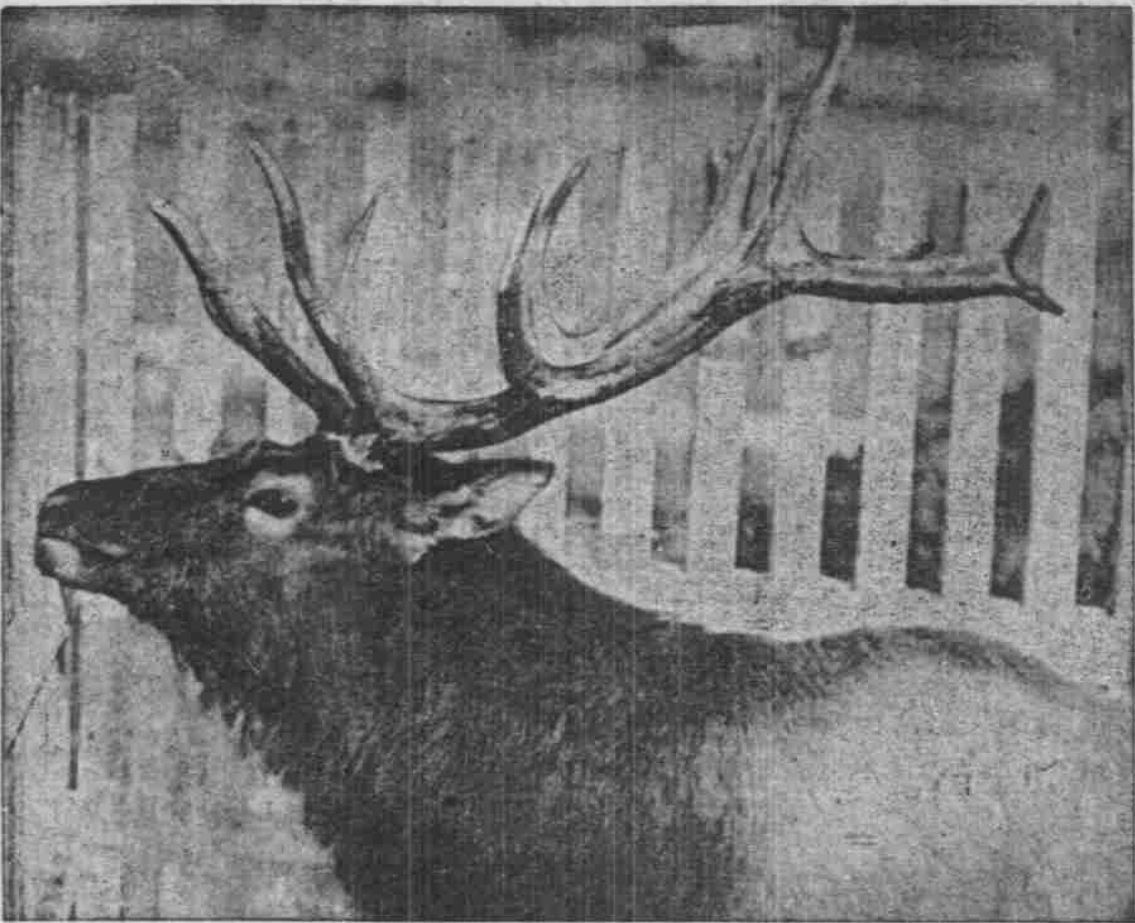




BEARS MAKE THEIR FIRST BOW

SCRAPIRON GIVES HIS VIEWS ON MEN AND THINGS AT THE CITY PARK



"IF I COULD ONLY JUMP THIS BARRICADE."



THE ARISTOCRATS IN PORTLAND'S FINE PLAYGROUND.



RAKING UP THE FALLEN LEAVES.



PARK KEEPER LOWITZ.



VIEWED THE INTERVIEWER WITH SUSPICION.

