Latest Patterns in Homes Displayed for Bargain Hunters

The Trade Show an Innovation That Has Come to Stay.

The band struck up, the lights in Madison Square Garden blazed forth, the public gave up its half dollars and passed inside the brass railing, and the very latest thing in trade shows, the Real Estate and Ideal Homes Show, was opened in New York a few evenings ago.

New Yorkers have accepted the automobile show and the motor boat show. They have patronized the food show under the pleasurable anticipation of carrying home a choice variety of samples of breakfast foods and the latest discoveries in cereal coffees. With equal pleasure they have sought out the druggists' shows in the hope of falling heir to free corn plasters and antiseptics and tablets.

The office appliance show, the electric show, the advertisers' show and the sportsman's show have in turn won favor from the public, but it has remained for the real estate show to forecast with warning finger the fate of the citizens of old New York if the ingenuity of show managers keeps up its stimulating influence.

Primarily, this latest trade show was intended for the benefit of those enterprising men who have suburban properties to exploit. It was to give them "one glorious opportunitee" to get the ear of the dear public and to pour into that ear the luring tale of cozy bungalows, ocean breezes, wonderful views, exclusive residence sites and the whole long, gossipy catalogue of advantages which their respective properties are declared to possess.

But some descendant of King Solomon suggested that New Yorkers might not take kindly to paying for information which they can so readily get for the asking; for information, indeed, that it is sometimes difficult to get away from. So the ideal homes feature of the show was added.

The one dominant note of this has been tuned to show how the New York flat dweller of the future can economize on space. Space savers and more space savers were seen among the various appurtenances and fixtures which were shown as the most recent inventions for comfort in the ideal home. One was almost tempted to feel, in listening to the apostles of space saving, that the ideal suburban home, as well as the average New York flat, needs every space saving device that the gray matter of man can evolve.

Judging from the augury of this show, the time is not far distant when the New Yorker will spend a good deal of time either in remembering where his belongings are hid away—in some space saving device—or else in manipulating the levers and cranks that operate these same space savers.

Time may be when the kitchen range can be hoisted out of the way up to the ceiling when it is not in use, merely by pulling a rope; when the piano can be turned over by the simple twisting of a crank so that its back can be utilized as a bed; when a man will carry around his shoe blacking outfit in his hollow bootheels and his shaving appliances in the top of his silk hat. It looks as if things might be coming to this pass.

One of the "space saving" firms declares that "a new era in kitchendom is coming," and that the various space saving devices it makes save from four to thirty-three square feet of floor space, as compared with corresponding utensils of the ordinary kind. If this means that the landlords of New York will be able to take these areas out of the space that flats now have, then heaven save New York from the space savers! No wonder this firm asks: "Are you prejudiced against modern improvements?"

The space savers invite you to keep your bathtub in a wall space six inches wide in your parlor or your kitchen or wherever you please; to open a door and drop down the drain basin and the curtains and frame for the shower bath when you desire to use them and afterward to pull a cord and hitch them up to the wall once more and shut the door on them. "By this space saving plan," smilingly suggests the demonstrator, "any one can get a bath."

Equally ingenious is the space saving combination of porcelain and nickel which can be alternately a kitchen sink and drain board, two wash tubs or a bathtub. "Take out the central partition and the top tray when you want a bath," explains the exhibitor, "then mount on a chair or a footstool and plunge in."

One can readily imagine that in a flat furnished with a full complement of space savers the entire time of one person would be needed for manipulating them.

Even in the construction of houses the space savers have been busy. Already the collapsible house of four or five rooms that can be put up quickly anywhere and taken down with equal speed is an accomplished fact. It points to the time when the tax dodger who is really resourceful can move around the country quite cheerfully with his collapsible menage and be sure of escaping the tax collector every time. The exhibitor of the collapsible house declares: "You can erect our houses yourself; the only tools you need are a screwdriver, wrench and hammer." The would-be tax dodger can carry his space saving, rent saving house in his own automobile, taking along also a space saving, rent saving portable garage, which can be as speedily moved as his house.

Already human ingenuity has devised the house built on a pivot, so that the sunshine can be switched in or out of a room as desired. It has also devised the weathercock house for the protection of people living in countries where cyclones are common. It automatically turns its most heavily built and windowless end to the storm.

Some day the space savers will undoubtedly find a way of attaching the portable house to an airship or a balloon, so that during crop growing weather the house can dangle aloft and the owner's winter vegetables be growing on the site.

