

DINING IN MID-AIR

Coney Island Revolving Cafe
Three Hundred High.

PLAYGROUNDS TO SAVE GAMINS

New York City Harbors Ten Thousand Crooks—Where Will New Yorkers Eat—Charley Jackson Has a Few Adventures.

NEW YORK, March 1.—"What will Coney do next?" is the perennial question which New York's summer visitors greet some new marvel at that world-famous resort by the sea. And it always is a marvel. Dreamland and Luna Park have passed their first freshness, but this year the marvel will be there just the same. It will be a globular tower the biggest building in the world, for which the first piece of steel was set in place a few days ago. The new building will be 700 feet high and 900 feet in circumference—bigger than the Hippodrome, Madison Square Garden, the Academy of Music, the Metropolitan Opera House, and the New York Theatre combined. Beside it the Washington Monument, the Bunker Hill Monument, the Philadelphia City Hall, the Park Row Building and the Masonic Temple in Chicago will look like a toy. It will have eleven floors and 500,000 square of floor space, and on every floor will be all sorts of things to amuse the millions who survive the crush incident to a five cent fare to the island. The ground floor will be an automobile garage, together with various other small concessions. Just 150 feet above the ground will be the pedestal roof garden, a popular priced restaurant, vaudeville and roller skating rink. At 250 feet will be the aerial hippodrome with a continuous four-ring circus, and a miniature railroad running around the circumference of the tower. But the greatest feature of all will be the revolving restaurant and cafe, 300 feet in the air, which the leather lunged barkers will proclaim the only one of the kind in the world. It will be 25 feet wide, with 500 tables and a seating capacity for 2,500 people at one time. In it one may eat and drink and watch the grand panorama of harbor and the wooded background of hills drift slowly before his vision in the 30 minutes it will take the cafe to complete its revolution, then, pursue his way upward to the grand ball room, the scenic railway and various novelties at the 300 foot level, the observatory platform filled with telescopes at 500 feet, and the United States Weather Bureau and wireless telegraph station at 600 feet. There, if he have any breath left, he may look at the Stars and Stripes floating above him and exclaim: "What will Coney do next?"

Coleridge said: "When I think that every morning in Paris alone 30,000 fellows wake up and rise with the fixed determination of appropriating other people's money, it is with renewed wonder that every night when I go home I find my purse still in my pocket." That, to be sure, was long enough ago to give the world a chance for improvement, but still there is still room for the disquieting rumors of Chief of Detectives McLaughlin that there are no less than 10,000 crooks and suspicious characters in the streets of New York. Every night the Detective Bureau brings in from 40 to 100 of these men who have police records, and the next morning the Magistrates set them free because there is no way in which they may be detained by the law. Pickpockets are the most prevalent type. They are most of them young men, many of them fairly well educated and of god appearance, and all them of the hardened sort, and it is freely charged that certain detective sergeants are giving immunity to well known rogues whose names have recently graced the columns of the daily papers in connection with the charges. The New York pickpocket of the present day is

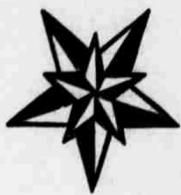
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ASTORIA, OREGON.

credited with being about the slickest human being in the thieving fraternity. Diamonds and watches are religiously eschewed by the experts of the profession because of the risk of identification, but money is not so easily traced. Detective Sergeant, who has been in charge of the record room at police headquarters for many years, says that the thoroughly-up-to-date pickpocket has become so cautious that he always makes a pretense of returning a rifled pocket book to the victim's clothes, usually stuffed to its former proportions with paper. Most of these light-fingered gentry received their training as street gamins, so Father Knickerbocker has come to the conclusion that the way to make good citizens is to catch 'em while they're very young, and start development in the right direction by surrounding the children of the city with better moral and physical conditions, more practical training, and the opportunity to live healthy and cleanly lives, without resort to the streets for exercise and amusement. "What the City Owes to its Boys" was the topic discussed at a recent meeting under the auspices of the Board of Education, at which George H. Martin, state secretary of education for Massachusetts, and Dr. Luther H. Gullick, director of physical training in the New York schools, maintained to be the chief debt to be suitable and ample playgrounds and a better sanitary system in school buildings, conditions which were realized a long time ago by the New York Juvenile Asylum and

