BIG HATS AT THEATRES.

HAVE WOMEN MENDED THEIR WAYS REGARDING HEADGEAR?

Results of Observations Made at the Play-Houses—The Latest Thing in Bonnets a New Means of Torture—A Manager Ascribes Whatever Improvement There Is to Fashion, Not to Woman's Conscience.

The question has been brought up recently whether any change has come over theatre-going women in the matter of wearing large hats at the play. It has been asserted that though the practice has not been abandoned, there has been a decided improvement of late in this respect, and that in spite of the claims made by some women that in buying a seat at a playhouse they purchase heaven above as well as the earth beneath, some effect has been produced by the outcry of the male portion of audiences, the debates in the Legislature at Albany, the denunciations in the newspapers, and one or two happenings at theatres.

THE WOMAN WHO WORE IT WAS A LITTLE MITE OF A THING.

The women themselves seem to be responsible for the report that big hats have been abolished, or nearly so, and they say that men who make a fuss nowadays are either victims of bad luck in getting behind the hat that is the exception to the rule, or belong to the fraternity of chronic grumblers. The men are apt to smile at any statement like this and make remarks about a woman's idea of size in the matter of hats. If, they say, the average hat is not so large as in former years, the diabolical ingenuity of the milliner has made up in eye-torturing, wriggling ornaments what has been lost in size. So the question is at just about the same point to-day as it ever was.

In an endeavor to get some definite information on the subject a SUN reporter visited most of the theatres last week and the results of those visits are recorded here. Several general conclusions were drawn. The first of these, and possibly the most important, was that large hats are in a decided minority, bonnets in a majority, hats of middling size common, and uncovered heads—like oases in the Sahara—few and far between, but mighty pleasant to the sight. They were so few that the weary man who had passed years of turning, twitching, twisting, and straining to get a view of the stage was inclined to rub his eyes twice and thrice when he got behind one of them to assure himself that he had not made a mistake. But every rose hath its thorn, and the charm of the average uncovered head is not without its drawback. When a woman goes to the theatre with the intention of taking off her hat, the time consumed in dressing her hair must be hours. In the first place, it is safe to say that she has pretty hair, wavy and fluffy. After the hair has been carefully parted in the middle, it is drawn down loosely toward the ears, and then fastened behind so that on either side of the head is an undulating puff-like affair, beautiful undoubtedly to look at, but increasing the width of the head from four to six inches from the viewpoint of the man who sits behind. But that's a trifle, and the man who wants a woman, in addition to taking off her hat, to plaster her wavy, fluffy locks close to the head, surely is unreasonable.

Another general conclusion was that at the cheaper theatres women were more considerate than at the Broadway houses, at least more of them seem to take off their hats and bonnets. And again the beautiful and traditional inconsistency of womankind finds illustration in the matter of theatre hats. No matter what they themselves may be wearing they object most seriously when they have to sit behind a woman with a big hat.

A MAN TO SEE ANYTHING MUST BUY THREE OR FOUR SEATS IN FRONT OF HIM.

Still another thing noticed was that men have no business to go to matinees if they want to see the stage. Then is woman in all the glory of her new headgear. All sorts and conditions of hats go to the matinees, big hats with big flowers and feathers, big hats with small flowers and feathers, small hats with top-heavy adornments that are as bad as the big ones, and bonnets consisting of a ribbon tied around the head to which is fastened a fabric of imposing dimensions.

At the Empire Theatre on Wednesday afternoon there was a good-sized audience, composed, like all matinée audiences, chiefly of women. Note the charming inconsistency of the following: Two women, evidently mother and daughter, went up to the box office to buy seats. One was middle aged and portly and wore black satin. The other was young and slim. The mother had a bonnet, at least what is called a bonnet. There was a half circle of jet around her head. From either side of the front projected two black satin bows, each extending at least six inches from the head and four inches from top to bottom at the widest part. Between those bows rose the central structure, an airy affair of jet that shook wildly at every breath the wearer drew. The girl had a hat, one of those open-work affairs, the brim of which extended from the back of the head forward and upward in a curve at an angle of forty-five degrees. Around the sides were massed spring flowers. Neither hat nor bonnet would have totally obscured the view of the stage, but they belonged to that tantalizing variety, the "now you see it and now you don't" kind, from which escape is impossible, because the man behind deludes himself with the idea that he sees through them.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

"The last time I was here," said the portly woman to the treasurer, "you gave me seats behind some women who wore the most outrageous hats I ever saw. I missed a good part of the play. Now I want you to give me seats from which I can see something."