One is tempted to moralize a bit after visiting such an exhibition as the Real Estate and Ideal Homes Show, and to ask, "Why the trade show, and why will people pay money to view what they can see without cost in the shops?"

The manager of one of the leading automobile firms in the country, who always takes large space at automobile shows the country over, said: "The trade show has come to stay because it has proved itself to be one of the best means of advertising so far discovered. It is a development of the advertising craze that is one of the notable features of American business methods to-day, and it has shown itself an excellent stimulator of business.

"At the last automobile show in New York our house spent $10,000 on a single Sunday advertising its exhibit in the Sunday papers. That shows what we think of the trade show. It paid us ten times over. Do I think it lessens the amount of advertising that is likely to be done through the regular channels? Quite the reverse. It stimulates advertising along every line. This is because the trade show creates business. When a man is selling his goods he will advertise; when he isn't selling he won't advertise."

In the case of the automobile men it may be said that their trade show exists now because of their practically uniform desire to show their machines and to create competition. But in the case of some trade shows they spring up as money making ventures on the part of promoters rather than in response to any well defined demand of the trade.

The trade show supplements the show window as an attention compeller. Every one knows that shopkeepers who have the ability to make interesting displays for their show windows are sure to secure customers. They may attract notice by displays of objects not at all in line with the goods they carry or by some human interest feature, such as a man weaving a rug in the window, a girl writing name cards or combing her hair. The arrangement of a display in a shop window is considered of sufficient importance to demand expert direction and window dressing has come to be a profession in itself.

The trade show, while a more recent development in business, is fast becoming of commanding importance. James C. Young, secretary and treasurer of the Madison Square Garden Company, who has watched the birth and growth of various trade shows in the last twenty years, believes that they are destined to expand to even greater proportions than they have yet reached.

"The first of the trade shows here," said Mr. Young, "was the American Institute Fair, which was established in 1828, and was for many years very flourishing. In 1883 came the first horse show. Owners and lovers of horses felt that a competitive showing of their animals might be advantageous.

"Madison Square Garden was built to accommodate the horse show. The land now occupied by it was owned by the Vanderbilts, and there was talk of parcelling it and selling it in lots. Then some one proposed that a building be erected in which there would be space for the horse show. In 1887 the first horse show was held in the Garden. The poultry show and the dog show came here the same year. The development of the trade show in New York has taken place since then.

"In 1892 the first food fair in New York was held, and in 1893 the first bicycle show. I look upon the bicycle show as among the most successful trade exhibits ever held. It was not uncommon for an exhibiting manufacturer to sell his entire output for a year on orders taken at one of these shows.

"In 1896 came the first sportsman's show and in 1898 the electric show. The latter subsequently languished for a time, but the right people have taken hold of it and it is now a successful affair when held. Since then the druggists have held shows, so have the clothing men and others. The motor boat show vies with the automobile show as a success.

"In December the cement men are to have a show, which will be the first of its kind in New York. Chicago has already had a cement and concrete show. There is talk, too, of a rubber show here, and also a leather show. Boston had a leather show last year, in which the showcases alone cost $32,000. Some of these fixtures may be used here."

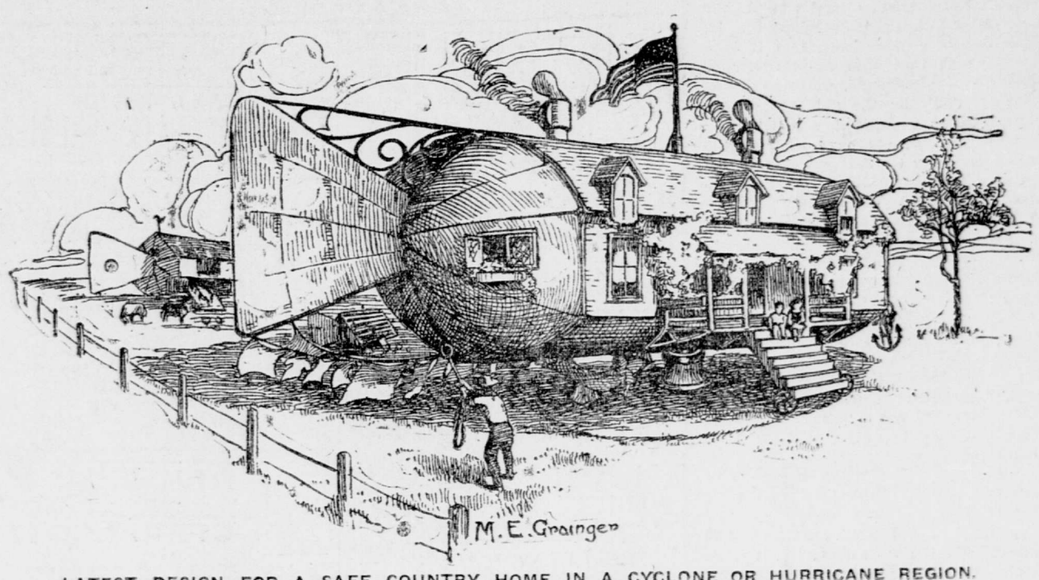
Mr. Young said he knew of no movement for a trade show for airships; but, he added, "Just as soon as the airship becomes a commercial success, you may depend upon it that there will be an airship show."

