THE SKIRTLESS WOMAN.

EMANCIPATION OF HER LEGS IN THEATRE AND STREET.

Sensation Caused by the First Appearance on the American Stage of Women in Tights—The Public Treated to Feminine Curves on the Stage and Highways To-day Impossible a Decade Ago.

About thirty years ago Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer brought to this country at large expense a corps of French and Italian ballet girls and some gorgeous costumes, with the intention of furnishing the ballet for the Italian opera season. But before they could exhibit their importations to the New York public the Academy of Music was burned to the ground, and the theatrical speculators found themselves with their ballet girls and gorgeous costumes on their hands, and no prospect of doing anything with them that winter except pay salaries. Now it happened that there was in New York at that moment an actor named Charles Barras who had been haunting stage doors and managerial offices for some time with a manuscript of a melodrama called "The Black Crook," and some one suggested to Jarrett & Palmer the advisability of securing this play and converting it into a gorgeous spectacle with the aid of their costumes and ballet girls. The author of the melodrama had so little faith in the ultimate success of the enterprise that he clamored for a lump sum down instead of the royalty arrangement customary between dramatists and managers, while Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer were so dubious of profits that they refused to do anything better than the usual nightly royalty.

It was under these conditions that "The Black Crook" was produced at Niblo's Garden, and the occasion was a notable one, for then, for the first time on the American stage, women appeared in public in silk tights and without skirts. The sensation produced by this entirely unprecedented display of the feminine form seems strange to us of a later generation, who have been accustomed to Amazonian marches, skirt dancers, living pictures, and all the other devices for the exhibition of legs. Clergymen denounced the play from the pulpit, and respectable family newspapers, in more than one instance, preached against it editorially and refused its advertisement. For months the great playhouse in Broadway was packed night after night with audiences which consisted largely of men, all anxious to see the splendid exhibit of undraped beauty. Then when the interest in silken-clad limbs began to pall, one or two variety theatre managers of the lower order gave plays in which can-can dancing was a prominent feature. It was in one of these pieces that Denman Thompson made his first appearance in New York, and so objectionable was the play, "The Female Bathers," considered that the house in which it was given soon found itself under the ban of the police.

The theatres which were devoted in those days to such exhibitions were the Columbia Opera House in Greenwich street, the Parisian Varieties in Sixteenth street, and Egyptian Hall in Thirty-fourth street. In these play houses the principal attraction was a display of legs, for the most part of ample proportions, attired in underclothes and stockings of the fashion of the day. At a critical moment in the performance a strong lime light was thrown on the stage and the women lifted their skirts well above their knees and performed a clumsy cancan, which was at best a vulgar and inartistic imitation of the real Parisian article, to be seen now and then at the French and Arlon balls.

From the time of "The Black Crook" the struggle for the emancipation of woman's legs from the thraldom of skirts has been going on, but it was not until about a year ago that old-fashioned prejudice was overcome to such an extent that to-day on the stages of reputable theatres and even on the public highways the public is treated to exhibitions of feminine curves which would have been impossible a decade ago. The stage and the bicycle are responsible for this, and, now that women of social positions are not afraid to show themselves in Central Park with their lower limbs encased in close-fitting knickerbockers and stockings, some of the philosophers of the town are beginning to wonder how much further the custom will be carried.

It should be remembered that the period between the old-time cancan displays and the new-fangled skirt dancing was bridged over by Letta, who, for some unaccountable reason, had so won the confidence and fancy of the public that she was allowed to hop about on chairs and tables in such a way as to display about an inch and a half of the white ruffles which are attached to all respectable underclothes. Silk tights the public have been accustomed to, but if any other actress had attempted to show as much as Lotta did, she would have been frowned down by the respectable members of her own sex. But Lotta would never have dared to do what Mme. Réjane did this winter in "Ma Cousine," or what Papinta and Cissy Fitzgerald are doing every night. Nor, to tell the truth, would the exhibitions given by them be permitted if it were not for the fact that the skirt and serpentine dances and the living pictures had paved the way.

Miss Georgie Parker, who has been a popular entertainer in the vaudeville theatres for a great many years, spoke unreservedly concerning the new order of things a few days ago:

"It's entirely a matter of custom," said Miss Parker, "and I can tell you that the customs of to-day, so far as the variety theatres are concerned, are very different from what they were when I first went into the business. Then it was a risky thing for a woman to come out in long skirts and show her legs, even up to her knees; but now, well, if you don't fling your clothes around and kick high and sing suggestive songs your act don't go. Now, in the turn I have been doing this winter, I wear a dress, with at least half a dozen skirts, ranging in color from the deep red of the inside ones to a very faint pink outside. I have red silk knickerbockers to match, and they are made so full and have so many ruffles that they are almost like divided skirts. Well, you'd think it would be enough if I lifted my skirts up to show all that when I dance, but really my friends tell me that I've got to make it more spicy if I don't want to be looked upon as a back number.

