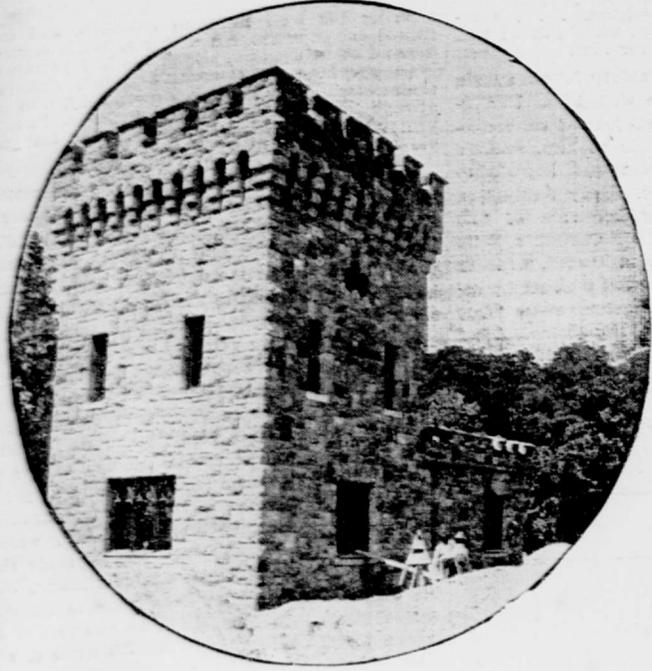
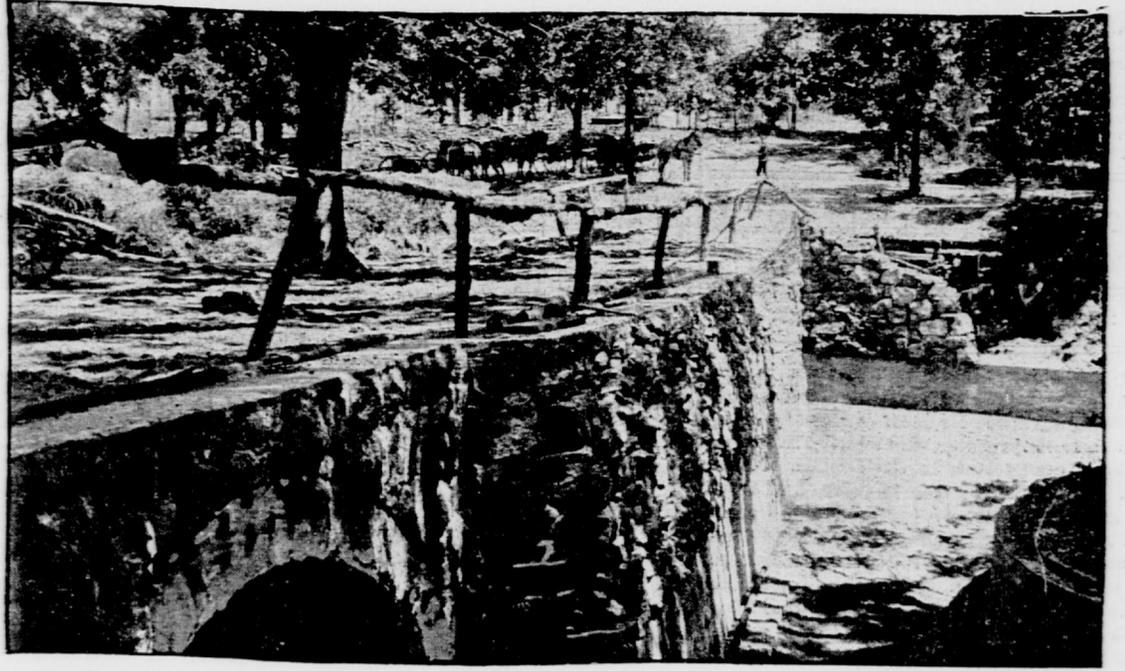


WITH SOME DELAYS, OF BECOMING ONE OF THE SHOW PLACES ABOUT NEW-YORK.



LODGE AT THE ENTRANCE TO RHODODENDRON DRIVE.



PART OF BASIN FOR ARTIFICIAL LAKE AND THE BRIDGE OVER IT.



THE TEMPORARY HOME OF MR. AND MRS. HOWARD GOULD AT SANDS POINT.

heads of all departments, suggesting modifications here and there, and stimulating everybody to a sense of the importance of thoroughness in everything that is done. To her deep interest in the whole plan and to her resourcefulness much of the detail in the landscape effect, as well as in the architectural improvements, is said to be due. Those in a position to know say there is such thorough harmony in the tastes of Mr. Gould and his wife that a suggestion from one always receives the enthusiastic approval of the other.

