively Battles Take Place Among the High Spirited Youngsters.

Death among the midshipmen at Annapolis is a rare thing. They are so rampantly healthy, so sound in heart and stomach and liver and lungs and all the other vital organs kept in such a vigorous glow by the regular habits and exercises of the life they are forced to lead that to look at them one would think that they are annually dipped in the fountain of perpetual youth for which Ponce de Leon sought so long. They get run over by artillery carriages and laugh at the "first aid" men; they are mauled all over a football field and bob up as spruce as a daisy; they "turn turtle" in rowing shells and waddle ashore punning on the wetness of their skulls. Go down to a seamanship drill some afternoon and one will perchance see one topple fifty feet off a topsail yard, carrom off the lower rigging, and just when you expect to see a man come around with a broom to sweep up the remains the middy will jump up laughing out of a coil of rope.

Hence Annapolis has been genuinely startled to hear that one of these young men has died from a blood clot on the brain caused by the intense excitement and effort attending a fist fight with another midshipman. It is the only case in the history of the school in which such a tragedy has occurred.

The spirit that goads these young men to such determined combats is neither the punctilious, chip on the shoulder spirit of the French duellist nor the mercenary, brutal, spirit of the ring champion. Like gamecocks will they thump one another, but it is always to settle something that they know of no other means to settle. Trained to fight for the nation, the very training makes them fight for themselves.

There is a peculiar code governing these land battles that was evolved during the old days of hazing. Not that hazing has gone the way of the blessed for, like the nine lived cat, it cannot be killed; but that hazing, or "running" as it is called, together with the fighting spirit, is merely subdued to the modern clay it works in. Hence a glimpse at the practice of hazing is necessary to an understanding of the code.

UP TO DATE HAZING.

If any one thinks that hazing there consists in heaving boys up in blankets, riding them on rails, trying them to cartracks and such other rough work he must revise his notions. That is precisely what it does not do. The members of the lowest class are called "plebes"; the next class "youngsters". The "youngsters" and occasionally the two upper classes haze the "plebes."

A stripling goes there from some hay odorous town. Perhaps as a "candidate" for entrance he is a modest fellow. Perhaps not. The examining doctors thump him and kneed his muscles, measure his swelling chest, have him yank up testing machines by the roots, look down his throat to see if his feet are flat, and finally—if he is the sound man to two unsound ones—pass him through. Now begins the tempest to his soul. Ever since his marvellous genius earned him the honor of spouting forth "Spartacus to the Gladiators" at the school commencement back in Pinchem he's been itching and sweating o' nights to display his enormous intellect at the "navy skule." The "youngsters" hear of all this; perhaps they get a clipping from "The Pinchem Boomer" from which they learn that young Hiram Humper will, in a few weeks, oust Admiral Dewey and run the navy in true Pinchem style. If they do, their mouths water. No sooner has unsuspecting Hiram, in the innocence of his corafed heart, donned his uniform and strutted forth like a peacock than he is brought up with a round turn by the following sample dialogue:

"What's your name, mister?" The tone and the ignorance of his illustrious name somewhat dampen the "plebe."

"Humper."

"Humper? Humper up and say Humper what?"

"Hiram Humper."

"Look here, you 'gaily' specimen of a 'plebe'," shaking his fist in Hiram's startled face, "you put a handle to that, Humper, and say 'sir' when addressing an upper class man." So the "plebe's" first lesson is to load his remarks to his superiors with words of respect and the habit sticks to him as he climbs from 'plebe' to admiral of the fleet. The best thing that has come to him, however, is that his head is beginning to go down from the bigness of an election night to the size of the microbes snout.

IGNORANCE NO EXCUSE.

But the dialogue goes on:

"What three large cities claim the honor of your birth?"

