AT THE SUBURBAN HOME SHOW

ANY SORT OF HOUSE IN ANY SORT OF PLACE AWAITS YOU.

Only Trouble Is to Know Which Persuasive Agent to Believe—The Portable Hogs a Great Attraction—Prophetic Pamphlets Of Concrete or Wood?

The fact that the greater part of the floor and gallery space of Madison Square Garden has already been reserved for the "Real Estate and Ideal Homes Show" next year proves that the initial experiment has been if not a howling at least a gratifying success. The reason given for applying the term "howling" is, according to the explanation of some members of the management, that when you have reached the point of indulging either in possible or practical suburbanism you have gone beyond the levity that this special adjective seems to imply.

The truth of this statement was proved by mingling with the crowds that daily visited the exhibition and discovered how it was possible to be happy and still live at least one hour from Thirty-fourth street, no suburban place that knows its business is ever beyond that.

These crowds were composed of young couples who had cherished a dream for considerable time and had commenced to see the edge of its fulfilment, born suburbanites who wouldn't be dragged to New York except for business purposes and anti-suburbanites who wished to prove to their own satisfaction that all this nonsense about being able to live outside the limits of civilization was merely a clever dodge of unscrupulous real estate purveyors. It was from this number that the majority of recruits were made, supplemented by those gathered in from the crowd of the indifferent and ignorant who had assumed all sorts of difficulties in the way of a country home.

Nearly all the real estate dealers of the city were represented there. To prevent satiety of effect the booths between those devoted actually to real estate were used for showing various odds and ends that housekeepers seem to find necessary to the complete happiness of the suburban dweller.

Tucked away between two most alluring advertisements of a Staten Island firm you ran into the most charming little greenhouse with an interior filled with pots of geraniums and marguerites and you realized right away that a suburban home without a greenhouse like that would be as vacuous as an omelette without eggs. You add this to the portable house you have already decided upon and the mission furniture and chintz curtains. You stop to study a young man fully as enthusiastic as yourself, but who has gone a step further, already figuring out pet economies on a slip of paper with a stub of a pencil. He is enjoying himself hugely until a prosperous motor car looking sort of couple comes along and the wife exclaims that she thinks the greenhouse would make the darlingest bridge prize, and that it would be a surprise to the winner.

The young man who sells greenhouses "right over the rail," so to speak, says that the trade is brisk and that the time is coming when no suburban home will be complete without one.

An absolute lack of personal prejudice seemed to prevail all through the various departments of the show. When you ascended the four or five steps that led to the front door of the $875 portable house your entrance was scarcely noted by two prosperous gentlemen who sat with their hats off fanning themselves with large palm leaves on the porch. They seemed utterly oblivious to your presence, as well as to that of a married couple chaperoned by a small girl of 5 and various single ladies who were peering about the establishment.

They started quite dramatically when the married couple, who apologized for interrupting, asked for some facts and figures. They cut their idle talk right off at the first comma exactly as if it had no bearing at all on the subject at hand and were perfectly willing to act as guides through the dwelling.

Those who are up on "portable houses" may not have been surprised, but to the casual visitor there certainly has been in the last few years a tremendous improvement in this class of dwelling, and its popularity was attested by the crowds who visited it; and not content with a mere glance came back again and again. The sample house had a good sized sitting and living room, a dining room big enough to seat six people, a kitchen considerably larger than the kitchenette of the typical Harlem flat, a bedroom and a bath. The front porch extended along the whole length of the house and in the rear a couple of stairs and a wider one at the top seemed to suggest a breathing place for the kind of servant who comes around and does daily work for "portables."

That the portable house has come to stay was the admission finally dragged from the guide, who described eight different styles of cottages, twelve different styles of bungalows and eight different styles of garages, besides playhouses, portable churches and school houses. The portable house for tuberculosis patients is one of the newest additions to the output of the company. Instead of the commonplace design which marked the first manufactures of this sort there are now modern improvements like the hip roof, the pagoda dip, dormer and bay windows.

The $875 house, on exhibition could be expanded, it was learned, when some more conversational ice was broken, into a $1,200 house containing an extra room, or you could go down the scale of price until for a sum as low as $165 it was possible to have a tiny home, certainly satisfactory enough for the summer outing.

