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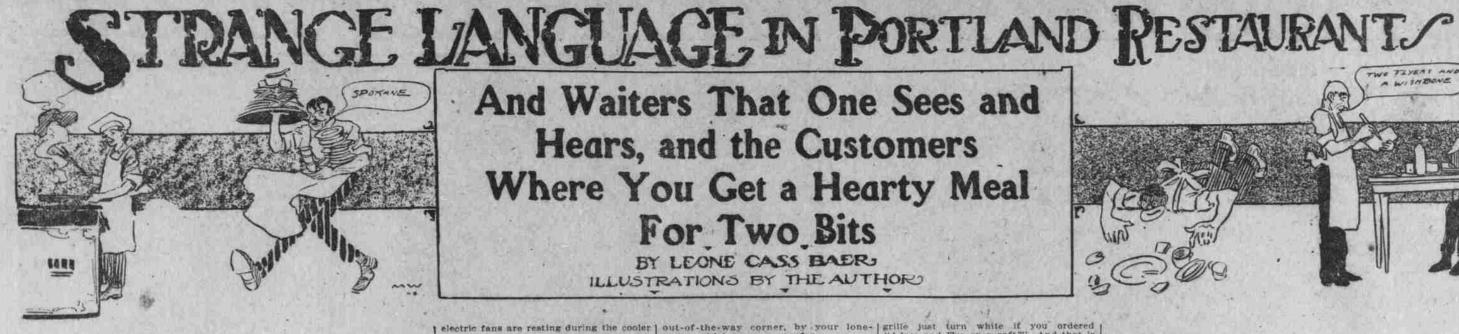
And Waiters That One Sees and

Hears, and the Customers

Where You Get a Hearty Meal

For Two Bits

BY LEONE CASS BAER ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHORS



WISH Coal Oil Johnnie Rockefeller, | healthy enough to eat stewed fruit and boiled milk. with his dyspeptic stomach, could

with me to a Portland restaurant where I cat sometimes. He would see something that all his millions cannot 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 cating tank so he could fill up on corn beef and cabbage and other delicacies like us common folks. He lves on raw eggs and boiled milk and stewed fruits, now. With surgery so adstewed fruits, now. With surgery so ad-vanced and successful in graft work, there's a chance for some poor devil too-natural appetite (and no money in his jeans to satisfy the appe tite), to exchange his healthy stomach

and blue prints of its working hours for John D.'s worn-out food reservoir and rusty machinery, plus one beautiful, coo clearing-house

The restaurant I speak of is in a busy part of Fortland and is always packed during the meal hours, and you can see people lunching at all hours of the day. The room is large and at one side is a partitioned division. A large sign in hillous blue with gorgeous red letters renders the information that the recess

renders the information that the recess is reserved for ladles. The floor is mopped clean every day-unnally just at the closing hour of mid-night. The windows are clean on the inside and when they get around to it, they wash 'em outside, too.

you as you go past. Signs are everywhere-tacked in rows in the walls, in the windows and over

the cashier's desk. "Don't ask for cred-It," is one that strikes chill to many a down-sud-out fellow. "We are not re-sponsible for umbrellas," is the one that certificates. | makes you look quickly to see if your

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 mov-able fly-back-and-catch-you seats and several tall stools of the twine-your-legsaround-them variety. This counter is pre-

ardund-them variety. This counter is pre-sided over by two damsels. 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 One of them is a blonde, a fairy crea-ture whose footsteps make the dishes and catsup bottles rattle like castanets. But she is good natured and so jolly looking and the boys as she dubs the male crea-tures who sit round the festive counter-

all seem to enjoy having a word and laugh with her. The other damsel is haughty and resents the camaraderle of The my restaurant-no, it's not really her guests-methinks she is either mar-ied or stakestruck-one is as bad as the other. She is constantly pulling her other. belt down in front, and taking surreptilldus peeps in the mirror across the counter. Her name is Edith, her part-ner in pie-doling calls her Edy; the "boys" call her "Say, Ede," and I feei

some, whichever you prefer. Every table is covered with shiny white oilcloth, wiped clean after each diner has left. (Well, yes, Molly, per-sonally I prefer damask, and I'll admit that very often the olicioth is damp or moist from a too hurried wiping, but up to the present writing the restau-rant I speak of has not made a star feature of damask cloths and mapkins. At least it is not on the boards, and when I see it billed on the Bill Affair

