

ROYAL DRESS COST

Victoria of Spain Most Costly Attired of Queens.

Where the Old Clothes Go—Some Discarded Garments Are Sold, Some Returned to Maker and Others Given Away.

London.—It goes without saying that the expenditure of queens on dress is of necessity high, and it is higher today by a good deal than it was 25 or 50 years ago, says a writer in London Answers.

The most expensively attired consort of a reigning European monarch is generally supposed to be the queen of Spain.

Her Spanish majesty's dress bills for gowns alone run to more than \$15,000 a year. She purchases most of her dresses in Paris and is more punctilious about being modestly attired than any other royalty. Her majesty rarely wears a gown more than half a dozen times, practically never has a gown altered, and never, at home or abroad, is seen two days in succession in the same gown.

For her morning and afternoon gowns Queen Victoria pays from \$75 to \$150.

She purchases about seventy of such gowns in the year, and, taking the average price at \$125 each, this would mean an outlay of \$8,750 on morning and afternoon gowns alone, while her bills for evening gowns would amount to about \$9,000.

The queen of Spain seldom orders less than half a dozen gowns at a time, and frequently will order as many as twenty or thirty. Her majesty, however, has an understanding with most of the modistes whom she patronizes that every gown she does not care about when it is completed may be returned.

The German empress is, of all great royal ladies, the least modestly attired. Her majesty holds the opinion that in matters of dress royal ladies—ladies

RUSSIA BUYS EMBASSY IN WASHINGTON



The Russian government has just purchased for its embassy the Washington residence of John Hammond, which was built for Mrs. George Pullman and never has been occupied. The price paid by Russia is said to have been \$500,000.

merly a dressing maid at the German court. She retired from the royal service on account of ill health when she was about forty years old and to supplement her pension she started dressmaking in a small way, and her former royal mistress most graciously gave the woman her patronage.

Queen Mary is also most economically attired for the consort of a great European sovereign.

Her majesty's bills for gowns when she was princess of Wales ran to about \$3,000 a year, and as queen they do not much exceed that figure. "The queen, of course, does not wear out" any of her gowns, but she never allows a morning or afternoon gown to be put out of the royal wardrobe until she has worn it at least a couple of dozen times.

For her evening gowns Queen Mary pays from \$125 to \$200, and for morning or afternoon gowns from \$50 to \$75, and for tweed walking dresses from \$30 to \$40.

There is a custom existing among most royal women, as well as among others who spend large sums on dresses, of disposing of the dresses and gowns that are put out of their wardrobes to certain dress agencies, and the money so realized is used to defray part of their dress bills. Two large dress agencies in Paris have the handling of most of the left-off dresses of European royalties. These transactions are conducted by the chief dressers of the various royal women and the former are allowed to take a certain commission on the sales.

The sale of the queen of Spain's dresses annually amounts to about \$4,000, and of the czarina to about a hundred pounds less. Neither Queen Mary nor the German empress, however,

ever sell their left-off dresses. Queen Mary's left-off gowns are given away to the poorer dependents of royalty, or are distributed through certain charitable agencies to poor gentlemen. Her left-off dresses in much the same way, except that they are practically all given to people in some way or other connected with the court.

THIEF'S HAUL \$30 IN PILLS

Highwaymen Make Unfortunate "Catch" When They Hold Up Medicine Peddler.

Atlanta, Ga.—Thirty dollars' worth of pills and an oil lamp book showing grants which were made in Georgia in the days of Oglethorpe lay in the bottom of Giddings Johnson's one-horse chaise as he jogged along after dark into the suburbs of Atlanta.

He was thinking in a dejected way of the trials of a medicine peddler, when Madge, the ambulant horse, shied as though she felt a returning yelpfulness. Then, from out of the dark, stepped four figures, and four voices directed Giddings to hold up his hands.

Four highwaymen began at once to search the one-horse-chaise, while Madge lapsed back into her usual drowse, stood with her head between her knees.

One of the highwaymen exclaimed with pleasure as he lifted a heavy, square object from the chaise and dropped upon his knees before it in the roadway; yet, what he opened to the moon were land grants which were a relic of Oglethorpe, and were old when Georgia, as a state, was young.

But his displeasure was lost in the delight of another of the bold robbers who was dragging from the chaise a heavy box. He set it down in the dust of the road. The highwayman upon his knees rose hurriedly, the other two crowded about, and eagerly they looked on, the moon shining palely upon them as the box was opened.