"All this sort of thing has come up lately, and each year it gets harder and harder to get up something that will excite the public. The people have had so much shown them that they don't pay any more attention to what used to be considered very *risqué* and naughty a dozen years ago; and, do you know, I think the bicycling women are responsible for a good deal of this jaded popular taste. When a man can go out in Central Park and see a dozen pairs of well shaped legs in tight-fitting knickerbockers for nothing, he won't pay to go to the theatre unless he can see a great deal more.

"As for this talk about such displays being immodest, that is merely a matter of current public opinion, and public opinion regarding matters of this sort has changed a great many times since Adam and Eve discovered that they had no clothes on. They made a great howl about the living pictures, just such a howl as used to be made about ballet dancing in short skirts, and about the women in pink tights and tarlatan skirts who ride standing up on those broad-backed horses at the circus; and although we have only had these living pictures about a year, people are so accustomed to them that they don't think anything of them at all, and you can see some of the finest women in New York at the theatres in which they are given. And yet I can tell you that if a manager had attempted six years ago to display women in tights and without a particle of drapery, or with their naked skin covered with a coating of bronze, he would have found himself in very serious trouble."

Just now there are in New York a number of theatres in which the principal attraction is the display of the undraped female form. "Little Christopher" at Palmer's Theatre is an established success, and has a large number of very fine legs to stand on, notably the pair in blue silk tights belonging to a tall and exquisitely formed young woman who is said to have been an artist's model. It was "The Gaiety Girl" which first revealed to the New York public the supply extremities of Miss Cissy Fitzgerald, whose dance is now the chief feature of the performance of "The Foundling" at the Madison Square Theatre. At the Broadway Theatre "Aladdin, Jr.," is notable chiefly on account of its exquisite ballet in the second act, and of the legs belonging to the two principal women in the cast. Those of Miss Anna Boyd are shapely and of reasonable dimensions, but the hair which support Miss Irene Verona are of colossal size, and are said to be the thickest ever shown here by any actress, Isabelle Urquhart alone excepted. The Bijou Opera House has been devoted almost uninterruptedly to leg shows for the last dozen years, and just now it has very little else to offer in the way of entertainment. There are even legs to be seen in "Tribby," for there is a cancan in the studio scene in which the grisettes of the Latin Quarter indulge in high kicking of a kind that would not have been permitted in a first-class theatre five years ago. The name of Koster & Bial is, of course, synonymous with legs and living pictures, and although it enjoys a very high rank for a place of its kind, there are always legs to be seen upon the stage that goes with the name.

Just how far this end-of-the-century fashion will be carried it is difficult to tell, but there are some who affirm that before the present year is over New York will see women in pink tights walking and bicycling through the open streets.

ART IN FRANCE.

An Important Sale in Paris—The Antique Collection—Rose Pompon's Sale.

PARIS, April 25.—Our great auction salesrooms, better known by the name of the Hôtel Drouot, were last week the meeting place of all who are interested in the varied and fascinating art of pottery. A week of pleasure for the collector, who buy and for the mere amateurs who, perhaps, can not fill it, admit only of the more platonic enjoyment of looking at things of beauty. It was the collection of a learned collector of ceramics, Mr. Charles Antiq, that was on sale. For four days in succession have wares of Nemours, of Rouen, Moustier, Marseilles, Strasburg, Sceaux, Italian majolicas, and Spanish-Moorish pottery excited antiquaries and connoisseurs.

Here are a few interesting sales made of Nemours ware: No. 1, a small deep dish, the decoration representing St. John in a landscape with yellow background, 950 francs; No. 2, plate, ornamented in the style of the Urbinos, in the centre a medallion with a landscape containing two musicians, fretted with an arabesque pattern, a unique piece in this kind of ware, on the back you read, "May, 1644," 980 francs; No. 3, a water jar, a polychrome design of children on swans, dolphins and foliage, on a blue ground, representing waves, 650 francs; No. 4, a gourd with blue decoration on a yellow ground, with medallions representing Venus and Cupid, 1,600 francs; No. 10, plate, Love on a swan, polychrome ornamentation, 880 francs; No. 11, plate, with Venus and Cupid in polychrome, 740 francs; No. 12, a bottle, with long neck and squat body, decorated with medallions with pastoral scenes, 950 francs; No. 13, gourd with flattened sides, polychrome ornament of cupids and birds on a manganese back, 580 francs; No. 18, a druggist's jar decorated in flowers and foliage in white on a blue ground, with the inscription "Mythridat," from the pharmacy of the Hospice at Moulins, 2,350 francs; No. 29, a very large dish, deep Persian blue ground, with a Chinese design in white, 3,300 francs; No. 30, a very large dish, deep Persian blue ground, decorated with large bouquets and birds in white, 1,500 francs; No. 40, a very large dish, after Tempesta, in blue and manganese *camaieu*, a boar hunt, 490 francs.

