HOW A GREAT CITY FEEDS "NIGHT HAWKS"

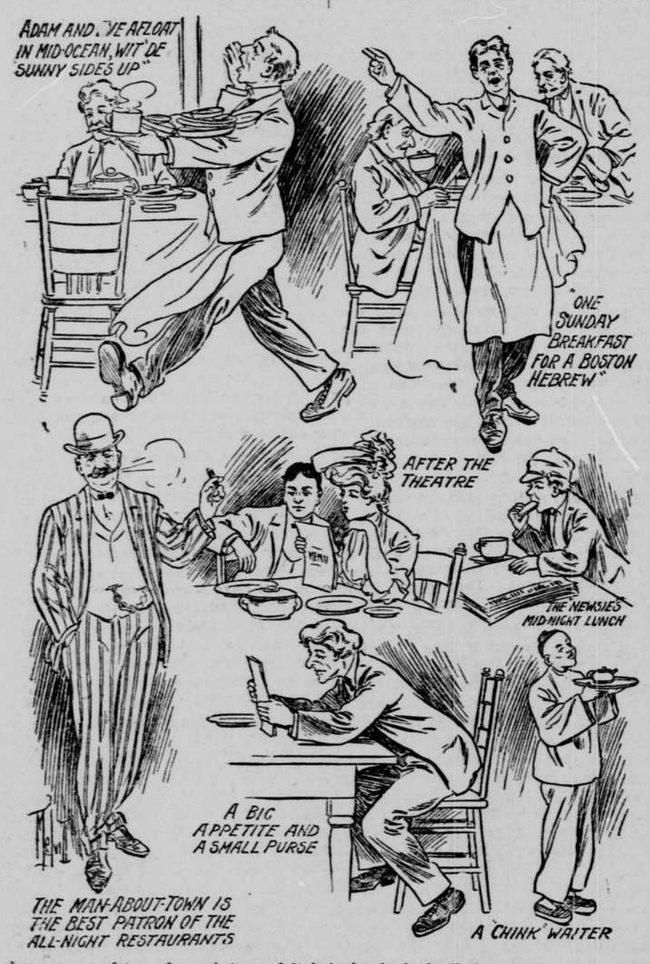
Small Restaurants Where Hoboes and Business Men Sit to Eat, Shoulder to Shoulder.

WAITERS' WONDERFUL VOCABULARY

Used to Have Their Own Description for All Dishes Called for by the Hungry Throng—Tramp Not Always an Important Factor in All-Night Resorts.

Brooklyn.—Nocturnal ramblers in this great city need never go home hungry, if they feel the pangs of appetite demanding food before they retire and are fearful lest the pantry at home will not furnish material for a "snack." There are in the borough nearly, if not fully, 100 all-night restaurants—places that never close their doors. Of course, that number is small when compared with the list of all-night "joints" in Manhattan, but Brooklyn is essentially a city of homes, and the wonder is that so many places find it profitable to keep open day and night.

Naturally the summer season is the best for this class of restaurants. The surrounding beaches attract multitudes of visitors at night, and the late trolleys carry full loads to various parts of the borough. With its vast network of street railways, Brooklyn



has scores of transfer points, and it is notable that one or more all-night restaurants are to be found located near almost every one of such points. The returning merry-makers are generally hungry, unless they have eaten at one of the seashore resorts, and it is often the case that the cost of meals at the beaches is extortionate, or the food served by them is not tempting. The restaurants that keep their doors open at all hours, though they may not equal the best, are almost invariably clean and inviting, and meals that would satisfy the ordinary appetite are served.

Places Serve Good Food Without Putting on Frills.

In the down-town district the all-night eating places are the most numerous. Beginning at the Brooklyn bridge, or near it, one may follow the regular channels of travel and find plenty of places where the wants of the inner man are attended to in various styles. At this season of the year shell-fish—clams, lobsters, crabs and even oysters—are in the greatest demand, and there are places where such food is prepared in a very tempting manner. There may be no napkins; the dishes may be of heavy earthenware instead of china and the "silverware" so worn that the brass beneath is plainly visible, but the "soft-shells" are done to a turn, and although the place may have no saloon license, one can always get a bottle of cold beer to wash down the succulent sea-food. Steaks, chops and eggs, too, are always in good demand, and to the really hungry man they undoubtedly taste better than the lighter foods.

