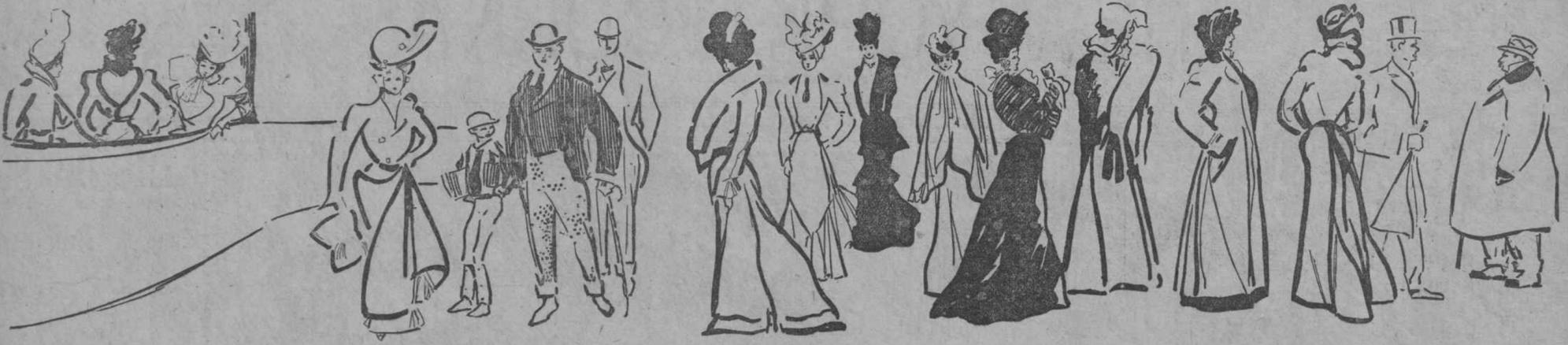


BEAUTY BOWS BEFORE THE HORSE, AND ALL THE



characters at all, but these did not figure in the social swim.

At half past eight o'clock the efflux from the street was one unbroken and chattering stream that swirled into a sort of silken vortex that encircled the oval as with a moving floral bow.

All the evening society's eyes followed with delight the sight of prancing hoofs and rolling wheels. Out in the centre of the oval, as prominent as the Porta Roma, where the judges held forth with stately and tablets, and scattered over the tanbark ready to grab anything that might run away, were many Hibernian praetorians in gaudy liveries.

Not many of those in the wide promenade were women of the Four Hundred. The latter sat in the boxes and upper seats and divided attention with the equine attraction on the other side of the crowded passageway.

And the women were far the greater attraction. Inside the box railings were the robes and jewels and gauds worn by the fair descendants of ancient knights—descendants who have grabbed off pretty much everything possible in the way of worldly goods.

By the general run of spectators they were regarded with far more curiosity than were the horses in the ring.

Wherein the Rustic is Rude.

Provincial looking women with programmes in their hands would stop in front of the boxes, carefully ascertain the number and the names of the occupants, and then proceed to size them up with cold blooded care.

Not a farthing rushlight did these dames of high degree care for the passing throng. Their entire attention seemed to be centered on the horses. At times the soft volleys of their handclapping arose and floated over the barriers, in recognition of the blood of old stallions that had clung under battle harness on the fields of Les-royne and Crecy or that had kicked up dust with unshod hoofs in the deserts of Arabia.

From far and near the chatter, the laughter, the shouting and the clank of chains were all components, like the hollow roar of water through a cavern.

A tall, soldierly man entered the promenade with a party of friends. In his frame there was the healthy vigor of an abstemious life—a life of hardihood and open-air exercise. It was General Miles, the head of the American army.

He paused for a moment by a box, where in sat a feeble old man with a parchment face and sunken eyes, the eyes of a man who had spent his life getting money. It was Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Both men were of about equal age, but of how different a type. In his frame there was the healthy vigor of an abstemious life—a life of hardihood and open-air exercise. It was General Miles, the head of the American army.

Here the faster element congregated and smoked and bet and talked horse.

Wherein the Rustic is Smart.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed a society bud in a shrill schoolgirl voice; "that little horse—the bay one I mean—is sweet enough to go to heaven!"

"Aw," murmured her escort; "Aw, do you really think there are animals in heaven?"

"Why, of course," flashed the bud indignantly; "do you think the milk and honey are canned goods?"

As the evening wore on and the surging crowd became more dense, from beyond the gates of the arena the "beer yell" occasionally arose as wild and thrilling as the "Cameron's gathering" of old times.

For the benefit of the uninitiated it may be stated that the "beer yell" announces unerringly the capture of a prize by Fatty Bates and the arrival of a foaming keg of beer from over the way.