"New-York, sir, Chicago, sir, and Boston, sir." Hiram is learning, for "I don't know" is never admitted as an answer. Then he is put through a list of silly questions. "Why is a hen?" he will be asked. After solving this momentous question he must start from scratch on the deeper one: "If so, why not?" The mathematical genius that was the gaping admiration of Pinchem is now turned loose upon the simple problem: "If gear wheels are cut along epicycloidal asymtotes, how many teeth has a Hatteras circular storm?" To test his vocabulary he is now told to talk for five minutes straight in standard English without saying the same word twice. If the "youngster" wants more action Hiram must "go on his head." This ceremony consists in putting his hands and head to the floor or deck and kicking his heels up and down in the air. This has the charm of novelty, but the 'plebe' doesn't see it. If he does all this remarkably well he is rewarded by being described as too "wooden" (slang for stupid) to go near a blaze.

Why does he stand all this nonsense? Because he is afraid of the one hazing him? Not at all. He may be big enough to make three of his annoyer, and he can always fight if he wishes. But if he fights simply to avoid being hazed he must whip every man in the classes above him. More than this he incurs the contempt and enmity of a lot of men with whom not only his life in the academy, but his future in the service must be cast. They will despise him, because they feel that he is not man enough to take what others from Admiral Dewey down have taken, that he is like the boy who runs home crying and refuses to play if one happens to step on his toe. Why doesn't he report the hazers to the commandant? For the same reasons and because as an American boy he has a horror of a tattler. But isn't he being hurt in body or mind? Not physically, for the code of hazing admits of no "plebe" being even touched by an upper class man. The "going on the head" and "chinning" on pipes are good exercises and a "plebe" always has the right to stop when fatigued. Whether hurt mentally or morally one may judge, to some extent, by the achievements of the navy. It is now no apple in the press process to wring the spirit out of a boy.

FIGHTS FOLLOWED.

It was such in the old days of hazing and the curse of the old hazing lay in the fights it engendered. The bitterest fights in the history of the academy arose between classes. There was one peculiar clause in the hazing code which caused more fights than all other causes together. This was the attitude held toward insults. If a "plebe" were insulted the air grew thick with broil, for he knew that he had his chance to isolate the "youngster" from the backing of the other upper class men. It became solely an affair between two persons; the "plebe" became the "youngsters'" equal. But if he refused to cudgel his brains for seventeen reasons why Paul Jones was not Umslopagaas or why Globulus Lentulus was bald on both the inside and outside of his head, then he arrayed his puny self against the entire corps of undergraduates and the hazing system which they sanctioned. A "youngster" will rant and roar all around a "plebe," but if he calls him a liar or a rascal or in any way impugns his integrity or breeding, then nothing short of a cataclysm can prevent those middies from climbing over each other's anatomies.

But to take up the career of Humper. He finds that instead of being the point of pride the officer in charge points a stern finger at a tiny grease spot on his blouse. The scrupulous exactness for which he was noted in Pinchem doesn't stave off the upper class man in charge of the floor his class lives on, from reporting him for "chair adrift." Instead of the centre position on the commencement stage of the Pinchem "opray house," he now holds down the noble position of high private in the rear rank and is introduced to the saddening end or an artillery drag.

At meals he must sit with a ramrod brace along the middle of the table, keep his hands clear of the cloth, look always to the front, and wait till his superiors are helped before he makes his furious onslaught on the dish of "spuds." "Plebes" are always hungry, and many a "youngster" has brought a fight on his hands by teasing them when in this condition. If an upperclassman from an adjacent table slyly leans back and pours some water down a neighbor's neck, Hiram mustn't dare to turn loose the laugh that is within him, but must look as glum as a mummy. He is denied the high joy of cutting notches in his napkin ring. He has full liberty to make any complaint as to the food or servants, but is usually too busy absorbing everything in reach to think about his rights. Occasionally some humorous "youngster" will have him make love to the big fluted pillar alongside him. So he must curl his arm around this old sweetheart of many generations of "plebes" and pour upon her words of passion. In a year or so he finds this practice handy over on Love's Lane.

