

STRANGE LANGUAGE PORTLAND RESTAURANTS

And Waiters That One Sees and Hears, and the Customers Where You Get a Hearty Meal For Two Bits

BY LEONE CASS BAER
ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



WISH Coat Oil Johnnie Rockefeller, with his dyspeptic stomach, could go with me to a Portland restaurant where I eat sometimes. He would see something that all his millions cannot buy for him—a healthy appetite and a good digestive apparatus with which to back up the said appetite. I read the other day that John D. had offered \$1,000,000 to anyone who could mend his rotten old eating talk so he could fill up on corn beef and cabbage and other delicacies like us common folks. He lives on raw eggs and boiled milk and stewed fruits, now. With surgery so advanced and successful in graft work, there's a chance for some poor devil with a too-narrow appetite (and no money in his jeans to satisfy the appetite), to exchange his healthy stomach and blue prints of his working hours for John D.'s worn-out food reservoir and rusty machinery, plus one beautiful, cool million in clearing-house certificates.

electric fans are resting during the cooler months, but will resume operations with the first warm spell. (That reads like a local in a country daily.)

In the middle of the room is a counter, a sort of horseshoe effect, with a movable fly-back-and-catch-you seats and several tall stools of the wine-your-legs-around-them variety. This counter is presided over by two damels. Their figures (is it good form to say figures?) would make Venus sit up and take particular notice, and immediately invest in a straight-front corset with upholstered hips.

One of them is a blonde, a fairy creature whose footprints make the dishes and cutsp bottles rattle like castanets. But she is good natured and so jolly looking and the boys, as she bids the male creatures who sit around the festive counter, all seem to enjoy having a word and laugh with her. The other damsel is haughty and resents the camaraderie of her guests—methinks she is either married or stakestruck—no is used as the other. She is constantly pulling her belt down in front, and taking surreptitious peeps in the mirror across the counter. Her name is Edith, her partner in pie-dolling calls her Edy; the "boys" call her "Sally, Edie," and I feel

out-of-the-way corner, by your lonesome, whichever you prefer.

Every table is covered with shiny white oilcloth, wiped clean after each dinner. I prefer damask, and I'll admit that very often the oilcloth is damp or moist from a too hurried wiping, but up to the present writing the restaurant I speak of has not made a star feature of damask cloths and napkins. At least it is not on the boards, and when I see it billed on the Bill of Fare I'll tell you.

"Well," you say, "they could have a cheap grade of table covering."

Perhaps so, partly so, jolly, but really I prefer nice shiny oilcloth that has time to dry well before your order comes. I prefer it, I say, to a table covered with a self-extended, remanufactured and souvenired feeders gone before.

