

TALK OF NEW YORK

OWEN LANGDON'S GOSSIP OF THE METROPOLIS.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION

Position of Gov. Odell—Big Names in Trade—The Stock Gambling Public and the Sully Failure.

New York.—How can Depew get back to the senate? Mr. Depew has never been a strong figure in politics. His considerable oratorical talent has put him forward as a spokesman upon political occasions; he has been for years familiar as a speaker at national conventions and as an after-dinner speaker is almost as well known in London as New York. But he has always been surprised in effectiveness even on the platform by more earnest though often less polished men. In the practical work of management he has been a magnificent figure; Platt has been, until recently, the real power. Now Platt himself is a back number.

That, brutally stated, is the net result of the new truce arranged between Platt and Odell. Gov. Odell says that he has been repeating on an average once a month for a long time that Platt can be the "leader" as long as he lives and wishes the title. Odell is the chairman of the state committee; is the dispenser of patronage; is the real power. Odell is heavily built, middle-aged, deep-chested, with a powerful chin, dull eyes, sagging cheeks. He speaks plainly without a sign of the oratorical graces. Platt is an old man and rather feeble, very slender, speaks in a rather thin voice, has even less ability to sway men from a platform than Odell. And he is out of power. Odell could have prevented Platt's reelection at the last vacancy had he wished. It is said that he has often regretted his good nature in not filling Platt's place by a friend of his own. He will not run for the governorship again; and he tells his friends that he has no desire to be "chloroformed" upon his retirement from office.

This is taken to mean that Mr. Odell desires the senatorship.

William R. Grace, Cabin Boy. The death of the late William R. Grace removes a picturesque figure. Mr. Grace came to New York as a cabin boy. He had run a way from his home near Queens-town, Ireland. His family, who were well-to-do, recognized the adventurous nature of the boy and got him a place as clerk in a firm in Callao, Peru. Before Grace was 21 he was a partner. Before he was an old man he was able to finance a \$40,000,000 loan for the country which he entered in such a humble capacity; and to take a commanding place in trade, politics and finance in the other South American countries. It was long a joke on South street whenever a rebellion broke out in any Central or South American country that Grace was backing one side and Charles R. Flint the other. And that was not always wholly imaginary.

The Grace firm was a family affair. Mr. Grace's brother Michael is the head of the London branch, and his beautiful daughters are famous in London society as the "three Graces." Two sons and a son-in-law divide the labor of directing houses in Callao, Lima, Santiago, Para, Concepcion, Valparaiso, San Francisco. The very names breathe the romance of trade. Grace's name is a reminder that New York democracy did not always trail at Tammany's heels. He was elected mayor once by a deal with Tammany, once against Tammany. It was while he was mayor that William C. Whitney was corporation counsel, the beginning of his political career. Whitney had, in fact, three successive careers—in law, in politics, in business; was successful in all, and died almost a young man.

To be frank, the mutterings over the Sully cotton failure are not over by any means. It is, first of all, a moral problem. A man goes into a game in which failure sooner or later is almost certain, as all past history shows. While he still has plenty of money on paper he gives his wife a house worth \$265,000 and settles upon her other gifts of a million. He also treats himself to a \$10,000 annuity, so that he cannot be called exactly penniless whatever happens. Then he gayly sails into the fray. A lot of poor clerks and office boys fol-

low his game who haven't the forethought to give themselves annuities or \$265,000 houses as a precaution. Then the "leader" fails and the followers are sold out because their margins are exhausted. The leader's friends unite to help him on his feet again, but nobody goes about taking up collections for the little traders who went down with him. It's quite another thing if you have real cotton to sell. In the south the name of Sully is greeted with enthusiasm. In Wall street it leaves a bad taste in the mouth. Leiter's "busted" wheat corner some years ago was viewed in a somewhat differently contrasted light in the country that raises wheat and in the city that gambles in it without knowing just what it is like.

It frightens an old New Yorker to see how trade gives way here to gambling. I have never seen a time when the harbor was so bare of ships. The port charges, laid in Tweed's time and never changed, are ruinous. The captain of a tramp steamship gets orders to take his cargo "anywhere but to New York;" and the return cargo of grain is waiting him wherever he goes. Newport News, Galveston, Baltimore, Boston, Portland, are all gaining at the expense of the metropolis. Tardily, the board of trade has recently waked up to the need of fighting the railroad freight "differential" by which New York has for a generation seen other ports favored at her expense by railroad managers who mostly live in New York and call themselves public-spirited citizens.