Of the Rouen pottery I noted, No. 795, large dish, yellow ochre ground with *niello* work in black, a Buhl design, 2,600 francs; No. 76, plate, yellow ochre ground, in the centre a medallion with cupids in blue, a star at the back, rosettes and lambrequins connected by garlands, 1,650 francs; No. 79, very large dish, decorated with a Cardinal's arms, surrounded by a border of flowers, 710 francs; No. 106, plate with blue decoration, a large star in the centre, edged with a trefoil pattern, 855 francs; No. 133, two large covered vases, with draped ornamentation and pendants, in blue and red, 1,000 francs; No. 145, large dish decorated in red and blue, with a large star in the centre joined by garlands to the rim, and a lambrequin border, 2,500 francs; No. 160, rectangular platter, in a checker-board pattern, with squares containing medallions at each end, 1,100 francs.

Let me mention other numbers from different sources:

Sinceny: No. 272, a covered "pichet," decoration of shells and flowers in polychrome, with the figures of a young man surprising a woman bathing, 1,180 francs.

Moustiers: A large oval dish after a design of Tempesta, a bear hunt, signed "De Viry," with this inscription: "Faite à Monstiers, chez Clerissy" (only one plate of this kind is known to us, belonging to the Borély château at Marseilles), 3,000 francs.

Marseilles: A water tank with cover and stand, in polychrome, a design of rocks and shells, decorated with great clumps of flowers, dolphins, and insects in relief, marked "Veuve Perrin," 1,600 francs; No. 104, Ewer and basin, Louis XV. pattern, a sea-green ground with flowers, touched up with gold, mounted in silver, and marked "Veuve Perrin," 1,900 francs.

Specimens of foreign manufacture were: From Alcora—A large polychrome dish with great nosegays of flowers, fretted like Rouen ware, 1,010 francs; No. 367, two busts, a man and a woman, in milky white enamel, touched up with black and yellow, 820 francs. Spanish-Moorish—No. 375, large deep dish, with straight and narrow fretwork, containing the monogram of Christ in the middle in Gothic characters, with metallic shadings (the dish dates from the fifteenth century), 4,000 francs. Chafnaggiolo ware—No. 407, a round dish with armorials, a border of arabesques, flowers, and open books, on the back the factory mark, 2,050 francs; No. 408, a small deep dish, in the centre on a black ground the bust of a person in an Oriental headdress, the border an Arabic design, 4,000 francs. From Gubbio—a small bowl, decorated in metallic colors and ruby red, showing in the centre a head of Cosmo de' Medici and around pine cones, cherries, and foliage, 6,000 francs. In all the sale brought in 191,601 francs.

While I am speaking of sales let me mention that of Rose Pompon's furniture. Her name, so celebrated about 1830, has no great meaning to our modern ears. The famous beauty and charming dancer, called Rose Pompon, had become long before very prosaically Mme. Bonze. She retired to Rueil, where she died a few months ago, and it is in the pleasant village of Bougival, well known to Parisian merrymakers, in the public auction room, that whatever belonged to her will be scattered to the four winds.

RAYMOND DALY.

SOCIABLE PACIFIC WHALES.

They Like to Make Friends with Vessels and One Was Caught on a Fishing Line.

PASADENA, Cal., May 4.—The coast of southern California is patrolled, especially in summer, by several varieties of whales, which add to the pleasure of sightseers along shore. Among these harmless monsters the California gray whale is conspicuous. It attains a length of from forty to sixty feet. In the Santa Catalina channel these huge animals are almost always to be seen, their big heads rising from the water or their black tails being tossed aloft in the games and gambols in which they indulge. One of their curious caprices exhibited on rare occasions is to follow vessels. A ship bound from San Francisco to a South American port was followed three weeks by a whale that played about it, attempting no injury, but swimming alongside and receiving many bullets in its blubber without resenting them. When the ship was dry docked the copper was found strangely discolored by the breath of this curious companion.

Last season a yacht belonging to the Santa Catalina Yacht Club had a novel experience. Upon reaching the lee of the island the wind died away, and for several hours the yacht drifted with the current. The party on board were fishing, when suddenly a tug came at the line towing astern and a whale at least fifty feet in length rose out of the water and dived, nearly taking the fisherman overboard. The powerful jerk broke the heavy line, but not before twenty or thirty feet had been paid out—enough for the yachtsman to claim that for one short delirious moment he had played a whale on a fishline. The whale, which was a California gray, had undoubtedly come up beneath the line, the hook catching in its fin in some way. When the excitement had subsided to some extent another whale appeared off the bow, and then another, and in a few moments five of these giants were swimming about the yacht. They were so near that they could have been touched with an oar, and several times one or more gently rubbed their backs against the keel, slightly lifting the yacht, as big and heavy as she was—a 70-ton schooner.

For several hours these huge creatures played about the vessel, keeping so near that their blowing covered the decks with spray; and it must be confessed that some of the crew were not a little demoralized. One of the party told the writer that the skipper was the whitest man he had ever seen. The whales doubtless thought that the yacht was a new kind of whale, and were trying literally to scrape acquaintance. As soon as the breeze sprang up they left for parts unknown.

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WILL SHE COME AMONG US?