The young man selling tickets looked at the women, then at their hats, then at the women again, and sighed. He gave her tickets, and afterward remarked that the women who complain of the big hats invariably wore large ones themselves. Inside the theatre it took but a half glance to see that large hats were greatly in the majority. Manager Mann's statement that he thought there had been some improvement of late was not borne out on that afternoon. Directly in the middle of the house, about half way down, was a hat that was marvellous for size and variety of trimmings. It was black, the brim fully two yards in circumference, and feathers and flowers were piled like Ossa on Pelion, and the woman who wore this was a little mite of a thing, too. It would be safe to say that fifty per cent. of the women wore hats that made life miserable for the persons behind them, and that twenty-five per cent. bonnets were nearly as bad. The rest wore hats that nobody could object to. Six had taken off their hats, and four of these were young girls.

At other matinée performances, with one exception, the proportion was about the same. At "Little Christopher" at Palmer's the reporter sat for twenty minutes behind two women and then came out with a crick in the neck, brought on by violent endeavors to see the stage. These women sat on the right, not quite half way down. Their hats were broad brimmed, festooned with garlands of flowers that rose from the brim to the top of the crown, with large bunches of ribbon in the shape of bows rising from the right front skyward for six inches.

It was a coincidence that at "Aladdin, Jr.," at the Broadway and at "Little Christopher" at Palmer's, shows to which men go to see rather than hear, a larger proportion of big hats was seen than at most of the other theatres. That the Broadway on Wednesday night there was one sight calculated to evoke sympathy. The man in the case was a short, stout, florid, jolly-looking old fellow with a bald head. As he went down the aisle to his seat before the show began he beamed all over in expectation of the joys to come. His seat was five rows from the front, three seats from the aisle in the left section. He sat down, read his programme, listened to the overture, and smiled. The seats in front of him were empty when the curtain rose, and his smile grew larger as he contem-

AN USHER REQUESTED HER TO REMOVE IT.

plated the beauties of Chicago in all the various phases. But he was nervous, for every time an usher came down he bobbed around in his seat in an anxious manner, and when the seats in front of him were not filled, he settled back in his chair, smiling again. The first act was about half over, and he was beginning to feel at ease, when the people who had bought the seats came. There were three women and one man. As they settled down, the short, stout man looked a little anxious. Two wore hats and one wore a bonnet, one of those deceitful affairs that have been described. As it chanced, the bonneted one sat directly in front of him, and he looked relieved. He straightened up in his chair and began to look through the bonnet. At first his smile was as broad as ever. Then it began to be somewhat fixed, and anxious wrinkles corrugated his brow. He twisted uneasily in his chair, the jolly expression left his face, and a peevish one came instead. His head became simply fascinating in the way it bobbed around, first to the right, then to the left, then rose a little as the owner of it raised himself in his chair. His face grew redder and redder as his ire waxed great. Suddenly his head became still; he had thrown up the sponge; that little bonnet, with its elusive trimmings, had conquered.

THE BONNETS AS BAD AS THE HATS.

At the Grand Opera House matinée, where the audience of women wept over the woes of "The Two Orphans," at least one-fourth of them had taken off their hats, and all on account of two women who sat well down in front. When they had taken their seats in the most business-like way possible they removed their hats, which weren't large ones, either. The idea caught on, and other women followed.

At evening performances at the up-town theatres there is not much difference to notice. At Abbey's, the Garrick, the Herald Square, and the Standard, bonnets and medium-sized hats seemed to be in the majority. At the Herald Square, on Wednesday night, where "Pudd'nhead Wilson" held the boards, there were eight women down stairs who had removed their hats. There were of course large hats, but not many of them. The same was true of the Garrick, but the pitch in the floor of that theatre helped matters much. In fact, the general impression left after a visit to the Garrick was that hats were rather the exception than the rule, and the bonnets were not so bad as they might be. At Abbey's there were many more hats than at either of the other theatres, and a great many large ones.

EVEN WITHOUT A HAT SHE OBSTRUCTS THE VIEW.

At the Garden, where "Trilby" holds the boards, last Tuesday night there were many more hats than bonnets. At the Fifth Avenue on Wednesday night there was one woman whose hat was so large that the people behind sent a complaint to the box office and an usher requested her to remove it, which she did with a great deal of haste. It was an enormous black affair with three great ostrich plumes sticking up from it. It totally obscured the sight of the man sitting behind, and so far as seeing the stage went he might as well have been out in Broadway. The Bijou, with the slight pitch to the floor, is a bad place for large hats and on Thursday night there were plenty of them and to spare. Fully half the women wore hats, and the average size was large. At Hoyt's hats were in the decided minority.

At the music halls, were it not that men are greatly in the majority their chances would be about equal, for feminine head gear runs to extremes in such places. The bonnets are infinitesimal and the hats are enormous, and the man who gets behind one of the latter must change his seat or see nothing.