At one restaurant a sign informs the passer-by that:

For supper we give beefsteak, potatoes, bread and butter, a cup of tea or coffee, one kind of sauce or jelly, a plate of cakes and syrup, all for 20 cents.

Careworn Knight of the Road Seeks His Supper.

At the door of this place was noticed a queer specimen of humanity, who had shuffled in from somewhere out of the black night. He stopped in front of the place and read the attractive offer that was portrayed on the banner. As the stroller concluded reading he thrust his right hand into a pocket of his frayed trousers. Of years he had perhaps attained 40, and the finger of time had not dealt gently with him, for his face was seamed with wrinkles and he looked careworn. His clothing was tattered and his linen—if a grimy shirt that had not seen a laundry in some weeks might be so dignified—had seen long usage; his straw hat had great rents in the crown, through which protruded an occasional lock of rusty, unkempt hair; his coat was shiny and worn at the cuffs and elbows; the bottoms of his trouser legs, too, were badly frayed and "scuffed" out by the frequent contact of his ankles, and through holes in a pair of mismated shoes could be seen more than a suspicion of bare toes. His beard was unkempt and his hands and face were guiltless of any recent acquaintance with soap and water.

After a moment's meditation the hobo drew his hand from his pocket, deposited its contents into his left hand and then began a systematic search of his other pockets. The result was 23 cents, a lead medal, part of a package of cigarettes and a suspender buckle. He slowly counted his cash assets and returned the other articles to his pockets. His resources were more than sufficient to pay for the meal which he plainly had in contemplation, but he hesitated as he looked again at the money.

"No Pie, No Supper," the Tramp's Ultimatum.

"Twenty-three cents," he said to himself, "is two whiskies or four beers, with a tip-top lunch throwed in. I'm durned hungry, but blame me if I want ter blow in all me cash on grub. Say, boss," he continued, addressing the lone waiter in the place, "do youse throw in a piece o' pie with this 'ere bountee-ous ree-past?"

"Nope; pie's extra," was the reply.

"That settles it," grumbled the stroller, haughtily. "My esthetic taste demands pie an' 'less my pampered appertite is satiated with American pie, I eats somewheres else." With that he turned away with a look of real or simulated disgust.

"The bill of fare doesn't seem up to your standard," ventured a guest. "It seems to me a very liberal meal for the money."

"Well, it ain't so worse," responded the hobo, "purty fair fer Brooklyn, but it ain't a marker to what you kin get in some cities. Now, in Cincinnati there's cheap joints where they give a meal that'd fill up any man's stomach fer 15 cents, one kind o' meat, all the bread an' butter you kin eat, two cups o' tea er coffee, apple sass, fried spuds, beans er cabbage, an' a hunk o' pie. What do you think o' that?"

"It certainly is a liberal spread. I don't see how they can do it."

"Well, they do, an' they make good big money, too. In New Orleans and San Francisco, the saloons are close competitors of the restaurants. At noon they serve a delicious meal, roast beef, excellent potatoes, with gravy, fresh vegetables, the best bread and butter, a salad and superior dessert—and they give you a drink of the best whisky, all for 25 cents!"

Traveler in Many Lands and a Keen Observer.

The man spoke enthusiastically; his eyes brightened and it was noted quickly that he had quite dropped his hobo dialect.

"You must have been a great traveler," he ventured.

"Yes, sir: I have traveled all over the world. I had money, at one time, though I don't look now as though I had ever been anything but a tramp." He was evidently telling the truth, and his audience wanted to hear more of his adventures. The "tourist" readily accepted an invitation to join in a 20 cent meal, to which he did ample justice. The listener, thinking he would take no chances, suggested that he would take some eggs.

"I wouldn't advise you to do it—here," said the hobo. "An egg is like a woman's character. It must be 'strictly' good, or it isn't any good at all. These restaurants do not supply their patrons with the best eggs, but buy from the cold storage warehouses, where they can buy cheap. It is a healthy hen that can lay good eggs in August."

"You seem well posted on the restaurants of this city," said the listener. "Are there many that give a wholesome meal at reasonable prices?"

"Yes. I may say that the majority of them do. In fact, they will average very well with most large cities. There are a number of popular priced restaurants over the river that serve better food, but they are in locations where they can depend upon a large trade.