brought into practice when the institution was removed from the city to Dobb's Ferry, where an admirable system of cottage homes and grounds aggregating several hundred acres in extent for work and play have been productive of results which have attracted marked attention from various charitable and reform institutions all over the country. A Chicago student of reform statistics has recently found that the average value to the community of 65 per cent of the boys paroled to that city from the State Reformatory is \$500 dollars per year, each, at wages ranging from \$20 to \$100 per month, figures which have strongly suggested to local authorities of saving the other 35 per cent by adequate preservative methods. It seems incredible that New Yorkers at home, with money in their pockets, should ever find more than a passing difficulty in answering the question: "Where shall we eat?" For homeless bachelors, however, such of them at least as like good substantial American dishes, the problem is fast becoming a serious one. Time was, and not so long ago, when the answer to the question might have been found at a dozen different chop houses and restaurants where food had a home-like taste and the proprietor took some personal interest in his guests. Now Engel's, the last one of them, has been sold to make way for a bank. Martin, the best known of them all failed but a short time ago, and a "to let" sign in the window is one of the

mournful sights of Broadway today. Old Tom's has given away to an office building; Selghorner moved away from Lafayette Place years ago and died; Brown's moved away and changed its character; Pedro's is closed; LeBlanc's has given away to place devoted to millinery. Even the middle-class hotel has become almost extinct, borne down by the advance of trade. The New York Hotel, the old Metropolitan and the St. Nicholas have gone, and the Sinclair is doomed to follow, leaving the field with practically no middle ground between the cheap lunch rooms on one hand and the ornate lobster palaces in which tiresome music and menus printed in unintelligible French are the excuses for exorbitant charges and insolent service. In the various foreign quarters of the city there are restaurants which supply the favorite dishes of the fatherland, but for the men and women who were brought up in the United States, there is no place where they may expect to find and recognize the toothsome dishes of New England and the South, or even the plain, substantial fare upon which the West grew too lusty manhood. In this respect, perhaps more than in any other, New York has ceased to be an American city. New York has ever a warm welcome for the stranger in her midst. Hence when Charley Jackson, of Billings, Montana, came to town about three weeks ago, with \$300 in his pocket and a desire to see what might be done

with it, he was promptly taken in hand and shown a few things which could not fail to interest no matter how little they might have pleased him. Before he left for home one day last week, he had accumulated the finest stock of experience that ever went west in a cattle train for the sake of the lack of a Pullman ticket. Charley's first night was spent a hotel to which a friendly policeman conducted him, where he woke the next morning to find himself without even the price of an early morning cocktail. After kindly harboring him for three more days in the hope that something turn up, the management suggested that he might move without his baggage, which they offered to retain for him until his board bill was paid. Feeling it essential to eat, even if it should be found necessary to walk back to Montana, Charley sought honest employment, which he found at the business end of a long shovel clearing the streets of snow. At the end of the eleventh hour he was rewarded with a ticket calling for \$2.20. The ticket lacked the appearance of a satisfying meal, so he parted with it to a kindhearted speculator for \$1.50, with which he made for a famous East side hostelry. In his confiding way Jackson pulled off his shoes before going to bed that night, which accounted for his appearance the next morning at the office of a charity organization in the second best pair of a friendly tramp. Here he exchanged a pedigree reaching all the way from New York to Montana and most of the

way back again to Adam for a lot of false hopes of employment. His next landing was in a Front street office, where three days assiduous application netted him an even \$1.35. Then a coal yard soaked him for forty cents for a shovel and kindly offered him an opportunity to use it if he would give a bond not to steal the coal. Finally Jackson got a chance to convey a lot of draft horses out to Montana, and he took it quick. He says he has had a lot of fun here but it will be a long time before he comes again. Metropolitan dealers in household supplies may be no more dishonest than crossroads storekeepers but the Annual report of the Bureau of Weights and Measures, just made public, is an interesting disclosure of the commoner forms of cheating, however. Over 43,795 inspections were made during the year, with the result that 1,833 violators of the law were detected; including 433 grocers, 753 butchers, 179 ice dealers, 78 coal dealers, and 34 junk dealers. Liquor dealers and druggists may be more honest than others, or it may be that they give so little for the money that there is no room for cheating, but only six out of 399 liquor dealers were accused of violation, and one druggist out of 1,795. Down on the lower East Side where purchasers can ill afford to lose even a fraction of an ounce on any purchase, the dealers are reported to cheat 497 times out of every 1,257

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