The managers say that the improvement in theatre hats, such as it is, is due to fashion and the increased facilities at the theatres in the way of cloak rooms and attendants than to public opinion.

"Women," said one of them, "don't care a rap what people think, and as soon as big hats get into fashion again the little improvement that we have will go out, and things will go back to the old order, when a man to see anything must not only purchase his own seat, but three or four in front of him."

AN ELEVATED INCIDENT.

Interest Excited in a Man Who Ate His Dinner on the Cars.

It used to be common enough to see men eating on the elevated roads. The guards would sit in the next to the end seat with their meal spread on the end seat, in the corner, so that the corner gave some little seclusion. A different arrangement of hours made it possible for the guards to eat off the trains, and now the sight of a man eating a meal on an elevated train is sufficiently unusual to attract attention. Such a man was seen the other day in a down train in Columbus avenue, and he excited a considerable degree of interest among the passengers, but everybody forbore to stare at him, for his manner was calm and dignified, and did not warrant intrusion.

He was a man of 50 or thereabouts, with a fine, full beard. There was nothing remarkable about his clothes, except that they were rather good than otherwise; he wore a soft hat, with a pretty high crown and a rather narrow brim, which was turned up; he sat, not in a corner, but about in the middle of one side of the car, between the cross seats and the end. He spread a red bandanna handkerchief over his knees, and took food from a paper bag, which he placed upon the handkerchief. It isn't usual for people to eat, and, as before stated, so calm and dignified was his manner that, whatever curiosity the other passengers may have felt, they did not seek to satisfy it by staring at him.

When he had finished he put one or two scraps of paper, which had been about some of the food he had eaten, back into the paper bag, which he set aside for a moment. Lifting the red handkerchief he shook the crumbs off gently, and brushed off two or three crumbs from his clothing. Then he put the red bandanna into his pocket and picked up the paper bag again and put it into a bag made of ordinary bagging, which had been lying beside him on the next seat.

This was a bag that might have held a bushel, but was pretty nearly empty. After putting the paper bag in, he tied a string around the big bag near its mouth, but before he had secured it he took it out again and tied it around near the bottom of the bag. There he tied it securely. When he lifted it to set it down again it looked something like a bag with a single feed of oats in it, such as a man might put in the wagon if he was going somewhere to be gone all day.

Having finished his meal and, as the household phrase goes, put away the things, he now, with the deliberateness that had characterized all his actions, moved into one of the cross seats. This seat was already partly occupied, and he took pains in taking the unoccupied place not to disturb the passenger already there. Having seated himself apparently to his satisfaction, he looked out of the window contemplatively, and who he was nobody could ever guess.

An Indispensable Hen and Rooster.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Our real American bird is the turkey, and a lordly fellow he is when arrayed in all his pride. But though he has not lacked advocates, he is not likely to take the place of the eagle in our national devices.

When it comes to merit of the highest order the first of all birds beyond comparison is the hen. It adds to the wealth of the country every year in eggs alone $135,000,000, or about the combined value of our output of iron and wool. The hen in England is a great institution, and yet that country imported $22,000,000 worth of eggs and poultry last year. Nobody ever complains of an overproduction of eggs, and they are a cash article. But no political economist has ever thought the hen worthy of his scientific consideration.

The world could easily survive the loss of all political economists, but what a stir there would be if the hen should be threatened with extermination.

NO NAG THAT CAN'T BE SOLD

BROOKLYN'S OPEN-AIR HORSE MARKET AND ITS SCENES.

All the Dealers Make Money and Frequently One Horse Has a Dozen Owners in an Afternoon—"Jack the Skinner" and His Prosperity—Barney Campbell's Methods.

Brooklyn's open-air horse market has one distinctive characteristic: Every one who goes there to buy or sell or swap seems to come away with more money than he had at the start. From two to four hundred men make a business of attending this market twice a week, rain or shine, winter or summer, and they all seem to make money in their dealings. There are very few "lambs," and the only answer to the question how all can make money at the same time seems to be that from week to week the old horses that are passed around, each perhaps a dozen times a day, and the new ones that arrive frequently, grow in value as fodder and time add to their charms.

Every horse that comes to the market has some sort of a charm. He may be old and crippled, he may be balky or fractious, he may be blind, he may be utterly worthless, but nevertheless he has a charm for some of the rough-and-ready dealers who frequent the place. Even if the horse collapses completely after he has been fairly dragged to the place, he has some points of commendation, for, as a last resort, there is "Jack the Skinner," whose upset price for a horse is $2, and whose sharp eyes dance with delight when at the close of the day he gathers in all the horses that no one will take away and he thinks how much profit he will get out of their carcasses when the knives of his workmen are through with them.