Many were the strange sights observed among the horses and vehicles at the rear of the Garden. The scene was a dream for the caricaturist. Here were men six feet four, with legs like pipe stems, dressed in moleskins and leggings like sections of yellow stovepipe. Here were persons four feet six with vests like a vast conflagration and cheeks like Acotus.

And so the mad show waxed to its crescendo, and at 10 o'clock was in full blast. Then it slowly began to wane. The society people began to tire of the sight of horses, and of the hot, warm odors of wine and tan bark.

They slowly drifted out through the doors. The promenades uncoiled and thinned and frayed at the edges until there was only a fringe around the fence.

The band played its last tune; the bugler

blew his last blast, the final horse clattered through the gates, and the first day of the annual Horse Show was over.

COSTUMES OF WELL-GROOMED WOMEN.

Suggestions of a Generation Ago in the Toggery of Society's Leaders.

Society appeared in its smartest gowns at the Horse Show yesterday afternoon and evening. Quiet and picturesque some of these were, and decidedly suggestive of the styles of a generation ago.

Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont wore an over-skirt. It was not one of the old-fashioned affairs of the early sixties, looped up at the side, but it perhaps heralds these garments of long ago. It was really a short skirt of biscuit colored cloth over another of the same material, the under one being provided with a flare flounce. Her bodice was short and snug fitting and had touches of milk on the sleeves. Around her neck she wore a black ostrich feather collar with black ribbons. Her pompadour was crushed down under a small turban of velvet, edged with milk and twisted with black velvet in front. Her gloves matched the color of her costume, and she wore spats of the same shade.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs sat with her during the afternoon, and wore a dear little toque of chinchilla, with a clump of pale violets and small white flowers in front. Her muff of chinchilla had a big violet tassel how spread over it. Mrs. Oelrichs's gown was of dull black silk, with a raised design over it, which looked like applique work. Her blouse bodice was belted with black velvet, on which steel ornaments appeared.

Mrs. Gould in Royal Blue.

Mrs. George J. Gould wore a very effective gown of royal blue cloth. Her blouse opened in front, over a V of white satin, which formed her high collar. Her hat, of blue velvet spotted with white, was one of those new draped toques, exceedingly picturesque, with a big blue feather curling over its folds, and rolling back from the face on the left side. She wore a small diamond chateaufort watch. The little Goulds were with her, the boys in pepper and salt suits, with garnet neckties, and the girl in white silk, with milk trimmings. She wore a big white felt hat, with an immense white plume.

Mrs. Stanford White was all in purple. Her gown, of dark plum cloth, was matched by a long redingote of the same material. Her hat was of velvet, of a brighter shade.

Mrs. W. E. D. Stokes was, as usual, very chic. She and Mr. Stokes occupied a box during the afternoon, when she wore a gown of black cloth, which fitted her like the proverbial wall paper. The skirt was a sheath of cloth to the knees, where it terminated in a cut-out design, appliqued upon a deep circular flounce of black velvet, giving the effect of an overskirt and velvet petticoat.

She wore a milk collar around her neck, with a cluster of milk tails dangling under her chin, and carried a muff to match. Her small hat was pitched well forward over her eyes, and had a black velvet Alsatian bow spread across it. A milk tail hung from it over her right ear.

Bands of black velvet outlined an apron overdress on Mrs. Clarence Postley's black silk skirt. White quills curled in Alsatian effect on her black toque.

Mrs. H. P. Whitney in Black and White.

Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney wore black cloth. Through her half-opened jacket a glimpse of a white satin bodice could be had, set off with hyacinth blue velvet collar and revers. Her picture hat of black velvet had a long white ostrich feather rolling from its brim to its bag crown. She wore white kid gloves, sable cape and carried a muff to match.

Elbridge T. Gerry's two daughters occupied a box. Miss Gerry wore a royal blue satin skirt and a short double-breasted black cloth Eton jacket set off with director's revers of pale blue. Her velvet toque matched her skirt and had a bunch of pink roses and forget-me-nots on the left side. Her sister was in pale blue gray cloth combined with white satin. Her hat was

MAY IRWIN TRIES TO FIND OUT WHY IS A HORSE.



MAY IRWIN.

"I don't mean this," I said; "this charming meeting of one another. I mean the horses. What are they there for, bella?" And then some one told me. It was a woman.

"There is a certain class of men," she said—and she bore the third air of conviction I came in contact with this afternoon—"who are never seen anywhere else. They come here. Every one knows they love horses—so, don't you see?—that's what the animals are for.

I started off in search of the certain class. Congregated at the extreme end of the ring, under the sign which reads "exit for horses," I spotted them, their heads close together, as far from the women as they could get, apparently serious, intent, absorbed, with top boots, horsey clothes and eyes glued to the animals.

"Them's the ones that's interested," said a good-natured gate keeper. "They stays there hours."

I took my place near them, my ears primed to learn. Within the ring they were judging pairs of carriage horses.