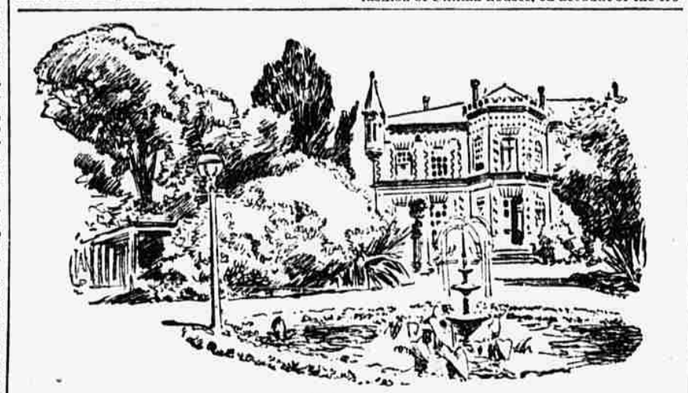
AN INTERESTING RUMOR ABOUT THE RICHEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

The Widow Cousiño of Chili Said to Be Worth $200,000,000—Her Mines, Vineyards, Farms, Parks, and Palaces, and Her Magnificent Manner of Life.

Great interest has been aroused among the Chilians and other South Americans in this city by the report that the Señora de Cousiño intends to come to New York, take a house in Fifth avenue, and entertain in lavish style. The Widow Cousiño, as she is popularly known in Chili, is probably the richest woman in the world, her wealth being estimated at $200,000,000. Her estates in Chili are the show places of the country, and her entertainments are given on a scale that would take a New Yorker's breath away.

HOUSE AT SANTIAGO—HALL.

Her wealth, which was inherited from her father and brother, is invested chiefly in the copper industry and in potteries at Lota, a town on the coast in the southern part of Chili. Her father, Señor Goyenechea, laid the foundation to his great fortune by developing the silver mines at Copiapo, Chili, and then went into copper mining, and that industry was carried on to such good purpose by him, his son, and later his daughter, Señora de Cousiño, that to-day the latter controls the entire output of Chili and Peru, thus furnishing three-fourths of the copper imported by Europe. When Señor Goyenechea died, some forty years ago, he left his entire fortune to his widow, in trust for his two children, Emeterio and Isidora. A few years afterward his widow married Señor Cousiño, a wealthy merchant of Valparaiso, and it was his son who became the husband of Isidora in 1855. Thus, after the death of her mother and brother, which occurred in the '60s, she became sole possessor of the Goyenechea estate, and her husband, having been his father's sole heir, the two great fortunes were linked together.



THE COUNTRY HOUSE AT LOTA.

The industries controlled by the widow are most varied. Besides owning all the copper mines in Peru and Chili, she owns a large fleet of ships to transport the ore to the smelting works at Lota. There are also the rich silver mines at Copiapo, the great stock farm and vineyards at Macul, eight miles from Santiago, and the whole town of Lota. This place is a bustling city of some 13,000 people, situated on a beautiful bay 200 miles south of Valparaiso. Every house, every mill, and every bit of land is owned by the widow, and every one in the place is dependent on her industries for a living.

The chief industry is the enormous smelting works, where all the copper ore from the many mines is reduced. There are also great potteries that nearly supply the demand of the whole west coast of South America, and two miles back of the town are very rich coal mines, owned and worked by the widow.

RESIDENCE AT SANTIAGO—COURT YARD.

This town was practically begun by the Señora's father, and from a sleepy little Spanish village it became one of the chief manufacturing centres of Chili, and the various industries in 1876, when Lady Brassey visited the town in the yacht Sunbeam, employed over 5,000 men.

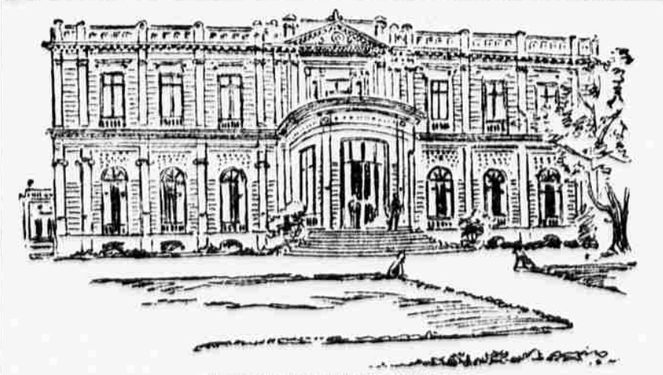
The great stock farm and vineyards at Macul are the result of Señor Cousiño's tastes. He delighted in sports of all kinds. Being especially fond of horses, he decided to start a stud farm and raise English horses. This scheme was carried out on the same magnitude as all the others. Land was bought at Macul by the square mile. The best stallions and brood mares that money could buy were brought from England, accompanied by trainers and grooms by the score. None but the most approved methods were used, and the whole trade of fine horses is in the hands of the widow.

The vineyards, started some years after the stock farm, cover 2,000 acres. A great part of the wine product, which is considered the best in South America, is exported to Europe, where it commands a very good price.

