

THE POOLROOM WAR

THE WESTERN UNION HAS SHUT OFF THEIR WIRE SERVICE.

PAID BIG PRICE FOR NEWS

Public Sentiment Forced the Directors to Act—The Case of Russell Sage—Country Estates of the Wealthy.



NEW YORK.—The malicious public has not for a long time enjoyed so much scandal of the news as it has the fight of the law and order people against the Western Union Telegraph company's poolroom work.

The directors of the Western Union happen to be a body of men of a staid deaconish type. Mr. Schiff is the leading spirit in the great banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. Mr. Jesup is a prominent member of the Presbyterian church and a generous giver in charity. Mr. Depew is—Depew. But for 25 years the Western Union has through its racing department practically handled the poolroom business of the country, paying a lump sum for the racing news privilege, assigning the operators to the poolrooms and getting the cash every morning from each subscriber.

The City club got evidence against it by sending two innocent-looking men to apply to the racing bureau for a poolroom wire at a given address. The company undertook to furnish an operator who "knew enough to jump out of the window if a raid came."

The publication put the Western Union directors on their mettle. Depew crawled from under the trouble. Mr. Jesup and Mr. Schiff hastened to consult with the president of the company. The result was a cutting off of poolroom wire service—though the poolrooms still made out to handle their public in other ways.

Everyone is wondering what'll happen next. The poolroom business was the most profitable part of the Western Union activities. Some say that the profit of the business nearly equals the total dividend of the company. If that is the case, the pressure upon the directors will soon be pretty heavy.

I shouldn't wonder if it came near being true. There are usually 300 poolrooms in New York city alone. Figure that at \$25 a day per room! Some of the big rooms paid more, getting race news not only from New York tracks, but from the entire country.

Old Age of Russell.

NOTHING more unlike the popular idea of a keeper of a gambling business in appearance than Russell Sage would be hard to find.

Mr. Sage is approaching his eighty-eighth year, rather a pathetic figure. His fortune is enormous, much larger than many that make a much greater noise. It is safely invested on loan with good collateral and in the most conservative stocks and bonds, and it grows by its own weight. And poor Uncle Russell has no interest in life except to watch it grow. The doctors have decided that Mr. Sage cannot even leave New York for the summer with safety; his health is in pitiable condition. He cannot move a step without the protection of a lusty body guard, who keeps away the reporters and aids and guides him.

Pious as he is, Mr. Sage has run through some pretty sporty propositions in his day, so that he could hardly be expected now to blanch at being accused of running poolrooms by deputy. And he doesn't. The "puts" and "calls" and "privileges" he used to sell upon Wall street provided the most concentrated essence of gambling that the street even in those careless days permitted. It was about as much legitimate business as betting on the turn of the card. There was money in it.

Of late years Mr. Sage has confined himself to the less active pursuit of lending money on good security. In this capacity he recently unwittingly perpetrated a joke which had all Wall street laughing. It was to decline a loan well secured by depreciated "industrial;" not because the security wasn't good enough—they were just as good as anything else for loan collateral, since you can always sell 'em for something—but because the shares were so bulky he hadn't room for them in his safe.

Mrs. Sage is some years younger than her husband and a lady of lively character, devoted in her quiet way to practical charities and to the education of women, which she has greatly aided.

A "Deserted Village."

FTEEN have spoken of the efforts of wealthy men to get great country estates so near the city that the collision of their ambitions with the public interests is becoming a serious problem.

Mr. W. Gould Brokaw, hero of a recent sensational lawsuit with a woman, furnishes the latest example. Out at Great Neck,

which has the honor of being the country station of W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and where Howard Gould's modern counterpart of Blarney Castle will be built if ever the disputes with architect and workmen are over. Mr. Brokaw has a beautiful estate which he is trying to fill out into a mile square of land by buying up all one side of a village street and tearing down the houses. Vanderbilt did this at Success Lake, which was a popular summer resort before the revolution. Payne Whitney is doing it at Manhasset. Why not Brokaw?

You can shut your eyes and see the kind of people Brokaw is driving out by the list! Johnny Higgins' blacksmith shop; Jake Fuehrstein's house and lot; Ed. Scheck's two houses; and so on. Of course, Jim and Jake and Ed get more than good prices for their holdings—\$10,000 for the blacksmith shop and an acre, for instance. But it makes the town authorities uneasy. When the houses are destroyed at a rich man's whim they will have to tax the place on the land only. And even a millionaire's great estate pays less taxes than the same space would if divided, as this would have been in time and already in part, into several hundreds of modest homes.