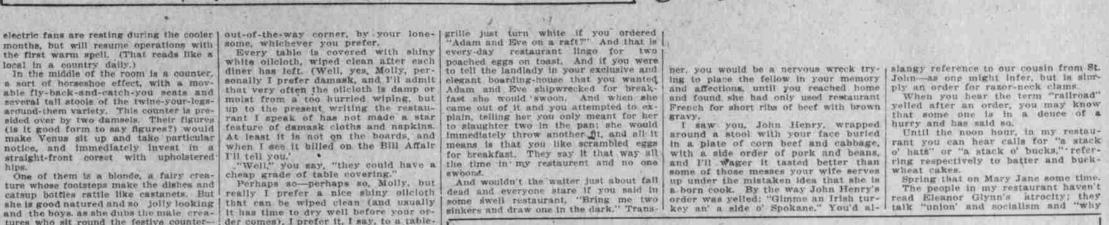
When I are to the set of the set that can be wiped clean (and usually it has time to dry well before your or-der comes). I prefer it, I say, to a table-

and souventrs of feeders gone before. In my restaurant-no, it's not really mine, George-1 only wish it were; then I could quit shese pot-bollers 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, wistful-eyed kid in this olu Fortland down to my shop and I'd pack em up to that big counter and around the shiny-tooped tables, and I'd

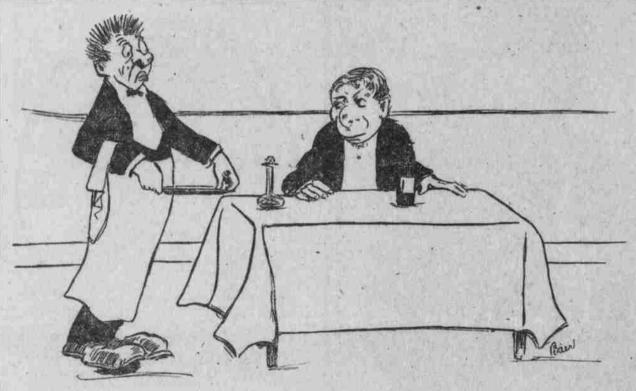
around the shiny-topped tables, and I'd let them eat; I'd top it off with pic or begin it with pic, whichever they wanted, and I would "all-hands-around" with ice cream until every little belly was full, and then I'd shut up my feed house for a day, write it up for the papers, and go 'round bragging to people of what I had done, just like every one else does when he performs a decent or humane act. Oh, we are all alike, only some of us are more so.

But to return to our pork chops. In this restaurant there is a bottle of catsup right in the middle of each table, flanked on one side by the salt and pepper shakers and on the other by the heavy-weight sugar bowl. The salt is usually asleep and refuses to come through the damned holes- (Now, I knew you'd run your eyebrows up into the roots of your pompadour when you reached that word how I only maan that the boles are -but I only mean that the boles are dammed with salt-and every 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 salt shakers whose contents were lodged firmly and stubbornly in the botlodged firmly and stubbornly in the bot-tom of the shaker and refused to perform. Then I saw a woman who had a similar shaker solve the problem by poking her hatpin through the holes and bring out a abower of sail. (Which does not prove that women are sharper than men, but only that they possess more material re-sources. Even if a man had thought of using a pin, I don't know where he'd have got it.) Besides the catsup bottle, the sugar howl and shakers, there is always a bot-tle of Leas & Perrin's. I know its Lea & Perrin's, for it says so on the bottle, although its contents bear as much re-

lated, that means you want two doughnuts and one cup of coffee minus cream. although its contents bear as much re-