HIS CONCEIT SHRINKS.

On the stairs he must hug the wall. Hops and balls, girls, yard benches and class walks, are not for him. The old standing joke is that a "plebe" is like a seasick Arab and cannot keep his "dates." Solemnity must dog his footsteps and hilarity be furtive. He must turn in before "taps" and out at the first note of "reveille" and fling back his bed for an airing. Otherwise, the inspecting officer who comes around about two minutes after 6 (reveille is at 6) makes an awful example of him to the other sleepy "plebes." If he is good he is allowed each month a bounteous 50 cents to spend in luxurious living. Most of his $500 a year is kept in trust for him with which to pay expenses. His lowest mark in Pinchem of 99 per cent goes down to a snort of the instructor. At drill he is carefully told that he walks like a camel and to get the hump out of his back and "brace up!"

Now, such a boy, full of energy and ambition, sense and pluck, but with a head crammed with false notions of values, is just the kind to be driven into an academy fight. At first he scoffs at all the queer customs, then he is amazed, then indignant. "I'll never take hazing," he says, before he enters the academy. "It's silly, but I don't mind it," he confides to a classmate a month after entering. Two months more and he is sick of it all, homesick, finding trouble in stemming the swift current of studies, and in a mood to fight. Some particular "youngster" will pick him out for a special pet and he will grow to hate that "youngster" like the hound puppy hates the broomhandle. Some night when feeling "blue" the "youngster" comes up and demands the story of his life for the fortieth time. So they quarrel.

A HOT FIGHT.

In the fall of '95 just such a fellow fought a bloody fight with a "youngster." It was fought with bare knuckles. They were of about the same weight. Had they not been the little man could, under the code, have picked a heavier man from his class to fight for him. The fight took place in a large room on the upper floor, far from the haunts of prowling officers. The door was locked and everything kept as silent as the thud and thump and scraping of feet would allow. There were "seconds," with sponges and towels and all the paraphernalia of the ring, a timekeeper and a doorkeeper and a referee. Nobody else was admitted, but peeping over transoms and through cracks and keyholes were bunches of "youngsters" and "plebes," each eagerly watching his man.

Several times the "plebe" was floored by the "youngster," who had the advantage over him of a year's training. It was a savage fight and they bled profusely. Finally, when they had closed each other's eyes so that neither could see the other, the referee declared the fight a draw, they shook hands and went to bed with raw beefsteaks on their faces. But the "plebe" had gained what he sought, for the "youngster" could no longer, under the code, haze him. However, he got into bad odor with the other upperclassmen for his lack of subordination, and soon resigned on account of failure in studies. He was so chagrined that he never stopped until he got to the Klondike, where his father, after much advertising in the papers, found him.

It is on the summer practice cruises that a crop of fights is often produced. Sometimes they fight on the forecastle or between decks, but oftener they have it out on shore. Even young commissioned officers, though rarely, re-

Continued on third page.

Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT
Tooth Powder
Cleanses and beautifies the teeth and purifies the breath. Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century. Very convenient for tourists.
PREPARED BY
J. W. Lyon, D.D.S.

Le Boutillier Brothers

FINE LACES.

Are showing their Importations of high-class Novelties for Autumn and Winter gowns, the latest productions of foreign lace markets. Point d'Auvergne, La Couronne, French and Irish Baby Crochet, Applique, Mechlin, Venise and Net effects, in allovers, bandings, galloons and flounces. Large variety of Black Galloons, Bandings and separate Motifs, in exclusive designs, with allovers to match.

SPECIALS.

White Irish Crochet Bandings, heavy and light weight;	value 55c	39c
White Crochet Edges, 5 and 7 inches wide; regular value 65c and 89c		49c and 69c
Cream and white dotted and sprig nets, suitable for Waists, Gowns, etc., double width,	value $1.98	$1.35
42 inch Chiffon (stiff finish) in black, white and colors;	value 55c	39c
19 inch Black Nets—heavy and light weight;	value $1.39	98c
Hand embroidered Linen Collar and Cuff Sets;	worth 85c	49c
Also French white embroidered sets;	value 55c and 85c	39c and 59c

WOMEN'S NECKWEAR.