A well built landing on the Hempstead Harbor side of the estate is at present utilized in the transportation of building materials. Doubtless its ultimate use will be as a yacht landing. The new house will stand on a knoll overlooking the water. The present residence is a large and comfortable wooden building, tastefully situated on open ground at the edge of the golf course. It stood on the estate when Mr. Gould purchased it.

MAKING "MOONSHINE" WHISKEY.

"So this is the only liquor distillery in all these mountains," remarked the visitor to a little mountain settlement in North Carolina, in a tone that was half questioning.
 "It do be," said the mountain whiskey maker.
 "How much do you turn out in a day?" asked the stranger.
 "Well, I reckon we makes along about twenty gallons a day."
 "And is that all the whiskey that's drunk in these parts?"
 "Say, you be-ent no revenue sharp, be you?" he demanded suddenly. "'Cause, if you be, I ain't got nothin' to say. I pays my taxes, as ever' one knows, an' that's all there is to it."
 After a time the stranger persuaded him that there was no ulterior motive in his questioning, and the old man explained the whiskey situation.
 "I tole you this was the only still around here, an' so it is—the only one that pays a tax. But," he continued, "every old woman in these mountains has a copper kettle in which she boils her washing. Every old woman has a lid that fits the copper kettle tightly, and that can be fastened down. They boil clothes in them on Monday, and they boil whiskey in them the other six days of the week."

BILLIARDS IN FRANCE.

STEADY DECREASE IN THE NUMBER OF PLAYERS—OUTDOOR SPORTS MUCH MORE PATRONIZED THAN FORMERLY.

Paris, September 9.

The once popular game of billiards is gradually dying out, not only in Paris, but throughout France. M. Emile Faguet, of the French Academy, who is in close touch with the tendencies of youthful France, has made an investigation in regard to the statistics of billiards, which during the Second Empire attained the proportions of a national game. The fiscal statistics show that the number of billiard tables taxed in France in the year 1889 was over 96,000. This fell in the year 1902 to 89,000. The decrease has been steady and gradual, and, as M. Faguet points out, is at the rate of five hundred billiard tables a year, and indicates that each year the proportion of Frenchmen who abandon billiards is one and a half each day. A walk along the Boulevard St. Michel, with occasional visits to the most attractive cafés, fully bore out M. Faguet's observations. In twenty-five cafés the number of billiard tables had been reduced from three to two. "Nowadays it is only our old or middle aged customers who ask to play billiards," said the proprietor of a prominent café near the Rue Soufflot, which in former times was a favorite rendezvous for the knights of the cue. "The young men, especially the students, call for cards, and play piquet or poker, but it is seldom that they start a game of billiards, unless it be an occasional 'pool.'"

"Do you mean that cards have taken the place of billiards?"
 "No, I think cycling has injured the taste for billiards more than anything else. You see,

young men don't pass as many hours in the cafés now as they did twelve years ago. They come here for half an hour before dinner. They sit down and take a sip of vermouth—very seldom absinthe—or drink a glass of beer. Then they play cards and go off to dinner."

The students take much more exercise now than ever before. Tennis, cycling, football, fencing and boxing are followed more keenly than hitherto. All out of door sports have had an immense impetus during the last five years, owing to the efforts of Baron Pierre de Coubertin, president of the International Olympic Games; of Viscomte Léon de Janzé, president of the Puteaux Island Club, and of M. Jusserand, the newly appointed French Ambassador to Washington, who is a typical French university man. M. Jusserand is familiar with university life at Oxford and Cambridge, and has widely disseminated in France the advantage of athletic pastimes.

M. Emile Faguet says that field sports have now become a craze, and appeals to the students for a reaction in favor of the national game of billiards. The veteran Academician considers that proficiency in billiards is essential for every liberally educated Frenchman. Louis XIV was a skilful billiard player, and Presidents Grévy and Félix Faure followed his example. The forty immortals of the French Academy play billiards—some of them well, others indifferently, and a few badly, but they all play it somehow or other, and are proud of it. According to M. Faguet, billiards imparts to the habitual player "delicacy of touch, nicety of calculation, patience, perseverance, foresight and diplomacy."