"BRING ME TWO SINKERS AND DRAW ONE IN THE DARK."

that I i own is safe beside you. "No checks | sure she signs herself Edythe, The

can foresee-John would be compelled to cashed"; that is to save themselves trou

haunt small, inexpensive hash joints, ble in more ways than one. with occasionally a meal in a saloon "We take clearing-house certificates" where you get a lovely stew with a big is a reassuraing one. The others are for 5 cents-and just think mostly itemized prices of certain things foamy beer how mertifying it would be for his valet (that's French for a male muld), or his private scratchetary to be obliged to you'd be apt to order, just to save you trying to decipher the villainously writ-ten menu-I mean bill of fare. The room is heated in Winter by an immense hig stove, and lighted by gas lights, day and night. I have never disenter such places; places where they had never been (well, that is since they en-tered John's employ). His new stomach, with its insistent and regular calls, overed exactly how it is ventilated. I would hanker after restaurant coffee: after soup thick with beans, and for liver and onions, and John's friends would be think each person must bring his own required amount of air in with him. I do know that the minute you step in-side your nostrils are assalled by the doubtful combination of several kinds shocked at his pielocian tastos. doubtful combination of several kinds is not quite as good an you at a spend his million plunks in repairs for of boiling meat odors, together with the is probably a darned sight better, or is aroma of short-order cooking. Two big you can be exclusive and sit in an shocked at his plebelan tastes. On the

other one is Sue-just plain old-fashioned everyday Sue, and I'll bet her letters from home begin "Dear Susie."

The other tables have men waiters and there is a constant chatter and bufn, often interspersed with laughs

and jests and calls beard high above the din and clatter of dishes. Waiters are busy running in and out, balancing loads on their arms that would make a professional juggler go way back and learn how. All over the room small tables are arranged in haphazard fashion and you can rub el-bows with someone whom you fancy

semblance to that fomed and warm con diment as the brown and stained label bears to the pristinely new one or your table at home. Of course, there's no telling how many times the bottle has

been rolled, but we cat it and like it, down at this restaurant. It is hot and peppers, and, ding hust it, you can use it and be a real sport if you want to, for it don't come extra. Then there's the inevitable cracker bowl and shearn cript of cut glass. (Mrs.

and vinegar cruet of cut glass. wouldn't have known it was imitation if you hadn't gone and told it). Tucked tight in the center of this array call it bill of fare. nu-may-nu-m'noo-oh, well,

further end of the course causing a wheel

Wouldn't the haughty coon waiter in the | was going to have Shorty Brown for dia-

If you and your lady fron' went into a fashionable joint, and after you had set-tied yourself, and she had put her elbows on the damask and her hands and profil posed like a Gibson picture, so consciously inconscious and the waiter ascertain whether you wanted soup, and after consulting your vis-a-vis you said you'd tackle some; now wouldn't it jur you if he straightened up and sent back

a call through his hollowed paim in a voice loud enough to wake a policeman, "Gimme two bowls." Now wouldn't you be startled. But lo, 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

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

mad about 11.) "Cape Cod turkey,' is our odorifer-ous friend codfish, and a call for a "ribber" means a rib steak. "Veal with" means to come on with yeal and dressing. "Veal without" means to bring it in nude. (That is a word Miss Schoolgirl has added to her vocabu? trial.)