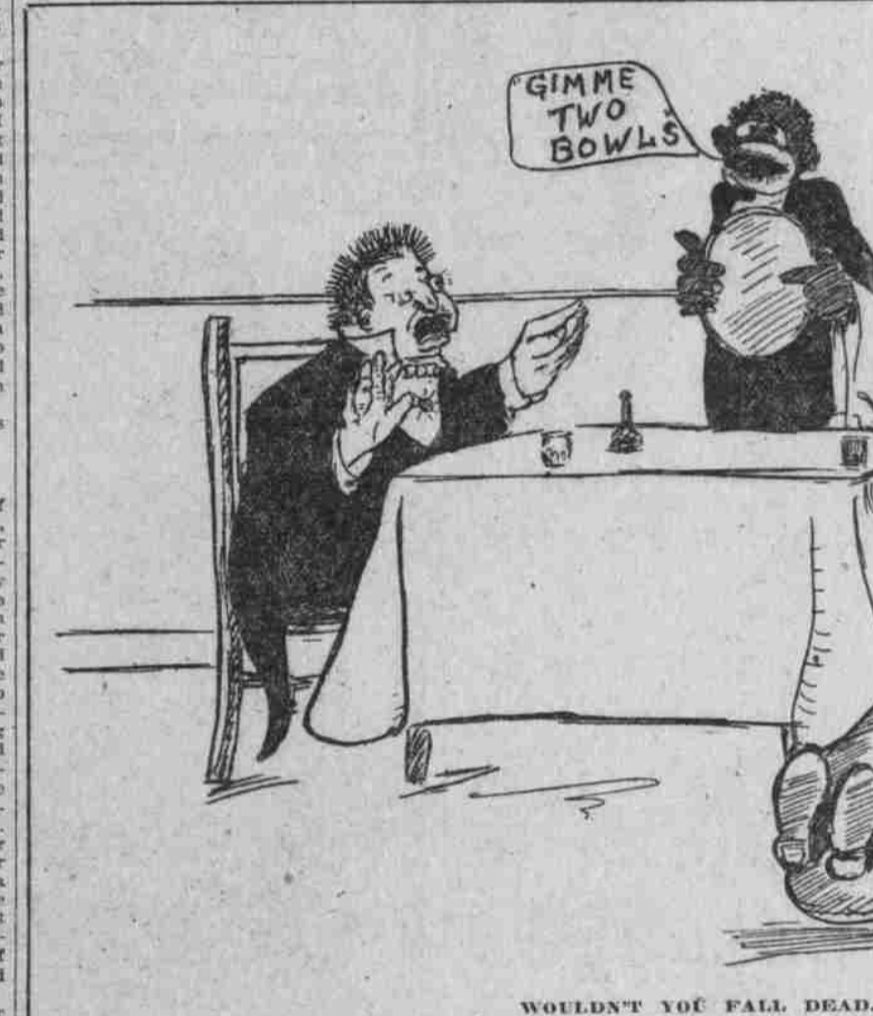
In my restaurant—no, it's not really mine, George—I only wish it were; then I could enjoy having a word and earn some honest coin by boiling pots. And I know what I would do first off—as a sort of inaugural feed, as it were. I would invite every hungry waiter, every kid in this old Portland down to my shop and I'd pack 'em up to that big counter and around the shiny-topped tables, and I'd let them eat. I'd top it off with pie or cake, whichever they wanted, and I would "all-hands-around" with ice cream until every little belly was full, and then I'd shut up my feed house for a day or so. I'd put up the papers and go 'round bragging to people of what I had done, just like every one else does when he performs a decent or humane act. We are all alike, only some of us are more so.

And wouldn't the waiter just about fall dead and everyone stare if you said in some swell restaurant, "Bring me two sinkers and draw one in the dark." Trans-



lated, that means you want two doughnuts and one cup of coffee minus cream.

If you and your lady friend went into a fashionable joint, and after you had settled yourself, and she had put her elbows on the damask and her hands on the table, and the waiter bent low to ascertain whether you wished soup, and after consulting your vis-a-vis you said "Gimme two bowls." Now wouldn't it jar you if he straightened up and sent back a call through his hollowed palm in a voice loud enough to wake a policeman, "Gimme two bowls." Now wouldn't you be startled. But, you're too finicky; that's the way they give the soup calls in my hash joint and no one is startled. And if your wife called you up and said for you to hurry home, and that she was going to have Shorty Brown for din-



ner, you would be a nervous wreck trying to place the fellow in your memory and affection, until you reached home and found she had only used restaurant French for short ribs of beef with brown gravy.

I saw you, John Henry, wrapped around a stool with your face buried in a plate of corn beef and cabbage, with a side order of pork and beans, and I'll wager it tasted better than some of those messes your wife serves up under the mistaken idea that she is a born cook. By the way John Henry's order was yelled: "Gimme an Irish turkey an' a side o' Spokane." You'd al-

There would be only one trouble that I can foresee—John would be compelled to haunt small, inexpensive hash joints, with occasionally a meal in a saloon where you get a lovely stew with a big foamy beer for 5 cents—and just think how mortifying it would be for his valet (that's French for a male maid), or his private secretary to be obliged to enter such places, where they had never been employed, that is since they entered John's employ. His new stomach, with its insistent and regular calls, would hanker after restaurant coffee, after soup thick with beans, and for liver and onions, and John's friends would be shocked at his plebeian tastes. On the other hand, our other friend would soon spend his million plunks in repairs for John's old stomach and in keeping it

own in safe beside you. "No checks cashed"; that is to save themselves trouble in more ways than one.

"We take clearing-house certificates" is a reassuring one. The others are mostly itemized prices. "Certain things you'll be just as well to see you trying to decipher the villainously written menu—'I mean bill of fare."

