

PORTLAND'S FAVORITE TIPPLES.

Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of care
Smooths away a wrinkle.
Wilt's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes
As when through the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of care
Smooths away a wrinkle.
—Thomas Moore.

What is the favorite tipple of Portlanders? Is there an inordinate fondness for any particular kind, and if so, what is it? Is there more liquor, or less liquor, consumed in Portland, for its size, than any other city? These questions, correctly answered, would be of decided interest, and an attempt will be made to show the status of these matters, in a way that shall be approximately correct, at least. To find out these facts, it became necessary, for the nonce, to become a habitué of barrooms—barrooms where men with silk hats and gaudy vests bought their drinks at "25 cents straight, or two for a quarter"; barrooms where the limit was a dime, down to other barrooms, where great crowds of rough-looking men were standing, elbow to elbow, against long bars. Here were bartenders, with dirty aprons, moving rapidly to and fro between the jingling cash registers and the faucets, serving huge schooners of beer. Glaring electric lights illumined the scene. Wheezy pianos, and pianos sounding like tin pans, furnished accompaniments to cracked voices of brazen females, singing to people who apparently paid not the slightest attention to them.

Whisky Most in Favor.

At one place the bartender said that, so far as his experience went, whisky seemed to be the favorite potation. The next in demand, during the forenoon hours, were gin fizzes and whisky cocktails. In the afternoon straight whiskies seemed to meet the requirements. Next to American whisky came Scotch. This bar was in a hotel, by the way. The bartender said that some days he did a roaring trade in bottled beer, stout and Dublin porter, but these were generally consumed in their rooms by the hotel patrons. Much more beer was drunk in summer than in winter.

In one of the leading hotels of Portland, the general demand during the morning hours is for cocktails of all kinds. A considerable amount of Lithia water and other mineral waters seem to fill the needs of many. At noon, many prefer beer with their lunches. Afternoons here, whisky is most generally demanded. Two-thirds of Portland's whisky-drinkers desire Bourbon, and very little rye is asked for. In the evening, at the hostelry under consideration, Scotch whisky is frequently called for. Cocktails, between 5 and 6:30 P. M., meet the popular taste.

In the evening, cordials, such as benedictine and maraschino are craved by some, while others ask for creme de menthe, creme de violet, etc. Occasionally a brandy and soda finds its way over the bar. Much chartreuse is sold at this place, and curacos has not a few after-dinner devotees. From 8 to 11 P. M., many punches of the various kinds are called for. With late dinners come orders for a great deal of champagne of various brands. Of course, some non-alcoholic beverages are drunk. Just before 5 o'clock dinner, some customers drink mint toddies or juleps, for appetizers.

Winter Beverages.

The chief winter beverage is whisky. Little brandy is drunk in Portland. Light wines and punches are more readily disposed of in the summer. Rock and rye is often inquired after for colds in the winter. Blackberry brandy, as a medicinal drink, is as much asked for here as in Eastern cities.

"I find," said one bartender, "that country people are great for all sorts of mixed drinks. Gin fizzes and cocktails seem to hit the right spot with them. Too many drinks in the evening give people a 'sore head' in the morning. Then they call for absinthe. Some pour a little in the palm of the hand and, rubbing it briskly with the other hand, inhale the fumes. I suppose this gives a little temporary relief. I find that Scotch whisky is very popular here in 'high balls'."

"Many drinks, once popular, are little heard of now. 'Queen Charlotte'—a soft drink—is gone out of fashion. 'Conclave'—made of raspberry syrup and milk—is another back number.

"There are not many absinthe drinkers in Portland. Very few drink straight gin here. When some fellow makes a deal and rakes in a good pile, then he celebrates with champagne."