MAY as well admit that I have met very few animals, and that I learned very little of animal etiquette from those I did meet. A bull that one sees from the limb of a tree is a poor teacher of manners, and an Alameda terrier that can hardly be restrained from taking a souvenir from one's leg is not much better. It was this ignorance that led me to waste money on a book called "Wild Animals I Have Met," with a view to studying the mode of procedure before visiting the bears at the City Park. The trouble with the book is that it tells very little of the author's meetings with the animals. The only thing I learned from the book was that animals were somewhat inclined to be snobbish, and this made me more uneasy than ever. However, I made up my mind to go yesterday, and after an uneventful journey on the car, I found myself at the park.

The first thing in sight was a lot of swans, all balanced on one leg, with their heads tucked away under their wings. Just what makes a swan assume such an uncomfortable position before going to sleep I had no time to inquire. I didn't even say "Shoo!" as the priest did in Lever's story. Bridget, you remember, had a fine roost for her master's chimer, and while it was waiting for him, Barney persuaded her to give him a leg. The goose was put in the oven again and browned to conceal the cut. When the father exclaimed at the sight of the bird, Bridget said, "Sure, yer Riverence, they're all like that tonight," and both went out to see the geese outside. They were all asleep and had only one leg apiece, sure enough, till the father said "Shoo!" and they uncured the other. "Ah, yer Riverence," cried Bridget, "if you'd only cried shoo to the wan inside."

After passing the swans, the seal hove in sight. He was swimming 'round and 'round in his little reservoir. Thinking a jocular tone might be appropriate, I remarked pleasantly, "How does it feel to be always tanked?" The seal never batted an eye. "It's New Year," I continued, "better get the seal. Then I remembered that music was very grateful to the phonic ear, so I sang in the best operatic style—

How do you feel,
My blooming seal,
A-swimming round your pool?
The rest of the conversation may be told in the same style:

His glassy eye
He turned on high,
"Shut up," he said, "you fool!"

Such a rudeness!
You can imagine that I felt somewhat dubious about my reception by the bears, especially as I knew they were young and fresh. I kept on, however, and soon reached their residence. Two were lying on one of the platforms on the pole; one was on the steps between that and the ground, and one was roaming around. There was a fifth in one of the bedrooms, but she declined to receive any visitors. As soon as the one roaming wildly around the floor looked up, I ventured to introduce myself. "My name is Jones-Jones," I said.

"With a hyphen?" asked the bear.

"Of course," said I.
This seemed to meet my host, for he immediately went on to tell me his name was Scapiron, and that, on account of Seton-Thompson, anyone with a hyphen was persona grata with well-bred bears.

"You're a fashionable crowd here," I remarked. "It is all the rage this season."

Scapiron smiled. "Yes," he assented, "with the exception of referring to poor old Foss and Katty; you know they were sent to the market."

"It was sad, indeed," I replied, "but with such a set as you have here the bears will be properly represented."

Toodles at this point attempted to climb upon the platform, but was repulsed by Fatty and Shorty, and had to go back to her very inconvenient position on the rungs of the ladder.

"It's just as hard to climb in your society as in ours," I observed.
"Yes," said Scapiron, "but Toodles will break in after a while. She has the necessary gall and a thick hide."
"Say," he continued, "you haven't a bun with you?"
I hadn't a bun.
"Funny," went on Scapiron. "No one seems to bring anything for us, and I heard that there was no end to the stuff we'd get in the park."

"They'll bring you plenty in Summer," I assured the bear. "Most people expect you to be hibernating now."

"The idea of hibernating in this hole in

the ground!" And Scapiron sniffed.
"By the way," said he, "did you notice the gray fox as you came up?"
"Sure," I replied; "there was a crowd of women admiring him."
"Admiring him—wanting to rob him of his coat, you mean. It beats me why men and women can't grow their own coats instead of murdering other people for the sake of theirs. But, say, I'd like to be a gray fox."

"You surprise me," said I; "aren't animals contented with their lot?"
"Shucks!" snorted Scapiron. "We're just as bad as men in wanting to be someone else. I've always wanted to be a

fox, because I'm so quick and so intelligent."

"I thought you were going on the stage," Scapiron broke in Fatty, who had hitherto seemed asleep.

"Well, why shouldn't I?" asked Scapiron, somewhat embarrassed.
Fatty looked up at me and grinned.
"Scrap's a great boxer," she said. "You know how food bears are of boxing?"

Everyone has seen young bears sparring, and I nodded assent.