They might have been treasure seekers, remnants of a pirate gang, or just what they were.

The lid of the box ripped, a part of it tore loose. The remainder of the lid was piled off, and the four bold robbers, the moon shining palely upon them, bent forward and in the wan light looked upon the treasure of \$30 worth of pills.

"Let's shoot him," suggested one with a look toward Giddings Johnson.

"Why not make him take all the pills?" advised another.

But a third, with that sixth sense peculiar to real highwaymen, heard the far-off approach of a vehicle, spoke in brief, sharp words to the others, and all four melted into the shadows of the night.

Then did Giddings Johnson remember that a shotgun lay in the bottom of the chaise. In a moment he had it out, put it to his shoulder, aimed, pulled the trigger—then remembered that he had forgotten to load it.

He got out, replaced the pills and the book of land grants, returned to the chaise, drove to the nearest telephone and gave word to the police.

EDISON SAYS TANGO WILL GO

Turkey Trot, Diaphanous Gown, Smoking by Women and Other Fads Also Fleeting.

New York.—"Faddists and extremists have been common in all ages," said Thomas A. Edison. "The turkey trot, the tango, the diaphanous gown and women smoking will vanish when the novelty wears off. Such extremists represent only a fractional per cent. of our people and we need not fear for the others." Mr. Edison believes in eugenic marriages, but deprecates the teaching of sex hygiene in schools to pupils not old enough to do their own thinking.

Lawyers say he has a good case. All concerned are well connected socially.

Dig Up Petrified Fish. New York.—What is supposed to be the remains of a hornbill fish which inhabited the waters of New York harbor 250,000 years ago has been dug up in a petrified condition at Tompkinsville, Staten Island.

Furniture casters are now made of compressed leather.

Tales of Gotham and other CITIES

Gotham's New Mayor Lives in Apartment House

NEW YORK.—From time immemorial the mayor of New York has had the honor of two large lamps erected at the city expense to light his front door. The "Mayor's Lamps" are an institution as inviolable as the famous laws of the Medes and the Persians. But it looks as if this ancient tradition must go by the board—for John Purroy Mitchel hasn't any real front door!

Mr. Mitchel has the distinction of being the first mayor here to live in an apartment house. The new borough president, Marcus M. Marks, will be sorely puzzled when he tries to have his men put up those lamps. A visit to the big Peter Stuyvesant apartment house in Riverside drive convinced the writer after he had been whisked up seven floors in the elevator that even the ample corridor from which Mr. Mitchel's foyer door leads would be cramped by the antediluvian street lamps of monstrous size which custom decrees. Then again this isn't really Mr. Mitchel's front door.

The imposing entrance to the Peter Stuyvesant is already well provided, thank you, with electric braziers, which give plenty of illumination and harmonize with the architecture, and the homely word "front door" dies on the tongue here, too. So the owners of the apartment house and the many other tenants, not realizing the honor they should feel in their identification with the mayor, might object.

Altogether it is a perplexing problem. Mayor Gaynor, who, like all his predecessors, lived in his own mansion, is said to have remarked in his caustic fashion that it was a "useless custom" when he saw the workmen without consulting him putting up their twin lighthouses before his Brooklyn home.

Then the Theatians are having their troubles these days, too. In the first place, the police have dared to apply the "low, tragedy" word "loitering" to their custom of discussing the green room in animated groups along the Kialto. One actor has written to Police Captain Walsh, threatening to lead a movement to desert Broadway, and recounting the following: "Now there arose up a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph. Broadway is in much the same position as Egypt since the coming of the new policemen. I stopped near Forty-fourth street yesterday afternoon to tell a fellow-actor what a successful summer I had in Middle Western stock when I was rudely tapped on the shoulder by one of your men. 'Take that stuff up stage,' he said. 'I am surprised and indignant, but my friend informed me that such occurrences are now common. He added that only the other day he and a group of friends were accosted by one of your policemen as, 'Hey, you bunch of Edwin Booths.' One of the leading members of the burlesque stage was told the other day to 'get out of the spotlight and make an exit.' 'Are your policemen behaving in this manner at your instigation? In former years the police realized that Broadway was our field of activity and should be reserved for us just as part of Broad street is roped off for the curb brokers.'"