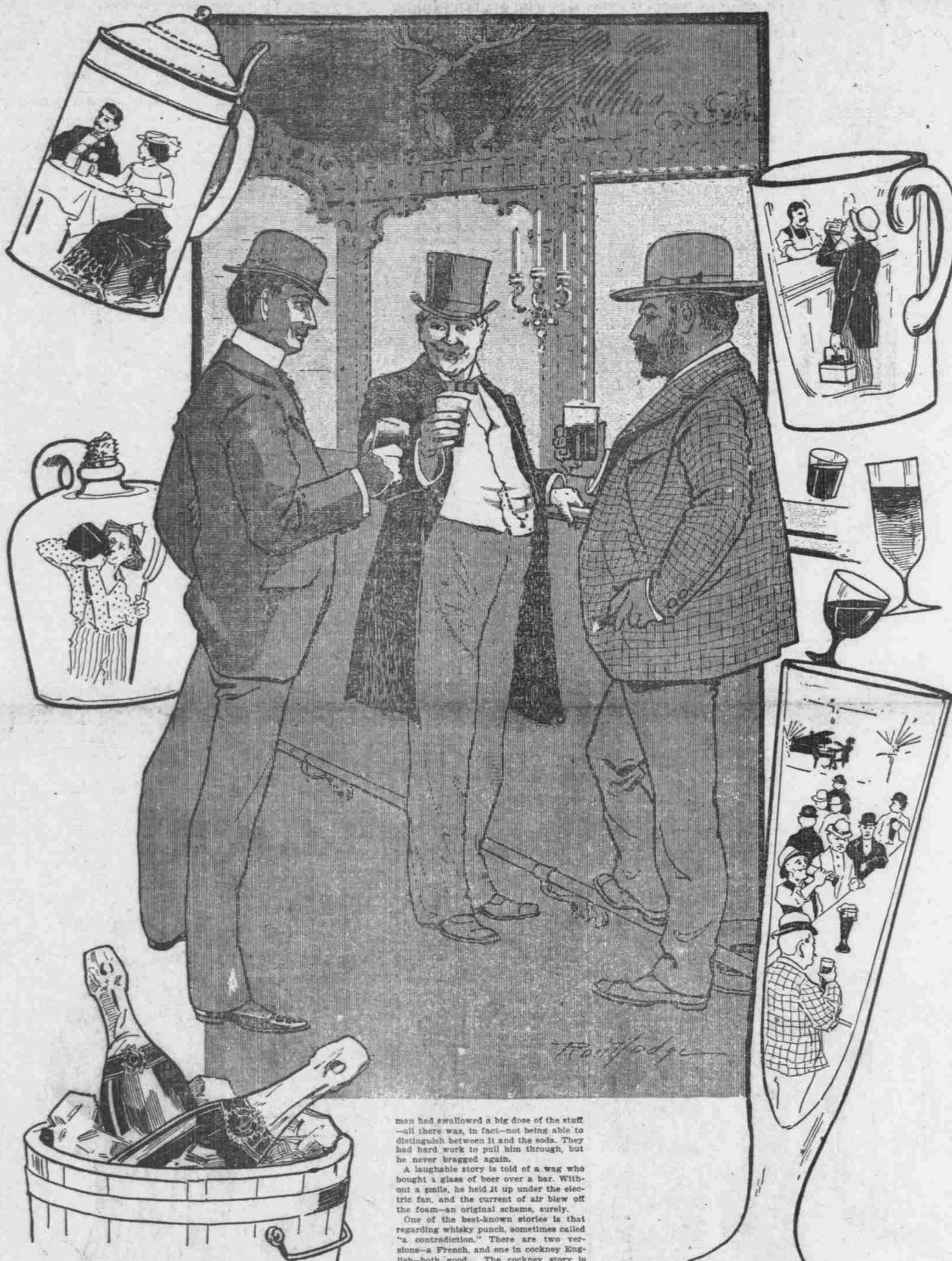
"My experience," declared one purveyor, "shows people here are pretty fond of gin fizz and whisky punch. Coffee cocktails are quite the thing now. There isn't any coffee in them. They get their name from their color. Sugar, lemon juice, port wine, brandy and a whole egg, 'well shaken before taken,' and there you have it.

Women Customers.

"I have two women customers who ask every afternoon for 'a barren.' This is simply creme de cocoa and cream, served in a posage case glass. 'Horse's neck' is another, served in a peg glass. This is made of Angostura, a bit of ice and some lemon peel. Then the glass is filled up with Belfast ginger ale. 'Horse's collar' is made the same way, with a dash of whisky on top. 'Sunshine' is a mixture of French and Italian vermouth and Plymouth gin, in equal proportions."