"The genus hobo is a large factor in the patronage of a majority of the all-night places. The tramp is too lazy to even eat in the daytime, and what he does eat he usually begs. In the morning he seldom has a cent. He gets a breakfast at some back door, maybe, and then he 'rests' all day. At night he 'cadgers,' or begs, from men who appear to be well fed and good natured, and it is perhaps far into the night before he has 'the price' for a meal. If, after he has had all he wants to drink, he has enough money left, he spends it for a substantial meal. But it is usually drink first, and then eat, for a man who has the price of a drink can always get enough free lunch to last him.

Genus Tramp Is Not Very Frequent Guest.

"But Brooklyn all-night restaurants are freer from the genus tramp than those of any city I have visited. In the summer, particularly, the best patronage of such places comes from parties who have spent the evening and well along toward morning at Coney Island, the Rockaways, Brighton, North and other beaches. The sea air has sharpened their appetites and they feel the need of food before retiring. At the transfer points of the various trolley lines, they notice little eating places, and, as the windows are usually made attractive, the sight tempts them. You will find them at various points along Fulton street, clear out to East New York; along Broadway, in Williamsburg, on Nostrand, Flushing and Franklin avenues, on Washington, Sands and other streets, not far from the Brooklyn bridge, and elsewhere.

"There is a place I've noticed, but have never gone into it. It is a high-toned negro joint, where the 'Afro-American' sports congregate. It is in the 'dark' district and is a regular 'moke' Delmonico's, with private supper rooms where the negro gamblers take their 'girls' after a 'killing' at craps and spend their money freely. It is undoubtedly one of the most prosperous places in the borough. Then there are a lot of Chinese chop suey joints, where there is nothing doing until long after midnight. You seldom hear of these places, for they are run quietly, and if there are any rough house in them, you may depend upon it the fault is with some unruly patron who has had more drink than is good for him before he entered the Chinaman's place.

"Of the real 'tough' joints that were some years ago so common in New York, there is scarcely one left in the greater city. The police espionage has spoiled their business and they have disappeared, probably forever. Small loss at that, though they did stir up things in the old days. It was no uncommon sight to see fighting, or evidences of fighting, all along the Bowery, and murders were also frequent. Now a murder in such a place comes pretty near putting the business on the blink.

Waiters Gave Orders in Own Vernacular.

"The tough waiter, too, is practically a thing of the past. It used to be so distinctive of waiters to give their orders in a vernacular of their own that imitations were transferred to the stage, and some of them were funny. If a patron wanted a plate of wheat cakes, well browned, the waiter translated it: 'A stack of whites wit' a copper.' If he wanted poached eggs on toast, it was 'Adam an' Eve afloat in midocean, wit' the sunny sides up.' A cup of coffee was, and is, 'Draw one!' If you want it without milk, it is 'Draw one in de dark!' Roast beef rare, with boiled potatoes, would be 'One slaughter-house in de pan wit' de Murphy brudders!'

"One of the funniest things I have heard in a restaurant was a colloquy between a tough waiter and a customer equally tough. The customer had been served, but, on cutting open his potato, he found it was black inside. He motioned to the waiter, who approached.

"'Say, cull,' he said, good naturedly, 'de spud is on de punk. Give us anudder, will you?'

"'Sure t'ing,' replied the waiter, taking the offensive potato, and going to the dumbwaiter, where he shouted 'Return good for evil!'

"In the same restaurant a man came in and ordered Boston baked beans, without any pork. The waiter's order to the cook was 'One Sunday breakfast fer a Boston Hebrew.'

"Well, I must be going," said the hobo, who had cleaned his plate. "Sorry to leave you, but I'm afraid my family'll be worried," and he chuckled at the sarcasm.

"Won't you have another cup of coffee?"

"No, thank you; I never drink but two cups. It might spoil my sleep. Much obliged for the feed, for I have enough to get a good breakfast—or a good drink or two. Most likely it'll be the drinks. Good night."

Indian Claimed Him as Brother.

Congressman Llewellyn Powers, of Maine, besides being a millionaire, is a man of striking appearance. Being tall, lean, with high cheek bones and wearing his coarse, black hair long, he bears some resemblance to the aborigines of this continent. One day, while traveling on a Maine railroad, where "Indians and ministers" ride for half fare, Mr. Powers met a member of the Passamaquoddy tribe in the smoking car and started in to question his copper-colored constituent as to his manner of living and how he liked the tribal relations in Maine. After some minutes of talk Mr. Powers asked: "By the way, which of the two tribes do you belong to?" "Myself bin all Passamaquoddy," replied the Indian. "W'at tribe was you bin?" Before the Boston drummer who sat in adjoining seats had finished laughing Mr. Powers discovered that he had urgent business which called him to the Pullman.