As much improvement was shown in the furnishing of this cottage as in the building, arrangements of rooms, &c. No janitor's choice of paper disfigured the walls and no hideous coloring of rug matched the discomfort of chairs and other articles of furniture. The taste displayed, it is hoped, was not the least important lesson to be learned. Particularly to be commended were the bedroom with a dainty paper on the walls, the chintz curtains and draperies, and the simplicity of the dining room with its mission pieces, its few samples of good china and its pictures that did not speak of department store sales. On each wall a framed list of prices was given showing the value of the furniture in each room, and in this special exhibit the prices corresponded to the value of the portable house.

Although the agents in charge of the several real estate booths asserted that for nothing in the world would they cast any reflection on their neighbors' property, it is evident that the spirit of rivalry has shown itself in an endeavor to make each showing of property a little more attractive than the last visited. There are waste places which in panoramas, photographs and clay models seem to blossom like the rose. When you put your hand to your aching head and admit that while you thought you were more or less familiar with the locality you are utterly at sea, you are told with a lofty air that of course the place is not represented as it is but as it will be. Idealism is shown in the phrenological development of the young man who points out wide boulevards, beautiful villas, shade bearing trees and other items that spell perfection and tells you that you can buy a lot in that special section of New Jersey for $150, $20 down, and that while not a dwelling has as yet been erected it is the promised development.

One of the companies through its accredited agents thrusts into your hands not a house and lot but the initial step. This takes the form of a beautiful pamphlet on the cover of which is a sunset scene, with a man wearing a silk hat fishing in the foreground from a twilit bank under the soft and mellow shade of three weeping willows. In the middle distance the trained eye may discern four other trees, oaks and birches this time, four hills and a cottage with clambering roses, while in the far, far distance, nestling cunningly against the horizon line are seven and a half clouds. All you have to do is to turn the cover and then you learn that for a sum so infinitesimal that it hardly seems worth while to mention it you can get a plot of ground in the lake section of New Jersey amid nature's beauties, in the region that is simply overflowing with milk, honey, boating, fishing, mountains and streams, fashion and mineral products.

It is your own fault after all if you get taken in by more specious but less veracious agents and sellers, for you are told: "Buy real estate, but use common sense in your selection and do not be influenced by exaggerative, alluring advertisements. Remember, a sensational advertisement costs no more than a conservative one." The very same announcement says: "When summer calls, the green field, the tree covered mountains, the blue lakes, the streams, the drives, the birds, the flowers, in short all that is beautiful in nature beckons a welcome, an irresistible invitation. To those who love outdoors, the ruggedness of the hills, the picturesqueness of the lakes and valleys, to those who delight in hunting, boating, fishing and in rambling through the wildwood, this is the place to buy—and remember it is only an hour from Thirty-fourth street," really a very conservative way to put it, as you admit to the seller who reads this aloud to you.

However, you cannot make up your mind for the simple reason that another company has a most interesting stereopticon exhibit of its plant in the balcony, and by the time you get through looking at the wonderful cottages, parks, lakes with cunning naphtha launches, dream mountains and inspirational boulevards, you forget all about the man fishing in a silk hat on the edge of the lake where you had intended to buy and are just about to make up your mind finally and forever to go down with a party on the 10:30 train the day after next and settle yourself in the one place where as the agent assures you you can get health, happiness and comfort with the least possible effort and the smallest sum of money.

Just about to make up your mind—when, as luck will have it, you catch a fleeting glimpse over the balcony edge of the dearest place, quite within the hour and sometimes made in much less time; and all your resolutions go to smash. You're not to blame if you do waver. Who wouldn't at the sight of a whole colony of houses done in the purest white, the stucco mixed with marble dust, you learn later on from the agent, to give that adorable pearly lustre, and all the white houses have red roofs and every tree on the place is green, absolutely green, the company guarantees this? That nothing shall be allowed to interfere with the color scheme they go further and promise that on clear days you shall have a blue sky as well, and the water—on the bay, you know, near Rockaway—shall be either green or blue to suit the majority of the house owners.