Why the Policeman Had Real Plain "Grouch" On

CLEVELAND, O.—One of the policemen waiting in the locker room of the central station for roll call, plainly had a grouch on. Patrolman Hank Gerow stood and grinned at him. In response he finally elicited a sickly smile and an explanation.

It seemed that the sister of this policeman's wife, her husband and their two children had descended upon his house the day before, unexpected and uninvited, and intended to make a visit of two weeks.

"Cheer up, old top," roared Hank genially as he slapped him on the back with a hand as big as a Westphalian ham, "it might be worse. 'For instance, one summer, when I took my vacation, I went to Philadelphia. Naturally, I drifted over to police headquarters to get acquainted there a little. One mighty fine fellow I met and took a liking to, was Patrolman Michael Pugusky. He seemed mighty tickled about something and before long he told me that in a day or two his father and mother, whom he had not seen since he was a boy, were coming over from Russia, after much solicitation on his part, to live with him. That man certainly did look forward with much joy to meeting them again. 'Well, it happened that I was at the Pennsylvania railroad station, ready to take a train home, when they arrived. As soon as Pugusky saw them he rushed up and embraced them. My, but he was happy! Then his mother asked: 'Is there room for all, Michael?' 'All!' he echoed. His mother pointed to 12 other people standing modestly at one side. 'Your aunts, your uncles, your cousins,' she announced. 'They have come to live with you also, having heard how rich and powerful are the police in this country.' 'Pugusky grabbed the back of a seat for support and for a time he looked as though he were trying to swallow something about the size of a dog. But he was game, that man—'I'll bet he is a good policeman. He tried hard to smile while he shook hands with all of them, then marshaling the 14 new members of his family in procession, he marched them away toward home.'"

Wagon Tongue Silences Traffic on City Street

CHICAGO.—After a crowd of 500 persons, including a patrol wagon load of police, had failed to raise a blockade of street cars on South Dearborn street the other day, a civil engineer solved the problem by simply suggesting the uncoupling of a wagon tongue.

A heavily laden coal wagon was stalled. A crowd had gathered. The driver tried to take all the tips from the crowd, the result being that the wagon slipped off the tracks into the excavation made by a gang of street pavers. Traffic came to a full stop. Four mounted policemen galloped up and talked the situation over with nine crossing and other policemen. The wagon finally was got clear, but the horses stood across the tracks. The policemen and on lookers argued and the street car men growled, but none was able to solve the problem. The track simply could not be cleared. Gray matter revolved at such a velocity in a hundred heads that there was danger of an epidemic of brain fever.

The civil engineer came down out of an office building and whispered to a policeman. The policeman looked suddenly wise, after admitting in a whisper between his closed hands, "We're a lot of bone-heads," and then, in a loud, commanding voice, ordered the teamster to pull a bolt holding the tongue to the wagon and drive his team away. Traffic had been at a full stop for three-quarters of an hour, but only the engineer who had viewed the situation from an upper office window could see what was the matter.

Young Woman's Tip Gets a Seat in Street Car

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Do you believe in tipping to get a seat on a street car? If you don't there is one young woman in Kansas City who does.

The young woman got on a Rockhill car at Eighth and Walnut streets. As she pushed her way forward through the crowded aisle many of the passengers noticed her air of independence as indicated by her soldier-like carriage. She could not have been much more than five feet tall and she was as straight as the proverbial ramrod. As she made her way forward it was observed that she looked closely at each seated passenger. Finally she stopped opposite a seated negro woman. She leaned over and spoke in a whisper to the negro woman. The negro nodded and arose at the same time holding out her itching palm. The young woman dropped a dime in the negro woman's hand, seated herself, unfolded the Star and instantly was oblivious to the smiles of the men and looks of astonishment of the women passengers.

Beside her sat a woman elaborately gowned. She looked her diminutive seatmate over from head to foot. The look was not especially approving. Finally she could contain herself no longer. "Did you pay that woman to get your seat?" she asked. "Certainly," was the smiling answer. "I have to do it every once and a while. You see," she went on, "I work pretty hard all day and when night comes I'm pretty tired. I can't ask a man to give me a seat, so I pay a dime for one when I think I see a probable customer."