An extensive variety of real Irish Crochet Coat sets (round and pointed); Chemisettes and Sleeves, in rose point and Venise effects; Duchess and Point Lace Collars, Stoles, Berthas, Boleros, Jackets and Real Irish Collar and Cuff Sets.

Le Boutillier Brothers
West Twenty-third Street.

Buy China and Glass Right
HIGGINS & SEITER
Fine China—Rich Cut Glass
A China and Glass Sale the Week Before Thanksgiving.

An important annual event is our great special Thanksgiving sale. The unusual preparation which we have made this year for the event is shown by such values as below. These are selected at random from our various departments and are representative only.

Dinnerware Department — We direct your special attention to several new, dainty French china open stock dinnerware sets. One has a flower border and center, with gold traced handles; an entirely new treatment. Complete set $47.80

Another from the same factory has a dainty rosebud border with rosebud center and two fancy gold lines on each side of the border; handles gold traced. Complete set $63.90

Another Limoges china dinner set that is particularly admired is a green Grecian key-border; solid gold handles; two gold lines on edge. Complete set..... $52.10

Our entire assortment comprises some 300 different dinner sets, with a range from $17.00 for a very dainty Austrian dinner set to the magnificent cream body and heavy acid etched gold English china decorations, the latter of which we carry the largest and most complete line in this country.

Turkey Sets — Flown underglaze blue turkey sets with large turkey decoration in center and on plates. Complete, 13 pieces..... $5.50

There are others at equally advantageous prices.

Plates — It is a pleasure to sell you such plates as we are offering on our special tables at 25c, 35c, 50c and 75c each.

Cut Glass — No department of our business is increasing more rapidly than our Cut Glass Department. There are reasons for this. The following in a way will explain:

Decanters, richly cut (handled).....$5.00
No handle.....$4.50
Fruit Bowls, scalloped edge, extra heavy cut; a beautiful bowl.....$9.00
Low Fruit, Salad or Berry Nappy, two extra values, $5.25 and.....$5.75
Bowls, 8-inch Salad, Fruit or Berry Bowls $2.75
Water Bottles, two styles; your choice..$3.00

Punch Bowls. Such a collection of punch bowls cannot be found anywhere else in this city. The following range of prices will give some idea of the assortment:

$20.00, $22.50, $30.00, $35.00, $45.00, $55.00, $60.00, $75.00, $80.00, $87.00, $90.00, $100.00, $125.00 and $150.00 each.

English and French Rock Crystal — We want you to see the finest exhibit of Rock Crystal glass in this city. It is here. Vases, baskets, nappies, bowls, decanters, bon-bons etc., etc.

Grape Fruit Glasses — These glasses are the clearest white crystal, either perfectly plain or with very rich gold decorations. By adding monogram an individuality is obtained. Prices range from $6.50 for the glasses complete in plain crystal to $75.00 per dozen with a very rich gold decoration. To those who cannot visit the store we will, on request, mail further illustrations and particulars regarding this grape fruit service.