This peculiar market in Brooklyn meets nowadays in the well-known Ridgewood baseball park, the scene of so many Sunday encounters recently in Gaelic football, and for many years the place where scores of athletic struggles have been fought to the satisfaction or dissatisfaction of thousands. The market used to be held on Halsey street, near Broadway, where once a year Barnum's circus pitches its tents, but the neighbors complained to the city authorities, and last year the market had to move on. In Ridgewood Park the dealers found an admirable place. It was fenced in, and refreshment that is inseparable from a horse trade was provided within the enclosure. There are no rules or rulers connected with this market. It just sprung up, and by common consent meets on Mondays and Thursdays. There is nothing like it in New York, and its devotees come from miles around. They begin to arrive before noon and they stay until dark. Then men, horses, and wagons disappear, straggling over the lots. There have been hundreds of wordy wars during the day, scores of rounds of drinks, and when the work is done the horses that belonged to some one when they were brought there usually belong to some one else, and no one seems poorer as the result of the day's trading.

One of the apparent requirements of this horse market is that every man who enters it must drive in with a wild whoop. He pays his ten cents entrance fee at the gate, gathers up his reins high in one hand, hits his nag a whack, and emits a Comanche yell as he sails in. He dashes this way and that through the crowd of vehicles and men, avoiding by the narrowest of margins collision after collision, and scattering spectators in rush after rush to escape being run over. Finally he winds up with a quick stop clear over at the other side of the enclosure, and, having shown what his horse can do in the way of a dramatic entry, jumps out and is ready for business. Occasionally his flourish attracts attention, but usually it doesn't, for the men who barter there are as sharp a set of men as exist in the business world anywhere. They could give points even to second-hand clothing dealers or curbstone brokers in stocks or any other commodity.

By 3 o'clock in the afternoon the trading is at its height. The place seems to be one of hopeless confusion. Dozens of rigs are being driven about at breakneck speed, there is a babel of tongues, this and that horse is being unharnessed, a bargain has just begun here and one is just closed there, rolls of money are flashing in a dozen places at once, and squad after squad is coming from or going to the adjacent bar "just to git one."

Most of the traders seem to be hucksters. Their morning's work is ended, and they put in the rest of the day in bargaining or in watching others bargain. All sales are public. Let two men begin to barter and a crowd closes in. The parties to the deal may inch off and talk in low tones; they may even turn their backs and count out their money with bended heads and crouched shoulders; they may wave the spectators away or appeal to them to stand back because this deal is really private, but it does no good. Every man present knows the actual value of every horse at a glance and every man wants to see his judgment vindicated. They crowd in close, if possible, hear every detail of the seesawing in the prices, witness the passage of the money, and then approve as the men immediately interested in the transaction go off to "wash it down."

The men, like the horses, seem to be rough in the main, but probably not one of them has less than $100 in his pocket. There are representatives of various nationalities, and when two Italians begin to harangue in their native tongue a great wave of disgust goes up, because that transaction comes nearer than any other to being strictly private. Every old-timer, however, has picked up enough German to barter in that tongue, and in their vocabularies lost and things will go back to the old order, when a man to see anything must not only purchase his own seat, but three or four in front of him." words from other languages than English, and the result is that a sort of horse market jargon is heard on all sides.

The horses are not all of the $20 variety. Here and there one sees the high stepper, the horse aristocratic, but just now down at the heels, the superannuated gentleman's saddle-horse fit for a lady to drive, but which has just run away by accident; the fat, lazy horse, no longer desirable in the corner grocery trade; but in the main, the animals are just on the safe side of further usefulness, despite age and infirmities, or are fast approaching the day of final retirement, to which ones "Jack the Skinner" gets them. All sorts of rigs arrive with the horses. One sees the sulky, the letter-carrier's cart, the dump cart, the buggy, the business wagon, and an occasional phaeton. Every dealer has a whip in his hand, and hour after hour the confusion goes on. The cries of the hot frankfurter men and the cold pie sellers add to the noise and the excitement and help to make the scene curious and interesting.

There is a constant variety of diversions. One of the greatest bits of excitement comes when some horse being caught in the spirit of the occasion and decides to lie down and roll. A crowd quickly gathers and watches the performance. If it is a good, satisfactory roll, it adds at once to the value of the horse. When the horse rolls to the off side the cry goes up:

"There's three dollars added to that horse."

When it rolls to the near side the shout is:

"Two dollars more."