The great steamship lines still use the port, but with them the convenience of passenger traffic and the needs of fine, fast, high-paying freights rule. The cargo boats that carry the slow freight have left the city, very largely to its unprogressiveness. This is the real meaning of the late-taken decision to improve the Erie canal. The city at last is getting scared.

Gambling Games of All Sorts. The everlasting fight between the gamblers and the police is on with new vigor. The difficulties of keeping New York free from gambling are increased by many circumstances. There are apt to be a hundred thousand strangers here at any one time. The brokers who gamble all day in the great exchanges are by common consent the best patrons at night of the smaller gambling games that it is so difficult to stop uptown. And these are not the kind of men to tell tales. It is impossible for the police to get into a high-class game. No man ever entered Canfield's who was not known to the management or vouched for by a careful patron. When Reginald Vanderbilt made his famous losing there he went to great trouble to keep out of the state until a court had ruled under the law a man was not obliged to testify that he had gambled. The man in whose case that ruling was made was Lewisohn, a broker. It is the instinct. On the other hand, mercantile firms make it the strongest kind of a rule that no one connected with them shall ever enter a gambling house. It is a different standard. The broker class takes life easily, and has few scruples.

There are 1,100 members of the New York stock exchange alone. These with their families and servants would make a village of 10,000 people. The consolidated exchange, the few hundreds of energetic curb brokers, the produce exchange, the coffee exchange—for coffee has an exchange of its own now and has recently been made the excuse of a silly flurry in prices—must in all employ enough men to fill, with their families, a city as large as Newark, N. J. But the members of the big firms do not all have personal membership in the stock exchange, and of course their clerks do not. All told, the number of people who in New York live upon a business which is at least five-sixths speculation is simply enormous.

Society Coincidents. Young Harold Vanderbilt, youngest son of William K. by his divorced wife, who is now Mrs. Belmont is a freshman in Harvard. Among his classmates there are two sons of the present Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt. Society is full of such humorous little ironies. One secret of its breaking up into little cliques—one reason why Newport, for the first time in half a century is trying to attract trade, manufactures and commerce—is that it is no longer possible for all of what New York calls its society to meet upon common ground without confronting in the most embarrassing fashion persons who have been divorced and remarried.

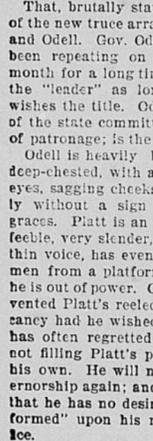
The Belmonts are the worst trouble breeders. Both have taken other men's wives; one a Vanderbilt's, the other by a curious coincidence the wife of a close relative of the Vanderbilts. The power, the prestige, above all the considerable number of the "Central New York family" make it hard to entertain any member of it in mixed company without somehow treading upon somebody's toes.

The increasing pace at which the very rich are providing themselves with mile-square country estates has its conveniences.

OWEN LANGDON.



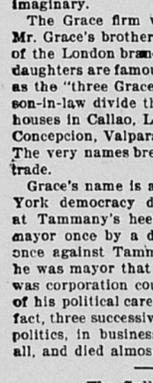
"Where D'you Spose Benny's Goin'?"



"Bet \$5 the Big Bird Flies First."



How W. R. Grace Came to New York.



Gambling Is the Thing.



Gambling Is the Thing.

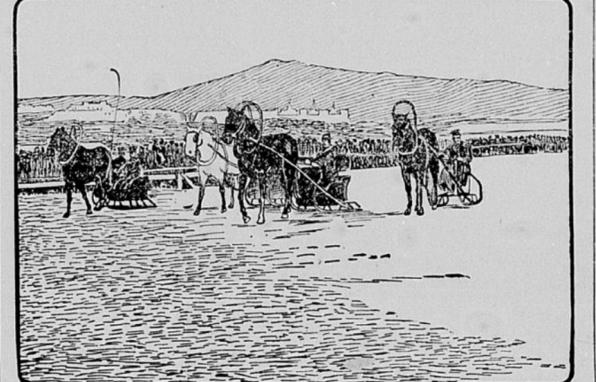
Typical Winter Conditions at Vladivostok

It is a Bleak, Black, Frozen City in Which There is But Little to Be Found That is Cheerful



