

FIRST LESSON IN SPARROWS

FOR BELLEVUE HOSPITAL'S SPRING KITTEN, RED CROSS.

Chapter One: You Can't Catch a Sparrow's shadow—Chapter Two: Up a Tree—Chapter Three: No Birds—Chapter Four: Hospital Won't Help You.

Spring has come to Bellevue, Red Cross, the kitten, found it out yesterday and within half an hour pretty much everybody around the tree had seen the kitten and was more or less conscious of it and was more or less excited thereby. Red Cross was once a snow white kitten. But a faceless intern recently undertook a little decoration on her flanks, putting a brilliant carmine ink Geneva cross on each side. The name of the small cat changed with the addition of the decoration.

Red Cross didn't seem to mind the doctor's additions to her spectacular qualities. In fact she seemed rather proud of them and lifted her tail more rigidly perpendicular when she was from the hospital over to the psychopathic ward to visit Dr. Packer, whom she has always especially favored with her affections.

The heralds of spring in the grim Bellevue yard are the sparrows. Of course, the sparrows are always there. But about this time of year there comes a day when the number of sparrows seems to double or treble. They gather in great numbers and fight for nesting places and trees are always with them. One must raise his voice, sometimes, to be heard above their clatter.

The sparrows excited Red Cross. She strode abroad upon the lawn with switching tail and a bloodthirsty eye. This is her first spring and she didn't know where to look for the sparrows. She merely knew that they made a great noise, which got on her nerves and made her very angry. Sparrows' shadows were streaking across the grass and she began to climb. She felt all switched into angry fits as she climbed. The pesky sparrows wouldn't wait for her. They kept on going higher and when at last she was at the top of the tree she saw that they were not there. She became a very modest and unhappy Red Cross.

"Mea-e-w!" she remarked meekly. Dr. Blackwell, who with one of his attendants had been watching the hunt, laughed at her. This seemed to hurt Red Cross's feelings. "Mea-e-w!" she remarked. And she was not very meek about it this time. She tried to climb back on the branch. She couldn't. She didn't know enough to back down. She couldn't get any farther. She looked down appealingly and said "Mea-e-w!"

St. Michael Haggerty was for getting a blanket and holding it under the tree for Red Cross to get under. He wouldn't hear of that. "She can climb back most of the way if she gets her nerve. Let her have her own way," he said. "Let her climb back down the tree," said Dr. Crisler, woefully. Red Cross moved an inch or two. "No!" she shouted all the group together. "Don't jump!"

They looked at one another and laughed foolishly. Dr. Parker thought that perhaps a ladder might be used to get Red Cross down. Red Cross River Kepple volunteered to go up the ladder if one could be found. Then somebody remembered that there wasn't any ladder in the hospital. Red Cross went to the truck house over near Second avenue. The debate was waxing serious when Red Cross settled it in her own way. She began to scramble along the roof as if she were a cat. She seemed to know that she was going to fall and to have made up her mind to get as far as she could before the crash came. It came in a moment and she fell. The little branch she was on and came plumping down, bounding and scratching furiously at every branch she passed. She lay flat on her side when she reached the ground.

Dr. Whitbeck and Dr. Blackwell, knelt beside her and felt her gaudily emblazoned ribs. They were whole. No bones were broken. Her heart was fluttering faintly. She was taken into the reception room and restoratives administered. Pretty soon she jumped up on her feet and began to put her words in a very plain and simple way. "Red Cross" is all right again. She was patrolling the walks in the late afternoon sunshine yesterday as though she had just taken a nap. She was in the city on the whole establishment. But when sparrows chattered in the tree tops Red Cross didn't look up.

Close Call For Pinky. Train Passes Over Him and Gives His Little Mistress a Fright. A little girl carrying a beribboned pug, which she was kissing and talking to, walked out in Hemlock street, Brooklyn, yesterday afternoon. At Atlantic avenue a cat appeared. The dog jumped from his mistress's arms and started after the cat, which darted across the railroad tracks.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

What's a good show to go and see?

asked the afternoon visitor of the clerk in a Broadway hotel. "Well, there are two good shows in town," replied the clerk, and he proceeded to tell their names and where they were. The visitor thanked him and walked away.