It is safe to assume that a mixed drink called "a bride's kiss" will never be popular here with the bartenders. It has too many frills. This is made by cutting down the skin of a thin-skinned orange into eight equal parts. The inside is like-wise separated. The whole, thus opened like a flower, is placed on top of an old-style, flaring champagne glass. A flat-shaped piece of ice cream is placed on top of this, surrounded by eight strawberries. Then brandy and maraschino cordial are poured in. This is served with two small straws and a spoon.

From observation it is clear that Portland is a whisky-drinking town. Cocktails and gin-fizzes come next in the scale



man had swallowed a big dose of the stuff—all there was, in fact—not being able to distinguish between it and the soda. They had hard work to pull him through, but he never bragged again.

A laughable story is told of a wag who bought a glass of beer over a bar. Without a smile, he held it up under the electric fan, and the current of air blew off the foam—an original scheme, surely.

One of the best-known stories is that regarding whisky punch, sometimes called "a contradiction." There are two versions—a French, and one in cockney English—both good. The cockney story is something like this:

"He's a bloomin' queer drink, doncher know. They puts him a bit o' sugar, to make him sweet, an' a bit o' lemon to make him sour. Then they puts him some 'wisky to make a man drunk, an' some bloomin' fizz to make 'im sober. The feller 'e drinks him up, an' he says, 'Ere's a go—' but 'e doesn't go—doncher know, but 'e takes another. Hif that hain't a bloomin' contradiction, Hif don't know 'w'at yer call him."

The history of the drinking of alcoholic beverages dates back somewhere among the mists of antiquity. It is probably nearly, if not quite, coeval with the existence of man himself. Recorded annals show that the Egyptians made and drank beer, or "barley wine," as they called it, 3300 B. C. References in Holy Writ are frequent to the use of wine. Probably the principal countries in the Orient where the use of liquors is not common, is in those regions where Mohammedanism prevails, for the Koran prohibits their use.

In the countries of Southern Europe the use of wines is very common. In France, it is the same, with the addition of liquors, cordials and such tipples. Absinthe is very popular in la belle France, as is generally known, and her famous champagnes and brandies are known the world over.

In all German-speaking countries beer and sour wines are more popular. In Hol-

land, gin is a common drink. In Scandinavian countries, alcohol, with a very slight addition of water, is largely consumed. The English are partial to porter, ale and beer, with an occasional brandy and soda, though of late years the consumption of American whiskies is largely increasing, as some claim. The Scotch are fond of ale, and Scotch whiskies, with their peculiar smoky flavor, are coming much into vogue. The Irish whiskies are not yet quite as popular as the Scotch variety. They surely fall under Shakespeare's definition of "hot and rebellious liquors."

The American is cosmopolitan in his tastes for liquors, drawing impartially upon all sources. California's wines, Kentucky's whiskies and the numerous brews of American beers are widely known.

It is not the object of the present article to argue either for or against the use of liquors. As far back as 1893, Professor John Fiske wrote a book, entitled "To-bacco and Alcohol." He reaches the conclusions that "it does pay to smoke," and that "the coming man will drink wine." Inasmuch as such has practically always been the case, there is nothing new in what Professor Fiske finds.

Gladstone, it is said, was fond of sherry

and egg, and George Washington had a generous punch bowl. Recently, too, there has been a great deal said about the Army canteen. All these things show how inextricably the drinking custom is interwoven into the web and web of human life. Shakespeare puts into Othello's mouth some strong sentiments against wine. In one instance he says:

"O thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by let us call thee devil!"

And again: "I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking."

Iago did not condemn wine, for he said: "Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used." Shakespeare, in another instance, declares that "good wine needs no bush." Old Fletcher believed in making the most of present opportunities, for he somewhere says:

Drink today, and drown all sorrow;
You shall perhaps not do 't tomorrow.

Matthew Prior very truthfully wrote:

"They never taste who always drink."

Francis Bacon quotes Alonso of Aragon, as saying that "age appears to be best in four things—old wood best to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, and old authors to read." The old English writer, Somerville, gently insisted:

"Wine that makes cowards brave, the dying strong."

Even Homer admitted: "Wine gives much strength to wearied man," but he advances, in another place in the Iliad, quite the opposite sentiment, where he says: "Mine honored mother, bring me not luscious wine, lest thou unnerve my limbs, and make me lose my wonted prowess and strength." A favorite sentiment among the Romans was: "Vinum exhilarat animum—wine maketh glad the heart."

