

## HEARD ABOUT TOWN.

An observing attendant at the recent concert by the Yale Glee Club at the Waldorf-Astoria remarked the fact that about all of the ladies in attendance had a touch of red in the costume, while there was hardly one who had any of the Yale color—blue—about her. Crimson was the prevailing shade of the red worn, too, as if to emphasize the fact that the women and girls were admirers of Yale's most hated rival, Harvard. Several of the Yale students noticed the fact, though they did not comment on it at the time. Nor did they speak of that other fact that while there was plenty of crimson in the decoration of the concert hall there was no blue, and not even a single Yale flag. A lady who has attended many of the Yale concerts in New Haven at promenade week time, when the city of New Haven goes Yale mad, commented on the fact. It was one that struck her most incongruously, for at such functions in Yale's city every lady deems it her duty and privilege to adorn herself in blue, while here the fact that Yale's color was blue seemed to be unknown, or at least unheeded. Yale boys showed commendable tact by not commenting on the matter at the dance that followed the concert, but they have had a deal to say about it since their return to New Haven. Whispers of these comments have reached the Yale Clubhouse, on Madison Square, with the result that the graduates will see to it that in the future no such an absence of the Yale colors again occurs on any similar occasion.

Dr. Peters has some thoughtful boys among the members of his Sunday school at St. Michael's Protestant Episcopal Church. He had suggested to them that a pleasant thing at Easter time would be for them to do something for the unfortunates in the city hospitals, and so add comfort to their rather cheerless lives. The Boys' Club of the church took the matter in hand, and, after a visit to some of the hospitals, decided that screens such as would enable the occupants of the cots to have more privacy than existing arrangements permitted were needed. So the lads manufactured a number of three-fold screens of suitable height and size to be placed about the cots in such a way as to secure privacy for the occupant. These screens were elaborately decorated with pictures either cut from papers and magazines or drawn and painted by the young workers. To several of the hospitals in which the youngsters had friends, or in which the ladies of the church were specially interested, the finished work was sent. And that is how it happens that hospital visitors have recently seen the results of the forethought and handiwork of the boys scattered about. The lads have been made very happy by the fact that their gifts have been appreciated at the institutions, word to that effect having been received in various ways.

Without any apparent reason for it, there has been an untimely and unwelcome outbreak of the torpedo habit among the small boys of the upper west side who live in Police Captain Schmittberger's precinct. Armed with a pocket full of the "cannon" torpedoes, which have a wonderful amount of noise concealed within their small compass, the lads make life wearisome for the nervous pedestrian, particularly those of the feminine gender. At such times as it did not rain last Sunday a party of the urchins made things very unpleasant for the attendants at the Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, on One Hundred and Fourth Street. There were no policemen about to put a stop to the racket of these noisy nuisances, and there was considerable complaint thereat among the churchgoers. The thing has become very annoying of late, and, as keepers of the stores in the vicinity where the annoyance is epidemic are selling the ear-racking noise-producers to the children by the penny-worth, there seems as little hope of the abatement of the noise as there is of a cessation of the present rainy season. For general public comfort it would not be a bad idea for the teachers of Public School 54 to have their scholars forswear the torpedo habit until July, at least, when perforce the nuisance must be submitted to.

"Speaking of peculiar names," remarked the man of family, "we once had a red-headed servant girl whose front name was Anastatia. She was of Polish origin, and her family name was Grabowski, or something of that sort. Anastatia's mother was very proud and fond of that name—so fond, in fact, that when two female olive branches were added to the family tree she named them Anna and Statia respectively. That is neither fiction nor fancy, but a simple little fact, and rather a curiosity in nomenclature.

Bird lovers who frequent Central Park to hear and see their favorite song birds have commented on the fact that the robins seem to be larger and of more brilliant plumage than ever before this Spring. So say the Park keepers as well. Whether or no this is imagination, it is a fact that the robins are there in unusual numbers, and that they are constantly bubbling over with music in the somewhat infrequent intervals between rainstorms. Possibly it is the depressing weather that has made their melody seem sweeter and more jubilant than usual. A favorite assembling place for the sweet singers is in the woods about the lower tennis courts near the upper reservoir. One pleasant afternoon last week one of the lovers of the robins counted fifty-one of the beautiful birds while he sat on a bench and listened to their song and watched their movements through an opera glass.

They were preparing for a dinner party in one of the fashionable apartments on Central Park West the other evening when the lord of the household appeared to dress and receive his guests. Before going to his dressing room his eye fell on the umbrella holder in the hall, and he halted, forgetting for the moment his haste for arraying himself in gorgeousness for the eyes of his guests. Hurriedly he clasped all the umbrellas while his better half looked on with amazement and recalled all the umbrella stories she had ever heard. Finally, with a bit of a laugh, she said to her liege lord: "Are you really afraid that our guests will steal some of your umbrellas, George?"

"Not a bit, my dear, and I would not remove them if I was at all sure which of them are mine. But there are three or four men in the party we are to entertain of whom I am sure I have borrowed umbrellas. Of course I failed to return them, and in two instances at least I have paid for new umbrellas for the rightful owners of those I have appropriated. But I'll be hanged if I want any of the fellows to come in here and find their borrowed umbrellas staring them in the face from my rack. My memory is treacherous as to umbrella handles, and I can't tell which are mine and which are some other fellow's. I don't mind having them catch me with stolen property in my hands, but I don't care to have them think I run a 'fence' here for stolen and borrowed umbrellas. Suppose two or three of them should happen to find their missing umbrellas in my rack at the same time. No, it's far safer to run no risks!"