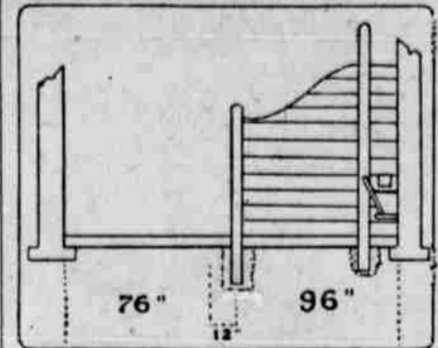
GOOD FARM BUILDINGS

Materials for Cow Houses, Stables and Pigstyes.

Floor of Structure Intended for Accommodation of Live Stock Should Be Impermeable and Non-Absorbent as Possible.

(By W. R. GILBERT.)

Since the introduction of Portland cement concrete as a floor-laying material there has been no excuse for uncomfortable and inefficient floors at the homestead. To be efficient, the floor of a house intended for the accommodation of live stock must be as great a degree as possible both impermeable and non-absorbent. If it is neither, it will be liable to become offensive itself, and will lead to the same condition in the soil upon which it lies as well. Flagstones of good quality and finish and flooring tiles may reach a high standard in these respects, but unless they are very carefully jointed liquid matter will leak through the seams and pollute the soil underneath. If with such as these it is difficult to keep the subsoil wholesome, it need never be attempted with irregularly finished slabs, far less with small boulders, as paving stones. Concrete can, however, be laid with-

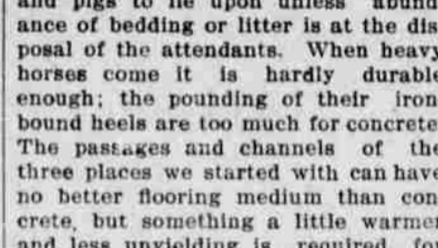


Open channels alone are permissible in the buildings we are dealing with; covered drains can never be kept sanitary in these places—not, at any rate, under the treatment it is found practicable to bestow upon them there. Here, again, concrete comes to the front on account of the regularity and smoothness of outline it is possible to give them in that material. A concrete channel can be effectively swept or scraped with ease, and a bucket or two of water swilled along its course will leave it comparatively sweet and clean.

Limitations of Concrete. But while concrete is eminently well adapted for flooring the parts of farm buildings that are liable to be soiled by the tied-up animals, it is not so well suited for their stalls or lairs. It is all right as regards smoothness, but it seems to be too cold for both cows and pigs to lie upon unless abundant allowance of bedding or litter is at the disposal of the attendants. When heavy horses come it is hardly durable enough; the pounding of their iron-bound heels are too much for concrete. The passages and channels of the three places we started with can have no better flooring medium than concrete, but something a little warmer and less unyielding is required for both cows and pigs to lie upon. Horses might be left to take advantage of its smoothness were it more durable against their heels, because they usually have more bedding afforded them and they have less time to lie down.

Brick Pavement. Makes a very suitable floor for the cow's stall, and it answers equally well for the pig's bed. Well shaped building bricks laid on a bed of lime or cement serve the purpose admirably.

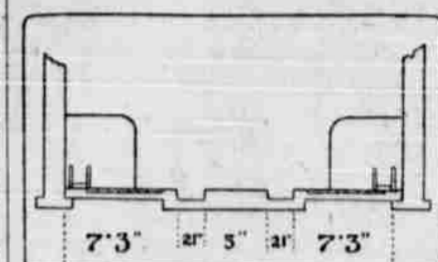
The cows can never soil their stall floors, provided the building is arranged to meet their requirements; nothing does the big mess their sloping places provided it is kept clear of the rest of the floor space. At this rate there is not much likelihood of the soil beneath the brick pavement ever getting contaminated by excremental matter, even when the bricks are simply bedded on sand or ashes and are not grouted. But when bedded on lime and grouted with cement, a firm,



sound job is the result, and a surface of this sort will respond to a swilling with water as readily as the parts of the floor in concrete do.

Stable Stalls. Something harder than brick is of course required for the stable stall. "Setts" or paving blocks, either of granite or "whin," say 8x4x5-inch, suit very well. Bedding them in lime, and grouting them in cement, both as advised for the brick pavement, make a strong job. This pavement may be kept two feet or so back from the wall that the horses face against, but it should be continued to the one side or other of the channel behind the horses. Concrete comes in very suitable for the remainder of the floor. The narrow strip in front, if laid with it, keeps rats at bay. Rats are always sure of something in the stable stalls, but they will not venture there unless they are free to shelter in the floor beneath.