Of course you don't get this for nothing, and in order to live in a white house with a red roof under a green tree you must become one of a Restricted number—the real estate agents always pronounce 'Restricted' with a rising inflection—and put down something like $5,500, which includes land and view, before you are free from assessments; but it is worth it to know that you are living next door to somebody who can pay just as much for his house as you can, isn't it? The real estate man says it is anyway, and he ought to know.

That's the place for you; at least you think it is until you see a panoramic effect of the Palisades, with Grant's Tomb and Claremont in the foreground, and the way the Harriman park is going to look in the future and the new bridge, that isn't built yet, completed here, with an alternative of a railroad train every half hour or the trolley.

You turn confusedly to another wonderful panoramic view, this time done by scenic artists in the Lee Lash studios, with a wide expanse of Jamaica Bay looking its very best. Here you are told you can find an atmosphere so invigorating that no discomfort is felt in outdoor exercise by the day, while restful and refreshing sleep is assured at night. A realestate company that assures sleep is certainly superior to a company that merely provides four easy and commodious routes of reaching the city or one that has merely a red roof, marble dust in the stucco and a guaranteed horizon line that you can see every day. Still, there may be something better still and you wait.

The suggestion is made that you look at houses first, and having made up your mind in regard to that, the mere placing is a natural sequence. You had commenced that way but you continue the merry round from portable to bungalow, stopping to reexamine the greenhouse, and are almost persuaded that the new tapestry brick which makes the façades look like charming antique rugs is the only possible material until an agent for the concrete block and hollow tile shows you eighty-seven varieties of houses and tells you the advantages of each form of construction. You fall a victim to his eloquence but are rescued by a terra cotta seller who shows some samples of architecture modelled after that of the Middle Ages in Italy where "during the early Renaissance there flowered a style as remarkable for its elegance and impromptu grace as was the Roman for power and ponderosity." That settles you.

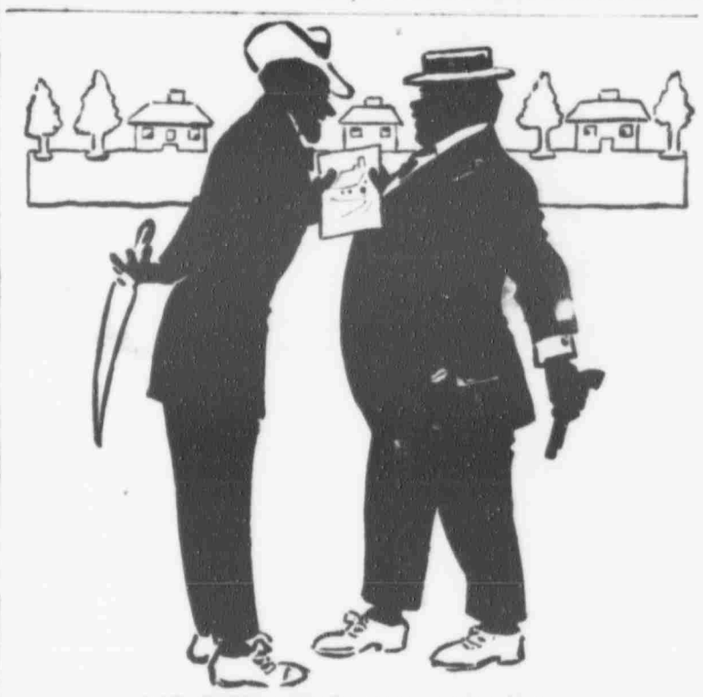
Early Renaissance for you until a few steps further on you are arrested by another of the specious promoters who calls your attention as a sensible person to the absurdity of erecting Italian villas on Connecticut soil or models of Swiss châlets along the Ocean Drive at Long Branch. You accept from him four six page manuals telling you the advantages of a Colonial dwelling made of seasoned wood and surreptitously conceal your armful of literature on cement, concrete and stone.

The one thing you are sure about is the $250 greenhouse, at least you were until the seller of some Japanese bungalows, "the sweetest ever," gets hold of you and not only shows you one already built of bamboo and red lacquer for $80 but brings to your attention the fact that while a greenhouse demands constant care and expense a bungalow once erected is there to stay.

You are certainly glad, as you finally leave the garden, with a backward glance at the portable house, that there is to be another show of the same kind, only better, next year. Somehow, it seems as if it would be so much easier to make up your mind next year.

