

BALLET GIRLS NOW BIRDS

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE NEW HIPPODROME SHOW.

Why Jennies Are Now Called Cold Bottles and Other Jokes of the Season—A Stock With Troubles—Novel Things in Feathers—No More Fancy Work.

They have a new name for the Jennies who sit about the stage door of the Hippodrome these nights. They call them the cold bottles.

They will also tell you in the Aviary, which is known as the dressing room, that this is merely one of the 378,298 jokes made on this subject up to date.

Some two hundred odd girls take part in the spectacle. When it is stated that they rehearse for it during the warmest days of a very warm summer the appellation hot birds doesn't seem so tremendously inappropriate as it otherwise might. Neither does "cold bottles."

All the graceful blondes and brunettes who in their home lives keep cute little flats do cooking on gas stoves and hide the eggs behind the mirror when company comes and who have lived the common ordinary garden kind of ballet lives, have this season at the chiming of a clock changed Cinderella into birds.

It is not easy for the conservative mind recently returned from its vacation on the farm to grasp this fact at all once.

Really, it is so very difficult that when at the stage entrance you meet a tall, queenly person gowned in turquoise chiffon, all feather stitched, modallioned and inset, a mousseline de soie hat with pink trailers, seventeen false puffs and the very latest tint and scent in face powder, you naturally ask in the very best manner acquired on the farm if she is a baller.

You ask this simply because, having been on a farm, you think that you ought to know all the many varieties of wild birds and you can't just for the moment place her. But the queenly person snouts you coolly and completely.

"Am I a boy?" she asks, mimicking



"WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY."

ties in their gowing, they get so tired of wearing the same feathers all the time, and she was especially anxious to wear one of the new neckpieces, but the management wouldn't have it. They said that there wasn't a flamingo in the world or the Natural History Museum that wore them, and we must be true to nature, class what was the good of having a baller?

"The little girl there in the corner, with the pet of rouge in her hand and long white leggings buttoned in back, is a swallow. Sometimes in fun we call her the Chicago songster, because she wears

table, middle aisle. "No politics," begins the wardrobe mistress, when her attention is distracted by a splash of color who is introduced as a bird of paradise. The latter wants to know if there are any objections to her having the dressing room for a birthday party after the next matinee.

The wardrobe mistress consults her birthday book, where all details except ages are given, and nods an assent. "How many?" she asks, with the manner of a hostess born.

"Oh, only a few. It's going to be very select. There'll only be two broilers, four flickers, three blue jays, one cardinal and a fly catcher." Permission is graciously accorded.

While you are digesting this and listening to a purple linnnet chirp "Will somebody stick in this pin feather and fire-proof my wing?" the sign "Standing Room Only" is noticed. You ask if you may ask what it means and are told you must wait until a more than good natured bird of the Frilly-lou order tells you that the birds got into terribly bad habits while they were rehearsing, and hot, and used, occasionally to sit down.

Now anybody that knows anything at all about birds knows that they never sit down. To sit down even once proves beyond any controversy that you are not a bird. You can perch, you can come in on a piece of toast, you can do a lot of things, but never, never that, says the Frilly-lou bird.

According to her, the Owl broke three feathers the first week of the performance through this reprehensible habit, and the Martin Fisher's tail is in the sewing room undergoing repairs. So the Hippodrome birds, like little real birds when they get so tired that they don't care whether school keeps or not, fold their wings and lean up against each other, as you have seen the English sparrows on the telegraph wires do. The Frilly-lou bird remarked:

"There is no room for a weary bird in a ballet."

One of the sewing room staff adds her contribution while she fixes the ruffled plumage of a goldfinch.

a swallowtail in the afternoon." The swallow notes the introduction with a protest.

"Oh, yes, I've heard that joke about the swallowtail, and that one about a swallow not making a summer has been in all the papers. Why don't you people get up some new ones? The old ones make us reel wobbly. Have you rung in that about fine feathers make fine birds yet? No? Well, you are slow. Would you mind hooking my back plumage. Thanks."