The trade show seems to have met with quick response on the part of the public. The food show and the sportsman's show make an especial appeal to the amusement seeker. The former furnishes, for one thing, delectable "tastes" of various edibles, such as well flavored gelatines, various brands of teas and coffees, salad dressings, plum puddings and the like, and mankind and womankind seem never to tire of trying these morsels and of carrying home loads of sample packages of everything they can get.

The sportsman's show makes a peculiar appeal to the dwellers in a city. A city bred man, who scarcely knows a fishing rod from a cornstalk and has no memories of childish attachments to angleworms, develops surprising interest in an exhibit of speckled trout and the appliances which the wily fisherman uses for the trout's ensnaring. He lingers at the show under the hemlock boughs near a trickle of water which is supposed to represent a trout brook, and tries to imagine what it would be really to live for a while close to all the growing things so dear to the heart of a sportsman. Rubber boots and gun cartridge boxes and oilskins assume new importance to him, and he votes the show "mighty interesting."

Large sums of money are spent on the trade shows. The managers are usually incorporated, and so become a permanent organization, competent to do business from year to year. Exhibitors pay for the space they occupy, erect their own booths and plan their own schemes of decoration.

A. P. M.



LATEST DESIGN FOR A SAFE COUNTRY HOME IN A CYCLONE OR HURRICANE REGION.

The fishtail structure at one end acts as a weather vane. The wind hitting this swings the house around on a pivot, so that its opposite end always faces the storm. The storm end is windowless, doorless and is strongly reinforced. In calm weather the owner can swing the house around so as to keep the front windows in the sun or in the shade, as desired. Steps from the front and back doors descend to a circular path, so that inmates can always come down comfortably.

Space Saving Devices in Demand Not Only by Flat Dwellers.

A LONG STRETCH.

"I suppose it takes a vivid imagination to write?"

"Yes; and that fellow has it. Why, he imagines he's a poet."—Washington Herald.

Watchers for the Comet's Tail Revealed Themselves in Curious Ways

The Chinamen, for Instance, Acted Differently from the Negroes.

"Want to hit the trail, Baldy, and watch the fools watch for the comet?" my friend O'Farrell said to me last Wednesday night.

I was proud of the invitation. I am proud to be the friend of Francis X. O'Farrell, the author, who is, with the exception of Elbert Hubbard, Miss Tarbell and the late deceased Mr. Ibsen, our greatest living genius. He is the only great man with whom I am acquainted. It would be a treat to accompany such a man through the metropolis, for he is well aware of his own superiority and appreciates even my admiration. When such an event as the passage of the earth through a comet's tail was occurring, he would certainly be inspiring.

From our window I could see many inferior persons on roofs below gazing expectantly several ways, but mostly at the moon, which was giving light. When I say "our window" I do not claim to share O'Farrell's apartment. When the partition between our rooms was put up it so divided the window that part of it now comes in one room and part in the other.

"Let's beat it now, then," the author exclaimed, when I had thanked him. "Mrs. Morgan is out on the roof with her shoes off."

Mrs. Morgan occupies the third room of the suite, with her five deceitful and unprincipled children. My door opened silently; O'Farrell's made a slight squeak. We always try to pass through Mrs. Morgan's apartment when she is out or retired, so as to spare her expectations regarding the rent. We reached the sidewalk unseen.

"Now, Baldy," said O'Farrell, "listen to this woman on the stoop, who talks as if she had swallowed a loaded Dreadnought. The other lady, with the wart on her eyelid, thinks the comet will kill her and her children."