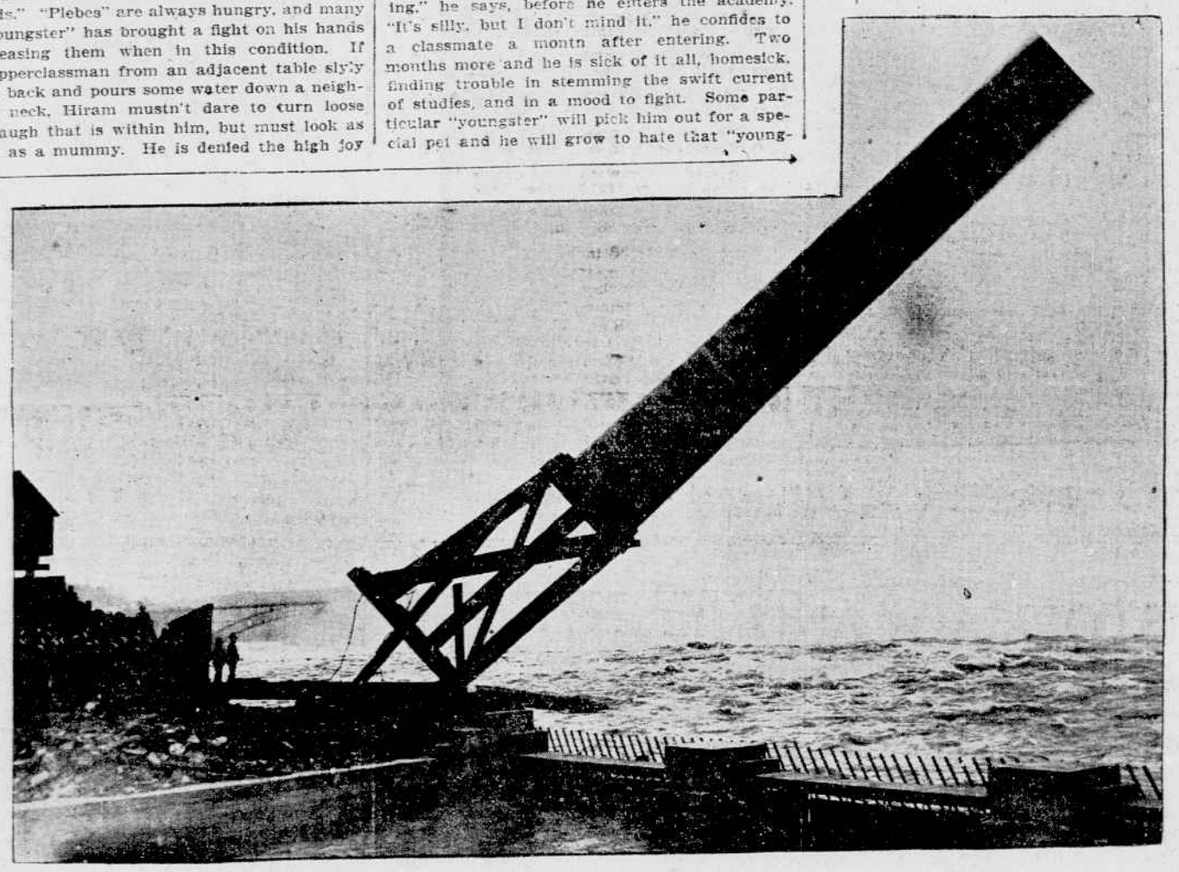
Glass Set — Optic Bell shape etched glass set, 12 goblets, 12 claretts, 12 wines, 12 sherries, 12 cordials, 60 pieces complete..... $16.00

Gold Glass — For the decoration of the Thanksgiving table gold glass is always in demand. We have prepared for this by importing larger quantities, more novelties, and having them arrive earlier than ever before.

Handled bon-bons are selling at each 50c

Other pieces, such as bowls, vases, punch cups, bon-bons, are all being sold at low price.

West 21st and West 22d Sts.
Near Sixth Ave., N. Y.



TIPPING OVER A DAM BUILT ON END.
Remarkable engineering feat carried out on the edge of the Horseshoe Falls at Niagara.

COLUMN MADE THE DAM.

Built Upright and Tipped Into Place at Niagara.

A strange method of building a dam has just been successfully tried on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls, where in order to increase the depth of water in the joint intake of the city of Niagara Falls, Ont., and the Niagara Falls Park and River Railway, Isham Randolph, an engineer of Chicago, decided that a dam was necessary. As the point is close to the brink of the Horseshoe Fall, it was impossible to employ the ordinary forms of construction, while it was also impossible to tell exactly the depth of water where the dam was needed. Careful investigation was made, and Mr. Randolph designed a concrete column that was to be tipped over to form the dam.