The room is heated in winter by an immense stove and lighted by gas lights, day and night. I have never discovered exactly how it is ventilated. I think each person must bring his own required amount of air in with him. I do know that the minute you step inside your nostrils are assailed by the doubt combination of several kinds of boiling meat odors, together with the aroma of short-order cooking. Two big

But to return to our pork chops. In this restaurant there is a bottle of catsup right in the middle of each table, and on the other by the pepper-shakers and on the other by the heavy-weight sugar bowl. The salt is usually asleep and refuses to come through the damned shaker. I have seen a man who has tried to shake a stopped-up shaker invariably will use that word in speaking of it. I saw four men shake, pound and pry with toothpicks at four respective shakers, whose contents were lodged firmly and stubbornly in the bottom of the shaker and refused to perform. Then I saw a woman who had a similar shaker and she used a hairbrush to get it to shake. (Which does not prove that women are sharper than men, but if your wife called you up and said for you to hurry home, and that she was going to have Shorty Brown for din-

most have to use a Rosetta Stone to translate that. (No, Agnes, this is not the Miss Stone who was captured by the missionaries.)

It may be of interest to know that "Spokane" is used instead of "pork an'"—which is the abbreviated form of pork and beans.

(Yes, Nina, I think it's real cute and friendly of Spokane not to get real mad about it.)

"Cape Cod turkey," is our odoriferous friend codfish, and a call for a "ribber" means a rib steak. Veal will mean to come on with veal and dressing. "Veal without" means to bring it in nude. (That is a word Miss Schoolgirl has added to her vocabulary since she reads that lovely Thaw trial.)

"Once in the rubber necks," is not a

What May Be the Future of the Airship

Notable Advance in Aeroplanes—Steerable Balloons Have About Reached Their Limit.

THE year which has just come to a close has marked a considerable advance in the solving of the problem of human flight. Particularly noteworthy has been the increase in interest shown by the general public. Not only has the steerable balloon been developed to what may be nearly its highest pitch, but the art of flying by purely mechanical means has received a great impetus through the experiments carried on in various parts of the world, chiefly those which have taken place in the vicinity of Paris. Balloons, manned and unmanned, steerable and drifting, aeroplanes, gyroplanes, helicopters, orhopters—all have been dreamed of, planned, built and tried. Some have flown, some have not; in the former case, to the delight of the aeronaut, and in the latter to the edification of those of a skeptical who possess the rare and infrequent gift of hindsight.

At a cursory glance the dirigible balloon might seem to have carried off the honors for the year. Count Zeppelin's giant monster, circumnavigated Lake Constance several times during the month of August, traveling on one occasion a distance of 220 miles and remaining in the air eight hours.

La Patrie, after being a source of entertainment for the French public, was blown out to sea, whence it was rescued from a watery grave by the combined efforts of two dories and a launch.

Like Frankenstein's monster, La Patrie, remaining the French which made her sailed majestically away, in emulation of Christopher Columbus no doubt, to discover America, occasioning no small commotion in Ireland during a hasty visit; while the poor old Nulli Secundus suffered a melancholy shipwreck in the Crystal Palace grounds in London after an arduous trip of 25 miles from Aldershot. Count Zeppelin, more careful than his contemporaries, has preserved his curiosity intact by keeping a vigilant watch on the weather at all times.

The St. Louis balloon race, which occurred last October, was a great event in aeronautical circles. Fired with en-

thusiasm over the possibilities of the gas bag in warfare, Captain Lovelace, from the chr. of the winning balloon, the German Pommer, in a later ascent accomplished the imaginary destruction of the City of New York by dropping tons of imaginary explosives, a remarkable feat which proved groundless, but meeting his fate boldly he passed unscathed through the ordeal, with the result that his opinions are now set down in cold black and white.

But Captain Lovelace is not the only enthusiast. He is ably supported by no less weighty an authority than Dr. Rudolph Martin, a learned German, who declares that the science of war is to be revolutionized by the balloon.

Dr. Martin pictures aerial fleets dealing death and destruction broadcast. The armies and navies of the world in their present infantile stage will no longer exist. Tremendous battles will be fought above the clouds, and fearful indeed will be the slaughter.