Fig. 1 is a cross-section of a floor such as we are describing. It shows a building 18 feet wide inside. It may safely be more; to make it less is not advisable. The stable, as well as the cowhouse and pigstye, should, as we have already said, be without covered drains inside. As far as practicable,



When a Cow Should Go Dry. The dry cow is easiest cared for during the time of short pasture. She does not need as much fancy food as the cow that gives milk. If she comes fresh in the late fall she can go on regular winter feed and be kept up to her normal flow all winter.

In the spring she will have the fresh pasture at just the time when she needs it to keep her yield from falling off. She will give most of her milk when milk and butter are scarcest and highest. She will be ready to dry off when the flies are worst for cow and cowherd. And the busy fall days will not be made busier by the necessity of milking her. What can be said against this argument?

Free Range is Best. The same results will follow when the cows are separated from the other horns if the cows are fed largely on corn. Give the brood cows a good pasture, and they will pick up most of their living and keep healthy; shut them up in a lot, and they will lose stamina and disappoint their owner at farrowing time.

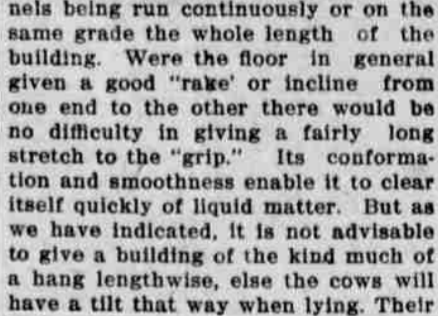
one should make an open channel serve to carry away liquid matter from the stable. There is never so much urine from horses as from the cows, however; but there is usually more fall given in the stalls of the stables than in those of the cowhouse, and the stances for the geldings have to be floored in such a way that the stallings may be readily concentrated and led to the gutter. It is sometimes necessary, however, to make use of short lengths of these.

Fig. 2 represents the cross-section of a good

Double Cowhouse.

The cows face the walls, their beds or lairs being 7 feet 3 inches long from the wall to the edge of the "grip." The beds are almost level in this direction. They have more or less incline the other way, in accordance with the general rake of the building, but as little as can be given. A glazed fire-clay trough sits on the floor in front of each cow. The troughs are kept back from the wall about the breadth of a brick, so that the animals, when in the act of using, may not damage their horns against the wall. The "grip" is 21 inches broad, 6 inches deep at the side next to the cattle stances and from 3 inches to 4 inches alongside the central passage. The bottom of the "grip" has a dip of 1 1/2 inches from the one side to the other, and lengthwise as much fall as will quickly lead fluid matter to the outlet provided for its discharge. It sometimes happens that the cowhouse may be too long to admit of the channels being run continuously or on the same grade the whole length of the building. Were the floor in general given a good "rake" or incline from one end to the other there would be no difficulty in giving a fairly long stretch to the "grip." Its conformation and smoothness enable it to clear itself quickly of liquid matter. But as we have indicated, it is not advisable to give a building of the kind much of a long lengthwise, else the cows will have a tilt that way when lying. Their beds we have advised to be made as level as is practicable from wall to "grip," and this holds good with regard to their cross-section, too. It will be noticed from the figure that the passage up the center of the cowhouse is a little lower than the cow stands on each side. This is in order to give the cows a better position when critics are about. The travises or dividers between stalls are of concrete, and between three and four inches thick. Each stall, we need hardly add, holds two cows. A cowhouse, finished as I have been describing, and properly ventilated, does not call for much improvement, one would think.

The cross-section of



A Double Pigstye

Is represented in Fig. 3. Concrete is again much in evidence, as will be seen. The beds are of brick, however. They are raised a few inches above the general floor level. Where this

method is adopted it will be found that the pigs rarely mess these "platforms." When feeding they void excrement enough, but then it falls on the concrete floor between the trough and the raised bed. The liquid matter escapes either underneath or round the troughs into the channel alongside the passage; and the solid matter can easily be removed from where it fell with shovel or scraper, without leaving much trace behind it. The feeding troughs are of a glazed fire-clay. They are low in front, but have high sloping backs, tending outwards into the passage, over which projection the foot can easily be tipped from bucket or ladle. Cross-pieces from front to back keep each snout from boring from right to left in the trough. The high back of the troughs help to make out the front barrier of each division or pen. Iron rods stretched above these, as the section shows, complete it effectually, while they admit of a clear view of the place. It simplifies matters when doors to the pen can be dispensed with at the passage side and be put in the back wall instead. This affords increased trough space, and is otherwise convenient enough. The semi-solid excrement can be easily removed by the back, a concrete barrow track being carried along on one of the platforms to the doorway, if so wished, but a narrower strip will serve. A run of water from one end of the house to the other will do the rest of the cleaning effectually. The effluent will easily repay the cost of a tank placed where such can be conveniently intercepted. The figures, it must be borne in mind, are suitable only for smallish pigs; for larger animals they must be increased proportionately. Lighted and ventilated as advised for the cowhouse, a place such as the above merits the name of pighouse in place of pigstye.

