

and disinfected. The kennel being securely closed, sulphur should be burnt in it for a whole day. It should then be thoroughly lime washed or painted at least twice; all ironwork should be well scraped, and also painted, and the flooring washed with a strong solution of carbolic acid or Jeyes' fluid; and even after all this no fresh dogs should be put into the kennel for at least one month.

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## The Milwaukee Bench Show of Dogs.

*Editor Poultry Review:*

Promises are like pie-crust, made to be broken, but my promise to give you a few notes on the Milwaukee dog show shall be kept to the best of my ability, even if only to prevent the promise and yourself from getting crusty.

I reached the bustling city of Milwaukee just at the right time, and guided by that kindly-disposed gentleman, Mr. W. E. Powell of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, soon after reached the exposition building and the temporary abode of the canines.

The exposition itself was very fine, and after a turn or two around the handsome building and an examination of the various exhibits, we went up-stairs to see the dogs.

Here we found the superintendent, Mr. John D. Olcott, and it was certainly an important "find"—undoubtedly the best man found yet to run a bench show.

We also made other important discoveries. We found perfect cleanliness, first-class accommodations for judging, a splendid collection of dogs, numbering close to 175, and the best arranged lot of stalls and benches we have yet seen for the same amount of room.

Everything was carefully planned and as carefully carried out, and the "style" of things in general suggested that *somebody* had a good deal of taste. The different ribbons denoting first, second and third prizes were of the best material and rich with golden letters, while the superintendent's own private badge was a genuine work of art, for it was enriched with a capital little painting of a setter—in A I show condition, too. The artist (he didn't tell us who *she* was) certainly deserved credit.

The quality of the different entries was well up to the average, and in the matter of numbers there was no complaint to make as most of the classes were well filled.

Among the big dogs were some very fine specimens of Mastiffs, St. Bernards, and Newfoundlands being a good lot, while the Great Danes, of which no less than a round dozen were shown, seemed to be modelled after no particular type, and were a little too variegated to suit your taste. Champion Major was alone in the Greyhound class, and Trump and

Juno, two brindles, were the only Deerhounds shown.

The sporting classes were especially strong, and contained some particularly good dogs. The English Setters were not as good as I expected, but the Pointers were a first-rate lot.

Brush, entered by J. A. J. Sprague, was a bright particular star among the Red Irish. There were five entries in Irish Water Spaniels, all good dogs. Storm, entered by G. A. J. Cooper, being alone in the champion class.

The Hornwell Spaniel Club showed a number of Cocker. The Beagle and Dachshund classes were well represented; but I was surprised at the scarcity of Foxterriers, only three being shown, but they were very good ones.

Collies, Foxhounds, Pugs and Terriers were all good; Bulldogs were not up to average; Bullterriers were better than their cousins—one dog especially, Joker, entered by C. E. Fuller, being a truly grand specimen. The miscellaneous class, contrary to custom, contained nothing very horrible, there being only three entries. Taken altogether, the show was a decided success. The prize list was a very generous one indeed, and the specials were far ahead of those usually offered; and another pleasing feature was the absence, to an unusual extent, of the time-honored "kicking" at the awards of the judges.

We congratulate Mr. Olcott upon the success of his efforts, and trust that in due season he will do it again.

NOMAD.

## Curious Trait in a Dog's Character.

SIR,—I have just lost my faithful friend Sweep, but, ere his name is consigned to oblivion, as his body is buried in the family burial ground with Tiger, his predecessor, Clemmy the musical cat, and others, I must record a curious trait in his character.

Sweep, though a large, powerful dog, was eminently a member of the peace party. His sentiments were, "I don't want to fight, but by Jingo if I do!" so he might be called a Jingo. What his pedigree was I do not know. He was smooth-haired, black as night, with tan points, so he was not a Dingo. He hated a fight from purely philanthropical principles, and deemed it his duty to separate any contending parties. We have a large poultry yard. If two old roosters got up a fight over some member of their respective harems, Sweep knew of it in a moment, and would rush in between them, unmindful of beaks and spurs. If two young cockerels got up a sparring match, to see who was "best man," Sweep was there, and, with a toss of his nose on either side, the youngsters were sprawling in the dust. But the fun was when two of the huge old Moscow drakes went along "ding dong, hammer and tong." In the midst of the waving of wings and the clawing of webbed feet (and the beggars can claw and hit with their hard wings pretty smart), Sweep would go at them with a