Exciting Elk Hunt in the Nehalem Mountains

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

translate that. (No, Agues, this is not the Miss Stone who was captured by the missionaries.) It may be of interest to know that the missionaries.) It may be of interest to know that "Spokane" is used instead of "pork an" — which is the abbreviated form They have their opinions—oh, Lord, They have their opinions—oh, Lord,

So. Mr. Blase Old Goat and Miss Failing Appetite, if I'm ever unlucky enough to have to take you out to dine, you may as well reture before-hand, unless you want to eat with me in my comfy, unpretentious restau-rant, with its olicioth table covers, bring it in nude. (That is a word Miss Schoolgirl has added to her vocabu² lary since she reads that lovely Thaw ial.) of spuds and stewed prunes to top off "Once in the rubber necks," is not a with-all for two bits.

most have to use a Rosetta Stone to | Annie Tost her job," and "how tired

What May Be the Future of the Airship Notable Advance in Aeroplanes-Steerable Balloons Have About Reached Their Limit.

close has marked a considerable advance in the solving of the probiem 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. Halloons, manned and unmanned, steerable and drifting, aeroplanes, gyroplanes, helicopters, orthopters -all have been dreamed of, planned, built and tried. Some have flown, some have not; in the former case, to the de-light of the aeronaut, and in the latter to the edification of that class of scop-

tics who possess the rare and infrequent rift of hindsight.

At a cursory glance the dirigible balloon might seem to have carried off the honors might seem to have Zeppelin's giant mon-for the year. Count Zeppelin's giant mon-strosity clroumnavigated Lake Constance several times during the month of August, traveling on one occasion a distance of traveling on one occasion a distance of 229 miles and remaining in the air eight

La Patrie, after being a source of entertainment for the French Cabinet Minis-ters and the chosen few of the army dur-ing the Summer, traveled 157 miles from Paris to Verdun. The Nulli Secundus, the British war halloon, performed wonders, according to the London newspapers. Beachey completed a full circle about the Sacred Codfish enshrined in the Massa-

chusetts State House. In spite of these daring feats there is a reverse side of the picture which must be considered. The intrepid Beachey was blown out to sea, whence he was rescued

mown out to sea, whence he was rescued from a watery grave by the combined ef-forts of two dories and a launch. Like Frankenstein's monster, La Patrle, scorning the lands which made her, safled majestically away, in emulation of Christopher Columbus no doubt, to dis-cover America, occasioning no small com-motion in Ireland during a hasty visit; while the near old Null Secondar are ended while the poor old Nulli Secundus suffered a melancholy shipwreck in the Crystal Palace grounds in London after an ar duous trip of 25 miles from Aldershot. Count Zeppelin, more careful than his contemporaries, has preserved his curlosintact by keeping a vigilant watch the weather at all times. The St. Louis balloon race, which oc-

curred last October, was a great event in aeronautical circles. Fired with en-

THE year which has just come to a thusiasm over the possibilities of the gas bag in warfare. Captain Loveince, from the car of the winning balloon, the Ger-man Pommern, in a later ascent accomman rommern, in a later ascent accom-plished the imaginary destruction of the City of New York by dropping tons of imaginary explosives, a remarkable feat under the circumstances, threatened as he was by a battery of no less than six mil-lions of human eyes, with himself as the sola target sole target. He also took real pictures of the forti-

fications of the metropolis at the immi-nent risk of being interviewed by a thousand daily papers. Neither did his fears prove groundless, but meeting his fate boldly he passed unscathed through the ordeal, with the result that his opin-lons are now set down in cold black and

But Captain Lovelace is not the only But Captain Lovelace is not the only enthusiast. He is ably supported by no less weighty an authority than, Dr. Ru-dolph Martin, a learned German, who declares that the science of war is to be revolutionized by the balloon. Dr. Martin pictures acrial fleets dealing death and destruction broadcast. The armies and navles of the world in their present infantile stage will no longer ex-ist. Tremendous battles will be fought

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 bal-oon can become such a menace to the ex-stence of the human race as one might be led to believe from the horrors thrown in the screen by the Captain and the doc-tor. 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 demise of the Nulli Secundus, both, it may be said in passing, military balloons. Sad indeed it would be to contemplate one of these aerial terrors, loaded to the brim with melinite shells, held back from her prey by the more 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 amoke 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 in-

against the bodily and mental peace of its owner, attempted to climb a tree near the parade ground at Issy ies Molineaux, or when Bloriot narrowly escaped death through his aeroplane collapsing in midair in a trial near the same place. Yet it must be remembered that flight by me-chanical 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 rea-

