THE CAFETERIA

THE LAST WORD IN THE RAPID-FIRE DISTRIBUTION OF FOOD

EAT—what a universal term and how generally observed by the conventional "three squares" daily taken in divers and sundry places. No matter how we may differ in our habits and tastes, when the welcome sound of that word "eat" is dinned into our ears we all are brothers on a common ground.

Eat—in the good old days before men had the temerity to sail the air and under the water—its sound smacked of the home where we could kick our feet under mother's table and repeatedly ask for more, and get it.

But in this rapid age when genius rivals itself in the invention of time saving devices and time killing diversions the general scheme of life is changed and with it the scheme of eating. In those same good old days, back in the home town, before the advent of the skyscraper and the automobile and other agencies meant to work economies in space and time, we all quit work at noon and went home to dinner, real dinner you know with real beefsteak and real gravy and real cream for our coffee; ah, those were the days. But how different it is today; we no longer eat dinner at noon—we lunch, and human ingenuity has done some bold stunts in the concoction of lunching places for the busy man.

It is not the fashion for us of the rank and file to lunch leisurely—that is a privilege of the higher ups, and so after we have raced through our morning's work, the arrival of the lunch hour finds us grabbing our hats and racing off down the street in a mad pace that would indicate a fear on our part that unless we hurry the supply of "eats" will be exhausted. And so we dive into our favorite luncheon resort, order a heterogeneous collection of food more or less indigestible, throw it into our stomachs in much the same vengeful spirit that we toss wood into the stove and then we rush out, not because we are really in a hurry, but because the other fellow rushes out, so we do. What if our stomachs do sometimes ache in rebellion—are there not a dozen and one medical experts whom we can name whose business it is to dispel dyspepsia for a consideration—that same consideration we pay for the privilege of being children of the age of rush.

But these luncheon places about town, what manner of resorts are they that occupy every nook and corner in the downtown district from the hole in the wall that makes a specialty of coffee and sinkers to the spacious grill where we pay for all traces of elegance from the mellow strains of the orchestra to the thick velvet nap of the carpet in a special duty levied on each and every article of our diet. Then there is the Millionaires' club, famous for its ham and coffee and waffles where staid men of affairs rub elbows with dock laborers over the oil cloth covered tables and the Spanish cafes where everything is seasoned "hot" to maintain the delusion conveyed by the Spanish sign on the window. Yes, indeed, Portland is possessed of every kind and condition of eating place, including the old time restaurant where white aproned waitresses cater to your needs, and the Baltimore lunch forever marked by a liberal display of white tile and broad armed chairs.

The Function of the Cafeteria.

But when it comes to the rapid fire distribution of food, the cafeteria is the last word and in this hurried epoch in which we live at a clip that would indicate that we wish to die early and incidentally get our wish—the cafeteria is at home. The old line restaurant and even that epicurean effort of a later period—the Baltimore lunch must yield to the cafeteria when it comes to serving the maximum of food in the minimum of time. And in Portland the cafeteria surely is a busy place. Stop without its portals during any week day noon hour and join the human line as it restlessly passes within, grasp a tray and proceed down the aisle along one side of which are displayed all sorts of appetite tempters chaperoned by young men and women whose salesmanship is excellent, you find after you have made your selection and received your check registering the amount it will cost you to leave the place.

The cafeteria is indeed as interesting a place as it is busy, and affords a picture of urban humanity in action that is hard to find elsewhere, for we all are so natural while eating.

We are able to maintain a front perhaps on all other occasions and make magnificent getaways with our daily stalls, but when turned loose in an eating place we are compelled to reveal the real character of that inner man. And so when we see the man who devours pigs' knuckles and sauer kraut and a cup of steaming coffee at a gulp, and the fair young person who attacks her lettuce salad with bird like pecks between sips of iced tea we understand the reason for the presence of all the kinds of people that make a world. And we are constrained to after a time honored adage to read—"As a man eats, so is he."