The Pretty Manicure.

ET what should we do without the rich and their freaks and romances? Mr. Faber and his recent marriage to Riker's manicure is a case in point.

Ever since there has been anybody to remember, there have been Faber lead pencils. They were made in Germany for years until our tariff laws brought over some younger Fabers to establish an American branch. They are very wealthy.

J. Eberhardt Faber, who had a splendid estate on Staten Island and a family of young, unmothered children, went into Riker's drug store to get his finger nails polished, a practice of growing usualness with men in New York. Perhaps the custom grows just as the flower buying habit does, and just as the habit of accompanying "wifey" to certain milliners' shops grows—because of the also increasing custom of employing in these establishments only girls of exceeding beauty. Upon my word, I do not know where they all come from; but if anyone gets from the stage the idea that New York girls are plain he can lose that impression in five minutes by buying a bouquet, looking at a hat for his wife and getting his nails polished, all within ten blocks.

At any rate Mr. Faber came, saw, was beautified as to his shining finger tips and promptly fell victim to Cupid's darts. Mrs. Faber's success in getting an excellent husband still young enough for romance simply follows an extraordinarily long list of such cases. Telephone girls have been particularly favored in this respect, a recent case in Poughkeepsie pointing the moral of a pleasant voice. And the process isn't of recent beginnings. The leader of New York society not so very long ago was wedded from the humblest surroundings and occupation. And Mrs. George Gould, Mrs. Paul Cravath and quite a few of the notable matrons of New York of to-day came from the professional stage.

The New Coney Island.

WHY, it's ever so much bigger than the Midway," said a man out west, who came back from Coney Island enthusiastic. He meant the lost and still lamented Chicago pleasure.

It set me thinking. Coney is a big institution, but it has grown so gradually that old New Yorkers take it quite for granted, and go or stay away unmarveling.

After all, Coney is the biggest thing of its kind in the world. You can go there for ten cents, or on a bicycle. London is an hour by train from Brighton. The late fashion of preparing great spectacles adds the last touch of splendor. Where a hundred thousand people go almost any day to be amused, and twice or thrice as many on Sunday, it pays to invest money.

Accordingly, you can see staff palaces as pretty in their way as those at Chicago and very festive. You can see the North Pole, or watch a man try to break his neck looping the loop. You can see an elephant shoot the chutes. Another elephant comes up behind the brute, as it stands shivering on the brink, and butts the huge beast, and away he goes down the incline, "splash" into the big tank, with a Greek temple on one side and a medieval village house in a corner and a Venetian palace on the other side and a Florentine campanile in the middle.

All the devices at Coney, from the chute-shooting elephant to the leap-frog trolley cars, either are or will be shown in other places. Coney is where they are all seen at once, and the good old one-ring chestnuts as well, with the breath of the immortal and unobtainable sea, and the picturesque merry-makers to watch. The Chicago man was right.

OWEN LANGDON.

Of Interest to Smokers.

The nicotine in tobacco is removed by steeping the leaves in a solution of tannic acid. This is the method adopted by a German chemist. To improve the flavor of the tobacco it is then treated with a decoction of marjoram.

Launches with Glass Bottoms.

Steam launches with glass bottoms are at the services of those who wish to view the marine growth about Catalina Island, Cal.

History Repeated in Fashions

IN TAKING a general survey of fashion, we see how history repeats itself, and what famous historical epochs are represented in the fashions of 1904! We are wearing Medicis collars and Elizabethan sleeves and embroideries, and Marie Stuart coifs, and we are adopting every style peculiar to the days of the Louis, in coloring, texture, and design.

Pompadour muslins are the rage of the hour. Chine, brocades, beautifully colored heavy satins, quaint old-world pastel embroideries, the Marquise hat in Leghorn, with its wreaths of Pompadour roses, the quaintly beautiful Directoire and Louis XV. coats, and brocaded waistcoats figure largely among the season's fashions.

Then we have the seventeenth and eighteenth century brocades and taffetas, not to speak of the Marie Antoinette skirts and bobs, the Josephine or Empire frock, with its bolero effects and gorgeous trimmings. Observe in the fashions of to-day the amount of gold galon and quaint old taffeta trimming used, and how faithfully the perline of the Josephine period has been produced in velvet and silk, though this is now giving place to the Early Victorian ficu effects.