This column was fifty feet high and seven feet four inches square. It was built on top of a wooden trestle twenty feet high that stood close to the edge of the river. It was built in wooden frames, which were removed after all the concrete was in place, to give the material a chance to dry hard before it was tipped over. For more than a month it stood in the sun and wind drying out. Every eight feet of its height a wooden wedge was inserted on one side to break the column into six

Continued on third page.

CATCHING THE PARK POACHERS.

Constant Vigilance Necessary to Protect the Song Birds from the Foreign Born Pot Hunter.

Sleuthing after poachers in the thickets and glades of Bronx Park is an art of varied excitements. The ever fresh ingenuity of the poachers, who would fain destroy every bird, squirrel and rabbit in the public preserves, must be met and overcome. Before dawn and after dark, during all months of the year, the foe to animal life is apt to ply his trade. If he were left unchecked, the feathered and furred tribes of the park would soon be extinct.

There is one man delegated to the constant duty of trailing poachers in Bronx Park. He has been six years in the woods, and is known as the bird detective. His friends say that what he doesn't know about woodcraft is not worth considering. For instance, without letting himself be seen, crackling a twig or making a leaf rustle he can travel across an acre of fairly open ground and suddenly tap a poacher on the shoulder. If a robin or scarlet tanager has been shot within half a mile, he seems to know it without hearing any sound of a weapon. Likewise he is aware at long distances of assaults upon the squirrels and rabbits and hastens to their assistance.

Experience has taught this special officer, Henry Van Benschoten, that the forest has its plentiful clew no less than the street. The bushes and trees and grass underfoot are full of signs. The snow is a document often more incriminating than any paper search warrant. The nose, the eyes and the ears compensate for a host of witnesses and talebearers. In fact, here is at once the most primitive, simple and acute department of the art of detection.

A rather slim man with a short clipped mustache, always plainly dressed, Officer Van Benschoten strolls through Bronx Park picking up leaves or examining the bark of a tree with the air of an amateur botanist. He is really interested in botany, but that is an avocation, except as it aids in his work. You may see him again walking along a high ridge east of the Bronx River, and then he seems like a poet in solitary meditation. But the ridge is a strategic point that commands a view, through tree trunks and leaf stripped branches, of both sides of the river. Also it is the centre of the forest, on one side of Pelham Parkway, where most of the poaching is done; suspicious sounds are heard here from every direction.

C-r-rack! It was a faint little noise, dubiously echoed through the underbrush. A moment later one hears a few high pitched squawks and then a whirr of wings. The officer, who has been talking leisurely with the visitor, stiffens up at the first noise, and at the second starts off on a run.

"Yes, they're at it again," he explains, leading the rapid pace through a bypath between withered goldenrod.

"Was it a shotgun?" pants the visitor.

"No, no; 22-calibre rifle—short cartridges."

"How do you know the direction?"

"Heard the gun, and those robins and scarlet tanagers were flying the same way. Now, when we come to that open space beyond the swamp, you just keep back a little."

Obeying instructions, the visitor slackened pace beyond the black pools of the swamp, a lonely and dismal part of the forest. A brief ascent led to a partial clearing in a hollow, where the sunlight, glinting between the trunks of oak and maple, flecked the brown patches of fallen leaves. A man in a felt hat and short overcoat was walking through the trees about two hundred yards away.

The detective was nowhere in sight. A second look, however, showed a slim figure amalgamated with the trunk of a hickory. The figure slipped around and slid forward to another shelter. Such was the manner of progress until reaching a treeless patch of ground, when the figure went to earth, and in approved Indian style wormed ahead in the shelter of a few stones, small bushes and inequalities of surface. Finally he arose behind a tree and leaped forward on noiseless toes.