City and Country Sketches

WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL BY A. BATCH.

XII. Two Boys and Two Men.

A CREATURE whose figure, though in some respects horribly deformed, showed that he was, had been, or might have been a man, lurched out of the door of a saloon, with uncertain steps, crossed the sidewalk and part of the width of the street, hesitated, took two or three shambling steps in different directions successively, and so was run against and pushed rather than knocked down by a horse attached to a passing buggy and driven by a well known citizen. The slight injury the human derelict received did not add appreciably to the repulsiveness of his appearance; the man driving the vehicle got down and helped the fallen one up, calling him by name, "Andy," familiarly, gave him a quarter and drove on. Evidently regarding the incident as a great piece of luck, "Andy" disappeared as expeditiously as possible into the nearest saloon.

One may see many partial wrecks of humanity, of various ages and in various stages, any day, and more at night, in that vicinity; but this was in physical aspect the most abhorrent specimen that one would see, if looking for extreme examples, in many a day. The tattered garments were foul; the creature's face, bruised and scratched and grimed, was bloated and blotched almost beyond semblance of a human countenance; the gray stubble of beard protruded through stains of tobacco, beer and dirt; the hands, puffed like the face, shook as with the palsy—in brief, the man was altogether an extreme type of long, complete and hopeless besotment—a thing to view with horror if not with loathing, with repugnance and abhorrence softened, we hope, with pity.

Unconsciously I said, loud enough for an old man near me who had also witnessed the incident to hear: "And yet that thing was once a clean, pure, beautiful, sweet baby."

Two Neighbor Babies.

"Yes," said the old man, as if I had spoken to him, "that he was, for I knew his parents well, and the interesting thing about the occurrence to me is that our Cyrus Gray who rode in the buggy and gave Andy a quarter, was at the same time a baby of the same age in an adjoining house. It was more than 50 years ago when these two babies were born, in little cottages standing side by side down near the river bank, and during their early childhood they were almost constant playmates. I lived close by and watched them grow up together. The fathers were both mechanics and did well in the little but already growing settlement in the woods that Portland was then. There was quite a large family of the Grays, but Cyrus was the only boy near Andy Zane's age, and Andy was the Zanes' only boy. And a bright and beautiful child he was, too, an immensely proud of him were his parents. Everybody knew everybody else in Portland then, and being a neighbor I often saw Mrs. Zane and the girls petting and playing with the boy baby. Why, being without children of my own then, I have often danced him on my own knee. A fine baby he was, sure, and later a smart, handsome boy. Who indeed could have foreseen what a transformation would ensue, what a fate was in store for that beautiful faby? One can never tell.

"There was Cyrus," the old man went on, "he didn't seem quite so smart and forward as Andy, and wasn't made so much of, I guess. His folks hadn't many extras in those days, and he had to work and depend on himself more than Andy did. He's got along all right anyhow, has lots of property and a fine home, and a big family himself, now—and there's the other baby—Andy. I'd heard of his going downhill for a long time, and used to speak to him once in a while, but I wouldn't have known him today if Cyrus hadn't called him by name. Good God!"—and the garrulous old gentleman shuddered—"to think that that awful thing was once that white, smooth skinned, dimpled, rosy, laughing baby."

Why the Difference?

I turned and walked with the old man a few blocks. He was 78, he said, but had clear eyes and complexion; in earlier life he had been a physician. "What caused this terrible ruin in one case, while success, affluence and respect accrued to the other?" I asked. "Was it in the upbringing, or from inherited causes?"

"Both, probably," he answered, "perhaps chiefly the latter. This wreck's father was a temperate man, his mother was a temperate woman in every way; they were above the average of common folks in looks and behavior. But one of the granfathers had been a drunkard; the child may have inherited his vice. Then restraint in youth was probably too lax—but who can judge? Sometimes too, much restraint is as bad as too little. Nobody could foresee that in the organism concealed by all that infantile loveliness and youthful beauty was a dangerous defect, a ruinous lack of balance, a fatal weakness of will, a deadly incapacity to look ahead and foregather results, consequences—in a word, recklessness.