"Comets don't mean no hurt to nobody," the woman was saying; "that is, nobody but great people an' folks of some account. Garfield died when the last one come, an' little Freddy, my fourth, he died, an' he was awful bright. No comet won't hurt none o' your young ones, nor nobody like 'em."

"There, Baldy," said O'Farrell; "lots of people are kind-hearted after all and comfort other folks like this woman. Cheer up."

O'Farrell knows that I have been made a saddened man by deep reading.

The street we took led through one of the poorer districts of the city, like a good many of the streets approaching our house. Many persons stood on the sidewalks looking upward, but they were poor and of little importance. We were soon in Ninth avenue, and, turning west at 37th street, found ourselves surrounded by negroes. I shall quote my friend's account of what happened, as I heard him telling it to the eldest Morgan child.

"There were as many as a thousand negroes in the street, I guess, big ones and little ones. We had to pick our way over 'em where they sat crouched up together. Most of 'em were scared blue, only you couldn't see it, of course, because it was under the black. A big fat mammy sat on the sidewalk chewing down five ham sandwiches with a river of tears and bellowing between bites. We heard a boy sing out, 'We's all 'bleeged ter die an' A'ant Quinine she bour' ter die plum full.'

"Every time an arc light sputtered or an elevated train made a blue flash everybody screamed, 'Dat's it!' 'Yer she comes!' 'We's done fer!' and some of them dropped on their knees. All of a sudden at 11 o'clock there was a terrific screeching in the houses, and swarms more came tearing out of the gambling places and saloons. Most of 'em were screaming and waving their arms. One young sport shouted, 'Ah's gwine die outdoors, an' Ah's gwineter see all der is ter see, you bet.' The whole street just sang with the racket.

"Then we heard a sound like a sort of chant coming from a house I knew, and we pushed in. Even the halls were jammed, and there wasn't a window open. We crowded through the negroes to the room upstairs. Most of them were old and gray headed; they all chanted and sobbed and moaned. The room was hung all around with horseshoes and nails and old iron and feathers.

"A big West Indian negro, with white wool a foot long, stood before a horrible wooden image on the wall; he was the Voudoo doctor, a sort of priest, praying to the idol to keep off the comet. He had just chopped off the head of a white rooster with an axe; the body was still struggling. The old negro rocked back and forth and shook the rooster with all his might, spattering the blood over the image and the walls and the negroes on the floor near by. All the front of the room was sprinkled with blood. Every time he shook the rooster the negroes raised a louder groan.

"Before we had to leave we saw the old fellow jerk out a handful of hairs from his white shock and some feathers off the rooster. A girl wound one hair around each feather, and the doctor handed them around to the people. He said they were sure charms and would keep off the comet."

One point about the Voudoo temple O'Farrell did not mention to the child.

"They call the blood sacrifice 'the goat without horns,'" he told me as we went out. "Years ago it used to be a human child. You'd like to see some of these good old customs revived, eh, 'Baldy'?"

O'Farrell knows that I detest children. Not only are their actions ill timed, but I find their thoughts crude and immature. He did me an injustice in this case, however. I would not have any children sacrificed, except possibly the largest Morgan.

Next we turned eastward. Passing Sixth avenue, we heard several explosions, and, hurrying toward the crowd, we saw a Chinaman clothed in a pink silk gown waving the Chinese and American flags from a balcony. A child in sky blue pajamas was throwing strings of firecrackers into the air.

"Mekkee go 'way!" the Chinaman shouted. "Mekkee big fire ball go 'way back an' slit down!"

O'Farrell stopped and pondered.

THE CHINESE HORATIUS.

"Baldy," he said, "here's a sample of true courage. Here's a man so scared that he's forgotten how to pray in Chinese and decent privacy. Yet, while he's ready to be burned to a cinder himself, he sticks to his duty and keeps his restaurant open. You notice there's a small 'Chink' on the sidewalk who urges the crowd to come in and watch him pray from the tables, where chop suey will continue to be served at reasonable rates to the last shiver of the crack of doom. Yet the 'Chinks' downtown haven't batted an eyelid at this comet or put out a lantern on the joss house, for they don't believe in it there; they haven't the same Down East kind of conscience that this man has, and they aren't getting the trade."