"Well, Scrap wants to go on in some melodrama like 'The Forest After Dark,' where he could have a boxing scene."

"All boxers can't act, though," said I.

"Anyway Tommy Tracey went on the stage," growled Scapiron.
It was growing dusk, so I had to say au revoir to the bears.
"Au revoir," they answered. "And bring a bun next time," added Scapiron, which shows bears are not so polite after all.
On leaving the bear pit I felt quite encouraged. Animals seemed as easy to interview as anyone else. In a cage I noticed something like a very fat gray catpillar crawling slowly along the floor. This is something new, I thought, and ventured closer. Then I saw what it was.
"Hello, badger," I called.
"Don't badger me, sir," was the surly response.

"I want to talk to you," said I, but the badger simply waddled into his sleeping-box and refused to come out. "Well," said I, "I've often heard a man called as gray as a badger, but after this I'll always say as grumpy as a badger."

Next the badger wore some Alaskan dogs. They were a terrible shock after reading about the huskies in "The Call of the Wild." Scapiron, who had climbed to the top of the pole, waved his hand as much as to say: "Keep away from those chaps." So I passed on, and saw the coon, and the lynx, who looked quite amiable with his white mustache, the restless coyotes, the Japanese deer that make a noise like a squeaky door, and the little

balls of fat that are the prairie dogs. The mountain lions paced ceaselessly about their cages, sniffing as if to make up for the loss of their sight. Animals must have a good memory; the instances of its use are many. It appears that they have no idea of the future. What long, long thoughts, then, must be those of a blind cougar!

I felt a little depressed after seeing the cougars, so I made my way out. Passing a big cage I saw two eagles. "The National bird," said I, and stopped to salute them.

One stretched his wings, and looked regretfully round the cage. "The emblem of liberty," said he. "And look at us!"

EIGHT THOUSAND PIES A DAY

THIS IS THE AVERAGE CONSUMPTION IN THE CITY OF PORTLAND, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE

EIGHT thousand pies a day!

That is Portland's record, and it is not exactly what one might call a pie-town, either. Eight thousand pies daily disappearing down the gullet of hungry men, women and children. Eight thousand pies to be digested by tired stomachs, and not infrequently with pains resulting from the effort. The number seems large, but it is a conservative estimate. The large bakeries send them out each morning by the hundreds to retail dealers, the latter in turn sell them by the slice to dozens and dozens of customers from noon until midnight; and the retail bakeries deliver many hundreds to private homes for family use.

It has come to be a recognized fact among housewives that it is far cheaper to buy a pie than to make it, especially when eggs are selling at 40 cents a dozen, and the baker who establishes a good reputation among families for making "home-made" goods is well patronized. There is one firm in Portland which for years has made a great specialty of mince and pumpkin pies, and during the winter months they average 100 family orders daily, in addition to the immense business done over the counter. A woman who was trained in the pie-making art by the pro-

prietor's wife many years ago has for eight years attended to this line of the business, and she does nothing else. Her crusts are flaky and crisp—mother never made any better—and her mincemeat is beyond compare. All the ingredients, which are many and mysterious, are prepared and mixed by her, and she flavors them with old-fashioned boiled cider. The pumpkin pies are spiced to a turn and she in some way avoids the raw taste pumpkin is apt to have unless mixed and spiced by an expert.

These pies are baked in deep plates, so that one gets plenty of the "filling" when eating them.

The Fatal Mince Pie.

Probably the most popular pie of the winter months is the mince, although in the pumpkin it has a close rival. It is difficult to find anything more toothsome than a juicy, well-flavored mince pie, but when one thinks of the awful mixture that it is made of it naturally wonders why it does not at times prove fatal. The recipe of a well-known Portland housewife who has the reputation for making the best mincemeat in all Oregon, calls for these ingredients: Boiled beef, suet, apples, citron, candied orange, lemon juice, grated lemon peel, currants, raisins, sugar,

salt, pepper, cinnamon, cloves, allspice, mace, nutmeg, boiled cider, brandy and extracts of vanilla, orange and almond. This, eaten between the richest and "shortest" of pastry is enough to cause any stomach to rebel at the task of digesting it, but, strange to say, aside from a few cases of nightmare there is seldom any complaint about the trouble mince pie makes. With the pumpkin there is mixed sugar, eggs, milk and spices, and this is proof even against bad dreams. The pumpkin pie is associated with Thanksgiving, and in both wholesale and retail houses there is always a big run on them at that season. But the mince lasts all through the winter, and there are few Christmas dinners that do not include pie of this variety as well as plum pudding. Probably nine-tenths of the homes in Portland had mince pie served with the New Year's dinner last Friday. Judging from the sales the pumpkin carried the day on Thanksgiving, but the good old mince occupied the attention of all at Christmas and New Year's.