"Equally pure, sweet gifts of God were the two babies, but what a vast gulf separates the two men. Why? God knows, not we."

Health and Efficiency

CONDUCTED FOR THE JOURNAL BY LORA L. LITTLE.

PRE-NATAL culture, always an interesting subject, has received new confirmation of its power in the story told the other day by the artist Edwin D. Betts. Both Mr. and Mrs. Betts are talented artists, and the eight children born to them had, each and every one of them, especial attention given to their pre-natal development, with the object of making artists of them. The results have been remarkable. Those in whom the musical faculty was cultivated by the study of music on the part of the expectant mother are natural musicians. The others are all artists of one kind and another, according to the particular direction given the mother's mind before their birth.

There is something more important than talent to be implanted in the infant nature, however, and this Mr. Betts appears to recognize, for he is quoted as saying: "By pre-natal influence, crime, melancholia and disagreeable traits can be crushed out."

It is less that brilliant intellectual gifts are desirable than it is that there should be such a balance of character as to make talent available and useful. Byron and Poe were men of marvelous genius, but their erratic natures were anything but happy, and they were not useful in a degree at all commensurate with their abilities. "It is not talent men want—it is purpose," wrote Bulwer Lytton.

Children endowed by pre-natal influence with happy, generous, truthful, persevering, industrious natures have been given the best foundation possible. If mothers are able to exercise the faculties that shall call forth these traits during this formative period, they will do more for their children than they can do in any other way. If all mothers could be merely happy, what a change it would bring to pass among mankind in a single generation! It would banish a large part of the gloom, anxiety and fret that are the canker at the core of too many lives. When the tendencies of an individual are marked in these directions, and well nigh ineradicable, we may be sure they are survivals of pre-natal conditions.

An Example of Pre-Natal Influence.

For example, a man died a few months ago, at the age of 92, who had had to struggle all his life against one of these unhappy birthmarks. His parents were among the early settlers of Ohio, and there in the wilderness his father hewed out a home for his family. Three months before the man in question—the late nonagenarian—was born, his mother was one day cleaning her log cabin, while her only child, an infant of two years, played about the yard. The mother had not noticed the absence of the little one when she took a bucket and went to the spring for water. On reaching the spring she found her baby girl drowned in the spring. The shock, the grief, the subsequent self-reproachful moods, the dreams from which she would awake in the night, affrighted at danger threatening her child—all these things left sad marks upon her unborn son. The latter was born with fine intellectual gifts and became a man of exceptional ability. But in spite of a mirthful nature, he was subject to fits of deep depression, was an inveterate worrier, always crossed bridges before he came to them, was cautious to excess, and by these same weaknesses his natural ability was always handicapped.

But here, it will be said, was an unforeseen and humanly unpreventable event casting its black shadow over a long life. How could it be otherwise? It could surely have been partially prevented and the effect softened by a higher faith and better intelligence on the part of the mother. The shock was inevitable, the grief not easy to be assuaged. But a woman aware of the pre-natal effects of bitter sorrow, aware, too, of the Providence which suffers no loss except for good ends, and self-disciplined enough to reflect, might have protected her unborn child from her own passing agony of grief. In fact, according to the theories of pre-natal culture, the bereaved mother was given an opportunity to exercise faculties which should have become a citadel of power for her unborn child. Fortitude, cheerfulness in the face of trial, faith in divine Providence, if called into action at this critical time, might have given such a power to this exceptional mentality as to have made a man of mark and distinguished usefulness.

The faculties which should, it appears to me, be active in a woman before the birth of a child are conscientiousness, order, benevolence, veneration, continuity, hope, mirthfulness, and love of family, home and friends. But the balanced life requires that all faculties should be used and none allowed to atrophy. Extremes need to be avoided in pre-natal culture as well as in all forms of culture. Men, not monsters nor prodigies, are wanted. The special faculties mentioned are some that elevate character and make it happy. For lack of these special qualities, the world is cold, selfish, sad, skeptical, false, fickle. The tendency today is to exalt talent above virtue, therefore I would urge the superior value of the moral qualities.