MAGINE a black world frozen stiff, and that is Vladivostok in winter. Wherever water once flowed in bay or harbor, and these are the only two colors in a wide, still world. There are no trees. The large forests, of which the old travelers wrote, have long since been cut down for fuel, and the immediate hills behind the town are all bare as a man's hand. Once behind these hills the endless rolling plain begins which is Siberia. Directly summer is over, all the wealth of flowers, which for five short months have simply rioted in the land, go black, die out; the earth freezes stiff. Winter has come, and black and stiff the world remains. In Vladivostok there is little snow; sometimes a gray dust, more like powdered ice than snow, blows over the land, but for the most part it is a black, not a white world of frost. And in its way it is more impressive. The earth freezes deep, many feet down, and is hard as iron. The whole harbor turns a kind of dull gray; that, too, is frozen deep. To keep any sort of channel open, the powerful ice-breaker has to go through its work twice a day. Twelve hours of an ordinary winter's day is often sufficient to block the passage. And

In the winter time the bazaar is really a sight; everything is frozen stiff. The huge long sturgeon from the interior stand in rows on their very sharp-pointed noses; baskets full of little fishes are piled together like chips of ice; frozen birds hang down in long festoons, and the municipality is spared one trouble—it never has to make away with food "gone bad." The bazaar is almost entirely in the hands of the Chinese, the tall, dark, rough Chinese of the north, who live wrapped up in wadded cotton clothes, until they look like bundles of bedding. Without the Chinese and the Japanese, Vladivostok would find it hard to exist. They do all the work of the town; the Russians garrison and misgovern it; the Chinese, the Germans, the Japanese, and the other nations trade in it, and the ticket-of-leave men from Saghalien drive the driskies. These last are not political exiles, but criminals—mostly murderers; and they all live together in a settlement about two miles outside the town, under strict police supervision. The great sport of Vladivostok in the winter is sledge-racing, and when once the harbor is frozen over a proper course is marked off, and everyone who owns a horse takes part. A Russian horse is a superb brute; he stands as high and looks as strong as an



SLEDGE RACING ON THE HARBOR IN WINTER.

all this in a town in the same parallel as Marseilles, France! To those who have never experienced it, real Arctic cold is almost inconceivable. They cannot grasp the difference between 10 and 50 degrees of frost; it remains to them merely one of numbers. Indeed, when once the winter has gone it is sometimes difficult to remember really how cold it was; but during the four severe winter months themselves it is a very solid and serious fact. Every night you go to sleep remembering, if you are new to such things, that a failure of the furnace which heats the house means death; you might wake first to know you were frozen or you might not. In the poorer houses the inhabitants sleep on the stoves, and the weak ones often die. Drunkenness here is often attended with a swift retribution, which does not in the least pre-



IN THE VLADIVOSTOK MARKET.

vent it; and every day people are taken up frozen from the gutters, the spirit which is in them only hastening the freezing, so that the carts which are always sent round to pick up the sailors when the crews of the men-of-war are ashore have to do their work quickly. In the summer-time, when there is not the same need for hurry, the men often lie about in gutters until the afternoon. The word "gutters" is used simply to designate a certain part of the roadway; gutters, as such, do not exist. The drunkenness among all classes of Russians is simply appalling; officers think nothing of taking a tumblerful of raw whisky as a modest "bitters" before dinner. When the wind is not blowing the cold is endurable, though five fur-lined overcoats are not at all an extraordinary amount of winter wrap. You wear, of course, fur boots, fur gloves, fur caps. Women have their skirts and bodices lined with fur; wild cat, b-ing soft sooth and very warm, is often used for this purpose. It is quite astonishing the partiality for such things as olly sardines that one develops.

American cart-horse, but he goes like the wind. He will walk or he will gallop, but he does not condescend to do anything between. His harness is wicker and wonderful and very Russian, consisting primarily of a huge wooden half-hoop over the head—the keystone of the whole structure, which is attached to the shafts by winding long thin straps backwards and forwards. It takes hours to put this on, is always liable to come undone, and if undone is very dangerous. An English lady once related to me with horror how she was taken for a drive in Vladivostok, and the horse and carriage just went over everything—walls, banks, or whatever came in the way. It is quite true, a Russian horse does, and if you have once driven behind one you are never nervous again—you are either killed or cured.

In Vladivostok you take your daily scake as here your constitutional, and the most exciting thing to do is to sledge along the coast—dangerous because shore ice is never quite trustworthy—say, the original Askold, which does not lie sunk in Port Arthur, but is an island on the northeast coast of Siberia.