As we passed through the theatre district I noticed the remarkable beauty of the women, but no signs of the comet. Before I could resist O'Farrell had whirled me through a revolving door, and I found myself in a vast apartment almost as fine and brilliant as Luna Park. With the air of one well used to luxury, O'Farrell advanced, holding a card in the hand that had a cuff. I had often seen the card. It read: "F. Xavier O'Farrell, Special Correspondent, 'Melbourne News,' 'Hong Kong Visitor,' 'Voice of Barbados.'"

He handed it to a man dressed in black, with a white shirt, who was plainly a favorite of his laundry woman. O'Farrell added something I did not hear, and the man stopped staring at me, laughed and said, "All right," and led us to an elevator of unparalleled splendor. We ascended to an enormous height, passed through some clean corridors and stairs and came out on the roof. I saw only a flat place, with some very superior persons who looked through a telescope. Not so with O'Farrell.

"Down there," he said, waving his hand in his most impressive manner, "you see the city, seemingly turned up toward the horizon like a big, twinkling saucerful of sleep, curiosity and superstition. Thousands and thousands are still gaping on their roofs or on the bridges, though they see nothing and will see nothing. But listen to the woman with diamonds at the telescope and to the telescope man."

Accordingly, I listened.

"I will now show you Jupiter and his moons," the man said. "The large star, that is Jupiter; to the right are two little ones; those are two moons."

"But they don't look as big as the moon," the woman objected.

"Madam," said the astronomer, who seemed to be grieved, "that is the largest planet in the solar system. It is thirteen thousand times as large as the earth and sixty-four thousand times larger than the moon is or ever will be."

"How interesting," said the woman. "I suppose we can't see the comet because it's behind the moon?"

"The comet," said the astronomer, "well, yes, the moon has something to do with it. So has Jupiter, and the sidereal motion has to be taken into account. The sidereal motion is very important. All that implies complex calculations, as you can see."

An elderly man who wore a cap contradicted the astronomer several times. He had looked through the great telescopes at Padua, Brussels, Vienna and Rome, and considered this one a broken-winded skate beside them. Any of these would have shown the comet in full view, he said, and, besides, this one had Jupiter's moons twisted hindside before, for he had seen the two moons to the left instead of the right, in Europe. The astronomer explained that that was due to the sidereal motion. The man didn't agree, and O'Farrel sided with him, after which the man invited us both to take a drink, and my friend did so, from one of the little tables.

After leaving the elevator, going out, we passed an enormous hall or chamber, as splendid as it could possibly be. It was full of hundreds of people who were eating.

"All over town," my friend said as we left the door, "hundreds of hotels like this are feeding tens of thousands of guests like these. Almost every great hotel in New York has opened its roof to those who wish to air themselves and look for the comet. Most of them know that nothing will be seen, but almost all of them act as if they didn't just to keep the party agreed."

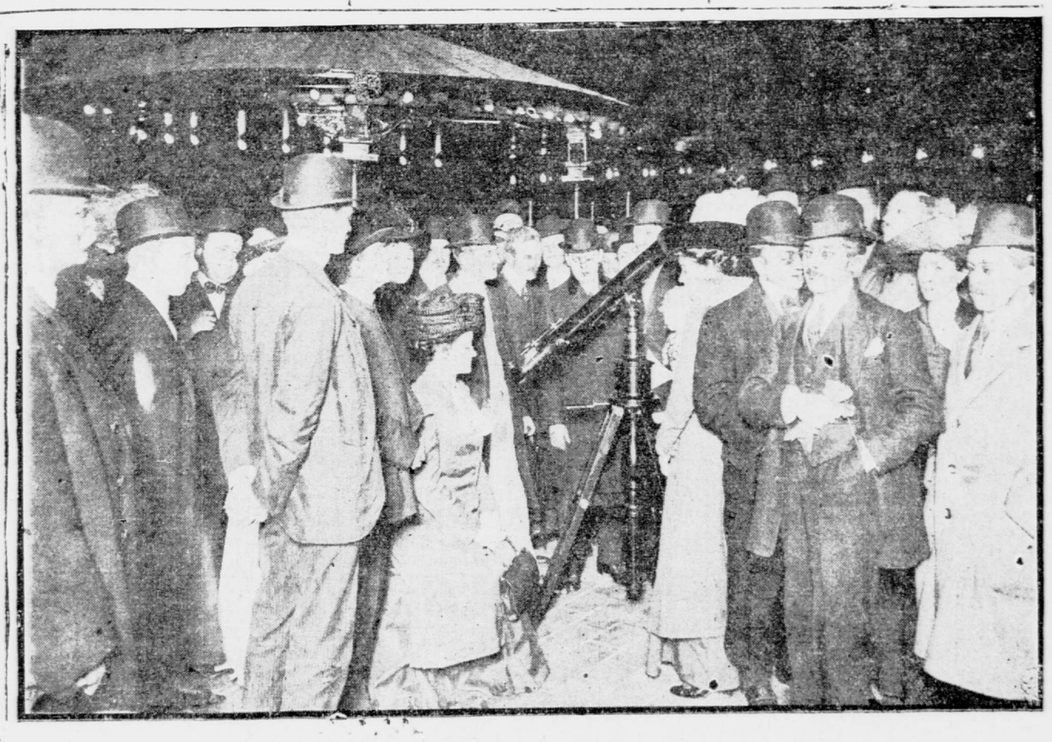
"What was that place?" I asked when we reached the street.