PLENTY OF SAND IN THIS COMPANY.

A POSSIBLE BUYER.



HOW THESE AGENTS LOVE EACH OTHER.

A COSEY CORNER LOT FOR THEM.

THE RECREATION MOTOR BOAT

MR. HOLEDAM TRIES TO MAKE HIS WANTS UNDERSTOOD.

A Craft That Can Be Counted On to Afford Real Recreation to All of the Holedam Family—Serious Objections Made to the More Improved Productions.

A man stepped briskly into the salesroom of a motor boat concern, presented his card and said:

"I think of buying a launch, something from twenty-one to twenty-five feet long; open boat, nothing fancy, no ocean greyhound, but with a good serviceable engine that will make her in the truest sense a recreation boat for the entire family."

"Glad to see you, Mr. Holedam," said the sales manager with the visitor's card between his thumb and forefinger. "I think I understand just what you want—a dependable little craft at a reasonable figure that will afford healthful recreation for the Holedam family. Please step this way.

"Now, here's a boat," he went on, resting his hand on the nose of a 25 footer, "that I want to tell you about, and I might as well begin at this end. Under the forward deck here is a twenty gallon gasoline tank, cylindrical, galvanized inside and outside, won't leak in ten years. Next, back to the carbureter with seamless piping."

Holedam nodded profoundly.

"I will observe," continued the man moving along and placing his hand on a cup shaped contrivance, "that this mixing valve, but a float feed valve that shuts itself off when the bowl fills. It takes care of itself."

The prospective buyer nodded again and the salesman went on:

"Yes, of course, that this is a jump spark, but perhaps you don't know that the ignition system is absolutely proof against short circuiting by water. For instance the induction coil producing the secondary current is contained in the spark plug itself.

"I wire her up with inside telephone bell wire and there would be enough of current in a downpour that you could handle every inch of it with your bare hands and not care."

Holedam looked at his bare hands and the salesman proceeded.

"It doesn't have to be shut off when not in use. It has a ball valve and when the motor is running, you don't have to fear that when the boat is tipped you will find the next time you use the boat that it has leaked and the battery has gone dead. The only thing you have to do when you return with your day's spin is to get out and go home; no turning off the gasolene for fear it will flood the motor, no shutting off the oil to keep it from running through the cup, no opening of switches so that the battery doesn't exhaust itself."

The visitor nodded his head twice.

"We can give you," said the manager, "a solid propeller and you can control the boat with the throttle, timer and reversing rig, or you can have a reversing gear on the shaft or a propeller with reversing blades. Now, what do you think of that for an outfit?"

By this time Mr. Holedam had edged his way along to the stern of the boat, and the manager resumed:

"Oh, yes, I forgot to speak of the muffler. When you are in the boat you hear the rapid click of the air valve in the carbureter and that is absolutely all the noise you hear from the machinery. If you were a hundred yards away on shore this sound could not be heard, and the boat would sweep past without making any more noise than one of those toy gyroscopes.

"One more thing: Observe the location of the flywheel. Half of it is below the floor. You couldn't crank it. All you have to do is to catch it by the rim and bring it up to the sparking point. It will get away and do the rest.

"Still another point: When you tie your boat up and want to feel sure that nobody else can use her all you have to do is to slip out this little contact plug in the timer and put it in your pocket."

Mr. Holedam nodded several times and edged along to the bow of the boat.

"Now, about this gas tank," he began. "I understand you to guarantee that it won't leak for a while?"

"Certainly we do."

"No finding that all the gasolene has leaked into the bottom of the boat and having to skim it off the bilgewater with a whiskey glass and feed it to the carbureter with an oil syringe in order to get home?"

The salesman shook his head emphatically.

"And about the carbureter," Mr. Holedam went on; "she won't leak and flood the motor so that I'll have to take out the spark plug, open the relief cock and whirl the flywheel half an hour to clear out the gas and end up by rolling up my sleeves and reaching under the base in the grease to open the drain cock and clear the motor out that way?"

"Look at the name on the carbureter; that's an absolute guarantee."

"There was something else I wanted to ask about," said Mr. Holedam. "Oh, yes, the ignition. You say there is no secondary current wire to give you a shock that will jump you out of the boat if you touch the wire on a wet day?"