This lies in the fact that men are com ing to realize that the way to fly is to learn to fly just as you and I learned to ride a bloycle, 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 bloyfor the high affair which caused a drain on the supply of vinegar and brown paper

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

Various types have been tested; mono-planes, as in the case of Santos-Dimont and Esnault-Pelterie, who is also the inventor of an ingenious motor designed to give 35 horse-power with a weight of but 121 pounds; the flangley type, with its two pairs of wings, with which Bieriot 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 1100 yards-on November 9, a performance re-peated on December 30. In all attempts capture the Deutsch-Archdeacon prize of \$10,000, offered for the first aeroplane flight of a kilometer in a closed circle, he failed, being handicapped by the fail-

thing which shows progress. Of course there have been untoward in-cidents during the year's experiments, as when a French machine, with designs

further end of the course causing a wheel to touch the ground. Farman has, unlike most of his compet-itors, seemed to have almost perfect con-trol of the equilibrum of his aeropiane at all times, alighting in every case without destroying it, an untoward conclusion which has been the fate of many an avia-tor. His pearest annuagh to a serious tor. His nearest approach to a serious mishap occurred soon after his record flight in November, when one of the flight in November, when one of the bindes of his propeller snapped off while revolving at 1000 revolutions a minute, but he escaped without injury, either to

Later in the same month while trying for the aeroplane prize, Farman was caught out in a stiff squall, but reached shelter safely. On this account, then, his work is particularly noteworthy. Outside of France there has been very little worthy of attention accomplished in according flight A yaat amount of stay

acroplane flight A vast amount of gray matter has been expended in America, airship companies have been formed and nany inventors have told what they were going to do, but notwithstanding all this prodigious activity nothing has been done in the way of actual flight.

Interest in the subject did not come to a head until after the balloon race from St. Louis, and in our climate Winter experi-ments are unpleasant. So perhaps anbring something about

ments are unpleasant. So perlags an-other year may bring something about here really worth while. In a discussion of this subject the Wright brothers must not be passed over without mention, but as they have been talking now for two years and doing nothing in public to substantiate their assertions they are facing just at present decided Missourian aspect on the part of the public.

A factor which will no doubt greatly stimulate the development of the aero-plane in this country is the issuance of plane in this country is the issuance of contract specifications for a machine for army use by the War Department. As stated in the announcement, the aero-plane to be accepted by the Government must be much further advanced than any-thing yet seen in public, for it must carry two men, and must make a flight of an bours duration of an hour's duration. The advantages of such a machine in

warfare would be considerable, not enough to change the entire art, as the exponents of the vaunted dirigible would

have people believe, but sufficient to aid materially in the detection of an enemy's movements. As pointed out by Admiral Chester's article lately contributed to the American Magazine of Aeronautics, an aeropiane would form a valuable adjunct to a fleet, being able to detect and report from its superior altitude the courses of

Acroplanes are under construction in Paris today for sale at a price of \$500 no more expensive than a good motor car. That these will find a ready sale and that others like them will also be disposed of is certain.

BY B. A. CHILDERS. O 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 Alsea Mountains in Benton County, and, in fancy, he is lying snugly concealed be-hind a log in the gray dawn of a Summer morning, near a lick waiting for the ap-pearance of the antiered 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 chroalciez must record it! came also the "buck-ague." Try as he would the aunter could not get his gun trained on that elk. Wigwag, wobble, went the gun, and the deer having an eye on the man behind it, deliberately walked-walked, mind away into the dense forest and disap-peared with a snort of derision.