The suspect, a black browed, mustached Italian in a velvet coat, had no chance to take alarm, escape or fight. A revolver in the hand of the stalker facilitated cross-examination.

"You were shooting at the birds. I'll have to arrest you."

"No, no. Me no shoot anyt'ing."

"I can smell the powder,"—though smokeless powder had been used.

"Me no have powder, boss. No shoot anyt'ing."

"Have you been in the hospital?" asked the detective.

"No, boss."

"Yes, you have. "You've been laid up with a broken leg. Unless, perhaps, this explains your stiff gait."

The explanation, in fact, was the barrel of a twenty-two calibre rifle which the officer drew from the Italian's trousers leg. The stock, which had been unscrewed from the barrel a moment after the shooting, was found under the man's coat. A bloodstained bunch of feathers which was lately a song sparrow came from a back pocket.

"You see what kind of people we have to deal with," said Officer Van Benschoten afterward. "They carry these little rifles that make a small report and that can be concealed on their persons. They wait till the coast is clear—sometimes they even start fires to decoy me in a wrong direction—then out comes the gun, it's put together, shot off, taken apart and concealed again, all within two minutes. And when you come to arrest them they're always ready to fight, unless you have the drop on them. Early in September I started to take in two fellows who were shooting squirrels with revolvers. I got one, and the other came at me with a knife; so I had to whistle for help. The pair got three weeks in the city prison.

"The poachers are mostly Italians. They're crazy after bird pie and bring down robins, tanagers, jays, woodpeckers, song sparrows or any other bird. The law doesn't protect crows, hawks and other birds of prey; but it's an offence anyway to be shooting or carrying weapons, punishable with $500 fine or six months or both. You may wonder how anyone can get much game with a small calibre rifle. The poachers are good shots; many of them practise in the Bowery shooting galleries, if they live around Mott-st., and in their back yards if they live in this vicinity.

"After the Italians, the worst offenders are Germans, who come from the lower East Side or other parts of the city. You can guess that by the signs that are headed 'Avviso' and 'Warnung.' About this time of the year they will be getting after the wild ducks along the river or in the swamps within the park. Sometimes the tame ducks from the Zoological Park come here to feed. The leafless condition of the trees also makes it easy to get red and gray squirrels and the black fox squirrel. When the snow is on the ground the poachers set rabbit traps. I have to be looking for trappers long before daybreak, generally about 6 o'clock. Early on Sunday morning or a rainy day is a favorite time for the poachers to be abroad."

Last summer Officer Van Benschoten caught an Italian who was making a business of stealing birds' nests and selling them to downtown bird stores. In another case, hearing a shot, he went to the river bank and saw a man fishing. The fisherman informed him that a person up the road had done the shooting. The latter happened to be a park employe. Hurrying back, the officer looked about, and soon discovered under a tree a paper package containing a dismembered rifle. Meanwhile, however, the disciple of Izaak Walton had fled.

The various cries of distress made by the birds are easily distinguished by the practised ear of the detective. The oriole, the robin and the brown thrasher seem to bring their strident reports directly to their official friend. It is certain that the squirrels and chipmunks come forth from their hiding places at his whistle and perch upon his shoulder. They may be trembling in panic on account of some visitor's dog, as happened the other day, yet they answer his call and seem to seek his protection.

"Your dog has given this squirrel nervous prostration," said the officer in sincere indignation as he held a trembling little creature in his hand. "You have no right to bring a dog in here without a leash. Just take him home."

"A dog has some rights, too," grumbled the owner, departing.

The New-York Zoological Society offered a reward of $50 for the arrest and conviction of poachers last January, and Officer Van Benschoten was the first to obtain it.

Last month Superintendent Merkel and two policemen captured a gang of four Italians who were cooking songbirds around a fire in a spot called the Tanglewood. They had slaughtered sixty birds, including song sparrows, robins, bluejays, woodpeckers and crows.