"The Waldorf."

My heart almost stopped beating. If I had known I should never have dared to enter the place. Later O'Farrell told me that most of the persons we had seen had their names in the papers every few weeks.

MOST SOOTHING.

The Better Half—What kind of powder would be best for baby, I wonder?
The Rest—Gunpowder.
—The Sketch.



COMET PARTY ON THE ROOF OF THE WALDORF-ASTORIA.

Watching to see the tail of Halley's comet on the night of May 18, when it was predicted the world would pass through the lurid wake of the heavenly visitor.

Presently I found myself following O'Farrell through the iron gate of a church in a district south of Washington Square, near our home.

"A church!" I exclaimed.

"My first in fifteen years," said the author, jocosely.

Several persons of inferior social position were kneeling down inside. A somewhat superior man, who was, as O'Farrell said, a steel faced grouch, with a mouth like a fox trap, told us that the church should have been closed at 9 o'clock. It was now nearly midnight, and the man, who was the sexton, spoke severely of the inferior persons, who wished to pray until the supposed danger had passed.

Just then the door partly opened and two disgusting children backed in. Both were smaller than the littlest Morgan. Their faces were wet and muddy; their eyes were enormous and reddish. The sexton, suspecting the superstitious motive that brought them there, made a gesture toward the entrance with the firm manner of one used to exerting authority. They went out slowly, and he was forced to loosen the fingers of one, which clung persistently to the door.

O'Farrell started out. He muttered something to the sexton, and I was surprised to overhear my friend, the advanced and modern thinker, using several expressions of more force than piety. The children were lying beside the gate, one on top of the other, crying. O'Farrell shook the two creatures apart and sat down between them. They shrieked horribly, believing, I suppose, that the comet had overtaken them, but he put an arm around each and addressed them thus:

"There, old Sockalexis, that's all right. We'll fix things up all fine an' dandy. What's tha matter. Now, sister, just ease up and tell us what it is. Eh?

"Er com-met! Er com-met! Burn!"

"An' burn! An' burn! An' burn! An' bu-u-u-eh-eh-ow-ow-ow!"

"Evebbruddy!"

"All up!"

"Dead!" they yelled at each other.

"Rats!" said O'Farrell.

"Who handed you all this business about burn an' bu-u-rn all up? Eh?"

"My marmer," said the girl, blubbering again. "She and pa'll all be burnt up an' us, too, out he-e-ere!"

"Oh, no, you won't."

"Say, cap," said the male one, pointing at the sky, "Him, you know—he's gonter burn us. With fire right out uv heaven. My marmer didn't make us go to school to-day, neither; t'warn't no use. We couldn't be safe, 'xept in th' church."

"Oh, yes," O'Farrell said, as if he had remembered something. "I heard all about that. There was some talking about burning up Brooklyn, but that all blew over; nothing in it. You tell your ma she heard all wrong. Tell her you're all of you safe. An' then, Flossie, tell her—well, just you tell her that He thinks more of her kiddies than she does."

O'Farrell seized one in each arm and lugged them to the tenement house where they lived. Then we paced our homeward way together.

Short-Weight Scamps Flourish In Big Stores as Well as Little

Efforts to Bring the Swindlers to Justice and Educate Customers.

When one day recently a delegation of smartly clad women, members of the Rainy Day Club, headed by their president, Mrs. A. M. Palmer, invaded the pushcart market along First avenue, above 8th street, in order to get information first hand of the trickeries practised by the short weight artists—against whom the club, following the initiative taken by Mayor Gaynor, has started a vigorous crusade—excitement a little akin to panic was started.