Colombia's Climate.

Although Colombia is geographically in the tropics, some regions, owing to their elevation, have a climate as cool and refreshing all the year round as Vermont in May and September.

Beds in Waiting Rooms.

Waiting rooms with beds are a specialty of railway stations in Sweden. The porter calls the sleepers ten minutes before the arrival of their trains.

First Movable Scenery.

Movable scenery was first used in theaters in 1508. It was invented by Baldassare Peruzzi, and displayed in Rome before Leo X.

A FOOL FOR LOVE

By FRANCIS LYNDE

AUTHOR OF "THE GRAFTERS," ETC.

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CHAPTER V—Continued.

Those who knew her best said it was a warning to be heeded in Miss Virginia Carteret when her eyes were downcast and her voice sank to its softest cadence.

"Why, certainly; how simple!" she said, taking her cousin's arm again; and the secretary went in to set the wires at work in Winton's affair.

Now Miss Carteret was a woman in every fiber of her, but among her gifts she might have counted some that were, to say the least, super-feminine. One of these was a measure of discretion which would have been fairly creditable in a past master of diplomacy.

So, while the sympathetic part of her was crying out for a chance to talk Winton's threatened danger over with some one, she lent herself outwardly to the Reverend Billy's mood—which was one of scenic enthusiasm; this without prejudice to a growing determination to intervene in behalf of fair play for Winton if she could find a way.

But the way obstinately refused to discover itself. The simple thing to do would be to appeal to her uncle's sense of justice. It was not like him to fight with ignoble weapons, she thought, and a tactful word in season might make him recall the order to the superintendent. But she could not make the appeal without betraying Jastrow. She knew well enough that the secretary had no right to show her the telegrams; knew also that Mr. Somerville Darrah's first word would be a demand to know how she had learned the company's business secrets. Regarding Jastrow as little as a high-bred young woman to whom sentiment is as the breath of life can regard a man who is quite devoid of it, she was still far enough from the thought of effacing him.

To this expedient there was an unhopeful alternative: namely, the sending, by the Reverend Billy, or, in the last resort, by herself, of a warning message to Winton. But there were obstacles seemingly insuperable. She had not the faintest notion of how such a warning should be addressed; and again, the operator at Argentine was a Colorado & Grand River employe, doubtless loyal to his salt, in which case the warning message would never get beyond his waste basket.

"Getting too chilly for you out here?—want to go in?" asked the Reverend Billy, when the scenic enthusiasm began to outwear itself.

"No; but I am tired of the sentry-go part of it—ten steps and a turn," she confessed. "Can't we walk on the track a little way?"

Calvert saw no reason why they might not, and accordingly helped her over to the snow-encrusted path between the rails.

"We can trot down and have a look at their construction camp, if you like," he suggested, and thitherward they went.

There was not much to see, after all, as the Reverend Billy remarked when they had reached a coign of vantage below the curve. A string of use-worn bunk cars; a "dinkey" caboose serving as the home on wheels of the chief of construction and his assistant; a crooked siding with a gang of dark-skinned laborers at work unloading a car of steel. These in the immediate foreground; and a little way apart, perched high enough on the steep slope of the mountain side to be out of the camp turmoil, a small structure, half plank and half canvas—to-wit, the end-of-track telegraph office.

It was Virginia who first marked the boxed-up tent standing on the slope.

"What do you suppose that little house-tent is for?" she asked.

"I don't know," said Calvert. Then he saw the wires and ventured a guess which hit the mark.

"I didn't suppose they would have a telegraph office," she commented, with hope rising again.

"Oh, yes; they'd have to have a wire; one of their own. Under the circumstances they could hardly use ours."

"No," she rejoined, absently. She was scanning the group of steel handlers in the hope that a young man in a billy-cock hat and with a cigarette between his lips would shortly reveal himself.

She found him after a time and turned quickly to her cousin.

"There is Mr. Adams down there by the engine. Do you think he would come over and speak to us if he knew we were here?"

The Reverend Billy's smile was of honest admiration.

"How could you doubt it? Wait here a minute and I'll call him for you."

He was gone before she could reply—across the ice bridge spanning one of the pools, and up the rough, frozen embankment of the new line. There were armed guards here, too, as well as at the front, and one of them halted him at the picket line. But Adams saw and recognized him, and presently the two were crossing to where Virginia stood waiting.