The man who hay 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 studies he the among the storles he tells is not the of that deer he did not kill. Neither does he tell of mistaking the Willumette Valley for a canyon, when it burst on his sight as he rounded a lofty mountain peak. "Say," he yelled to his compan-ion, as "beautiful Wills mette" spread like a grand panorama before him, "what

pleasant reminiscences, but rather to tell of an elk hunt in the Nehalem woods; but this hunt recalls those other happy days, and like my friend, I, in my retro-

The 16th of September had been long anticipated by three of us in this sec-tion of the country. We had been keep-ing tab on two bands of elk, and felt sure we could locate either band within a few hours. One band ranged the head a few hours. One band ranged the head waters of the North Nehalsm; the other spent its time in the visinity 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 buildog and muscles of steel. He must beat his way through tangled underbruah and elk briars, over fallen logs often ten feet from the ground, and must be self-con-fident and sure-footed as a wild goat. He

must neither talk nor whistle, unless he | ing faint she had lain down and while can imitate the whistle of an elk, and | struggling to her feet on our approach. can imitate the whistle of an elk, and he must be willing to lie out over night, camping on the elk trail when he finds camping on the elk trait when he wind if ¹ This made two and we were too it, and he must hunt against the wind if ¹ This made two and we were too possible, for the instant an elk scents a hunter the show is over and skidoo is a hunter the show is over a hunter the show is This made two and we were feeling 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 baud; but let him 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 It made by one of the pair, but set min-talk or whistle, and -poof! they are gong. On Sunday, the 15th, a man came over the trail from the Necanicum and re-ported that a band of elk had crossed the trail near the summit, going northless than half an hour we heard two shots fired in quick succession; then a faint hallo and we knew the bull was ours. He was a magnificent eight-point buck and dressed fully 500 pounds. east. This left nothing more to be de-

Early, but not bright, for it was rain-ing to beat the band. Monday morning

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 honofully 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 on

signalling to the others that danger was get a wounded sik without a chased bull sik will not run far when chased by a dog, but will stop to fight, thus by a dog, but will stop to kill it.

rection from which the sound came, wait-ing for its repelition. It came almost instantly and we descovered a magnificent bul; standing on the billside about two giving the hunter a chance to kill which he would not otherwise have.

boil standing on the ministe 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

There meened and beauty that the utmost longa single bound was out of sight. We began to feel like the man behind the log, but the tensenss was removed by hearing two more "buhs" from an-

ing Pound unfuililled; But one whose soul alf white stoled thoughts were thronging. Spake what God willed:

The Door of Bread.

Stately and fair, - with spirce and pillars

the first firs, 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

buck and dressed fully 500 pounds. This, with the cow and calf, gave us about 1600 pounds of meat, fat and july, fit for the table of a king. The next day all the men and boys on the river went after meal. A trail we were up and away. Traveling a distance of something over was cut to the main trail and every was cut 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 buil had five builets in him, three of them hav-her course through his neck without

ing 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 ab-solutely necessary in successful elk hunting, as it is almost impossible to net a woundad alk without a dog. the best we compare a balf mile easerly. We had gone perhaps a balf 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 compliant to the others that danger was

We stood motionless, gazing in the di-

the utmost indifference. Three more shots were fired, when the elk wheeled and at

gleaming. The great cathedral grew Into the vision that the master's dreaming Art quickened spirit knew.

other direction, and a careful scrutiny revealed a cow and a calf something over 100 yards away. The calf feil at

"Here in this temple raised to heaven's glory Worship and service wed, As in a niche amid the shadows heary We build a door of Bread."

Through the long years how many heavy hearted Have blossed that gracious dole. Received the louf and gratefully departed

Reserved the loaf and grantenity opported To feed some hungrier soull in the vest temple of our earth's rejuting. With fair shrines for the dead. And heavenly muse each pure passion voic-ing. Have we no Door of Bread? Ada Foster Murray.

darn canyon is that?" But I did not intend to refer to these

imself or to his machine. Later in the same month while trying