"Certainly not; the only current you can come in contact with is the direct current, and you could take that through your tongue without any unpleasant sensation."

"Let's see," the prospective customer went on, "you said that the oil cup shuts itself off automatically; that I can have three ways of controlling the boat—reverse rig, reversing gear on the shaft and reversing propeller blades—and that the muffler makes the boat practically noiseless when she is running?"

"All of which is absolutely true," said the manager.

"I came near forgetting about the cranking," said Mr. Holedam.

"Exactly as I told you," the salesman assured him. "Motor starts with a twist of the flywheel and runs till you want to stop her."

"And the little scheme for preventing anybody from running away with the boat? Put the contact plug in your pocket and don't have to drive off the flywheel with a maul and lug it home?"

"That's it," said the manager.

Mr. Holedam seemed to be in deep thought for a few minutes and then he said:

"Well, it's just this. I want a boat for recreation for my family, the Holedam family. Your proposition may be all right, but what the family wants is real recreation. What I had in view was something like this:

"The family comes down to the float where the boat is tied up, and all the beach combers and steady loiterers and casual visitors know that the Holedam family is going out for a spin in their motorboat.

"I get all the family in the boat and tell some one in the crowd to stand ready to cast off the lines when I give 'em the word. One of my boys is at the steering wheel and I caution him to take plenty of room in rounding a steam yacht lying at anchor in the channel.

"Then I open the gasolene cock, close the switch, turn on the oil cup and take a look to see if the way ahead is clear. I put the crank on the wheel, take a long breath and give the word to cast off the lines.

"Then I get down on my knees and whirl the crank for a while. She doesn't fire and while I am cranking some more she drifts to windward onto a mud flat. I pole her back and tie her up to the float again.

"It is up to me now to see what the matter is. I sound the tank and find that there is gasolene in it. I try the spark and it is all right. I open the gasolene cock and see that the flow is as it should be.

"I take out the spark plug and smell the mixture. It is too rich. Then I whirl the flywheel for ten or fifteen minutes, replace the plug and get ready for another trial.

"I get down on my knees and crank till I am out of breath. Nothing doing. I chuck off my vest, roll up my sleeves and crank some more. Then I stand up and cuss.

"I get down and do some more cranking. After a while she spits. Then she backfires a few times and starts running backward.

"I let go the crank and yell to the small boys on the dock to stand back for fear the crank will fly off and knock their brains out.

"In the course of the day I get a start, and everybody in sight gives a hurrah because the Holedam family is off. The oil cup has been feeding all this time and we are enveloped in a cloud of blue smoke that moves the mounted cop on Harway avenue to get off his horse and telephone to the Bath Beach station that a motor boat is afire on the bay and running wild with helpless women and children on board.

"The fire engine companies and volunteer life saving stations are promptly notified, and by the time word has reached them my battery has run out and I am drifting across the Potato Patch, with a stiff breeze blowing me toward the Coney Island sand. A lobster skiff comes along and I pick up my anchor line and hold it up with a loop in it. The lobster man knows that is a signal that I want a tow, and he hauls me back to the float and I give him $2.

"That's what I call motor boating," said Mr. Holedam, "and it is recreation for the Holedam family. Why, if I took such a boat as you recommend to me I might as well charter the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse so far as recreation for the family is concerned.

"If I got a boat that would do what you say it will do," said Mr. Holedam in conclusion, "do you know what? When I was using her we would be sailing along like the moon in a sky, I would be thinking of where my next month's rent for the flat is coming from, my wife would be bothering about shoes for the youngsters at school, Holedam, Jr., would be maturing a scheme for playing hooky from school and Miss Holedam, my eldest daughter, would be meditating whether her newest beau would be able to buy her a piano on the instalment plan if she should marry him.

"What I want is a launch for family recreation; something that will make us forget everyday things. Perhaps I may drop in and see you again."

FOOD PRICES IN 1823.

An Old Journal With Figures That Are of Interest To-day.