There are, however, several difficulties to be overcome before the dirigible balloon can become such a menace to the existence of the human race as one might be led to believe from the horrors thrown on the screen by the Captain and the doctor. One of these is the fact that this form of aerial locomotion seems very nearly to have reached its limit and with- out exhibiting any very encouraging signs of being able to contend against adverse weather conditions, to which cause may be laid the Patrie's defection and the death of the Nulli Secundus, both. It may be said in passing, military balloons. Said indeed it would be to contemplate one of these aerial terrors, loaded to the brim with melinite shells, being hurled by the mere fact that the wind should happen to be blowing in the wrong way at an unwonted rate, say 30 miles an hour. Or perhaps, in case the wind were favorable, going up in smoke when a stray shot should strike her rather prominent and unprotected magazine.

It is refreshing to turn from the horrors so faithfully depicted above to the more peaceful but infinitely more hazardous aeroplane. Here at least is found something which shows progress.

Of course there have been untoward incidents during the year's experiments, as when a French machine, with designs

against the bodily and mental peace of its owner, attempted to climb a tree near the parade ground at Issy les Moulinaux, or when Bleriot narrowly escaped death through his aeroplane collapsing in mid-air in a trial near the same place. Yet it must be remembered that flight by mechanical means is still in its infancy and that the advance made during the past year in this branch of aeronautics has been marked by a most encouraging feature.

This lies in the fact that men are coming to realize that the way to fly is to learn to fly just as you and I learned to ride a bicycle, except that we had the experience of others, while the aviators have had to blaze their own trail. Human flight must come about gradually.

Machines are in existence today which can be made with proper handling to traverse the air, and men are living who with proper training can handle them. The elements of success in the solution of the problem are therefore within reach. Of course this does not mean that the type of machine is not important or must not be improved, just as the safety bicycle was a great deal better than the six-foot high affair which caused a drain on the supply of vinegar and brown paper 20 years ago.

The most interesting experiments in aeroplane flight which took place during the last year have been those carried on in and about Paris, chiefly at the aerodrome at Issy. Throughout the last four months trials there have been of almost daily occurrence.

Various types have been tested: monoplanes, as in the case of Santos-Dumont and Eneaui-Peterie, who is also the inventor of an ingenious motor designed to give 25 horse-power with a weight of but 121 pounds; the Langley type, with its two pairs of wings, with which Bleriot has experimented; the box kite effect used by Henri Farman in his memorable trials; and many others combining qualities of all three.

Farman, beyond a doubt, accomplished more in aerial navigation during 1907 than any other aeronaut. Beginning his trials in the latter part of the Summer, he succeeded in extending the lengths of his flights to a full kilometer—about 1/2 mile—on November 5, a performance repeated on December 20. In all attempts to capture the Deutsch-Archdecon prize of \$20,000, offered for the first aeroplane flight of a kilometer in a closed circle, he failed, being handicapped by the failure of his motor to work properly, or by unfavorable weather. On one occasion, he narrowly missed it, an unfortunate veering of his machine as he rounded the

Exciting Elk Hunt in the Nehalem Mountains

How Three Men, Aided by a Dog, Laid Low an Entire Family, One at a Time.

BY B. A. CHILDERS.

TO THE keen sportsman who spends his time in a musty office of a great city, there come visions of somber mountains, holding deep, rugged canyons, where the deer and elk roam, in all their graceful beauty and freedom. To him comes a memory of long ago, when in the company of three kindred spirits he spent a jolly outing in the Aisea Mountains in Benton County, and, in fancy, he is lying snugly concealed behind a log in the gray dawn of a Summer morning, near a log waiting for the appearance of the antlered monarch which he intends to shoot from ambush.

The buck came, silently, as a spirit drifting on the wings of the morning, and, alas, that I as a truthful chronicler must record it came also the "buck-ague." Try as he would the hunter could not get his gun trained on that elk. Wig-wag, wobble, went the gun, and the deer, having an eye on the man behind it, deliberately walked-walked, mind you—away into the dense forest and disappeared with a snort of derision.

The man who lay behind the log on that sweet June morning so long ago, has made himself a name as one of the ablest lawyers on the Pacific Coast, and among the stories he tells is not the one of that deer he did not kill. Neither does he brag of having killed the Willamette Valley for a canyon, when it burst on his sight as he rounded a lofty mountain peak.