ONE of the essential differences between men lies in the possession of adherence on the one hand, and the want of it on the other. Look over the world and see two general classes of people, the cheap and the valuable, the nobodies and the somebodies. The cheap ones are those whom Emerson calls "superficial and dastardly," forgetting tomorrow the cause to which they swear fealty today, always beginning and never carrying to success, dropping a thing as soon as discouragements present. They do not even need to meet discouragement; they tire of a thing for mere lack of continuity of character. Character is a good word misapplied in describing them. They are things of shreds and patches, characterless because they never stick to anything long enough to grow a character.

The people everywhere wanted are the people who will stick. Have you fidelity? Have you adherence? Then there is hope for you. All good things await you. Persistency brings all, and lays at your feet.

"Be firm; one constant element of luck
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck.
Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold will slip.
Small though he looks, the jaw that never yields
Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields."

Let no one delude oneself with the idea that some day one will find conditions favorable for the exercise of stability. There will never be better opportunity than today, for stability is not a thing dependent upon outside conditions, but an element of character. It can be developed from the merest germ, and in some degree it exists in every mind. All that is necessary is to exercise it. Never mind if you do not feel absolutely sure that you ought to stick to the thing in hand. Stick. Your natural inclination to drop things so colors your judgment that it is not now to be depended upon. Your judgment is always to be suspected when it coincides with your disposition to change. Stick. Do not let go of the thing in hand until you have made a shining success of it. In the meantime the discipline you are giving yourself will brighten and strengthen you for future and perhaps better chosen tasks. This is the only method for the vacillating. It will cure vacillation, and will turn any nobody into a somebody.

HERE are some rules for the preparation of summer vegetables which every housewife and cook ought to know:

Peas are only at their best when eaten within three hours of picking. They should be shelled the minute they arrive from grocer or huckster, if such is the source of supply. They thus preserve whatever sweetness they have left. They should never be wet until the small quantity of boiling water in which they are to be cooked is poured upon them.

Green corn is another vegetable which deteriorates fast after it is plucked. It should be husked at once, and if it is to be cut from the cob it should be cut off at once rather than allow it to remain in husks or on the cob until time to cook it. It should never be boiled more than 15 minutes, and very young, tender corn will cook in less time. If steamed, it will take slightly longer than if boiled, but it is preferable steamed. Water soaks from it something of its virtues.

String beans are best simmered slowly until quite tender.

Tomatoes should be eaten uncooked or thoroughly cooked—stewed down. Scalded and served up, as they are too often, they make a poor dish.

Cucumbers are best when picked before fully grown, and then eaten fresh. They must not be smothered in vinegar, salt and pepper, unless trouble is looked for. They must not be soaked before being eaten. They should be crisp and green.

No vegetables should be restored from a wilted state by soaking in water. They are never the same after they have been wilted. Wilted lettuce, celery and the like salads had better be thrown away than put into the stomach. There is no economy in eating them.

Overripe fruits are frequently, if not always, more dangerous than the underripe.

Vegetables should never be boiled and drained, if one wishes the best flavors and fullest values. Such as cannot be stewed or baked should be steamed.

In stewing vegetables, the water should always be poured upon them from a boiling tea kettle rather than from the water faucet.

FEW forms of medical treatment are more to be deplored than the expedients quite commonly resorted to in the face of death, with the object of keeping the patient alive, or manifesting some sign of life, for a day, for an hour, or even for minutes, beyond what would be the case if the patient were allowed to die peacefully and naturally.