"Hum!" said one man, clinging to the gate outside. "Halloo, Bill! You here?" came from another.

"Might as well," he answered back. "Anything of yours in?"

"Yep."

"There's Jim."

"Well got up—eh? Wife's a stunner."

"Think so?"

"Yep."

"Tiresome, ain't it?"

"Yep; slower than last year."

"Seen Joe?"

"Yep."

"She's here."

"Don't say?"

"By Jove, she's a high stepper!"

It must have been some woman passing, for one top booted gate-clinger had turned his back on the horses.

The others gaped and yawned and seemed to be waiting for something. I waited, too. Meanwhile, I saw the best dressed woman at the show. She was in gray, tailor made, ascot tie, small hat, with stiff wings, single breasted coat, man's collar, white gloves. She was what we, in theatrical parlance call in the scene. Her hair—but no, you might recognize her. She passed near the men, apparently absorbed in the horses.

"Nobby," they said.

She was the most horsey looking woman at the show. Suddenly she paused in front of a pony. She looked at it critically. I am positive she knew all about horsemanship. I was proud of her. I edged up close and looked scornfully at the men. While my eyes were turned from her I heard her say:

"Ain't he cute?"

Finally I came back to the gate, the exit for horses. I talked there to the youngest exhibitor—No. 421.

"My pony'll be along presently," he said. "Phew! he'll rouse 'em. I wish this crowd an' all the women was away an' every horse was mine. Phew! wouldn't I show 'em! Just wait till I'm grown! I'll have nothing but horses an' never see a woman!"

No. 421, just eight years old—I had found the true horse lover of the show of '93.

May Irwin

also of dark blue velvet and had a side trimming of turquoise velvet.

Mrs. Prescott Lawrence, in light tan cloth, was thoroughly tailor made and "horsey" in her appearance, wearing a single-breasted coat with lapels and velvet collar and a white plume ascot. Her walking hat of dust gray velvet was narrow on both sides, where tufts of guinea fowl feathers stuck up like small outspread fans.

Mrs. Henry Lawrence Burnett was in hazel brown velvet. Her double-breasted bodice was fastened on the left side by a row of flat gilt buttons. These also appeared on the back of the sleeves as far as the elbows. Guinea feathers were stuck in the folds of her small brown velvet turban.

Miss Virginia Fair looked as though she had just stepped out of a Paris handbox in a smart little tailor-made suit of black cloth, with immense revers and collars of fuchsia velvet.

Mrs. Eliot in Yellow and Bronze.

Mrs. Duncan Elliot wore bronze cloth. The bodice had a white yoke with sloping shoulders and a V-shaped vest attachment. Her brown velvet toque had some yellow velvet rosettes on the left side, fastening a bunch of canary-colored Paradise aigrettes.

Mrs. Ogden Mills was in pale gray cloth. Her coat had big director's revers and collar. She wore a small violet velvet toque with mottled brown quills stuck through a bow in front. Miss Anna Sands was with her in black broadcloth, very tailor-made. She wore a large black velvet toque with a big black plume in it fastened down with a steel buckle.

Miss Evelyn Burden was all in purple-blue cloth and wore a hat to match.

Mrs. George C. DeWitt wore black silk with insertions of cream lace trimming. The bodice was set off by a pale blue velvet stock. Her bonnet was black.

Mrs. Sidney Smith wore a blackish gray cloth with white braided run around stripes on the sleeves and outlining a yoke. Zig-zags of white ran down the front of the bodice. Her hat, of violet velvet, shaded her face and was built up high on the left side.

Mrs. Edward R. Ladev wore mulberry cloth, and her mother, Mrs. Wall, was dressed in black silk combined with black velvet and trimmed with turquoise blue.

THE EVENING DRESS SHOW.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt came to the Horse Show early in the evening. Mr. Vanderbilt appeared to be in good health, although he walks a little lame. Mrs. Vanderbilt wore grape colored velvet, with a ribbon applique design of the same shade. The bodice of her gown showed a small yoke of cream lace like the collar. She had a velvet bonnet framed with chinchilla.

Miss Morosini was in pale gray silk embroidered with pearls. It had Venetian lace revers on the waist and a narrow vest to correspond, over which hung a diamond chain. She wore a black hat with white plumes fastened with a diamond ornament.

Mrs. Clarence Mackay was literally strangled from head to foot. She wore a hat and gown covered with jet sequins and had mauve orchids on her bodice.

Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont wore a bodice of cream colored lace trimmed with milk, with a skirt made of Canton crepe shawl with long fringe. Her bonnet, a small, white lace affair, had a black velvet bow stretched across it.

Miss Virginia Fair wore black spangled lace, the waist of which had a white lined yoke, mauve velvet hat with self-colored feathers.