But while the industries controlled by this woman are startling in their magnitude, the woman herself and her houses—palaces rather—are even more interesting. Señor Cousiño died about 1875, leaving six children, three sons and three daughters. These are all grown and married, and have establishments of their own. The widow has three principal establishments, one at Lota, one in Santiago, and the other at Macul. The one at Lota is the most magnificent. The town is on a landlocked bay, surrounded by high hills. On one side are the park and residence of Señora Cousiño. The park is of enormous extent, perfectly fitted by nature for the purpose to which it is devoted. The house is on the summit of the hill, surrounded on all sides by gardens, which are under the constant care of eighty gardeners, who are under the direction of experienced Scotchmen.

These gardens are bewildering in their beauty. Plants brought from all parts of the world grow there in luxuriance. There are fantastic grottos, terraces, statues, fountains, ferneries, flights of marble stairs leading down toward the beach and up to the sylvan nooks. Every little promontory is crowned with a summer house of quaint fashion, and there are arcades, arched over with bamboos, containing trellis work from Derbyshire and Minton tiles from Staffordshire.

The house itself is a huge affair built of brick and stucco. It is but two stories high, after the fashion of Chilian houses, on account of the frequent earthquakes. Its walls are massive, and in general appearance it resembles some of the Elizabethan houses in England. The interior is as gorgeous in its way as are the gardens. Rarest and coslliest woods and the most exquisite marbles and tiles are used in the finishing of it. The furniture was all imported from Europe, and there are pictures, statuary, and bronzes the like of which would be hard to find. A horde of servants, under military discipline, arrayed in gorgeous liveries, are required to keep the place in order, and, whether or not the mistress is there, there is never any diminution of the force or change in the manner in which the household affairs are carried on.



RESIDENCE AT SANTIAGO—FRONT VIEW.

The town house in Santiago is a great marble palace, which, with its gardens, occupies a whole square in the heart of the city. Its gardens are a small reproduction of those at Lota, without, of course, the varied scenery. This house also is but two stories high, but makes up in lateral extent what it loses in altitude. Its furnishings are as elaborate and extensive as those in the Lota house. What the cost was may be calculated from the fact that the portières alone cost over $250,000. It also is filled with works of art of all kinds, and there is one Meissonier there for which the French Government has repeatedly offered $25,000.

To describe the park and house at Macul would be to repeat in substance the description of Lota, except that the former is on even a larger scale. Over 200 gardeners are kept at work constantly in the gardens, and everything is on a scale of magnificence unknown in this country, where rich people and fine estates are not unknown.

Señora Cousiño, the owner of all this splendor, is a woman between 50 and 60 years old. She is tall and dark, and is still a very handsome woman. She exercises a direct supervision over all her premises, and by a system of reports received by her every day knows what is going on.

She is most active in the social world, and her entertainments are magnificent. When she travels it is always with a score of secretaries and a horde of servants of all kinds.

It will be seen from this that if Señora Cousiño should decide to come to New York to live, even if only for a short time, it would be a great event for society, for she would undoubtedly entertain in the same style that she does at home. The Chilian Consul was asked if he knew anything of her coming, and said that he did not, although it might be possible. "If she comes," he added, "I don't know what she'll do, for there's no house in New York as large or fine as any of hers. May be she will build a new one."

SONG BIRDS HEREABOUTS.

MRS. KATE TRYON'S LECTURE AT THE PRATT INSTITUTE.

Now Is the Time to Study Feathered Songsters—Where to Observe Them and Things that May Be Seen and Heard.

Mrs. Kate Tryon of Cambridge, Mass., gave an interesting talk upon birds at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn last week. As she spoke of each bird she illustrated it with a water-color painting done by herself. One great charm of the lecture was her reproductions of the bird notes and songs, which she did both by whistling and by speaking.

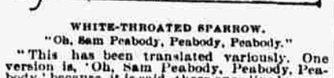
Mrs. Tryon began to study birds five years ago. She had been interested in botany from childhood, but not until the spring of 1890 did she realize what she had missed in bird life, and she straightway proceeded to spend all her spare time in the fields and woods listening to and observing the songsters. She warned her hearers that if they wished to know birds they should shun the remote country districts and confine themselves to the smaller towns, the suburbs of cities, and large parks, as in such places the greatest variety could be found. The best time of day to observe them is from 4 o'clock in the morning, just after day-break, on to 10 o'clock, and again from half-past four in the afternoon until sunset.

"There is no better time to begin the observation of birds than now," she said. "About one-half of the vernal migration is completed, and by Memorial Day all the birds of summer will be with us. If you go out now you can learn the birds one by one as they come, but if you wait until June to begin, there will be so bewildering a variety that you will only be confused.

"Let me begin with the birds that are here. This morning I was walking in Prospect Park and suddenly I heard a strange, queer noise, like the squeaking of a wheelbarrow. Next there was a chucking and a clucking, and then I saw a blackbird, proudly strutting across the turf. When you see a flock of these birds flying in the distance, don't think that you know them, but take an opera glass, creep close, and you will see that the man that called them black was color blind, for they are iridescent, are really black opals. As I walked on a little further I hear a faint, aerial, vague, homesick warble that always tells us that spring is coming and then I caught a gleam of vivid blue, bluer than the sky, the bluebird, loved of all the poets. As he flew away there was a gleam of the ruddy breast. His song tells at first plaintively and pathetically that spring is coming, and as the days grow longer and warmer, the song grows stronger and more joyful. The bluebirds and the robins are scarce this year. I think that they came too early in March and the cold weather killed great numbers of them.