The swallow turns to the rouge pot again, saying over her shoulder "We birds are thinking of getting up a petition to send to the Legislature to ask if the game laws can't be adjusted for our protection. I don't see why there shouldn't be a close season for us as well as the lobsters."

You apologize, of course, and ask humbly if anybody has thought to inquire if the early bird really does catch the worm. A scornful look is your only answer.

"Well, any early bird that wants the worms that are around our stage door can have 'em for all of me. My, but there's poor picking among those worms!"

You ask timidly, not that you care but just to make conversation, if it is true that there's a lyre bird present.

The lyre bird speaks for herself, eliminating the end of a long curved ornament which reminds you of Ethel Barrymore's last winter hat worn at the Frederick Townsend Martin tea from the crest of a nearby parrot.

"I should think you would know a lyre bird when you saw one. What's the difference in spelling among friends, anyway?"

"Ask Teddy," cackles a parrot, fourth

"We paid two hundred thousand dollars, or was it two million, for these costumes," she asks the lyre bird, who answers "yes."

She explains, after this fact has been put in the note book of THE SUN visitor that they were made by Landorff, the Parisian costumer, and the designs were furnished by Alfredo Edel, the costume artist.

The finest materials, satins, velvets and silks, are used for foundation, and the weight carried by one ballet girl is enormous. The wire frame and cording is heavy as chain armor, though the effect is diaphanous and fluffy.

Signor Vincenzo Romeo, who since the opening of the Hippodrome has superintended the ballet spectacles, says that in many respects this is the hardest of any they have produced, owing to the great weight of the costumes and the difficulty of simulating the lightness and grace of birds, handicapped as the ballet performers are by having to carry about pounds of material.

"We commenced the first year," says Mr. Romeo, "with the Dance of the Hours; this was followed by the Flower Ballet, then the Fish Dance under the sea, then last winter the Four Seasons marked another ballet epoch. Each time the work has been harder, and this year we have broken the records in expenditure of time and money and strength."

"Just at present there is a rage for dancing in New York. The theatre audiences are waking up to the idea that there is much for them to learn in the perfection of posing, steps and color effects. The Hippodrome ballet is consoled by exports to come nearer than any other to the almost perfect ballets they have in London at the famous Royal Opera House, where girls begin when they are little, brought there by their mothers, members of the ballet themselves, and for years know no other life."

"Ever since the Hippodrome opened some of the ballet girls have been with us, gaining every season in agility, the art of posing and in grace. There has been a getting away from the dance as a dance merely—that is, dancing that has no appeal to the head. The dramatic dance at present is something that has a story to work out, where every separate step and posture has a distinct meaning other than allurements to the eye."

"You can tell how much harder the Bird Ballet is on the girls," broke in the wardrobe mistress, "when I tell you that last night that little parrot in the corner made herself a complete set of lingerie and the cardinal was the envy of every bird in her set with a handmade outfit of twelve shirtrwaists, all done right here in the dressing room between times. With the present ballet, all the girls have time to make it changes—some of them have six during a performance. There's no new lingerie and shirtrwaists made this year, I can tell you."

Just at this moment there is a disturbance in the dressing room. The humming birds begin to murmur, the canaries to chirp and the mocking bird adds its strident note.

"The stork's lost the baby." Everybody stops. Wings and tails are held aloft while the stork scurries about like an excited her.

"I told the stork last night," said the nightingale, "that if that baby wasn't looked after better the first we knew we'd be minus a baby."

"I just put it down a minute," explains the stork humbly, "while I went for my hat."

"You didn't have it when you came in," expostulates the sea gull, "for I was just saying good-by to a worm at the stage door and he made one of those bromidic jokes about the stork's baby, that's how I came to notice it."

"Well," snaps the stork, "I had it last



THE EARLY BIRD CATCHES THE WORM.

night at the performance, anyway, and I remember perfectly well putting it on the shelf when I came in. I was so hot carrying it that I could hardly wait to take my head off."

"Who's got the baby?" is repeated all over the three tiers of cages, and even the dressers put down their work and fume about, all but a pert hoopoe, who is trying the effect of a new pose with a long quill at one of the mirrors.