A. HERBAGE EDWARDS.

Costly Meal. John E. Wilkie, of this city, chief of the secret service, entered the office of Assistant Secretary Armstrong in the treasury department and said in disgusted tones: "I ate a beefsteak the other day and it has just cost me \$11.25." "Well," answered Armstrong, "I knew beef prices were rising, but I didn't think—" "It was this way," interrupted the secret service man: "The beefsteak cost me \$1.25 and the first bite I took out of it I broke a tooth. The dentist looked me over and said there were so many improvements necessary in my jaw it would cost me \$10." Mr. Armstrong listened to this tale with a severe expression. "Wilkie," he said, reproachfully, "you should eat more regularly. Then you will not at stake your food so voraciously."

Spencer No Linguist.

As everyone know, Mr. Herbert Spencer was no linguist. His ill-health—partly associated in large measure with eye strain—prevented him from mastering German. He was similarly ignorant of Greek, whilst his Latin was of the scantiest. Nevertheless, his work did not suffer so much as one might expect from these disabilities. He was so entirely a pioneer—anticipated only by the Ionian thinkers of 25 centuries ago—that a reading acquaintance with German would have been of little use to him. On the other hand, his works have been widely translated, the wonderful little pamphlet on education being obtainable in some 15 languages, including Japanese.—London Chronicle.

A Tramp Joke.

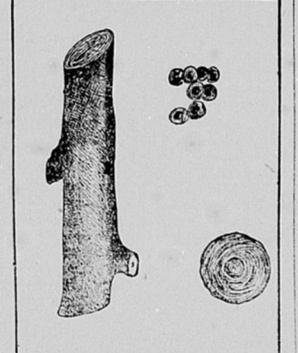
Scribbler—What do you think of my tramp joke? Editor—It is a misnomer. It has been worked to death.—Town Topics.



MENACE TO FRUIT GROWERS

A Talk About the Pernicious San Jose Scale, How It Looks and How It Works.

In a paper on this insect, read by Dr. J. H. Funk, before the Pennsylvania state board of agriculture, he says: "The general appearance of a badly infested limb can be compared to one sprinkled with ashes, mixed with fine particles of sulphur and soot. Such is the appearance found during winter. The scale is circular—one thirty-second to one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter. The body of the female is dark gray, convex, rising in the form of a nipple, with a slight indentation of a yellowish color in the center. The male is a little more elongated, with the nipple at one end. On trees not badly infested the in-



THE SAN JOSE SCALE.

sects will be found around and beneath the buds. Where the twigs branch, and in other sheltered positions the adult female will be found surrounded by her young of both sexes. In this condition the winter is passed by the insect beneath the scale. The true louse is a small, jelly-like body, flattened and closely attached to the bark, minus legs or means of locomotion. From these scales the males emerge about the first of May. About one month later the female matures and begins giving birth to young at the rate of about ten a day for 40 days. These young are very minute, yellowish, oblong objects, with six legs, two antennae and a strong beak. They wander aimlessly about for from 18 to 48 hours, when they attach themselves with their beaks to the limb and become a permanent fixture, never thereafter moving from the spot. The next day after becoming fixed they will be found no longer yellow, but gradually becoming covered with a white substance that is exuded from the body, like fine threads. In two days the louse is completely covered with its waxy coat, concealing and protecting it from the elements."

It is seen, therefore, from this description that any application that shall destroy this pest must be strong enough to penetrate the scale and kill the occupant. The caustic properties of the lime, sulphur and salt wash are able to do this and are entirely non-injurious to the tree. In fact, so useful is this spray as a fungicide in addition to its insecticidal properties that some orchardists are so enthusiastic over its use that they are ready to declare the San Jose scale a benefit, because on account of its depredations that must be checked if the tree is not killed many injurious fungi are destroyed that would otherwise be overlooked except in their damage to the fruit.—W. F. McSparran, in Ohio Farmer.

Wide Tires Aid to Roads.

In France every freighting and market cart, instead of cutting deep ruts in the highways, improves it. Many of the tires are ten inches wide. In the four-wheeled vehicles in that country the rear axle is about one foot longer than the forward axle, and as a result the rear wheels run in a line considerably outside that produced by the front wheels. After a few loaded wagons have passed over the road it looks as if a steam roller had been at work on it. A national law in Germany provides that wagons heavily loaded must have tires not less than four inches wide. In Austria the minimum for similar vehicles is six and a half inches; in Switzerland, six inches. If the law-making bodies of our states would pass laws of this character, instead of expending money for new road machinery and building roads, the people might be just as well satisfied with the results.

Destruction of Cut-Worms.