Schiller once said: "Wine invents nothing; it only tattles." His great fellow poet, Goethe, however, viewed wine differently. "When thou hast drunk wine," he said, on one occasion, "thou art ever double what thou wouldst otherwise be—twice as full of ingenuity, twice as energetic."

This is the way Aristophanes looked upon drink: "When men drink, they are rich; they traffic, are successful in lawsuits, are happy, give aid to their friends."

The suggestions of Plato are of interest. He advocated a law to totally prohibit the use of wine for boys under 18. After that, he believed they should only use it moderately until they were 30. At 40 he believed men could safely indulge at banquets. For men in their declining years, he said Dionysos "kindly bestowed wine upon men, as a remedy against the moroseness of old age," so that, through it they might grow young again. The point Plato was evidently anxious to establish was that the danger in wine drinking lies more in its abuse than in its use. The argument is a good one now.

In the First Epistle of Paul the Apostle to Timothy, Paul says, in chapter v, verse 23:

"Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities." If men would only heed this and not go into excesses, there would be little danger.

Anglo-Saxons Hard Drinkers.

The Anglo-Saxon forbears of the English race had the reputation of being great drinkers—a reputation they certainly sustained. At their convivial gatherings, it was the custom to pass around a huge cup, from which each in turn took a draught, to the health of the company. This was done standing. As the size of the vessel made the use of both hands necessary, this act left the body unprotected, and gave an enemy the opportunity to commit murder.

This led to the adoption of the custom of having a friend stand at hand, with drawn sword, as a defender. Such friend was termed "a pledge," since he pledged the safety of the one drinking. To pledge one in drink comes directly from this ancient custom, the adoption of which was brought about by the assassination of Edward, the Saxon King, who was stabbed while drinking.

Some trace the origin of drinking healths by pledge of friendly protection to the time of the Danish invasion, as the old Norsemen had a habit of stabbing an enemy while his hands held aloft his drinking-cup. The passing of the cup from lip to lip that has come down to the present, finds its counterpart in the "loving cup." This custom prevails at the great feasts of the Lord Mayor of London.

Pledging another in drink has often led another to inebriety. Sir Matthew Hale, England's great Chief Justice, enjoined his grandchildren from drinking health pledges, for the reason that, in large assemblies, it was prone to lead to debauchery.

Drinking Healths.

Probably the earliest recorded instance in Anglo-Saxon times of drinking to the health of another, was where Romena gave Vortigern a pledge in wine. Entering the King's presence with the cup, where he was surrounded by his guests, she bowed lowly to the sovereign, exclaiming:

"Waes heal, hlaford Cyning—Be of health, Lord King." Then draining the cup, she said: "Drink heal—drink health."

In 1817, Rich, an old Irish writer, expressed himself very pointedly on drinking to the health of others. He wrote a book, and in which he said:

"In former ages they had no conceits whereby to draw on drunkenness; their best was, 'I drink to you,' and 'I pledge you'; till at length some shallow-witted drunkard found out the carouse, which, shortly after, was turned into a hearty draught; but now it is ingenuously (enjoined) to the drinking of a health, invention of that worth and worthiness, as it is pity the first founder was not hanged, that we might have found out his name in the ancient record of the Hangman's Register!"

Rich quaintly observes further: "He that first invented that was of drinking healths, had his brains beat out with a pottle-pot; a most lust end for inventors of such notorious abuses."

CHARLES E. SAWYER.

The Roof Garden.

And now the garden on the roof. When the evening's shades appear, The vaudeville artist's prime. The balustrade and the beer. The arch of stars far overhead, The silent streets below; The gleaming buses and costly gowns In an electric glow; The dashing music of the band In waltz or minuet;

The breezes fresh from sea and strand— The waiter "freshen" yet; The tempting tinkle of the ice, The singers' saucy songs. Too often anything but nice— Enclosed by noisy throngs. But, should the programme please you not, Why take another view. And study up your fellow-man, As some are prone to do; Or eat an ice and talk of art— If you would hold aloof. From life's kaleidoscopic whirl That glittered on the roof.

—New York Herald.

Incorrigible.

Mrs. Lushford—I see you are late again. Don't you remember what I told you the last time you stayed out so late?

Mr. Lushford—No, my dear. Zaas za reason I stayed out alk time—to see if you'd say it over again.—Indianapolis Press.