"It's the stork's business to look after the babies, not mine," is this bird's remark, and I'm not going on with my pinions all askew just because you property people have let your wires get off the rails. Baby, indeed! The pose is very effective and the pretty hoopoe pays no more attention to the clamor, which grows louder and louder.

Finally one of the dressers shrieks: "Mercy me, I thought this chair was uncommon soft. I guess I'm settin' on the baby." She rises, hands something that looks like a huge pin cushion to the stork and apologizes perspiringly.

"My child, my long lost child!" responds the stork and waddles off to the stage entrance.

"It's a most careless stork," is the unanimous vote of the aviary. "Three times a week she loses that child. Once it was actually lost and we had to get a new one in a hurry. Once it was found coiled up in the airship. You're apt to find anything in an airship these days."

Madam Ziebarth meets your astonished look.

"It isn't a real baby, you know," she murmurs; "it's a property baby. We tried having real babies, but they put on

weight so rapidly and change the color of their hair and eyes until you get quite fussed up, so now we're firing the sawdust kind with great success."

A couple of hawks come by at this psycho moment, one of them lifting a neat sandalled foot to have a stitch put in by one of the sewers. You ask the obvious question and get a startled chirp. "Are we sisters of Wells Hawks, the press agent? Well, we ain't his real sisters I mean we're real enough, but no relation. We don't perch on the same genealogical tree, but we've promised to be sisters to him all the same."

At this moment the cry of the calbony, "Come on, birdies," is heard and from the cages winds a procession of woodland creatures who a moment ago were pretty girls in various degrees of undress and makeup. Some are trailing wings of sapphire, cerise and violet. Great golden pinions are lifted aloft by dainty fingers thrust through invisible elastic bands.

A pink cockatoo advances behind an enormous rose tinted plume and a green parrot with red rimmed eyes stumbles on the tail of an eagle. A pair of in-

girl ever saw, and it's all right to dance in a costume that weighs a ton, but I draw the line at polar bears. I have an artistic temperature and this is no place for a nervous woman. Besides purple ain't my color and—"

"But you look perfectly beautiful from the front," interrupts the tactful wardrobe mistress, "perfectly lovely. When you get into the light you don't look purple at all, but a wonderful mother of pearl."

The purple linnnet is quite mollified and allows the rest of the line, numbering some forty, to follow her.

You murmur something about birds in their little nests agree and the tactful one assures you that it is no easy matter to keep 200 birds from scratching out each other's eyes, particularly when they are so well supplied with the necessary weapons for such encounter by a generous management.

"It's a pity," said one of the dressers, who is putting a new knee in the scarlet ranager's fashings, "that you can't see it from the front. It's worth the trouble of using a pass."

"The story sounds like one of the fairy tales you used to hear when you were little and your mother came to put out the light while you hung on and begged for just one more. I guess Mr. Burnside must have read some of Hans Christian Andersen before he wrote it."

"What is it? Why, when the curtain's lowered, all you see at first is a great brown forest, all trees, and the trees are covered with leaves. The workmen of the Hippodrome are the leaves. Oh, no—that's right, Miss, I'm getting mixed up—they're the waves in the next act under the gingham, that's it."

"Well, the leaves are just papier maché, then, not men. You do get awfully uncertain in a place like this. I got a cockatoo's head on a nightgale the other night before I noticed it."

"Well, as I was sayin', there's a girl lost in the forest. She's the forester's daughter. Don't it sound like those once upon a time stories?"

You murmur your regrets. To be lost in a forest on Sixth Avenue! Now, if it was only on Broadway—

"Yes, it is a pity," assents the dresser, "but it ain't as bad as it might be, for after a while she meets a lot of birds and then she feels better. She is carried off



"STANDING ROOM ONLY."



BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

the embarrassment of your manner. "Of course, I'm a boy. What'd you think I was?" she asks, she wants to know if I'm a boy, she does!"

"She wants to know if Mayrae's a boy," cackles a hundred girls who are going up an down stairs, coming off stage or biting bits of cuffed bone while they note on the mechanical timepiece the exact moment of their arrival at the Hippodrome perch. "Of course, Mayrae's a boy. Can't you see for yourself?"