It is a great event to any owner to have his horse take a roll. It shows that there is ginger still in the old nag and there is no need to proclaim the horse's ability for useful service. The sole question in these barterings is, Can the horse work? It isn't hard for experienced men to see or whether he is wind broken or is blind in one or both eyes; these dealers can see all that almost without looking. They make up their minds in an instant what they are willing to give for the animal, and they know each other so well that they spend little time as a rule in beating each other down. When they mean to sell, they sell; when they mean to talk, they talk. At the outset they can tell at a glance what is going to be the result of their banterings, and if business is brisk they come to a deal in the snap of a finger. Frequently a horse that has good points changes hands a dozen times in an afternoon, and the same man may own a him two or three times.

When trading is a little slow a horse race around the track in the enclosure is always in order. On last Monday afternoon, when a SUN reporter was present, there were three ponies there about which their owners could not agree as to relative speed. In the crowd gathered about and clamored for a race. After a great amount of billingsgate and fist shaking a race was started. It was a go-as-you-please affair. The jockeys were volunteers, and they rode bareback. Off the ponies went in a flying start, and helter-skelter the crowd dashed from the starting point to the finish on the other side of the grounds. One scraggy pony soon got the lead and kept it, dashing in among the spectators at the finish. His performance was greeted with cheers. The second pony came tearing in, and, from mortification at being beaten or from pure cussedness, began to buck, and, amid the shouts and laughter of the spectators, he sent his rider over his head into the crowd and then stopped short to have a laugh with the amused spectators. The third pony didn't have a fair start, it was decided, and so the first pony and the third had to go it over again. The first victor won again, and the owner of the other pony gave as an excuse that his animal had been handicapped by too heavy a rider. The owner of the victorious pony at once ran to the other ponies and seized their bridles, claiming that the ponies were his by reason of the result of the race, and for a few moments the crowd backed him up, and the confusion was interspersed with shouts of laughter as the owners tugged and pulled and swore and finally gave up the struggle, each man keeping his own animal.

Chief among the characters of the market is "Jack the Skinner." He is about 30 years old, smooth-faced, with high cheek bones, and keen eyes, which look out from eyebrows that proclaim their owners sharp bargainers. He knows the exact value of a dead horse and also when a horse is worth more dead than alive. He knows also how to sell every part of a dead horse in some way or other, and the report on the market is that he is already rich. He never does business in a hurry. His policy is to wait, and he knows just how to do it with the skill of an artist. He may have another name than "Jack the Skinner," but if he has, no one on the grounds knows it or is willing to tell it. He said to THE SUN man:

"Every one calls me 'Jack the Skinner,' and I won't mind it if you do, too. Some of them call me 'John the sausage man,' but that's only a joke, you know."

"Jack the Skinner," however, is no joke. It is a name of sober fact. Jack has a mysterious place down Flatlands way, where he takes his purchases and where he rolls up money, and he always comes up smiling at each market day.

Another character of the place is Barney Campbell. Barney is an orator and he always does business in a loud voice. He makes a score of sales a day. His favorite method is to go out a little way from the crowd and lift up a good, graduate huckster voice something in this fashion:

"All hands come over here. Here's a horse I'm going to sell, and sell him quick. The price is from $2 to $80. Won't take less than $80. What'll any one give? Yes, he's just a little lame, but any one who wants to drive him, jump in the wagon and send him off. Gents, I guess you don't know that horse. Why, that horse once jumped over the Brooklyn City Hall and kicked over the statue on top. If you don't believe me, go down there and see if that statue is there now."

Whereupon the crowd, remembering the recent fire in the cupola of the City Hall and the fate that befell the statue on top, sets up a roar and Barney is satisfied for the moment, even if he doesn't make a sale. As he goes on talking his eye lights on a man driving in the gates with the usual whoop, and Barney leaves the crowd he has gathered about him and makes a dive for the newcomer.

"Barney, take the horse," is the salutation he receives from the arrival.

"Don't want him," is the answer.

"Yes, you do."

"I'll show you what I'll give for him," says Barney, producing a roll of bills and edging around so that the crowd won't catch the full figures.

"Five dollars more."

Barney runs his eye over the horse in a glance, produces the five dollars, seizes the horse by the bridle, runs him over to the horse he was just selling, and then sets up another shout:

"All hands come over here."

Then there are the quiet buyers and sellers and the foxy and tricky ones, but every one knows the peculiarities of the others, and a sort of rugged honesty prevails from the very necessity of the case. Over in one corner you hear a man saying so that dozens can hear him:

"No dirty tricks for me. I would get up in the night and do anything for a friend. Of course, if a Hoosier comes in here, that's different; but no dirty tricks for me."