"The next bird song came right home to me—and will to you when you learn to know it. It was the most characteristic 'Sweet, sweet, sweet,' followed by a canary-like cadenza. Sometimes the trill comes first. This dainty song comes from a sparrow. It may seem absurd that bird songs can come from these common little things, but a large proportion of our bird music is furnished by the sparrow or finch tribe. At least six of these song sparrows you have in your parks. There are the chippy sparrows, the song sparrow that haunts the low and swampy lands, and the vesper sparrow that lives on the highlands. The songs are exquisite but elusive, and no human voice or instrument can imitate their whistles and trills.

"Some of you that have been in the White Mountains or at Bar Harbor may remember that the guide books tell you of a strange, weird bird song heard at morning and evening. But you need not go further than your own parks to hear this exquisite song. You will hear a 'Seep, seep!' and then a burst of song as follows:



WHITE-THROATED SPARROW.

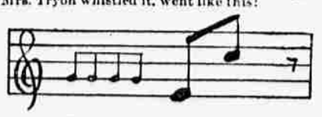
"Oh, Sam Peabody, Peabody, Peabody."

"This has been translated variously. One version is, 'Oh, Sam Peabody, Peabody, Peabody,' because, it is said, there once lived a man of that name who used to feed the birds, and after he died they called for him in that fashion. Another legend comes from the White Mountains, where the bird is called 'sow wheat.' Once a farmer named Peverly stood in a field trying to decide whether he should sow wheat or corn, and suddenly the song burst out, 'Sow wheat, Peverly, Peverly, Peverly,' and he did so, getting great returns from it. Because this bird is rarely seen, it has become surrounded with a great amount of mystery. But if you hear the song coming from a brush heap (most likely, creep close and, looking sharply, you will see a little brown bird, which, but for its head, would be like an English sparrow. The head is beautifully striped in black and white, and just above a lead-colored throat is a little white napkin which gives the name to the lovely songster—the white-throated sparrow.

"Our spring begins in the swamps, and when you are wandering through or looking for the first spring flower, the skunk cabbage, you will hear a certain soggy, muggy, regurgitation, 'G-gloo, g-loo,' and then a sharp 'Yak, yak!' the cry of the red-winged black bird whose notes resemble the places where he lives.

"Everybody knows the squirrel-like chirp of the oriole. There is one oriole in the college yard at Harvard that has the same note year after year, and I can always recognize him by it. One day I was walking there with a friend who knows much more of birds than I. Suddenly we heard a noise come from the trees like the squeaking of a pair of rusty shears, and then came a swinging, breezy song like that of the oriole, and then a sharp 'Hick.' I thought at first it was one, but my companion told me to wait, and soon I saw the most gorgeous of our birds, the most Oriental in its coloring, the rose-breasted grosbeak. Whenever you hear that squeak you may know that a grosbeak is near."

Although there are forty warblers, Mrs. Tryon has for five years been able to learn the songs of only nineteen. The most familiar of them is the common yellow bird. Then there is the little Maryland yellow throat, with its "Which is it? Which is it? Which is it?" and the black-throated green oriole, whose song, as Mrs. Tryon whistled it, went like this:

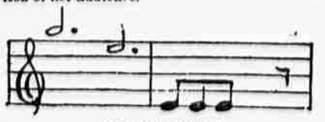


BLACK THRUSH AND GREEK WARBLER.

The kingbird that never rests until it has driven all other birds away and whose notes resemble "Chek!, chek!, chek!," comes about the 4th of May. Then arrives Robert of Lincoln, "Bob-o-link," said Mrs. Tryon, "belongs to the same family as the red-winged starling. You all know him as he sits swinging in the grass, peeping softly, and next rises and flies across the field, fluttering and singing his strange, nonsensical, chattering gibberish, looking like a big bumblebee, and then he, with the appearance of an inverted umbrella, settles down again until some other one in another part of the field starts up, when away bob goes, crying at the top of his lungs. William Hamilton Gibson has given what I think is the best translation of his nonsense. It is this:

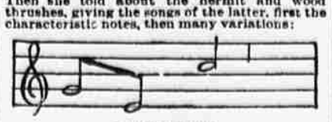
"'Bob-o-linkum-o-bob-o-linkum-o-linkum-o-linkum-o-jingle-o-ditty-o-bob-for-my-bonny-Mrs.-Linkum-see-see-keep-an-eye-on-me-my-sweet-hear-me-tinkle-tinkle-such-a-mellow-liquid-glee-bob-temperance-gush-gurgle-scutter-splutter-such-a-carol-as-he-alone-can-pipe-pipe-it-o-tintinnabulate-for-temperance-twink-a-seeble-seeble-here-I-go-across-the-meadow-chink-a-link-a-wheedle-deacon-yonder-yes-ir-funny-fellow-he-whew-but-I-must-seek-a-rest-my-cap-is-coming-off-and-I-can-scarcely-keep-my-jacket-on-whew-temperance-temperance.'"