From the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

That prices of food in Cincinnati were not always as high as they are now is the testimony of a little musty volume of poems and facts compiled by Moses Guest, who came to Cincinnati from the East in 1823, and when he got here took careful note of many things he saw, including the market. He jotted his observations down in his journal, which was later published by Looker & Reynolds of this city. The journal was resurrected by Philip Hinkle and this interesting bit of information culled from its pages:

"Markets in this (Cincinnati) city are abundantly supplied with the best kinds of meats and vegetables. Beef, mutton, and veal sell for from 2 to 4 cents a pound, pork from 1½ to 2½ cents, butter, 12½ to 18¾ cents, cheese, 8 to 8 cents, and eggs, 4 to 10 cents per dozen. Wheat flour costs from $1.25 to $1.75 per hundredweight, buckwheat costs the same, cornmeal, 18¾ to 25 cents per bushel, wheat, 45 to 50 cents, corn 18¾ to 25 cents, and oats from 12½ to 18¾ cents. Chickens sell for 10 to 25 cents per pair, turkeys for 3 to 4 cents per pound, potatoes, 25 to 37 cents, and turnips, 18¾ to 25 cents per bushel."

The same little journal states that the Cincinnati water works were operated by horses and that the really astonishing thing about this town was the nine story steam flour mill on the river front, with walls from nine to ten feet thick and having a capacity of 15,000 bushels. This might well be compared with the elevator now at Lawrenceburg, eighteen miles down the river, the capacity of which is the modest amount of 500,000 bushels.

WHAT THE BRIDEGROOM WEARS

EVEN THAT NEGLECTED PERSON WORRIES ABOUT CLOTHES.

The Morning Coat Almost Universal—Few Changes This Season—Black Waistcoats Most Common—Soft Shirts Are Worn, Sometimes Even in Colors.

There are others than the bride to be who are interested in the question of dress in this season of spring weddings. The bridegroom has some thinking to do when it comes to the question of appropriate apparel unless he is so indifferent as to wear whatever he has and let it go at that. Every happy bridegroom of the present wedding season who appears at the altar in a frock coat has laid himself open to the suspicion of having made no new investment for the occasion, for the morning or cutaway coat is this spring the modish dress for the bridegroom, and indeed for the masculine wing of the bridal party.

The morning coat knows few variations in style. Two buttons are better form than one, although some of the more extreme tailors turn out these garments for their younger customers with only one button. Generally speaking the morning coat is long enough when the skirts reach to the back of the knee. The broad lapels are so turned back as to show at least two buttons of the waistcoat, which is collarless but edged with braid. It is to the braid, indeed, that the morning coat owes its particular cachet. Braid is used wherever it may be legitimately introduced. It runs about the edge of the entire skirt even down to the lowest point at the back of the knee. Then it outlines the cuffs on the sleeves and it finishes the revers and goes all the way about the collar. When the tailor who builds the morning coat knows so little about his business as to put two pocket flaps on the waistline of the coat they should also be braided; but he should never be allowed to do anything of the kind, since the black morning coat has been converted into a distinctly dress garment and the two flaps, supposed to cover a mythical pocket, date from the time when the cutaway was meant for travel or sporting wear.

The black waistcoat of the wedding coat comes in for its full share of braiding, as the four pockets in addition to the edges are finished in this way. It is rare at the modish weddings of the day to see a fancy waistcoat on any of the bridal party.

What about this year's peculiarities of material and make in the morning coat for wear at a wedding? How does it differ from the garment of the same general style worn a year ago?

"Well," slowly answered the Fifth avenue tailor to whom this question was put, "I should say that the novelties are in the form of the new morning coat rather than in the material. The coat must still fit tightly in the back, outlining the figure quite plainly, and there should not be any excessive fulness in front unless the figure of the wearer happens to require it. A stout man for instance should not attempt to have the coat cut too closely to the figure. It should in ordinary cases, however, be well cut into the waist. Two button coats are better style because they are not so conspicuous and they are more useful from a practical point of view because they do not show the same tendency to wrinkle from the point of the single button.

"This year there is no effort to create the narrow shouldered effect that some of the men borrowed last year from the foreign models. Shoulders are no more padded than they were a year ago, but on the other hand sleeves are not so cut as to try to narrow the shoulder measure deliberately. Then any kind of black material is suited to the coat and it is not indispensable that the cloth should be a diagonal wale, although that is the stuff on which the smartest of the young men insist. A man must have considerable natural style, however, to carry off well anything so pronounced, and the possessor of only one morning coat would be wiser to select a material less decided.