In the crowd massed together about the narrow hallway you note some favorites of the former ballets, Maid Kimball, May Tavia, Florence Roberts, Harriett Bradley, Belle Ardor, Anna Courtney and Eva. All of these, according to the Hippodrome offices staff, are birds.

As the trails of chiffon die away in the three tiers of cages where transition moments are lived through Madame Ziebarth, the wardrobe mistress, takes occasion to point out the many varieties of feathered engagers and to add interesting bits of natural history information to your ornithological stock. She has difficulty in making herself heard for the chatter is incessant and pitched in every key from that of the oriole, who stands at the rising of the curtain, three branches from the right entrance, carrying her wing in her hand.

"That tall, slim girl," begins Madame Ziebarth, "who is putting on the pink legs is a rose flamingo. We consider her one of our best efforts. Pretty lines and curves, especially those of the left pinion. And her neck, isn't that birdlike? When she isn't a flamingo, I assure you she can wear one of those ruches that you have to climb a stepladder to put on as well as any one I have ever seen."

"The girls do like to introduce novel-

GREEN IN THE CITY SKYLINE

THE KING HAT ON THE HEADS OF ALL SORTS OF MEN.

Fashion Which Has Been a Long Time Coming Gets to New York—King Edward's Lead—Not Adapted to All Men.

John A. Symonds found in the course of his investigation of Venice that the color tone of that city is blue. He found everywhere blue, in the water, the sky, the clothes of the gondoliers and the dress of the other Venetians. It was, moreover, a natural, spontaneous blue, not the result of effort and design.

A sensitive soul might find that the prevailing color of New Yorkers this fall is green, especially as to their sky line; for the King hat is here. It is here in so many grades and shades and nuances and tints and hues and tones of green that the man with simple brown or black on his head is almost conspicuous.

The Merry Widow has hidden its diminished head and the most gavs of the broad brimmed more or less Panama have been forgotten in the prevalence of the King. And it is the kind of headgear that has for some reason been voted appropriate for all sorts and conditions of men who want to be in the swim of the mode.

So there are fat faces and thin, yellow and white, with their natural beauties or defects submitted to the effects of an application of green felt of the shade that happened to appeal to the purchaser. Men are not in the habit of thinking whether an object of wearing apparel is becoming to them or not before it is bought. They want for their wives to tell them, which is

not to pick out the cloth. She cannot kick afterward.

Why is the hat the King? Not because it is just now the king of all hats worn, nor because it is the invention of a maker of that name. Its descent is aristocratic. It is called after King Edward VII. of England and there could be no better godfather of a fashion.

It is not certain that he still wears a hat of green felt, but he has done so from time to time during the last ten years. More years ago than that he was photographed in that sort of lid. He even had a little shaving brush sticking up in the back, the real sign of the Tyrol.

He posed several years in succession before the cameras dressed in his shooting suit with this kind of hat and the dapper predicted a great vogue for it. Viennese makers who are supposed to do the best by them turned out these hats in hundreds and even the Fifth avenue hatters caught the fever and imported them in large numbers. Every autumn for several years they regularly appeared in the shop windows.

But nobody bought them. It looked as if the green King hat was a fashion of the past when last year returning Americans appeared before their astonished friends and relatives with green hats, and looking conscious, admitted they were the newest thing in Europe.

But how did this change come about? Why did the King hat that his Majesty had been wearing off and on for ten years suddenly take on the vogue that had been prophesied for it so long before? Why did it take the modish men of all nations so long to discover that the style really was the right thing?

The answer is simple enough. The King hat always worn that hat on his Austrian shooting parties. The first time he put it on was when he went with Baron de

Hirsch to his place in Galicia and shot pheasants with him.

Austrian gentlemen have for decades worn these green hats to hunt in, and so have Germans. In Germany they are the important part of the forester's uniform, and they are also worn by the regiments known as jaegers or hunters.