"Eheu! what a little world we live in, Miss Virginia! Who would have thought of meeting you here?" said the technologian, taking her hand at the precise elevation prescribed by good form—Boston good form.

"The shock is mutual," she laughed. "I must say that you and Mr. Winton have chosen a highly unconventional environment for your sketching field."

"I'm down," he admitted, cheerfully; "please don't trample on me. But really, it wasn't all fib. Jack does do things with a pencil—other things besides mans and working profiles, I mean. Won't you come over and let me do the honors of the studio?" with a grandiloquent arm-sweep meant to include the construction camp in general and the "dinkey" caboose in particular.

It was the invitation she would have angled for, but she was too wise to assent too readily.

"Oh, no; I think we mustn't. I'm afraid Mr. Winton might not like it."

"Not like it? If you'll come he'll never forgive himself for not being here to 'shoot up' the camp for you in person. He is away, you know; gone to Carbonate for the day."

"Ought we to go, Cousin Billy?" she asked, shifting, not the decision, but the responsibility for it, to broader shoulders.

"Why not, if you care to?" said the athlete, to whom right-of-way fights were mere matters of business in no wise conflicting with the social ameliorations.

Virginia hesitated. There was a thing to be said to Mr. Adams, and that without delay; but how could she say it with her cousin standing by to make an impossible trio out of any attempted duet confidential? A willingness to see that Winton had fair play need not carry with it an open desertion to the enemy. She must not forget to be loyal to her salt; and, besides, Mr. Somerville Darrah's righteous indignation was not lightly to be ignored.

But the upshot of the hesitant pause was a decision to brave the consequences—all of them; so she took Calvert's arm for the slippery crossing of the ice bridge.

Once on his own domain, Adams did the honors of the camp as thoroughly and conscientiously as if the hour held no care heavier than the entertainment of Miss Virginia Carteret. He explained the system under which the material was kept moving forward to the ever-advancing front; let her watch the rhythmic swing and slide of the rails from the car to the benches; took her up into the cab of the big "octopod" locomotive; gave her a chance to peep into the camp kitchen car; and concluded by handing her up the steps of the "dinkey."

"Oh, how comfortable!" she exclaimed, when he had shown her all the space-saving contrivances of the field office. "And this is where you and Mr. Winton work?"

"It is where we eat and sleep," corrected Adams. "And speaking of eating: it is hopelessly the wrong end of the day—or it would be in Boston—but our Chinaman won't know the difference. Let me have him make you a dish of tea," and the order was given before she could protest.

"While we are waiting on Ah Foo I'll show you some of Jack's sketches," he went on, finding a portfolio and opening it upon the drawing board.

"Are you quite sure Mr. Winton won't mind?" she asked.

"Mind? He'd give a month's pay to be here to show them himself. He is peacock vain of his one small accomplishment, Winton is—bores me to death with it sometimes."

"Really?" was the mocking rejoinder, and they began to look at the sketches.

They were heads, most of them, impressionistic studies in pencil or pastel, with now and then a pen-and-ink bearing evidence of more painstaking after-work. They were made on bits of map paper, the backs of old letters, and not a few on leaves torn from an engineer's note book.

"They don't count for much in an artistic way," said Adams, with the brutal frankness of a friendly critic, "but they will serve to show you that I wasn't all kinds of an embroiderer when I was telling you about Winton's proclivities the other day."

"I shouldn't apologize for that, if I were you," she retorted. "It is well past apology, don't you think?" And then: "What is this one?"

They had come to the last of the sketches, which was a rude map. It was penciled on the leaf of a memorandum, and Adams recognized it as the outline Winton had made and used in explaining the right-of-way entanglement.

"It is a map," he said, "one that Jack drew day before yesterday when he was trying to make me understand the situation up here. I wonder why he kept it? Is there anything on the other side?"

She turned the leaf, and they both went speechless for the moment. The reverse of the scrap of cross-ruled paper held a very fair likeness of a face which Virginia's mirror had oftenest portrayed; a sketch setting forth in a few vigorous strokes of the pencil the impressionist's ideal of the "goddess fresh from the bath."

"By Jove," exclaimed Adams, when he could find the word for his surprise. Then he tried to turn it off lightly. "There is a good bit more of the artist in Jack than I have been giving him credit for. Don't you know, he must have got the notion for that between two half-seconds—when you recognized me on the platform at Kansas City. It's wonderful!"