Charming is the revival of taffeta, plain, spotted, striped, check, and changeant in the old-fashioned browns and greys of that period which followed, in disapproving contrast, the brilliant rose du Barry and Louis XV. blue. To-day we are without prejudice where color is concerned.

Nothing is too gorgeous for us, nothing is too simple, and thus we see brilliant shades side by side with subdued Quaker tones.

It is not surprising that dress to-day is beautiful, for the wonderful colorings and lovely embroideries of the Far East are manipulated with the ingenuity and lightness of touch peculiar to the Western nations; chic and smartness we have at home, and superior intellects have culled wondrous designs from the old-world masters. The Italian school is also playing a part with its trimmings and enamels.

You may wear gowns of silk or serge, linen or muslin, but the skirt of the evening frock and the toilette de reception must be long, full, and flowing. Walking skirts, on the other hand, are plain at the top, full at the feet, and clear the ground all round.

Kid and suede belts are de rigueur with tailor-made gowns, while on smarter occasions we wear soft Oriental satin and taffeta pointed bands and sashes.

Long stoles and richus of marabout and ostrich feather are worn, some of the latter being shaggy-looking and uncurled. Then we also see fichus of lace point d'esprit adorned with curious taffeta trimmings, some of the best summer dresses will be made of taffeta. In this fabric particularly there is a decided fancy for pale pink as well as for the stronger strawberry and raspberry shades. Brown will not go out of fashion, but will get paler and paler until it dissolves into yellow. Pale green, too, of a rather unbecoming olive shade, is popular.

ELLEN OSMONDE.

MILLINERY MODES of PARIS



PARIS.—Dear to the heart of every woman of fashion is the variety in new hats and parasols, the majority of which are very becoming. There are flat shapes and high ones, shapes worn over the face, others tilted back, the long, the narrow, the wide, the square, and the round, in fact, every possible shape, every known color, all periods of history, and fantastic modern ideas, are all represented on the head. Our elegantes can wear almost any shape and make it look as if it is peculiarly theirs by right.

There was a fear in the early part of the season that the veil or lace drapery and the general effect of the echarpe would soon be demode on account of their overwhelming popularity. As a matter of fact this is not the case, for quite beautiful are the specimens of black and white Chantilly veils now worn, and if these give place to the lighter effects in tulle and lace we cannot say they have disappeared abruptly.

The 1830 hat, with strings, is still worn, but not very many of these are to be seen, though there are some pretty specimens in simple Leghorn sun-bonnets, trimmed with wreaths of flowers and narrow black velvet strings.

A great deal of fruit is being used on all kinds of hats, and especially on the Breton shapes. Some of the smartest show apples, cherries, currants, and grapes, placed without any meaning whatever, but with extremely stylish effect.

On almost every light hat we notice a touch of black, and where it is possible the inner brim is of black. Many tan shapes are lined with black, and those for morning and country wear show high elongated crowns with hands of black moire ribbon, two or three black wings being the sole trimming.

Some picturesque hats are in chip, the crowns covered with currants or roses, embedded on puffed tulle,

which fabric also forms thick ruches round many of the crowns of hats. Sometimes these fruit crowns are rather hard, and a little heavy. I must say I like the scarf-like drapery of lace to soften the brim.

Fancy crinolines are used, trimmed with ruches of tiny pink roses and green leaves.

The Breton sailor is revived in all possible shades, and there is a liking for the Toreador worn as a toque straight over the face instead of being tilted up at the side.

Blue in every shade is to be seen, from the palest ciel trimmed with long feathers and a veil of the same shade to the practical Breton sailor in navy with wreaths of cornflowers or bands of velvet ribbon and ornaments.

The dark blue lace or net veil has become as much a feature as that in brown or black. Shaded gauze and chiffon veils are also worn; in fact, the changeant effect is everywhere noticeable, in the veil, in flowers, in feather boas, and last but not least in taffetas and chiffons.

Paris fashions are truly delightful and nothing is a more striking example of the luxuriousness and gorgeousness of toilettes than the parasols that accompany them. The ordinary en-tout-cas is, in itself, despite its simplicity, extremely costly. The long Pompadour handle is generally surrounded by crystal, enamel, or jewels. The covers are mostly in one color with a deep border of contracting shade. Grass-lawn and muslin are often used as a border for the taffeta parasol. Then we have the most glorious examples of these composed of gauged chiffon trimmed with festoons of chenille, ruffles and beautiful Chantilly lace. Some show a silk fringe, platted heavily, while very delicate are those made of painted chiffon inserted with fine lace. Some of these parasols are of the most gorgeous colors; others are in plainest white and black; but all are indicative of costliness.