"Say," he yelled to his companion, "a beautiful Willamette valley spread like a grand panorama before him, 'what darn canyon is that?'"

But I did not intend to refer to these pleasant reminiscences, but rather to that of an elk hunt in the Nehalem woods; but this hunt recalls those other happy days, and like my friend, I, in my retrospection, forgot the deer.

The 16th of September had been long anticipated by three of us in this section of the country. We had been keeping tabs on two bands of elk, and felt sure we could locate either band within a few hours. One band ranged the head waters of the North Nehalem; the other spent its time in the vicinity of a lake in Township 4. It was up to us to locate one of these bands, then follow the trail until we found the animals. This is no easy task, and the man who succeeds must have the tenacity of a bulldog and muscles of steel. He must beat his way through tangled underbrush and elk trails, over fallen logs often ten feet from the ground, and must be self-confident and sure-footed as a wild goat. He

must neither talk nor whistle, unless he can imitate the whistle of an elk, and he must be willing to lie out over night, and to camp on the trail when he finds it, and he must hunt against the wind if possible, for the instant an elk scents a hunter the show is over and kiddo is next in order. One may crash through the brush regardless of noise and the elk will pay no attention to him, thinking it made by one of the herd; but let him talk or whistle, and—poof! they are gone.

On Sunday, the 15th, a man came over the trail from the Necanicum and reported that a band of elk had crossed the trail near a log waiting for the appearance of the antlered monarch which he intends to shoot from ambush.

Early, but not bright, for it was raining to beat the band, Monday morning we were up and away.

Traveling a distance of something over two miles, we reached the point where the elk had crossed the trail. The heavy rains had almost obliterated the tracks, but the faint impressions left were sufficient to guide us in the right direction, and hopefully we started to follow the trail. The wind was not all that could be desired, but, like the little boy, it was the best we could do, so we pressed up eagerly.

We had gone perhaps a half mile through the worst jungle I ever saw, when "hush!" came a sound to the left of us. An elk had sighted us and was signaling to the others that danger was near.

We stood motionless, gazing in the direction of the sound, while the man waiting for his repetition. It came almost instantly and we discovered a magnificent bull standing on the hillside about two hundred yards away. Three guns sprang to shoulders and three shots were fired, which seemed as one. The elk never moved, but seemed to regard us with the utmost indifference. The man shot at the first fire, but the cow sprang into the brush and disappeared. Here was meat any way, with a good chance to get the cow or bull, as we felt sure both were wounded.

Sharkey, the best elk dog in the world, had been put on the trail of the bull, so we turned our attention to the cow. We found her within fifty yards of where she stood when shot. Becom-

ing faint she had lain down and while struggling to her feet on our approach, the man in the lead shot her in the head, killing her instantly.

This made two and we were feeling pretty good. Our pleasure was increased when we heard Sharkey bay-baying, for we knew he had the bull stopped and we felt sure of him.

Two of us turned our attention to dressing the cow and calf, while Sharkey's owner went for the bull. In less than half an hour we heard two shots fired in quick succession; then a faint bark to the main trail and every one was busy carrying meat to a point where it could be packed on horses and taken into the settlement. No meat was wasted; no bones carried out. Everybody in the settlement had fresh meat and plenty of it. The bull had five bullets in him, three of them having gone through his neck without touching a bone, but giving him wounds from which he would have died and been lost only for Sharkey. A good dog, trained to still hunt, is absolutely necessary in successful elk hunting, as it is almost impossible to get a wounded elk without a dog. A bull elk will not run far when chased by a dog, but will stop to fight, thus giving the hunter a chance to kill it which he would not otherwise have.

The Door of Bread.

Stately and fair, with apron and pillars gleaming.

The great Federal greek into the vision that the master's dreaming Art quickened spirit knew.

There seemed a beauty that the utmost longed for.

Two hands of all white staved thoughts were thronging.

"Spoke what God called: 'Here in this temple raised to heaven's glory Worship and service weal. As in a niche amid the shadows heavy We build a door of bread."

Through the long years how many heavy hearted.

Have blessed that gracious dove, Received the loaf and gratefully departed To feed some hungry soul!

In the vast temple of our earth's rejoicing, With fair shrines for the dead, And heavenly music each year passion volcing.

Have we no Door of Bread?

—Ada Foster Murray.