"Why did you specify those two plays as being the best to see?" asked the visitor. "The one who had overheard the conversation. 'Surely you don't honestly think that they are the best two shows on the boards.'"

"As a matter of fact, I don't," replied the clerk. "The managers of those two houses make it an object with me to steer patrons to those two. There is no money in it, but I can have all the free seats I want for myself and my friends."

Some night Police Commissioner McAdoo may happen to stroll on Broadway and find one of his inspectors and many of the inspector's satellites gathered in the lee of a building where little light shines on them. This gathering place is on the east side of Broadway in the forties. Every night the inspector can be found there in close conference with a good looking, black mustached man who wears spectacles. The man is a well known gambler and race track plunger. He keeps a place a stone's throw from this meeting spot and in some mysterious way manages to keep free of raiding parties. He has never been raided and probably never will be while he is so close to his friend the inspector.

The three big estates which recently raised rents on their properties have given every small property owner an excuse to do likewise. Many owners have followed this lead and more threaten to do so. After May 1 there will be a general increase of rents all over the city. The opening of the subway will be a sufficient excuse for property holders in Manhattan. The people who have already begun to look for houses for the summer in the suburbs find that higher rents are asked than ever before. Real estate men in towns adjacent to New York have few vacant houses on their hands. They say the demand for small houses is far greater than the supply.

Two live canaries in a globe in which five goldfish are swimming is an attraction in an uptown tailor has in his window, and all day long a crowd stands, wondering how the birds can live with the fish. They really don't, but it seems as if they do.

The birds are as lively and chipper as birds usually are at this season of the year and seem to be enjoying themselves thoroughly. The goldfish are as lively as fish usually swim round when in confined spaces, the fact that the centre of their globe is taken up by one in which the birds are kept does not bother them. The water hides the bottom of the globe in which the birds are living, and it is difficult to detect the round globe. The globe is kept in a position in which the light on it is at a certain angle.

Men, women and children stand at the window and wonder how the birds can live with the fish. The children think it is one of the wonders they have yet to hear about.

The Holland House is the stopping place of all the Japanese who pass through this city on the way to Japan to take up arms for their country. Every time the Japanese Minister comes over from Washington he puts up at this hotel and it has become a sort of Japanese retreat. Baron Keneko is making his headquarters there, and any night he can be seen in the corridors eagerly discussing the latest phase of the war.

I see there is some talk of instructing the boys in the higher grades of the Newark public schools in the art of sewing, said a bachelor. "Some folks may think this sort of instruction a waste of time, but I am heartily in favor of it. I think every boy ought to be taught to use a needle. It is bound to come in handy at some time in his life time, even if he does take a wife."

FIVE SANDY DUMONT FROGS.

THEIR AIRSHIP WAS A LOON AND THEY HAD INSIDE SEATS.

When the Loon Was Opened the Frogs Began to Howl—Two Party Disputed Ones Died, but the Others Are in the Aquarium Much Like Their Goltz. Five salt water frogs with the blasé air of professional globe trotters arrived at the Aquarium from Willimantic, Conn., on Saturday and were put among the rare aquatic creatures in the laboratory, far from the gaze of the common multitude.

Barring their abnormally unobtrusive manner and stony British stare, there is nothing about them dissimilar from the qualities of any other common American spotted or leopard frog. But they had had an experience that few, if any, frogs on exhibition ever had.

For more than a day they had lodged in the interior of a fine specimen of a loon that was shot on the coast several miles from Willimantic, by Mitchell Laramie, who was out gunning for ducks.

The loon's specialty is diving. That is one of the ways he gets his sub-aquatic table d'hôte. He is as fond of frogs as a Frenchman, and as swift under water as he is in flight. Willimantic is thirty miles from the Sound and sea, and it is supposed that the loon picked up his five frogs at least a week before the cause of the loon's death was ascertained. The loon was found floating in the water, and it was supposed that he had just come from an after dinner plunger. The doctor said that he came as if it were customary for frogs to come out of dead loons. Two, which were young and small, were somewhat sluggish.