Then he goes off and tries to persuade one of his "friends" that the horse which he sold early in the day for $20 and bought back later for $10 is really worth $50, and he would not sell him for the $40 he is asking now were it not for the fact that he has illness at home and really cannot afford to stay there any longer. He does stay, however, and is one of the last to leave the place, and all the regular attendants know what he means when he says:

"No dirty tricks for me."

There are other interesting men in plenty there, and, one and all, they are post-graduates in the school of horse trading. Their constant success in making money, as they dicker with each other from hour to hour, is a mystery which ends where it begins and begins where it ends.

THE BIRD ORCHESTRA.

Interesting Observations to Be Made Nowadays in the City Parks.

Although some of the shyer wood birds are yet wanting, the bird orchestra is now rich and varied. The variety of bird notes is bewildering in suburban grounds that afford a safe retreat for wild creatures, and in the woodlands and thickets of Central Park, which are even safer than suburban woodlands. It is a pretty notion that the birds salute the rising sun with matins, but the truth is that the bird orchestra opens long before sunrise, and is as full and strong at any time of day, save, perhaps, at the hottest noon, as in the early morning hours. Certainly there is a vast activity among the birds from a reasonable human breakfast hour up to 11 o'clock, and between 4 and 6 of bright afternoons the music is uninterrupted. Robin, wren, sparrow, grackle, little insect-eating warblers, yellow, brown, and black, the tireless high-hole woodpecker, the bluebird, and just now the Baltimore oriole, sing high or low, twitter, flute, and cry. The hermit thrush has been heard, and so has the tiny and beautiful golden thistle bird, supposed to cry "Which is it?"

One that has nothing better or worse to do than give up a morning to the observation of bird life may wisely go forth with a pair of opera glasses in his pocket and bury himself in the haunts of the song birds. A certain summer house in the Central Park Ramble is a good point of observation for those that can go no further afield. Perhaps the hemlock grove in Bronx Park is better, while better than either, though much less accessible, is the low woodland clothing the valley of the small stream that feeds Van Courtlandt Lake. Any suburban woodland or considerable lawn studded with trees will serve the purpose. A high window close to a large tree often commands sights to be seen from almost no other post.

The naked eye trained to observe needs no aid when the birds are very tame, but birds hereabouts are shy enough to make the opera glasses useful. The observer finds that the shyer birds disappear before his approach, so that the orchestra which seemed over yonder only a moment ago is 300 yards away on his arrival. The large birds, especially, as if conscious of having an interest for the gourmet, flee before the footsteps of men. The observer, finding himself in a spot from which the music has just died out, cannot do better than seat himself and wait for it to return, for return it will, if only he and other human creatures hold their noise. A book helps to while away the time of waiting, but there is enough of interest going on all about, even though the return of the orchestra should be delayed an hour or more. The marvellous and systematic industry of creatures within the woodland is a rebuke to the desultory and ill-directed energies of men.

Just as the waiting observer, with his focussed glass in hand, has become immersed in the myriad miracles about him, a clear, pure whistle sounds, maybap a hundred yards away. There is a fascination in certain wild birds' notes that draws the attention. It moves the observer of such things, as noises made by big game stir the hunter. After the whistle is repeated two or three times the observer may perhaps locate the bird in a distant tree. He will see from moment to moment a flash of black and orange, as the oriole moves rapidly from branch to branch in search of food. When the bird has moved to a near tree the glasses will reveal the details of his beauty. If the sun be pretty well overhead, and the glasses be kept upon the bird as he moves, the observer will note the transiucent glory of the fan-like tail, spread to assist in the flight. This may be seen a dozen times as the oriole takes short flights from one twig to another and runs over the new foliage, picking swiftly with ravenous beak. The fascination of the bird, of its rich colors and flute notes, is worth an hour of waiting in such a spot.

While the oriole still pipes and disports himself, there comes a grave, yet not unmusical, cry of warning from a tree hard by, answered by the faint call of a young bird. Close observation, at first with the naked eye and then through the glass, will reveal the smooth brown back, short tail, and thin legs of a young thrush. When the young bird has flown an awkward fifty yards the mother follows, lighting perhaps on a shrub, where the glass shows her smooth brown beauty, her long, graceful body and speckled breast. The maternal cry is not the least of her charms. While the larger birds fix attention the smaller ones, more indifferent to the presence of the human interloper, pursue their appointed tasks. The bird comedy is full of variety. There is a little warbler, wearing the oriole's orange-and-black livery, that is a charming object as seen through the glasses. He seems suddenly to burst into bloom when he spreads his wings, and moves like a tiny flaming jewel. One cannot guess why he slides with climbing, sinuous movement from one crotch of a tree to another, and embellishes his way with curves and hops, disdaining the economy of straight lines. Doubtless much of bird activity is simply an expression of the joy of living, as felt by a creature that moves through an ethereal medium without pain or toil, that is graceful unerringly and from instinct unvexed of human problems.

