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A. V. ALLEN

SECRET CONFERENCE

Prominent Politicians Meet to Discuss Situation.

WILL CONTINUE FOUR DAYS

Conference is Held at Residence of J. G. Stokes at Noroton Point, Conn., and is Attended by Well-Known Politicians.

NEW YORK, March 3.—The world today says:

A secret political conference was begun last night at the country residence of J. G. Phelps Stokes, Noroton Point, Conn. It will last four days. During that time matters of vital interest to the welfare of socialism will be discussed.

Invitations to the conference were sent out from New York about a month ago. The recipients were cautioned to observe secrecy, as it was desired that

nothing should be known of the gathering. There were about a dozen men at the conference last night, but more are on the way. Among those conspicuous last, besides Mr. Stokes, was his brother-in-law, Robert Hunter, who has pronounced ideas about civic affairs.

Mr. Hunter has been styled a socialist, but has never acknowledged himself as an out and out follower of socialism.

Mr. Stokes, who is said to have attended the issuing of the invitations received, beside Mr. Hunter, several other New York men who are said to be avowed socialists and they took a prominent part in the conference. Who these men were Mr. Stokes, when interviewed, refused to say.

"I have a few gentlemen at my house and we are discussing matters of interest to all voters," he said. "We are taking up important public questions. That is all I care to say."

Mr. Stokes begged to be excused when asked if most of the conferees were not socialists and if the gathering would not discuss some means of organizing the socialist party on a more vigorous fighting basis. He said he was not at liberty to answer any such question "as the gentlemen present would not like it."

Mr. Stokes who was the municipal ownership candidate at the last election for president of the board of aldermen, refused to talk about the possibility of a coalition between the municipal ownership party and the socialists in the coming gubernatorial campaign as a result of the conference.

"We are talking of things that interest every citizen and we shall try to keep our deliberations secret," was all he would say.

The real business of the conference, it is said, will begin today upon the arrival of Joseph Medill Patterson who resigned yesterday as commissioner of public works of Chicago.

SEVERE STORM.

Gale Renders San Francisco Harbor Unsafe.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 3.—A severe gale which prevailed last night and this morning did considerable damage along the water front. The river steamer Juliette, lying at Harrison street, was jostled by the gale until her heavy lines parted. She drifted around and struck the Norwegian steamer Tellus.

The Juliette pounded against the big iron vessel, became entangled in the latter's rigging, and at one time she earched to such an extent that she nearly turned turtle. The Juliette's upper works were carried away, and she sank to the level of her deck. The crew worked until the water put out the engines. A panic on board was averted only by the coolness of the captain and men. The Tellus was uninjured.

While attempting to repair a rope on the transport Lawton as she was attempting to enter the harbor, A. Naible, a seaman, was swept overboard and drowned. Many fishing boats along the wharves were injured, and two launches drifted away and were not recovered.

TALES OF HORROR TOLD BY REFUGEES

Two Thousand Jews Who Fled From Russia Arrive in United States.

NEW YORK, March 3.—Stories of escape from the Russian frontier and of massacres alleged to have been committed in the Moscow cellars in the recent outbreak were told here today by Russian refugees. These stories came from some of the 2000 Russian Jews who arrived here yesterday on the steamer Pennsylvania from Hamburg, and who passed the immigration inspection today.

Rebecca Isaacs, 15 years old, one of the refugees from Moscow, says that she was the last of a family of 12, and that her father, mother, brothers and sisters were killed by soldiers. She said for two days she was hidden in a dark corner of the cellar in her home when soldiers entered at intervals. The other members of the family, she said, were found and killed, some of them so near her that she heard their unavailing cries for mercy. She now is on her way to West Virginia.

MARKETING STORY

Delicacies Bought From Points That are Vastly Distant.

GREAT HOTELS BUY HEAVILY

An Early Morning Trip to the Stalls of the New York Supply Stations—Stewards Who Buy Thousands Dollars Worth Each Day.

NEW YORK, March 3, 1906. Most wonderful of all the markets in the world are those of the metropolis. People who visit New York rarely go to see them. That is a great mistake. Nowhere else is to be seen such a bewildering variety, such a complete assortment, not only of native products, but also of delicacies culled from gardens in the four corners of the world and fish out of the seven seas.

Here are veritable ranges of mountains of smoked and fresh killed meats products of nearby pastures and the distant prairies, of the lowlands of the south and of the game farms of France. Here are parsley from Bermuda, green peppers found in Java, turtles from the tropical isles of the Carribean, nuts gathered in the Orient, salad greens raised in California, leeks garnered in the metropolitan annex known as Long Island, lemons plucked in Sicilian groves, Florida pineapples, grapefruit just in from Jamaica, clusters of prime grapes nourished in the hothouses of England and Belgium, lettuce from greenhouses near Boston and artichokes from the plantations of Algerian Moors.

Over there sea food is bought and sold by the ton—whitefish, bluefish, mackerel, red snappers, halibut, smelt, haddock; in short every edible inhabitant of the ocean and river, brook and lake. There are rattling heaps of live crabs and lobsters, near tanks where imported sole are swimming about; while monster green turtles, weighing from 100 to four hundred pounds each, snort and groan as if they knew that within the next twenty four hours some of them would be in the soup.