His little fellows, after arrival at the Aquarium, died. The other three are in superb condition. Mr. Spencer, who attends to the wants of the finny and funny things in the laboratory, said that the frogs are the most remarkable of their kind, so far as their experience goes, that he has ever heard of or read about.

There is nothing more remarkable than the big frog in or out of the Aquarium. It is so heavy that it appears to push into the water to make it take its form, consisting chiefly of kilos. Several days ago it was shoved off its perch and fell into a feeding squadron of killers. It missed the mark and plunged nose first against the bottom of the tank, landing itself heavily on its head and gravel. It was not there a few minutes, or until it could discharge cargo with the help of its feet. It made a second plunge and gathered more sand and gravel. On the second day on the killers it caught one of its long hind legs, and under the impression that it had secured its prey it began swallowing the leg. After finding the stomach intractable it slowly and sadly disgorged itself and was apparently much surprised to find that it had two toes less than is generally allotted to frogs.

THE STATE UNIVERSITY. Secretary Parsons' Report of the Work Done in 1903. The report of James Russell Parsons, Jr., covering the work of the University of the State of New York for 1903, has just been issued from the press. It comprises a review of the powers and duties of the university in 1903, including grants to schools and libraries, the statutory allowances to professional teachers, and the work of the Treasurer, salaries, services and all other expenses of maintenance, show a decrease over 1902 of \$11,173.48.

There Have Been 15 Rehearsals for the Composer's Symphonia Domestica. To-night Richard Strauss produces his "Symphonia Domestica" (Op. 53) which is dedicated "to my beloved wife, and our boy." It is supposed to represent one day in the domestic life of the composer.

News of Plays and Players. Manager A. M. Palmer has engaged Stanley Hawkins for "The Two Orphans." Mr. Hawkins will introduce a song in the second act. Richard Carle and "The Tenderfoot" have done so well at the New York that their time has been extended for an indefinite period.

Henry Miller in a New Curtain Raiser. Henry Miller will be seen at the Hudson Theatre on Wednesday evening in the one act play "Frederic Lemaitre," by Clyde Fitch. This will precede "Man Proposes," the comedy in which Mr. Miller is now appearing.

SHUT IN WITH THE MONKEYS.

When They Got Him Out Keeper Flanders of the Circus Was Sore and Tattered.

The Barnum & Bailey circus received on Saturday night a consignment of nearly one hundred monkeys and yesterday morning they were put in the monkey cage with the rest. After seeing the animals in their new home, Supt. George Conklin of the zoological department went to another part of the building, leaving instructions with Keeper Flanders to keep his eye on the newcomers and prevent them from fighting with the other monkeys in the cage.

Among the latter were Jennie and Chang, the circus animals in the collection. They have been with the circus fifteen years and by their agreement among the other denizens have usually been permitted to boss the cage. When the new monkeys, among which were fifty-seven baboons, were introduced, Jennie and Chang retired to a corner and watched the new arrivals with evident dislike. They must have been in the monkey cage with a dozen baboons out of them.

Flanders seized a pole and tried to separate the animals. He couldn't do that, so, anxious to save Jennie and Chang from the death in injury, he opened the cage door, sprang in and pulled the monkeys apart. This simply served to enrage the baboons to a still greater degree. Instead of rage, they sprang at the keeper, pulling his hair, scratching his face and biting at his hands and legs. They attacked and jumped away from him. Flanders was unable to defend himself. The door had fastened automatically after him and he could neither get out nor procure assistance.

Mr. Laramie presented the loon to Dr. J. Morton Hills of Willimantic. Dr. Hills, who is a taxidermist, kept the carcass a day before cleaning it preparatory to fixing it up in life-like style. When he cut open the loon he was startled as much as the king whose blackbird pie sang for him. The cause of the loon's death was ascertained. The loon was found floating in the water, and it was supposed that he had just come from an after dinner plunger. The doctor said that he came as if it were customary for frogs to come out of dead loons.