Down the long line of pushcart men and throughout the stronghold of the small dealers flanking the sidewalks the alarm went, for a curious sort of wireless telegraphy exists among these people, and while they have little respect for the law, yet they have no intention of getting into its clutches without a struggle. So there were attempts at legerdemain, more or less evident. The substitution of untampered weights for those that had been doctored was made, and all the artifices practised to cheat the public were quickly abandoned for the time being. In spite of this, however, ample evidences existed to assure the "Rainy Daisies" that their crusade had not been begun in vain.

In company with Inspector Smith, of the staff of Francis M. McCoy, acting chief of the local Bureau of Weights and Measures—which bureau promised the women its support in their fight—the delegation visited sections where the most flagrant abuses exist, and not only heard plenty of tales of the methods employed to cheat the housewife from the inspector, but saw with their own eyes violation after violation of the law.

In First avenue they saw scales that had been manipulated to give short weight, baskets arranged with false bottoms and measures stuffed half full of newspaper or cut down to about half the original height. In West Houston street they saw rubber bands inserted in the counter scales to make them show a greater weight than the true one and bits of lead or strips of metal soldered to the under surface of the weighing pan for the same purpose. In "Little Italy," up on the East Side, they saw weights that in appearance conformed to the law, but were either hollowed within or had been gouged out on the under surface, the deficiencies of space being afterward filled with black wax, cork, or some other material lighter than the weight itself.

"I feel," said Mrs. Palmer afterward, "as if I had been attending a performance of legerdemain."

It was at 8th street and Second avenue that the women had their first sight of a specific violator of the law—a thin Neapolitan fish dealer whose scales registered a half-pound before they began to weigh. As the party turned into First avenue they came upon a pushcart man on whose cart were several measures heaped up with string beans and other similar products. Each measure was discovered to have been cut down by half, so that the customer in ordering a quart of string beans got only a pint.

Next they came to a stand where potatoes alone were sold. "Now, I will show you how they short weight potatoes," explained the inspector, as he took up a quart measure which to the uninitiated gave the impression of being full, pressed down and running over. Removing the top layer, there was disclosed one large potato, which almost filled the bottom of the receptacle and prevented others from nestling beside it. The few perched on top gave the impression of particularly generous measure. Another trick is to set two or three good sized potatoes on end in the bottom to form a good foundation and then lay a few on top of this picket fence. The customer thinks he is getting the worth of his money, but the interstices are so expansive that in a two-quart measure there will not be perhaps more than one quart of potatoes.

Another potato seller was using a half-bushel basket which appeared to be of proper dimensions, but was discovered to be woven double, so that the housekeeper who bought a half bushel of potatoes from this man would, if she measured them afterward, find herself cheated out of two quarts.

A large number of these dealers carry two sets of weights, a false set and an accurate outfit, and when the word is passed along that the inspector is coming there is a hurried change made, so that unless the dealer or pedler is caught unawares no discrepancies appear.

GOT PAY FOR IRON RING

One man, however, was nailed by the inspector and "Rainy Daisies" in the act of trying to hide a circular iron ring which had been slipped beneath the pan on his scales to increase profits by adding several ounces to each purchase. A pint measure which a woman pedler had filled with string beans was emptied of its contents. The inside was stuffed with newspaper to one-half its height.

It is said that practically all of the strawberry boxes shipped into New York City as quart boxes contain about three-quarters of a quart, and it was found that pedlers in First avenue were selling fruit in boxes which were 15 per cent short measure. The law prohibits the sale of berries except in pipt and quart measures. False measure is obtained by pushing up the splints in the bottom of the box, so that it is from 15 to 20 per cent short. This is done by taking a sharp knife and dividing the box in two at the bottom, then with a slight pressure of the thumbs the frame gives way and the centre rises sufficiently to accomplish the object desired.

In West Houston street was found a butcher who operated a small shop whose scale was from eight ounces to a pound out of balance. This was a spring scale which is in common use by merchants, but the spring had been so fixed that a five-pound test weight placed in the scale registered five and one-half pounds.

Of the better class of stores whose proprietors shortweight their customers nearly all the inspecting women had tales to tell. One member of the Rainy Day Club committee related how she ordered butter of a certain firm against which many complaints have been lodged. It was weighed at the house and found short. To convince herself, the woman went again and ordered another carton, which proved a duplicate of the first order. Then she went back and lodged her complaint, at which the tradesman only laughed, as did also the women customers who filled the store, each one a victim, though apparently a hopeless one, of the tricks of this particular grocer.