Baron de Hirsch was far from royal rank. He was never even received at the court of Franz Josef of Austria in spite of the charities that his great wealth made possible. His friends in Austria, and in all of Continental Europe outside of France, were in fact of a very different rank from the Prince of Wales. Possibly this happened because none of them stood so much in need of money as this Prince with an economical mother.

But while the Prince of Wales wore the green hat and was photographed in it while hunting in Austria, he never was seen wearing it in the flesh by any save the few guests invited to meet him at the shooting parties. The great world may have seen his pictures in the shop windows, but it had no idea what he and he looked like in real life. So it never became a style that the public could grow familiar with.

But when the King began to go to Marienbad he bethought himself of the fact that he again was in Austrian territory and began to wear a green hat. There he was seen on all sides, taking the waters at the spring, promenading along the allees, eating in the restaurants, and always with his green hat near at hand.

All the American and English visitors saw it, and it was not difficult for them to find hats like it in the branches of the smart Viennese hat shops that are to be found every year in Marienbad. For the first time the King hat was an actual style.

The King's imitators wore their green

hats proudly about Marienbad and clung to them when they travelled. There was not a branch office of Cook's last summer in Europe that did not have its quota of King hats on American heads. In spite of the fact that they were brought back to this country, it took a winter of preparation for the King hat boom to reach its present proportions.

Of course there are modifications. The King hat of Austria in its best estate is a bottle green felt with a braided brim and a silk ribbon band of rather more than average breadth. It may have a shaving brush in the back or any of the small feather ornaments worn in the Tyrol. Such additions seem to have disappeared since the King hat became an article for city wear.

It has usually rather a high crown and the brim is not so broad as that of the average soft felt hat. There are various shades and finishes, but they are usually seen on the cheaper hats. In all Europe there are not so many kinds of greens as the makers here turn out.

There are grayish greens that look like cold pea soup. Then there are dark, yellowish greens that look like muck turtle, and pale grays barely touched with green. Then there are fresh salad greens offset by a darker band.

Between these extremes there are a vast variety of color as there are of shape. In Austria and on the head of Edward VII. the hat has only one shape. It has already been flattened out here, built up and rounded, and has gone through other revolutionary treatments.

It is worn by all kinds of men. It has been basely modelled on the pert lines of the Johnny Jones to add greater glory to that Coban creation.

The treatment of the King hat's curves in favor in Europe requires that only the rather narrow brim be turned down behind

to follow the outlines of the head. Then it may flare upward in front.

It might be added that persons who don't think they are adapted by nature to such changes should not attempt the hat. It is important above all, however, that men who are not suited by their color scheme to green should not attempt to delight in the glories that come from wearing a King hat.

It is most becoming to dark eyes and dark haired men with a good color. Men who are blond but have a very clear skin and good red color may also attempt it. To the pale, sallow or freckled man it is a trial not to be attempted.

"It is a most interesting study in comparative vanity," said a salesman who has disposed of many of these hats during the last month, "to see the impression that the first sight of themselves in these hats will make on purchasers. The fat, sallow man of 45 will walk in and ask for one of those green hats."

"I got his size and he tries it on. Then he turns a reproachful look at me as if I had tried to play some deception on him. He doesn't mean that kind, he says, and wants to try on another style. As we have only the imported there is practically no variety."

Of course he looks as badly as possible in so unbecoming a hat, and when a slim boy just out of college comes in, tries one on, turns down the brim and looks just as smart and debonair as that hat makes the right kind of man, the customer turns indignantly and tells me that it is the hat he wants. I have trouble in convincing him that it's just the same lid, because he thinks he ought to look just like the kid of 24, with his athletic figure and fine color.

After he has looked at himself for a while, however, he concludes that he is not so bad after all. He asks me to

separables carrying golden perches are talking animatedly.

A bird of paradise and a European roller are hanged in hand and a yanneau and scarlet tanager pause a second to place their respective bits of setup chewing gum on a convenient wall space.