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THE Liederkrantz was a musical dinner to Richard Strauss to-night. Arthur Coates' "Garden" composed for the occasion, was sung by a male chorus of 100. Then the same chorus, with sixty female voices added, gave Herr Strauss's own "Wanderers Sturmlied." Engelsberg's folk song "Muttersprache" was also sung by the male chorus. After that there were instrumental pieces by Talo Gallo, the pianist; Richard Arnold and Max Bendix, violinists; David Bishop, William Layin, Carl Schlegel and Herbert Witherspool also sang for piano.

Among those present were Prof. H. W. Parker of Yale, C. V. Lachmund, president of the New York College of Music; Herbert Hill, of Grambscher, H. H. Walker, Henry Wolfson and Robert Kammerer.

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GLOISTEIN HONORS THE IRISH

WITH ORANGE SOUVENIRS FOR ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Tops 'Em Off With Little British Flags and Hands 'Em Out to Kehoe and His Friends—Has to Sneak Through a Window From a Wrecked Dining Room. The dining room in the rear of the hotel of August J. Gloistein, in Forty-second street, was nearly wrecked yesterday, and it is only after being pelted with oranges, only escaped further damage by jumping out of a rear window.

Gloistein's friend, Gus Anger, the retired baker, called on him early last week, and Gloistein proudly showed him an invitation to ride in an open barouche in the St. Patrick's day parade.

"Maybe some boobies think I am an Irishman," he said, "but I admit, I am a friend of the Irish." "Do you know," said Anger, "that I once saw a beautiful custom followed in a hotel in Dublin. I think you could make a hit with it."

"On St. Patrick's day the hotel keeps get a lot of oranges and in each they stick miniature British flags. These are handed out to their customers as a tribute to the British and to Prince Orange, who was the greatest friend Ireland ever had." "Polly," said Gloistein, and he ordered two boxes of oranges and a quantity of British flags about two inches square. Gloistein went away early on St. Patrick's day, but before going he said to his barkeeper: "Chon, ven an Irishman's comes in gif him von of dose oranges mit der flags und him von of mine cards."

"Chon" got one away, and he had trouble in getting the recipient out of the place. Then he hid the oranges after having a few more minus the flags to himself. Pat Kehoe, the Mayor of Poverty Hollow, and about six of his friends from the marble yards near the East River paid a friendly visit to Gloistein yesterday. Already there were about a dozen truckmen from around the Grand Central Station in the place. Kehoe and his friends teased Gloistein and he teased them in return. "I'm glad to see you," he said to Kehoe, "but I'm glad to see you." "I'm glad to see you," said Kehoe, "but I'm glad to see you."

Police Inspector Max Schmitzberger and his two detectives, Ross and Somerline, were touring the district at 8 o'clock yesterday morning when they heard a jingling of money in Aaron Rosenberg's cigar store at 226 East Fourteenth street. "Something's doing!" said the inspector.

The three approached the door of the cigar store on tiptoe and listened. The voices of several men were audible and now and then the policemen could make out such phrases as: "That's good," "I'm in," "I'll have to raise you."

"Geefli a poker game! This'll never do," said the inspector, and a raid was promptly agreed on.

Somerline opened the store door and the three walked softly through to the rear room where the proprietor and six men were sitting around a table. The men seemed inclined to resent the intrusion of the police and one of the faces, Jacob Heyman, got a punch on the nose and became quiet. They were all taken to the Fifth street police station and locked up and were later arraigned in the Yorkville police court.

Somerline produced as his only evidence a roll of bills, \$194, which he found, he said, on the table around which the men were playing.

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AMUSEMENTS. EMPIRE THEATRE. WED. & 4th St. EVELYN, 820. MATS. WED. & SAT. AUGUSTUS THOMAS' THE OTHER GIRL. HERALD SQ. WED. 810. MAT. SAT. 2. 150TH TIME WED. 810. MAT. SAT. 2. THE GIRL FROM KAY'S. NEW LYCEUM. WED. & 4th St. W. WILLIAM. LAST 2 WEEKS. GILLETTE. THE ADMIRABLE. DALY'S. WED. & 4th St. AT 810. DANIEL FROHMAN, Manager. "Every lover of the highest and best should see this Company."—An Evening of Shakespeare or Intelligible Acting should fall to profit by CHARLES FROHMAN presents.

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AMUSEMENTS.

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