TO INTEREST HOUSEKEEPERS.

To combat these evil practices Mrs. Palmer is planning first of all to hold a big mass meeting to arouse the interest of as many housekeepers in the city as possible. To explain to them the situation and make suggestions as to how they can help to right the conditions is the object of this gathering.

A net weight law for package goods will be advocated, for, according to the figures of Fritz Reichmann, State Superintendent of Weights and Measures, the New York public loses more than $1,000,000 yearly because of the tricks employed in short-weighing package goods. An effort to get remedial legislation will be vigorously pushed.

Mr. Reichmann has told how the housekeepers may help in the movement. His suggestion is, first of all, that each woman have a kitchen test set, consisting of a scale reading by half ounces up to ten pounds, a peck measure, dry quart measure and a liquid quart measure, the measures being all subdivided into fractions of a quart.

"After purchasing such a 'set,' says Mr. Reichmann, "it should be tested and sealed by the official sealer of weights and measures. Then when the supplies are received, occasionally check what is purchased to see whether it agrees with what was paid for.

"It is well to check, also, the contents of package goods, to ascertain whether they are what they are thought to be. Three or four per cent shortage will amount to considerable in the course of a year, and if figured in dollars and cents will soon show that the kitchen outfit was a good investment.

"Besides checking the commodities received, it would be advisable to assist the legitimate dealer by ordering supplies in terms of weight, measure or numerical count. Do not order by the 'pail,' the 'print,' 'brick,' 'jar,' 'bottle,' 'basket' or the 'package.'"

On the Boardwalk

Summer Seems Enthroned Already at Atlantic City.

Atlantic City, May 21.—Visitors are finding this resort just about the pleasantest spot in the United States at present. Straw hats have sprung up into full bloom, and there is a general discarding of everything that smacks of winter and chilly weather.

There is a host of visitors here, and while the hotels are not packed as they will be in the next month, yet they are well filled, and everything indicates a big boom in the resort's business. In anticipation of the coming crowds, the city fathers have contracted for the widening of the Boardwalk in the lower part of the city. From Illinois avenue to Texas avenue the walk will be 49 feet wide, while from Texas avenue down through the fashionable residential district of Chelsea it will be 40 feet wide. Nine feet additional will be added to the first mentioned section and twenty feet to the last.

Newlin Haines, proprietor of the Hotel St. Charles, has just had plans prepared for an addition to that hostlery. It will be fourteen stories high, steel frame, and entirely fireproof. The new wing will contain 146 rooms. A large ballroom and convention hall will be on the ground floor. The main entrance will be from St. Charles Place, and the lobby will have marble and mosaic floors, with a panel of marble eight feet in height, above which will be a stone finish. The wood finish in the interior of the new wing will be entirely of mahogany.

David P. Rahter, one of the well known hotel men of the resort, has just taken a long term lease of the Hotel Ostend, in Chelsea, and improvements are now being made.

G. L. Cake, who has conducted the Hotel Sothern, in South Virginia avenue, for the last two years, is renovating that house.

The annual convention of the New Jersey State Medical Society will be held in this city on the last four days of next month. Haddon Hall and the Hotel Chalfonte will be the headquarters of the physicians while at the shore.

The American Society of Mechanical Engineers will hold a four days' convention here, beginning May 31. The headquarters will be at the Marlborough-Blenheim, where the meetings will also be held.

General Benjamin Lefevre, of Washington, is spending a fortnight here for the benefit of his health. He is making his headquarters at Young's Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Edison, jr., are among the shore visitors. They are stopping at the Hotel Shelburne. They came down in a motor car from their home in Orange. They are accompanied by and are entertaining Miss Bowen and S. H. Parker, of Orange.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Snyder, of New York City, are at the Hotel Windsor for the week. They are accompanied by Miss Snyder.

Among the residents of New York registered at Atlantic City hotels are the following:

Chalfonte—Fred C. Goode, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Duniway, Miss Anna C. Dills, S. H. Gallagher, E. P. Henry, Chancellor and Mrs. H. M. MacCracken and Mr. and Mrs. M. Bachert.

Morton Hotel—T. J. Burke and wife, Miss Mary Brown, Mrs. J. Brown and S. J. Hammond.