The purple grackle, graceful, powerful, iridescent, with keen eye and distinguished head; the catbird, now saucily standing, with head up and tail spread, now drooping his tail and humping his back in another mood; the sparrow, moving perpendicularly in air a yard above the grass in pursuit of insects on damp days, when the prey flies low, and the robin, bouncing airily, as if he had rubber in his heels, are all worth patient study through the glass. None of these is more worthy of such study than the high-hole woodpecker, at this moment about the busiest and the noisiest of all the company. His wearisome cackle, almost as loud as that of a barnyard hen, rings out all day from the dead limb where he executes his patient task of boring. Then from time to time you hear him as if rapidly whetting a scythe, and know that he is near his mate, while the swift rat-tat-tat of his boring comes at intervals between these two cries. You may pick out the tree he is on by looking for a dead branch in the neighborhood, whence comes his noise. His perch is high, but the glass reveals him, long-billed, thick-bodied, short-tailed. You see him crawl crouching to the spot where his work is under way, pause, stretch up his head and body, and then come down with the drum rattle of his beak. The bony structure of his head must have twice the strength of that in other birds, and as to brains or nerves, it is impossible that he should have any, else he must be tortured with perpetual headache. When he flies the glass reveals the sunny beauty of his translucent tail, and when he lights, one notes how low he sits upon the bark, the characteristic attitude of the climbers.

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A CANADIAN MURDER MYSTERY.

The Victim May Have Been an American Who Was Fleeing from Justice.

QUEBEC, May 10.—A murder mystery is now in the hands of the police to be unravelled. The victim is an unknown elderly man, presumably an American. Nobody has been found who can say that he ever saw the man in his life.

The scene of the murder is St. Thomas, a post village four miles from Joliette station, on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, between Quebec and Montreal.

Identification of the body is rendered more difficult by the fact that the flesh has been partly devoured by wildcats of the Canadian lynx variety and other denizens of the wood. The victim was comfortably and respectably dressed, and as he was undoubtedly a stranger to the district, and was murdered where strangers seldom or never have business, some of the detectives have a theory that he met his fate while endeavoring to escape from civilization and the officers of the law.

Robbery was undoubtedly the object of the crime, for his pockets had been turned inside out, and one had been completely cut away. Three bullets had been fired into the man, who was of medium height and wore iron-gray whiskers. The detectives' only hope now of discovering his identity is that publication of the facts and of their theory in connection therewith may lead to inquiry respecting missing defaulters whose descriptions are not in their possession.

The part of the province where the body was found is infested with moonshiners. The illicit distilleries attract many bad characters. There were also two women in the neighborhood of very dissolute character, whose habitations were the resort of all the toughs from the surrounding country. One of these women is now in jail; the other disappeared immediately after the finding of the body. It would not take much stretch of the imagination to believe that the man had been driving through that part of the country at night, and had met with some of these toughs, who saw he had money and killed him, hid the body, and put it where it was found by the edge of a dismal swamp.

No Wish to Intrude.

From Life.

"He lives!"

As the doctor spoke, the man who but a few moments before had been struck by a passing cable car, and who was now lying motionless in the rear room of the corner drug store, moved uneasily and slowly opened his eyes and looked wonderingly around him on the faces of the men who had carried him away from the path of death.

"Am I hurt?" he queried vaguely, as he made an effort to move, and then sank back again, his face pale from the unusual pain.

"Yes," said the doctor. "Don't you remember you were trying to cross the street and did not see the car behind you? It's a wonder that you were not killed. We were going to take you direct to the hospital, but I thought when you came to you might wish to go home. I think you can be moved now."

A look of great anxiety came over the injured man's face.

"What time is it?" he asked.

The doctor consulted his watch. "It is now," he said, "just a quarter past 5."

"Would it be any harm," said the sufferer, with an expression of deep earnestness, "if I stayed here for an hour or so yet? I don't want to go home just now."

"But you would be much better cared for there," replied the medical man, "and I don't see any reason why you should want to stay here. Come, what difference does it make whether you get home now or an hour from now?"

"It makes a great difference," exclaimed the man on the couch, with a look of intense anguish. "You may not know it, sir," he went on, his voice rising with the excitement, as he clutched the physician by the arm and winced visibly at the thought of what might be his fate, "but my wife is giving an afternoon tea, and I thought I would rather wait until it is over with."