Mrs. Tryon rattled this remarkable bobolinkpodge off at lightning speed, giving it the various inflections, to the wonder and admiration of her audience.



WILSON'S THRUSH.

Mrs. Tryon went into a pine grove near Newton, Mass., one afternoon, about 3 o'clock, and stayed there until sundown, and she described what she saw. She told of the Wilson's thrush, a brown bird the color of the pine needles, whose note was almost one of human surprise. There she saw in a nest a great, hideous, unwieldy offspring of the cow-birds, known in the East as the cuckoos, who make no nests for themselves, but put their eggs into the nests of other birds and let the latter hatch them, though the ugly ducklings of the bird tribe soon crush the life out of the other nestlings. This one was in the nest of a red-eyed vireo, the preacher bird, a slender olive-colored little thing which keeps up its song, "Chiria-wee-wee, cheer-you, you-see-it, you-know-it, oh-why-is-it, listen-to-me, selah!" for two hours and three-quarters at a time. The two vireos, husband and wife, were feeding their foster child, dropping fine worms down its gaping throat. Mrs. Tryon found the nest of a brown thrush, and she told how the mother bird fought her when she came near it, and how for four days she fed her on bananas in the hope of taming her, but without success. She saw the chewink which, with its rich contralto voice, constantly cried out, "Drink your tea, drink your tea, drink your tea-e-e-e," and high in an oak the scarlet tanager with its familiar "Chip we, chip we," and the indigo bird with its "Chiever, chiever, chiris, chiever." Then she told about the hermit and wood thrushes, giving the songs of the latter, first the characteristic notes, then many variations:



WOOD THRUSH.

"There is a great deal of confusion about these birds," she said, "as most people mix them up. The wood thrush is the larger and showier, but the hermit thrush is the more delightful songster. The latter is found in Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, but the former is heard every morning in Central Park which, by the way, is no mean place for bird songs. It is glorious place to hear the thrush send forth those wonderful liquid notes that fill the air with melody.

"And now as an end let me tell you the first signs of autumn. In the last week of August or the first of September spend a night on a high building in the city. If the night be heavy so much the better, for you will hear the little peeps and whistles of all the birds returning to their winter homes. On a high building you will be quite close to them and you will hear them plainly. You can hear them in the spring, but not so well, because then there are no young birds to guide. It is one of the most wonderful and impressive things in the world."

LIMITATIONS OF TYPEWRITERS.

Advantages of Stenographers for the Work of Verbatim Reporting.

The question is sometimes asked, Will the time ever come when the typewriter will supersede the stenographer for verbatim reporting? That it will is conjectured by some stenographers and is hoped by expert typewriters who have not learned shorthand and want to avoid the necessity of studying it. Lawyers and others who require the services of an amanuensis also look for the day when the fee per folio for verbatim reporting may be reduced one-half, and the time now consumed in transcribing shorthand notes may be saved. It is argued that if the improvement of the typewriter continues, and the number of expert operators increases correspondingly, in a few years the need of a stenographer will be well-nigh eliminated.

For some time the typewriter has occasionally supplanted shorthand for purposes of correspondence, and has been used in preliminary legal proceedings, such as the taking of testimony and affidavits, where the character of the work renders the process necessarily slow and the manuscript is needed for signature immediately. But it cannot be said that this use of the typewriter has on the whole proved desirable. Not one witness in ten is aware how fast he should talk for the operator to follow him on the typewriter, or how much time it is likely to take to erase or interline parts of his testimony. He generally believes that what he says will be written properly, however fast it may be spoken. But when hurrying to keep pace with the speaker, an operator has no time to revise his work or to be particular about punctuation. In order to record what is said he must often rewrite an expression that has been corrected in dictating without stopping to erase the part that is wrong; this may be done in ink afterward. If, in addition to such corrections, the witness is allowed to edit or revise his deposition, the manuscript is likely to resemble in illegibility a specification that has seen the interior of the Patent Office.

Another obstacle in the way of neat verbatim typewriting is the spelling of proper names. A typewriter never knows which form to use of such troublesome names as "Reade" or "Thompson," and even phonography may be inadequate when it comes to writing some other proper names that are met with daily. When several carbon copies are to be made of a dictation, the process of arranging the sheets and placing them in the machine consumes more or less time, and if a witness happens at that moment to be in the midst of a detailed explanation he is almost certain to lose his train of thought. Persons with nervous temperaments are often distracted by the sound of the machine, and are averse to its use for direct reporting. At best serious errors are apt to occur. The most satisfactory use of the typewriter for reporting speech direct lies in the taking of letters and other relatively short documents of a routine character with which the operator is somewhat familiar. In such work he is now and then relieved of the constant strain upon the eyes and the mental and physical fatigue incident to continuous writing.