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Queen Victoria of Spain.

of the royal house of Hohenzollern, at any rate—should be a law unto themselves.

The German empress orders the bulk of her gowns in Berlin. Her bills for which run to from \$8,000 to \$10,000 a year. One of the dressmakers patronized by the German empress was for-

WHERE HAS HE GONE?

What Has Become of the Early Photographer?

Artist's Gruesome Pose—Didn't Care About Draperies, But Insisted on Throwing Up the Physical Defects of the Sitter.

New Orleans.—Whatever became of the old time tall, outsize photographer that wore a bowler tie and smelled like colloidion an' called his abattoir a "art studio"? I wonder where he went and when he died, fer ther must have been some special arrangements made ahead fer him. Who kin fertig how he used t' pose us in front o' a screen showin' a castle with a rustic bridge leadin' up t' it an' a couple o' swans? writes Kin Hubbard in the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Now, then, set perfectly still a little an' look about here. Raise your chin a little more. Higher, higher. That's fine. Now, turn th' head a little slantin' like. That's it, that's it. Now, that's fine. Ah, that'll do." Then he'd turn out a photograph lookin' like you had a stiff neck augmented by a little dash o' spinal trouble—like you had just murdered a whole family with an an' an' wuz facin' th' judge without a pang o' remorse.

"That's fine. Now throw th' chin well back—a little tiny bit more. That's fine. Now, all feet close 'together' an' steady. That'll do." Then Friday you get th' proofs an' you and your wife looked like Lewis an' Clark takin' their first view o' Mount Tacoma after a ten days' march on empty stomachs.

"Th' ole time photographer ally posed you in such a way as t' feature your Adam's apple. He didn't care about th' arrangement o' drapery or whether your coat wuz buttoned straight, but he wuz there t' see that your Adam's apple got ever'thing that wuz comin' t' it. If you had a hairlip er a wend in th' neck he allus made 'em th' principal points o' interest in your photo. If you had a bulgin' forehead he'd powder th' high lights an' pull in your chin. If you had a retreatin' chin he'd pry it out an' make an interior o' your nostrils. If you looked like a turnip he'd insist on a front view, an' if you looked like a hatchet he'd prescribe a side view. If you wanted t' stand up an' show your feet an' watch chain he'd bring forth a little column-shaped pedestal t' stand by an' you looked like you wuz waitin' fer somebody t' shoot a apple off your head.

Ever'buddy you see in th' ole family album looks like they had either lost their only friend or wuz settin' in an electric chair. Always sad or terrorized. If you looked pleasant or natural you had t' sit again.

"T'day if you want t' look like Gertrude Elliott er Jack Barrymore th' 'artist' 'll fix it fer you. If you look like a sewin' machine agent an' feel like you would like t' look like a great author t'day's photographer 'll show you how t' git th' desired expression by restin' th' left cheek in your hand an' lookin' anxiously int' th' future. If you want t' look like a great society leader an' have a goltre th' modern photographer 'll remove it without pain, an' if you want t' look like a smilin' cow he'll look after your bridge work without extra cost.

SUES TO TALK TO HIS WIFE

Georgia Man Swears Out Writ of Habeas Corpus When All Other Means Fail.

Cincinnati, Ohio.—Reversing the usual order of things, in which wives are supposed to talk to much to their husbands, M. C. Prichard of Macon, Ga., has invoked the aid of the judiciary to enable him to talk to his wife.

habeas corpus warrant directing that Mrs. Prichard be produced in court, and he feels confident that what he has to say will sweep away all their marital troubles.

The Prichards have been separated for some time and Mrs. Prichard has been living with Mrs. Edward B. Kessler, at whom the habeas corpus warrant is technically directed. Refused by the refusal of his wife to heed his pleas for a reconciliation, Prichard resorted to the habeas corpus tactics as a last resort.

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