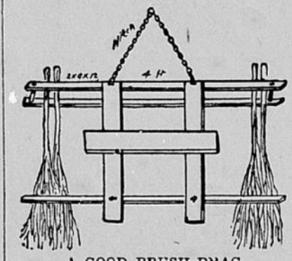
ANNETTE GIVEX.



A POWERFUL BRUSH DRAG.

An Implement Which, According to Its Designer, Is More Useful Than the Harrow.

Every farmer knows a harrow is an indispensable farm implement. I have constructed a drag that covers a wider area of usefulness than the harrow. Except when I have sod land, I never use the harrow, then I follow a spring-tooth harrow with the drag, which pulverizes and levels the ground and puts it in fine tilth. The drag can be made any desired width. The one I made is to be used with three horses. It consists of 3 pieces 2 inches by 4 inches by 12 feet; 5 pieces 1 inch by 12 inches by 4 feet; 2 6-inch bolts, 2 7-inch bolts,



A GOOD BRUSH DRAG.

2 3-inch bolts, 1 whole trace chain. Any kind of straight brush will do, but brush that grows in thickets is best. Select brush two to three inches at butt end and seven to eight feet long. The drag is made as shown in the cut. Take two pieces 2 by 4 by 12, and bore 4 holes to match in each; first, bore a hole about 6 inches from the ends, here use the 6-inch bolts. Bore a hole 2 feet each side of center, here use the 7-inch bolts. Cut notches in the brush about 6 inches from butt ends, wide enough to fit over the 2 by 4 piece. It is best to notch some off both sides, the object being to keep brush from pulling out of drag. Place the brush as close as can be crowded conveniently between the 2 by 4 by 12 until full, then put each end of trace chain on 2 inside bolts, chain to be used for hitch. Put on top 2 by 4 by 12 and screw end bolts up tight. Next bore holes in two of the 1 by 12 by 4 pieces, and let extend to rear and onto 7-inch bolts, and to piece 2 by 4 by 12, three feet to rear, resting on top of brush with the two 3-inch bolts. Next make eight linchpins 20 inches long and bore four holes front and rear, size 1/4 inches, bore holes in top 1 by 12 by 4 pieces and put in pins. Then put on seat board, which can be moved forward or back to equalize weight as the driver desires. Points of excellence: The driver rides, can do twice the amount that can be done with the harrow with the same team, pulverizes and levels the land better than a harrow, leaving a fine bottom for cutting grass, and for meadow, fine for covering grass seeds, etc.—H. M. Means, in Epitomist.

TIMELY WORDS OF CAUTION

Patent Bug-Killers Rarely Approach in Efficacy the Old-Fashioned Paris Green.

When the farmer begins to spray he looks around for insecticides and finds a good many claiming his attention. There is the pure Paris green, and there are the numerous brands of insect killers that are called "patent," and for which great claims are made. If he does not know what he is doing, the farmer will pay a big price for some of these patent big-killers that are praised a great deal, but are of little value. Paris green is the standard poison, and probably there is nothing cheaper obtainable if it is pure. Arsenate of lead is a good insecticide and carries about one-fourth the amount of arsenic as does Paris green. It has the advantage of adhering better to the foliage than does Paris green.

Of the numerous brands of patent insecticides on the market all depend on arsenic for their efficiency except one or two that are compounded with oxide of zinc as the active poisonous principle. One of these compounds that has been investigated by the station costs about one-third as much as Paris green, but it takes from 35 to 50 pounds to do the work of one pound of Paris green. At that rate a man is paying more than ten times for his insecticide what it is really worth, based on Paris green. A good many of the others have a little arsenic as poisonous principle, and are composed in the main of plaster and coal dust. They are cheapest when let alone.—Farmers' Review.

Apple Pomace for the Cows. Three of the state experiment stations, notably that of Vermont, have conducted experiments with saving apple pomace in the silos and feeding it to cows during the winter. The Vermont station has experimented with this kind of silage now for several years and always with good success. The pulp is simply hauled from the cider mills and shoveled into the silo either with corn silage or alone. About three inches of the silage on top spoils, but this serves as a covering to protect the rest. This silage has been fed to cows in quantities varying from 10 to 50 pounds per day without any injurious effects on either the cows or the quantity or quality of the milk. This kind of silage is always much relished by cows and eaten very greedily.