"There should be no library, café or country house without a billiard table. Billiards supplies the best form of exercise for middle aged men and women, especially on rainy days. The Queen Regent of Spain is a remarkable billiard player, and thereby shows her sound common sense," says M. Faguet. He appeals to French youths to participate in his crusade for the revival of the once popular game, the abandonment of which he regards as a "national calamity."

Notwithstanding the enthusiasm of the ever-green Academician, the opinion of the masses of the students and of the younger professors of the University of Paris is that the game of billiards has fallen into irretrievable decadence from which the rising generation of French youths show no inclination to rescue it. Second hand shops and public auctions fully bear out this theory, for nowadays no object of furni-

ture is so cheap as billiard tables, which may be bought at almost any street corner at absurdly low prices. No, billiards has died out in France, and it will be interesting to see whether the efforts of the French Academy can resuscitate a game which became fashionable in the days of Louis XIV, which retained its favor during the reigns of Louis XIV and Louis XVI, during the Revolution, the Empire, the Bourbon Restoration, during the paternal monarchy of Louis Philippe, and attained the zenith of popularity toward the close of the Second Empire. There was a short gasp of public favor during the early years of the Third Republic, but since the presidency of Félix Faure billiards have been on the down grade. C. I. B.

WHY HE WENT INTO SALOONS.

A TAMMANY POLITICIAN HEARS BOTH SIDES OF THE LIQUOR QUESTION.

"I have studied the saloon problem," said an East Side settlement worker, "and I have come to the conclusion that we can't prohibit saloons, but reform them, and let them stay."

"And how are you going to do that?" asked a Tammany politician who had happened in.

"Do as they do in England," was the answer. "Have a place where men could meet, with their wives, if they wanted to bring them, without being asked or expected to drink; where treating was tabooed, yet where good drinks could be procured if desired. Such a scheme may seem visionary in New-York, but it has been successfully carried out and good results realized from it in the Workingmen's Association, of London."

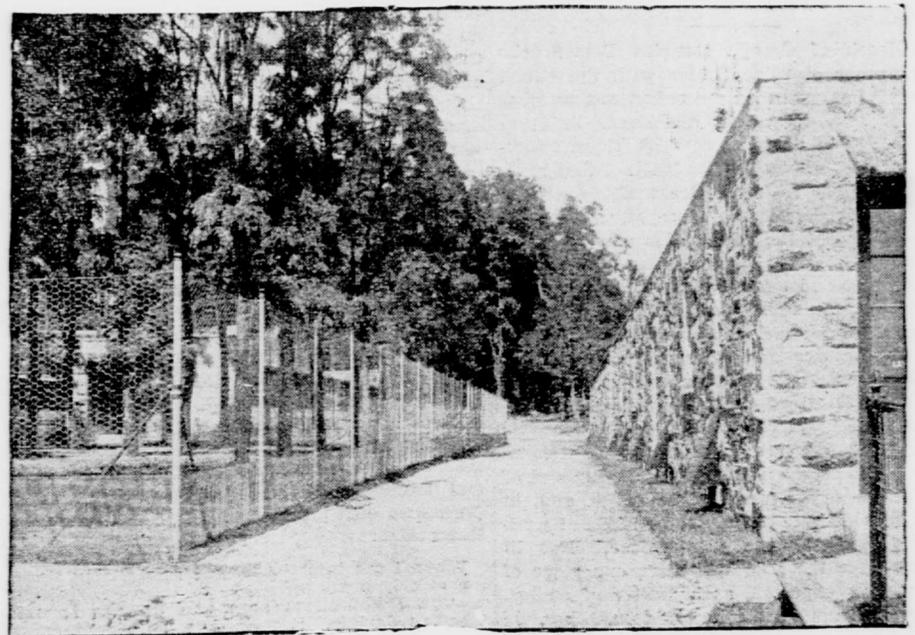
"So you think that is better than prohibition?" asked a minister who had recently come from Maine to the city.

"I certainly do," was the answer. "You haven't stopped drinking in Maine, have you? In the cities the police are often found using a prohibitory law as a means of blackmail. If men are going to drink, you can't stop them by laws, and if they need the social side of a saloon, why not make the saloon attractive and its influences as clean as possible?"

"No, they haven't stopped drinking in Maine," said the minister, "and I see the tendency both there and in other prohibition States is toward local option, the same as you have in New-York State."

"It's the man who has never entered a saloon, and who knows nothing about it, that won't hear of anything but prohibition," said the settlement worker.

"Yes, that's the reason I go into saloons," said the politician as he winked at the Maine man.



A PART OF THE CASTLEGOULD HENNERIES