No one ever has, nor ever can, come back from such spun-out dying to tell what it feels like; but that ought not to be necessary. It is generally agreed that the worst thing about death is dying, therefore why prolong it? The gasping breath, the irregular heart action and fluttering pulse, sometimes the restless or spasmodic action of the body—these all indicate that a struggle is going on. If there is consciousness, dying must certainly be a state of discomfort, to put it mildly. Is it, then, anything short of cruelty to stimulate, to give oxygen, or to charge with electricity, the poor, worn-out, suffering frame?

Philadelphia hospital surgeons, it is reported, kept a patient alive for three hours, the other day, after heart action had ceased, by the use of electric currents.

With heart action done, the agony was over. How inhuman to galvanize into life the erstwhile corpse? No one can say whether there was consciousness or not. The very possibility ought to be enough to prevent such experiments. It is inconceivable that any dying person with a friend at hand, could be subjected to such treatment.

MAKING MILLIONS OF ATHLETES—Continued From First Page

added to the school curriculum and a boy and girl more than 11 years old must know how to swim as well as to read and write.

The New York Athletic club can boast of the best swimmers in the world. Their members have won all sorts of honors in the large meets.

The steady increase of athletes has had many good results. Look around and you will find that our city young folk are healthier and happier. Daily exercise, especially in the gymnasiums, have put them in better condition and consequently many ailments are warded off. That is also why there are fewer grouches.

Exercise instead of medicines seems to be the rule nowadays.

And oftener than not men who go to the gymnasium for the sole purpose of correcting some ailment, soon get the fever and the athletic craze doesn't leave them.

Every man needs exercise, even though he takes it by proxy. Physicians have prescribed visits to the ball grounds to patients, and why not? When a man gets the blues, the spring fever, etc., and feels even too lazy to walk, a good, exciting game will send the blood rushing through his body, and the continual movements, such as the clenching of the fists, the waving of his arms, will tend to make his muscles stronger. The shouting, if not too long or too lusty, will develop his lungs.

The cost of athletics in this country is so great that it is almost folly to attempt to compute it. When sports and athletic games of all sorts are taken into consideration, the figures run into the millions and millions of dollars.

Concerning amateur athletics alone, a writer has figured on $6,000,000, but even that seems absurdly small. It reckons only 3,000,000 athletes at a minimum of $2 a year. Recent statistics for Great Britain are that the annual expenditure for the sports of the people reach $45,000,000. At the same ratio, with our population of more than twice that of the English isles, our expenditures would be $100,000,000 or more.

Baseball alone is a marked example, for it costs millions annually. In one factory alone the balls that are made retail for $2,500,000. It supplies the official balls for the National and American leagues, and furnishes balls to hundreds of minor leagues. In this fetory 24,000 balls are turned out every day, making 144,000 a week and 6,000,000 a in year. Even in winter the employes are working hard getting ready the supply for the following summer.

Yet the balls are only a small item in the baseball cost. Taking uniforms, bats, carfare and the like, the national game costs a truly tremendous sum.

A few cold figures will give an idea of how many devotees there are, many of whom are amateur players. Last year 7,279,157 persons witnessed the combined games of the National and American leagues. Of this number 3,692,157 attended the National league games and the other 3,586,827 were American fans. This was a decrease in attendance of 98,951 over the previous year. The decrease occurred with the American league, the National showing an increase of 54,782.

The total receipts of the world's championship games last year, between the Athletics and Chicago, were $174,000, with an attendance of 124,421. Of course, this was an unusual event and the charges were higher. But if an average of half a dollar is taken per person, which is a very low figure, it can be seen that the receipts for the big team games last year netted more than $3,500,000.

Football follows baseball as a popular sport, and if the proceeds from the various college games could be accumulated they would make a very neat sum and an interesting one. The receipts at the track and field meets are also large, and it is this form of amusement which is coming into popular favor and bids fair to be a close second to the others. Last year there were 707 large open meets.

And, as has been pointed out by some few writers, these field sports really mark a return to the manners and customs of the Greeks. Running and jumping were the first known exercises. Even baseball and similar games are but combinations of them. So the present generation may soon be emulating the superb physiques of the ancients.