This natural history exposition as it might be called—this most remarkable of the world's markets—is typical of the changes that have come over the metropolis in the last ten or fifteen years. In former days people were content for the most part to take things as they came along, season by season; but nowadays there is no waiting for seasons. The big hotels and the fashionable restaurants that accommodate not only New Yorkers but the throngs of visitors always surging up and down the city have created a constant demand for almost every known article of food; and abundant supply. It is no exaggeration to say that nearly every dish known to the civilized world is served on New York tables. The result is that the markets of New York are a miniature representation of all the markets of the world.

Hardly anything is "out of season" in the metropolis. Milk-fed "spring" lambs are supplied to the new Hotel Astor in mid winter from hothouses in New Jersey. In the days when the apple crops of the east were sufficient for local needs the best apples were grown in orchards in western New York; but today, as the result of an increasing demand, the apple supply is transported from orchards scattered up and down the whole length of the continent, and of all the apples thus collected those from Oregon are the best. It is the same with celery. Years ago New York celery was famous for its incomparable flavor and crispness. Now, however the best specimens of this vegetable come from California. Urgent demands opened new fields and awarded new prizes. So it is with oranges. Formerly those from California and Florida were the favorites in the New York market. Today the most luscious samples of this fruit sold here come from the irrigated lands reclaimed from the desert territory of Arizona.

Popular demand, too, has been responsible for the production of native pineapples, grown in Florida, and native figs, the product of rich Texas fields. There is an interesting little story behind the fact that gradually the American table is being supplied by the native products; that not only every necessity but also every delicacy is gradually becoming indigenous; and that whereas once when a thing was out of season it was out of the market, today, particularly in New York, where tastes are so cosmopolitan and purses are so fat, practically everything is in season all the year round. Largely responsible for this remarkable transformation of development are the great

hotels that have sprung up in the city within the last ten or fifteen years. The same enterprise that has produced the roof garden cafe, which has done so much to turn New York from a desert spot into an oasis in the summer time, and that has produced the celebrated dining rooms, like the Indian room and the Oysterie in the new Hotel Astor, has also to a large extent been responsible for the almost perpetual presence in city markets of the delicacies that in the old days changed from season to season.

Nowadays, when the tendency even among the richest and most exclusive people is more and more toward hotel life, there is hardly any limit to the resources at the command of the guests. Even the very richest would not think of having at their command at home more than a fraction of the delicacies that an up-to-date hotel offers to its patrons every day in the year.

How the hotel steward does his marketing may be seen by accompanying the steward of the Hotel Astor on his rounds. That he buys in large quantities is shown by the fact that he often spends \$1000 in a single trip. He is down town at 4 o'clock every morning, and before he has finished his day-break task he has skimmed the markets of their choicest offerings. The hotel steward of the present time is a member of a skilled profession. He must be a man of wide experience and of judgment that is both quick and sound; and his power of close calculation must be developed to the ninth degree. He must know when, what and how much to buy. Above all, he must know his markets well. He must possess profound knowledge of what the change of season brings the world over, and, at the same time, he must keep in close touch with the latest tastes of the epicureans to whom his hotel caters. He must never neglect obtaining things for which the guests are especially likely to call, and he must never either overstock his larder or allow it to run short. In the case of the Hotel Astor he is one of the shrewdest and most experienced of marketers, who knows the ways of the market specialists as well as he knows the tastes of the hotel guests, and who, though he may spend a small fortune in a few hours, wastes not even a nickel. He is paid a handsome salary for his mastery of the art of marketing, for his knowledge of the ins and outs of the wonderful New York markets and for his ability to maintain the high reputation of his hotel among connoisseurs.

In the course of a few hours this steward may choose and buy \$250 worth of fruits and vegetables, barrel upon barrel and crate upon crate, all to afford the guests of the hotel an abundance and variety of desserts such as in the days of yore were not found even on royal tables. He spends about \$300 a day at the fish markets ordering, say, 20,000 oysters, 1000 pounds of lobster, and crabs by the hundred. Once a month or two at these markets

THE PEOPLE ALL

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There is one thing in connection with the markets that the ordinary visitor will be likely to miss, and that is the "Astor box," which is in one of the big beef stores. In this box 2500 pounds of beef are kept all the time at a certain temperature. The meat is stored when freshly killed and there in the box it remains until it is tenderness itself. It is removed 500 pounds at a time to the hotel refrigerator, there to be cut up as occasion demands to furnish savory dishes that will be served in cafe, grill room or dining room.

Add to these items a hundred dollars' worth of hams and other smoked meats, the 300 dozen of eggs required every day at the hotel, the 800 quarts of milk and 200 quarts of cream, the 6000 pounds of coffee and 200 pounds of tea bought once a month, not to mention spices and condiments of all descriptions, and the ease with which the Astor steward spends a thousand dollars in a morning is apparent.

Whoever would see the markets of New York at their best, when the stock is full and fresh, should accompany some one like this well-known steward, who goes his rounds before the big city has rubbed the sleep out of its eyes and before the cream is off the top; for by the time the crowd arrives to make its purchases there is nothing in sight in the markets but the "beavings."

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