Mrs. Duncan Elliot was in black and white striped silk. The bodice, of white chiffon, had an applique design of black lace and a sky blue velvet belt and collar. She wore a black and white hat.

Mrs. James P. Kernochan wore black silk and a small black bonnet with feathers and jet.

Heien Gould in Black Velvet.

Miss Helen Gould was with Mr. and Mrs. George Jay Gould. She was in black velvet relieved by a white vest. Her small velvet toque had mauve and purple feathers.

Mrs. Gould's gown was of pearl gray crepe and had a deep yoke collar of white. She wore a gray picture hat with feathers.

Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry wore plum colored velvet, with epaulettes and vest of white lace. Miss Gerry wore navy blue velvet and a dear little toque of pink roses. Her sister was in black velvet, and a black spangled hat, with white feathers.

Mrs. Emma Bayley was in black, embroidered with steel and spangles. Her toque, of blue tulle, had pink orchids on it.

Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney wore dark green velvet, trimmed with chinchilla, and

hat of the fur with violets and white flowers.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs's gown was made of spangles. Her milk hat was adorned with white plumes.

Mrs. Cooper Hewitt wore black spangled net, with a cream lace vest, on which was a big pale blue bow, matching her stock. Black tulle made her hat, which was trimmed with white feathers.

Mrs. W. E. D. Stokes was another who appeared in spangles. Her large hat was pinned into a point in front over her eyes, and had black plumes on each side.

Mrs. Sidney Smith was in green velvet, with white satin yoke edged with milk. Her large black hat had black and white feathers on it.

Mrs. Hamilton McK. Trembly wore black lace. The bodice was made over white and had black applique scrolls on it. Her toque was of violet velvet.

Mrs. Sidney Harris had a gown of masculine green velvet, made with a long redingote. Big black hat.

Mrs. James H. Beckman's black lace was also sprinkled with spangles. Her toque was of cherry velvet.

Among the men seen were General Nelson A. Miles, Father Ducey, former Comptroller Myers, August Montant, Chauncey M. Depew, Creighton Webb, General Tracy, Edward Lauterbach and John D. Crimmins.

THE JUDGING, AS SEEN BY AN EXPERT.

It Was Slow, Time Was Wasted, and the Awards Were Not Altogether Irreproachable.

By Francis Trevelyan.

That the fourteenth annual exhibition of the National Horse Show Association would be a success from a horsey point of view was assured from the moment the first class of the first day entered the ring. Such a class of steppers was never seen on the tanbark of any horse show ring since the world began to roll around as No. 43, for horses over 15 hands and under 15.3 hands. Quantity, quality and perfection of style in appointment were represented.

Nor was a corresponding degree of excellence wanting in the succeeding classes of the day except in those for hackney stallions, which, indeed, fell considerably below the mark. Maybe the judging was not quite up to the standard of excellence of the horses to be judged. Certainly the finding of the judges in the harness class in question and in the class for ponies under saddle did not meet with unlimited approval from the ring-side critics, many of whom, by the same token, are fully as well entitled to an opinion as the officially designated judges.

The judging was a dreadfully prolonged task. The morning hours might just as well have been utilized to get a few classes out of the way, but instead the only attempt was to sort out the competitors in the two jumping classes that came later in the day. How extremely inefficiently this was done is manifest from the fact that a jumping class called for 6:15 p. m. was not finished till about 7:45, and the afternoon session thereby carried over till the evening. While the judges generally do heroic work in catching up with the schedule later in the week, such delays are unnecessary and can be avoided if spare moments are better utilized.

Charles Bates began the campaign in great style, but at the very start he had a rebuff that he felt sorely. This was in Class 40, for which fifty-one were eligible, though four less actually came into the ring. It was the record class of the show for size and for quality it could undoubtedly be accorded the same distinction.

Bates Drives His Coxey.

Mr. Bates himself drove Coxey, his champion, and the particular pet and pride of the stable, and so hot was the competition that his other two, Brown Donna and Marquis of Michigan, were not among the selected that stayed in the ring to the end, John S. Bratton, the Chicago dealer, who minus his mustache passes inconspicuously with the majority of the spectators, showed his brown gelding, Sampson, a grandson of the one-time champion trotting stallion Maxey Cobb, a stranger heretofore to New York show rings. Sampson was the medium of some wild and woolly advertising tales yesterday which told how he had killed and eaten a few superstitious stable helpers. Sampson was in actual fact innocent of manslaughter, though it does appear that he by inadvertence stepped on a groom's pet corn.

The Judges, F. T. Underhill, Prescott

"The Royal Limited," the famous five-hour train of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, leaving New York for Washington at 1 p. m., will, after November 20, leave at 3 p. m., arriving Washington 8 p. m., and be composed exclusively of Pullman's parlor and observation, cafe, smoking cars and dining cars.