"Nothing fails of its purpose more completely than a morning coat which is too loose to possess the necessary note of smartness, and this failure is usually caused by having it made too large. If the body of the coat is too loose to fit snugly, if the waist has not been so jointed up that its outline is emphasized, if the colar is too loose or even the sleeves too long—all these little defects, which would not be nearly so fatal in a coat of any other kind, serve to ruin the cutaway."

Very notable of the present season is the almost complete disappearance of the fancy waistcoat from the wedding wardrobe. It happens occasionally that the bridegroom and his best man may wear a white duck waistcoat braided about the edges and also around the collar and the pockets, or a linen waistcoat with a line of color, which is made without a collar and without braiding; but it is usually the black waistcoat and the narrow white insert that are worn nowadays. The fact that men now usually wear a puffed or Ascot scarf and that this is sometimes gray in color, although more frequently white, has made the black waistcoat suitable. There could never be sufficient contrast between the tie and the waistcoat when the latter was light in color.

"Trousers," said the tailor, who was the source of the reporter's knowledge, "are smartest when they are as near black as possible yet are not black. Very dark gray with a lighter or even a darker stripe, black with gray stripes of different widths or different shades of gray in stripes—they are smarter than anything in a dark brown or green. Of course ushers cannot be expected to buy new trousers, and it was only a year or two ago that it was difficult enough to find them all with morning coats; but when the bridegroom buys a new outfit for the wedding he ought to take some combination of black and white or black and dark gray. Trousers now follow the tendency to a close fit and should be made narrower as they reach the ankle. They can stand a little fulness over the hips and still be in the style. They are never made of the material of the coat nor is any but a smooth finish allowable."

Button patent leather shoes are the appropriate footgear for a wedding, although whether or not they are high is not important when the ushers wear white linen spats.

"Of course the adoption of a cutaway coat in place of a frock," said one of the haberdashers who has recently moved far enough up the avenue to be considered the smartest of all, "gave weddings an informality they never possessed before. There was a time not long ago when it would have been thought very inappropriate for the bridegroom and the ushers at a wedding to wear anything but a plain white linen shirt with the customary stiff cuff. Now there is scarcely a smart wedding at which the bridegroom and most of the ushers do not wear the long turned back soft cuffs that fall well down over the back of the hand. Usually these are white, either of linen, oxford or some fine white shirting, but it is by no means unusual to have the ushers wear colored shirts, sometimes, moreover, solid colors, although they more frequently compromise on stripes. Occasionally the bridegroom orders a colored shirt especially for the event and there have been cases in which all the ushers adopted the same colors that he wore.

"The high turnover collar is the smartest at present. It should be high and part of its popularity is due to the excellent way it shows off an Ascot or a plastron tie. The white or gray silk tie is pulled up high enough to obscure a good half of the front of the collar. White handkerchiefs are, of course, the better form, although it frequently happens when a colored shirt is worn that the same tone is introduced in the handkerchief border. A dull white silk is smarter for the ties than a shiny satin finish, while a cream or ivory white is smarter than a blue white.

"White glace gloves almost as heavy as dogskin are smart, and so are pale gray suede, although the present tendency to informal dress at weddings has led to the wearing at many weddings of the buff chamois.

The silk hat has not disappeared with the frock coat and remains the indispensable accompaniment of the wedding cutaway. It should be worn with the usual band, which has this summer reached a height of two inches. The hats comes this spring from London. They are smaller than they have been in size and the brim has a tendency to be flatter. However small in the crown they may be, they can never acquire the proper degree of smartness for June, 1910, unless they are at least two sizes too large for the wearer.

A Record Trout.

From the Springfield Union.

Fishermen will be anxious to get a look at the window of Harry L. Hawes's store this morning where the largest Loch Leven trout ever caught in Lake Sunapee will be displayed. The big fellow, weighing fourteen pounds, was hooked by W. A. Cone. The record breaker is one of several species transplanted from Scotland by the New Hampshire Fish and Game Commission. Added to the attraction of its size, it is said to be very gamey in nature and delicate in flavor.