A sea gull adjusts a ballet shoe and a finch is being buttoned up the back. The blackbird remarks viciously: "Perhaps, Miss Smythe, you'll take your top-knot out of my ear. Mebbe you think that is what I wear ears for," and Miss Smythe, becomingly tufted, does as she is told. The robin redbreast holds up his bill put on and a goldfinch starts violently and almost falls down stairs at the sight of a messenger boy standing at the stage entrance.

"It's for me," she confides to the cardinal. "I'm expecting an invitation to supper."

The wardrobe mistress calms her nervousness and sticks a small feather on the right wing at the same moment.

"Don't get excited, my dear; that ain't a real messenger boy. He goes on in a balloon."

The goldfinch is rightly indignant. "I think there is such a thing as being too realistic," she remarks to whoever will listen. "It's a mighty mean trick to let the messenger boys hang about our dressing room doors when we're expecting bids to supper."

Another line is kept waiting while a purple linnnet announces her resignation.

"It's the polar bears," she explains. "They've put 'em right under my dress table and they're hungry all the time. It's all right to rehearse for eight weeks in the hottest weather the oldest ballet

by them, the hawks the owls and the yellow canaries with the rest of the bunch, and they take her to all the sights and then at the last when she is just about as tired as she can be she meets a nice, foolish old bird who tells her she can have two wishes.

"First she wishes just some funny wish that any girl might wish and when she gets that she just wishes she was back home again and, lo and behold, in a minute she is back and the birds don't intrude upon her solitude and she is happy forever and ever. Sweet, ain't it?"

You remark that it bears a striking resemblance to the usual Broadway story and make a mental comment that Hans Christian Andersen knew his little world pretty well, and that it didn't make any difference so far as that goes whether the scene was laid in the Hart Mountains or on the Rialto.

The dresser nods obligingly and ends her talk with:

"Of course there's lots of people who come here and admire the ballet and never look below the surface. They just take it for what it seems, but we who look deeper—"

The dresser takes a flamingo's wing and begins to adjust the feathery ends.

"I never was a bird, but I've been in the ballet, the old fashioned kind with tarlatan skirts, prouetting, Tagliomi and Elliser feints. Not but what I approve of the birds, who could help it—"

Her soliloquy is broken into by the chatter of the returning flock. Soon every table is covered with a mass of plumage. In an instant there is a rainbow of costumes thrown pell-mell and plucked birds stand about.

"My, ain't we hot," they all say together.

THE TYPEWRITER'S ERASER.

Even the Most Expert Operators Have Need of It Sometimes.

"Of course you understand," said the typewriter girl, "that even the most expert of typewriters may sometimes have to rub; that is, to erase. One may take forty or fifty letters in a day in shorthand and then transcribe them on the machine without a mistake, but on another day not do so well."

"When we do make a mistake we know it instantly. The expert typewriter learns typewriting by the touch method. If she touches the wrong key she knows that as surely as she would if she had touched the wrong key on a piano, and if the mistake is one that should be corrected she stops and corrects it right then and there."

"The eraser she uses is a disk of rubber with a metallic centrepiece having a hole through it; the edges of this opening enable the user of the eraser to get a firm grip on it. With this eraser, rubbing to the right, the typewriter rubs out the wrong letter, and one left with the use of it does this so neatly as not to mar the neighboring printed letters and so as not to lead any bur on the paper, and then she prints in the right letter and goes ahead."

"Though she may not often get have occasion to use it the typewriter gets used to her own individual eraser; it wears down under her handling and she becomes accustomed to it."

"Then comes a time when her eraser begins to wear out, as mine is doing now, and then you have to get a new one. The new eraser is slightly surfaced to give it a finish, and so it does not bite the ink as well as one a little worn, and it is bigger, of course, than the worn down old one. We have got to become accustomed to it and to wear it down to suit our touch."

"I shall bring in this new eraser on work about which I am not so particular. We have got to become accustomed to it and to wear it down to suit our touch. I shall bring in this new eraser on work about which I am not so particular. We have got to become accustomed to it and to wear it down to suit our touch. I shall bring in this new eraser on work about which I am not so particular. We have got to become accustomed to it and to wear it down to suit our touch."



SOME BIRDS AND SOME COLD BOTTLES.