Big Difference in Seeds. The outer covering of the seeds of all plants has more or less power of absorbing water. In such plants as corn and wheat the cases absorb water at almost any temperature, but with such seeds as the Honey Locust it is not so, especially if the seeds have been allowed to become dry. Such seeds will lie for months in tepid water and will not absorb moisture, but when the temperature of the soil or water is raised to a certain point they absorb water readily. Nurserymen sometimes start such seeds in quite warm water.

The Rabbit Nuisance Solved. The exports of frozen rabbits from Australia show considerable expansion. The figures are as follows: In 1900, 2,839,012 pairs; 1901, 2,092,727; 1902, 3,274,210; 1903, 3,650,000. This industry has become an important one in Victoria. More than 20,000,000 rabbits utilized during the year were exported frozen in the fur and from 100,000 to 12,000,000 skins were shipped, and a large number of these animals tinned and disposed of.

FRUIT TREES ON ROADSIDE.

Why It Will Be a Good Many Years Before They Can Be Planted in Large Numbers.

It is reported that in some parts of Europe the municipalities have planted trees by the roadside to such an extent that an annual crop of fruit of considerable size is the result. We have also heard of the reported custom among the Spaniards of planting peach pits everywhere, that there may be an abundance of fruit for the people. To what extent this practice has resulted in a greatly enlarged fruit crop we do not know. But some of the travelers in Europe testify to the scarcity of fruit there, so it would look as if the practice has not resulted in a superabundance of the fruit. Annually we are confronted by the question of how to ornament our highways. Our landscape gardeners and horticulturists have the most to say about the matter.

It is easy enough to solve the problem—on paper, but not so easy to solve it in a manner that can be worked out. There have been a great many schemes tried in this country, but few if any have been successful, so far as the use of fruit trees along the highway is concerned. The one great obstacle to the planting of fruit trees by the highway is vandalism. How they prevent this in Europe, if they do prevent it, we do not know. Perhaps they have enough watchmen employed to look after the ripening fruit. In this country the fruit trees planted or growing along the highways are wantonly despoiled of the blossoms in blossoming time and of their fruit in fruit ripening time, and often the fruit is taken before it is fit to use, to prevent some one else from getting it. How often have we seen carriage loads of people driving into the city with big boughs of apple blossoms, taken from some orchard where a tree happened to stand, not on, but near, the public highway. The "grab" system of living must be eliminated before we can hope for much in this direction. Last year was a good year for wild crab apples, and the people living in the locality in which the writer resides have the custom of going into the woods and gathering what they need each year. And there are generally enough crab apples for all. But last year men from a distance came into the locality at crab-apple time. They had wagons, bags and pickers. They boldly invaded every field and wood where crab apples were ripening and skinned the trees of their fruit, which was afterward sold in South Water street, Chicago. This shows just what would happen in the case of fruit raised on the public highway. Those that did the work of caring for the trees would reap none of the benefits; nor would the general public.

Here and there in unfenced lots are standing apple trees, and the treatment they receive shows what would be the treatment of trees likewise unprotected. Before the apples are hardy ripe people come and shake or beat them off with clubs. The trees are left not only stripped but maimed, and after a few seasons of this treatment present a most unsightly appearance. The writer knows of one family that had a big tree full of apples, a few hundred feet from the house. One night men came with a wagon and gathered the fruit, leaving only wheel tracks for the owners of the fruit.

When we have a denser population and roads so valuable that men have to be constantly employed to keep guard over them and repair them, we may be able to raise fruit by the roadside—but that time is as yet far distant.—Farmers' Review.

A CONVENIENT FARM GATE.

It Is Not Only Durable and Attractive, But Can Be Built at Small Cost.

The other day I viewed an old well-kept farm, and one of the sights that attracted my attention was a gate that had served almost the "three score and ten." A grand old pine formed the swinging post, and

instead of hinges a band of iron encircled a round pole which constituted the left upright of the gate at the top and the pole was let into a mortise in a dogwood crosspiece at the bottom. The sketch will give an idea of its appearance and aid any who wish to make one. The iron band, a is secured to tree, b left upright, c dogwood crosspiece, but any hardwood will do, x, place of mortise, d, latch.—J. C. McAuliffe, in Farm and Home.

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