"From my knowledge and observation," said a typewriter to THE SUN reporter, "a greater percentage of typewriters in this city receive dictation on the machine than in any other city in the world. The competition here is so great that unless an amanuensis can do this work his difficulty in finding employment is greatly increased. Many typewriting schools are beginning to appreciate this fact, and are training their pupils accordingly. Yet, for all-round satisfaction, a typewriter, however skilful he may be, will never fill the place of a good stenographer. This fact does not depend entirely upon the former's ability to keep pace with a speaker, but rather upon his inability to revise and punctuate his work properly, so as to deliver neat and readable copy.

GENUINE COON DOGS.

Not Worthless Curs, but Blooded, Keen of Scent, Intelligent, and Tireless.

"A volume might be written on the coon dog," said John Foster of New Hampshire, the best of authority on coons, coon hunting, and coon dogs. "Every hunter at some time or other has his ideal dog, and the genuine coon hunter never wearies of recounting incidents of the past, and especially does he love to extol the exploits of his 'old dog.'

"Contrary to the general opinion, the coon dog cannot be good for much unless he has all, or nearly all, of the best qualities of the dog family. He must have intelligence, courage, patience, endurance, and, above all, the strongest power of scenting four-footed game. As these elements are rarely all developed in a dog, of necessity good coon dogs are rare. Some coon dogs run still on the trail. That is, they do not bark, reserving their voice as an unerring signal that the game is treed. There are advantages in this class. The coon, having no notice that he is pursued, has not the warning to avoid danger, or to choose ledges, bad trees, or water for the trail, as the coon is pretty sure to do before a barking dog. My experience and observation have been, though, that the still running dogs are, as a rule, the weaker-scented class, and consequently not to be preferred to the more noisy barking dogs. To this rule, if it be one, there is a singular and important exception. I have known the best-blooded and best-scented hounds, naturally track barkers, to adopt, seemingly as the result of a reasoning process, the habit of still running. No matter how hot or how cold the trail may be when such a dog finds it, not a sound escapes his throat. With nose to the ground he glides like a shadow through the dark forest. As he draws nearer to his game his muscles grow tense. He steals like a cat on his prey, until, suddenly, with a rush and a rear, he is upon it. Then the great caution of the wily game succumbs to fear. The mother coon and her family—as the quarry is apt to be—are instantly stampeded, and forced to seek the nearest tree, be it large or small. In this way a whole flock of coons is sometimes secured. Still, I prefer the music of the barking dog in the chase. He is a more entertaining animal in the woods than his silent, shadowy brother, and, taking it all in all, is the more successful of the two in the end.

"The retreat of an old coon before a barking dog is frequently a finely executed affair. It is planned with deliberation and skill. It is conducted with the intent to puzzle and retard the dog, and to throw him off entirely if possible. Over ledges, along the tops of stone walls and rail fences the coon jumps and skips. Now he climbs a tree, not to stay, but to run to the extremity of some long limb and jump from it to the ground again, making a wide break in the trail. He wades brooks, plunges into swamps, and after a tortuous traversing of their depths hies him back to the hills again. He runs around and around the driest knolls, repeating his puzzling tactics over and over again. It is on such a track as this that the best test of the coon dog is made. Here is where the cross-breeds give up in despair, while the grand old hound keeps his head and his nerve, perseveres, and secures the prize at last.

"A great mistake coon hunters almost universally make is letting their dogs, after the coon has been dislodged from the tree, fight the animal until it is killed. Nothing wears out a dog more than this. The dog, of course, is anxious for a fight when the times comes. That is his reward for his long and persistent chase. He should have the fight. So be ready with good, strong crotched sticks. When the coon falls to the ground, get a crotch over him as soon as possible and hold him down. Let the dog have a few grips with him, and then you despatch the coon. This will be perfectly satisfactory to the dog, and will be more humane to both dog and coon.

"A coon should never be left in a tree by a hunter after his dog has succeeded in putting it up. He should bay at the tree until morning, if necessary, and exhaust every device to get that coon before he gives him up. Nothing so encourages a dog to see and know that you are willing to work as hard as he to get the game. Nothing discourages him more than to lose the game after he has brought it to bay. The hunter must be true to his coon dog if he expects the dog to be true to him. If he is satisfied of the sincerity and earnestness of his master, the dog will work all the harder on the trail, and when he trees the coon he will stay at the tree until morning if his master does not get there before that."

MEN AND THEIR BEARDS.

SOME DEDUCTIONS THAT IT IS SAFE TO MAKE.

A Father's Advice on the Value of Shaving Oneself—Locality Indicated by the Beard—Relations of Character and Whiskers.

If there is one sign of manliness that a boy admires more than another it is a beard, and probably no better preventive of the cigarette habit couled be found than to convince him that the use of tobacco checks the growth of the beard. But with his admiration for the beard he also cherishes hankering for shaving. There are men who have reached ma-

AT THE BEGINNING.

ture years, proud of being able to say that a razor has never touched their face, but few can make this boast. On the contrary, the lads are in a