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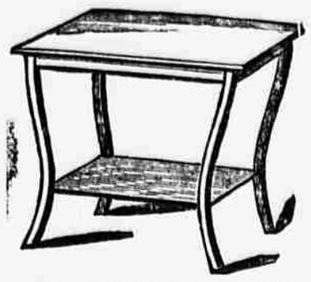

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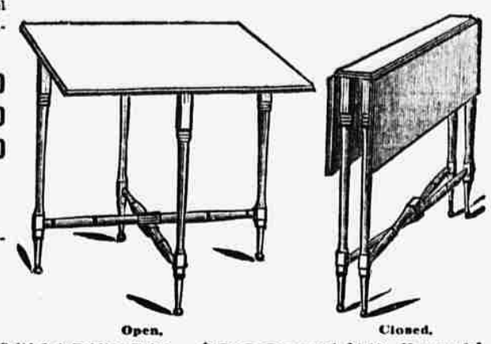

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FOOTBALL AT HARVARD.

The Team Will Play Next Season Under New Rules to Be Agreed Upon with Yale.

CAMBRIDGE, May 11.—The defeat of the resolution to prohibit the Harvard undergraduates from taking part in intercollegiate football contests settles the matter for at least the coming season. The entire matter is now left in the hands of the Athletic Committee, who will be responsible for the conduct and management of the Harvard team next fall. Capt. Arthur H. Brewer said in an interview to-day: "I have been expecting the action taken by the faculty this week and am very glad that matters have turned out in that way. It is now certain that we will have a football team this year, and we hope to make some modifications in the game. I cannot say just what changes will be proposed or made by the committee. A meeting will be held soon between representatives of Yale and Harvard. Two graduate students will be chosen from each university, and these four men will meet and choose a fifth. The committee thus formed will propose modifications of the game. Proposals will be made to have intercollegiate contests played on college grounds. Expenses will be reduced in every way, training will be shortened, and the rougher features of the game will be eliminated. I am heartily in favor of these changes, and agree with the faculty that football has been carried too far in some directions. All of the football captains agree in saying that some changes must soon be made. It is to be hoped that all objectionable features of the game will be done away with this year.

"No summer practice will be held this year. The expense of taking the candidates each summer into the country is enormous. I think one of the great objections to football has been the expense. Another is the notoriety given by the big games. What must the public think when they hear that $47,000, or some such sum, has been taken in at a single game, where the expenditures do not exceed $23,000?"

Fall practice will be shortened this year, and the Allendale trip during the week before the game with Yale, when the men met every evening to talk over new plays, will be entirely omitted.

Any reforms agreed upon by Harvard and Yale will also be adopted by the University of Pennsylvania, and the other colleges will undoubtedly follow in their lead.

About twenty men have been engaged in the spring practice on Soldiers' Field. This practice ended yesterday, and the players will not assemble again until the middle of September. The lovers of football at Harvard feel greatly encouraged over the prospects of a strong team this coming fall.

WILL SUE FOR HIS WHISKERS' WORTH.

They Were of a Beautiful Red and They Decorated a Chicago Policeman.

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

Patrick Furlong, one of the 587 policemen discharged by Superintendent Badenoch Tuesday night, is going to sue Inspector Hunt for the value of a luxuriant growth of red whiskers. Furlong was attached to the Woodlawn station, and on account of his personal appearance, was known as the "farmer copper." Tuesday morning Inspector Hunt met Furlong and, in a joke, said to him:

"Pat, you'll have to take off those whiskers if want to stay on the police force. You look too much like a farmer with whiskers down to your belt."

That afternoon Furlong dropped into a barber shop "between pulls" and had the whiskers shaved off. When he reported at the station in the evening for roll call the change in his appearance was so great he had to prove his identity. Furlong lives in Bridgeport, and, when he got home Tuesday night, his most intimate friends failed to recognize him. Of course, everybody wanted to know why he shaved off his whiskers.

"I always do as my superior officer tells me," said Furlong to his friends, "and when the inspector said 'Shave 'em off,' I didn't argue."

When Furlong reported for duty at the Woodlawn station yesterday morning he was shown the order which brought sorrow to many policemen. Furlong ran his finger down through the list until he came to the Twelfth Precinct. The first name he saw was his own. Surely there was a mistake, Furlong thought, for had not Inspector Hunt told him the day before that if he shaved off his whiskers he would be all right. Furlong sought the Inspector. He asked if it were true that he had been dismissed. The Inspector said the order as issued was probably correct.

"Well, if I'm discharged," replied Furlong, "I'll make somebody smart. You told me yesterday to shave off my whiskers and I'd be all right. I did it and I get it with the chick en got the axe. Some one has got to pay for those whiskers. I wore them for years when I was driving an Archer avenue car, and they were the pride of Bridgeport. You told me to shave 'em off, and I'm just going to hold you responsible for the loss. You've had your laugh and now I'll have mine."