Apple Pie Popular.

After the mince and pumpkin comes the apple pie in point of popularity, and next to this ranks the lemon. Apple pie is a variety that is good the year round, and especially so when the new cooking apples are in market and the old-fashioned sliced apple pie is served. The restaur-

ateurs have occasion to notice many peculiar tastes in their customers, more especially in the dessert line than any other. One who keeps a popular light lunch place in the downtown district tells of one customer who invariably eats ice cream on his apple pie and of another who always orders a dish of baked custard with mince pie. More than half the people who eat pie make it a habit of taking a glass of sweet milk with it, though many prefer coffee or tea. One young lady whose robust figure and rosy cheeks bespeak an iron constitution patronizes a restaurant on Washington street each noon where she eats two pieces of pie and sometimes three. On the apple pie she puts sliced bananas and cream, and on mince pie she pours syrup.

And the Luscious Lemon.

Lemon pie is considered the culinary triumph of the New England housewife, and when properly made surely nothing in the pastry line can be more delicate. Authorities differ as to the proper way to make the filling for a lemon pie, some preferring it of a soft or "runny" consistency, and others maintaining that it should be firm so as to slice well. The lemon pies made by bakers are generally firm, being thickened with flour or cornstarch to save using many eggs. The housewife mixes the yolks of the eggs with the filling and the whites are beaten until they are light and fluffy, sweetened and flavored and used for a meringue to put over the top.

The crust or shell of these pies is baked first in the pie plate, then the lemon filling which has been prepared on top of the stove in another vessel is put in and allowed to settle. Over this the meringue is spread and then the pie is set in the oven until the eggs turn a delicate golden brown. Every care is taken to avoid jolting the beaten whites of the eggs so as to prevent their falling. All this takes time and trouble, but the result is so palatable that one always feels repaid for it. Lemon pies sell well in restaurants, too, and can also be ranked as an all-the-year-round variety.

Canned-Fruit Pies.

Fresh fruit pies have their waves of popularity in the fruit season, though many are sold during the whole year made of canned fruits. The fruits put up at home make excellent pies and tarts, but so much cannot be said of the goods used by the bakers. Fresh cherry pies are always in demand when on sale, and when made with plenty of juice in them they are excellent. Blackberries are accounted one of the best fruits for the pie-making art, but strawberries are generally utilized in shortcakes and tarts. Pineapple pie is a dainty not usually sold in bakeries, but well known to housekeepers. Orange pie is another of the same class. In the springtime we also have rhubarb pie, which is a splendid seller, as almost

every one thinks the rhubarb has fine medicinal properties and certainly it is pleasant to take in this form. Plum pie is another of the fruit variety that takes well, and apricot and peach pies are nearly as good made from the evaporated fruits as from the fresh.

The sweet potato pie is a Southern invention, and a very good one, too. In appearance it looks like the pumpkin or squash pie, but has a moody taste which is very appetizing to lovers of pastry. The mountaineers in Eastern Tennessee make a vinegar pie which they seem to relish but would hardly appeal to people outside their region. The Mexicans attempt to imitate American pies, but use cornmeal instead of flour to mix the pastry, so the result is not exactly satisfactory.

Meat pies are mostly used in England, our American pies, though having their origin with the Pilgrims, not being much used there. Chicken pot pie, pigeon pie, meat and game pies, pork pie, beef pie and oyster pie are consumed in great quantities in the English capital, but with the exception of the oyster pie are seldom seen on sale in America.

Pie and Coffee, Five Cents.

In Portland's North End the pie business flourishes as does the rose. Jammerable lunch counters sell a piece of pie and a cup of coffee for 5 cents. And this brings

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