Some insects that cannot be reached by direct applications to their food-plants may be reached indirectly. Cut-worms, for instance, are unusually fond of bran, preferring it to their normal green food. Mix up thoroughly one pound of paris green or white arsenic with 50 pounds of bran; moisten with sugar water until it forms a mush that can be ladled out without dripping. A spoonful to a hill will protect any kind of plants growing in or on it, and will clear a field of the worms in 48 hours. The sugar water is not absolutely necessary, but serves to hold the bran together and to keep it attractive for a longer time. Chickens should be kept out of fields where this mixture is used and this warning applies to other stock as well.—Prairie Farmer.

Don't use methods which were in vogue 30 or 40 years ago, or even five years ago. Be up-to-date.

CANADIAN GIRL'S WISDOM

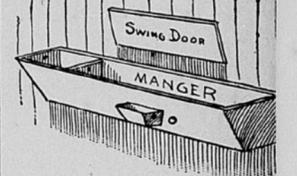
Miss Bella Miller Tells What the Sixteen Ounces of a Pound of Butter Should Contain.

1. One ounce of wisdom. Let us show wisdom in selecting and demanding the best.
2. One ounce of precaution. We will take the precaution to properly prepare our utensils, and leave them in good condition when we are through with them.
3. One ounce of concentration. Have your mind on your work and you will make no mistakes.
4. One ounce of cleanliness. This is the dairyman's motto, and needs to be exercised in the whole process of butter-making.
5. One ounce of determination. This will help us to overcome all difficulties.
6. One ounce of prevention. The science of buttermaking is made up almost entirely of preventive measures.
7. One ounce of care. Care is needed at every stage.
8. One ounce of discrimination. This is needed to distinguish flavors. It is also needed in choosing salt parchment paper, etc.
9. One ounce of forethought. What are the requirements of the market for which this butter is being made? We will consider this, and develop flavor add salt and color to suit our customers.
10. One ounce of accuracy. By making use of the scales we will know how much butter there will be a churning, and thus gauge the coloring an salt, so that we may have uniformity.
11. One ounce of judgment. We need to have good judgment in choosing the temperature at which to churn, and in making conditions favorable for churning at a low temperature.
12. One ounce of common sense. We use this, we will stop churning when the butter is in granular form.
13. One ounce of patience. We must have patience in using the thermometer, in draining the wash water off the butter, and in giving the salt time to dissolve.
14. One ounce of experience. This will help us in knowing when the butter is worked enough, and not overworked and greasy.
15. One ounce of neatness. This applies to person and to product, and especially to the printing and wrapping of the butter.
16. This is the ounce of honor. We will do our best, use what is best, and give such weight that the butter will be full 16 ounces when it reaches the customer. The extra ounce will be that of good humor, which goes with all our work.—From a Talk at Guelph, (Ont.) Woman's Institute.

A SANITARY FEED MANGER

Its Use Is Advised by Dairy Managers Because It Can Be Cleaned with Ease.

The illustration herewith represents a removable manger feed box (a), is designed to fit or nest into the ordinary fixed feed box as at (b), to be removed and thoroughly cleaned frequent intervals during the summer months for sanitary reasons. T cracks and corners of the usual wooden fixed feed box retain particles of food, slobber and collected filth, which in hot weather, ferments and sours a menace to the health of the animal. It oftentimes happens that the horse rejects his grain for no other reason than this. This sanitary feed box may be constructed of wood, metal or any material suited to the purpose. Holes may be bored through each upper end of the box for the insertion of the thumb when removing it from its bed.—Patrick Duffy, in Farm and Home.



REMOVABLE MANGER.

Seedless Apple Is Perfected. After experimenting for seven years John F. Spencer, an old fruit grower Grand Junction, Col., has succeeded in perfecting a seedless apple. The apple looks like a navel orange. The side is entirely solid, and there is depression in the navel end very similar to that of the seedless orange. Spencer began working for the seedless apple soon after the seedling oranges were put on the market. He now preparing to graft his seedling buds on every sort of apple tree, and asserts that he will be able to develop seedless apples of every variety. He will not reveal the secret of his budding and grafting. The tree on which the seedless fruit grows is unusual that it has no blossoms.

How to Catch a Sheep.

A sheep should never be caught by wool. This method not only causes animal unnecessary pain, but in the case of fat sheep that are to be killed, it does much harm to the joint of mutton tines underneath where the wool is pulled. It causes a dark bruise just the same manner as our bodies become discolored from being bruised. A proper way to catch a sheep is to take either by the hind leg, or just above gambrel joint or by putting the hand underneath its jaw or neck. In any crook it is important that injury to the sheep should be avoided.