"So very wonderful that I think I shall keep it," she rejoined, not without a touch of austerity. Then she added: "Mr. Winton will probably never miss it. If he does, you will have to explain the best way you can." And Adams could only say "By Jove!" again, and busy himself with pouring the tea which Ah Foo had brought in.

In the nature of things the tea-drinking in the stuffy "dinkey" drawing-room was not prolonged. Time was flying. Virginia's errand of mercy was not yet accomplished, and Aunt Martha in her capacity of anxious chaperon was not to be forgotten. Also, Miss Carteret had a feeling that under his well-bred exterior Mr. Morton P. Adams was chafing like any barbarian industry captain at this unwarrantable intrusion and interruption.

So presently they all forthfared into the sun-bright, snow-blinding out-of-door world, and Virginia gathered up her courage and took her dilemma by the horns.

"I believe I have seen everything now except that tent-place up there," she asserted, groping purposefully for her opening.

Adams called up another smile of acquiescence. "That is our telegraph office. Would you care to see it?" The technologian was of those who shirk all or shirk nothing.

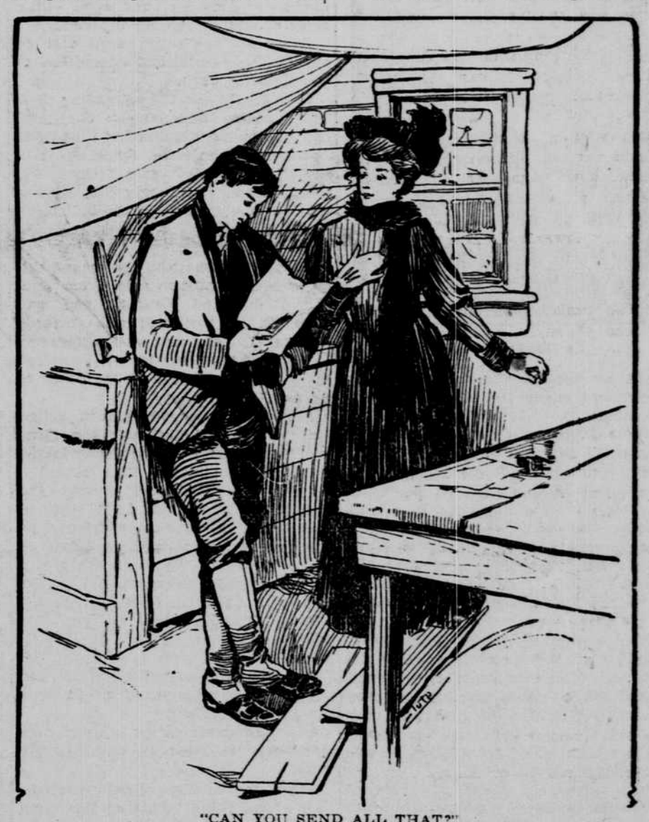
"I don't know why I should care to, but I do," she replied, with charming and childlike wilfulness; so the three of them trudged up the slippery path to the operator's den on the slope.

Not to evade his hospitable duty in any part, Adams explained the use and need of a "front" wire, and Miss Carteret was properly interested.

"How convenient!" she commented. "And you can come up here and talk to anybody you like—just as if it were a telephone?"

"To anyone in the company's service," amended Adams. "It is not a commercial wire."

"Then let us send a message to Mr. Winton," she suggested, playing the part of the capricious ingenue to the very upcast of a pair of mischievous eyes. "I'll write it and you may sign it."



"CAN YOU SEND ALL THAT?"

Adams stretched his complaisence the necessary additional inch and gave her a pencil and a pad of blanks. She wrote rapidly:

"Miss Carteret has been here admiring your drawings. She took one of them away with her, and I couldn't stop her without being rude. You shouldn't have done it without asking her permission. She says—"

"Oh, dear! I am making it awfully long. Does it cost so much a word?"

"No," said Adams, not without an effort. He was beginning to be distinctly disappointed in Miss Virginia, and was wondering in the inner depths of him what piece of girlish frivolity he was expected to sign and send to his chief. Meanwhile she went on writing:

"—I am to tell you not to get into any fresh trouble—not to let anyone else get you into trouble; by which I infer she means that some attempt will be made to keep you from returning on the evening train."

"There, can you send all that?" she asked, sweetly, giving the pad to the technologian.

Adams read the first part of the letter-length telegram with inward groanings, but the generous purpose of it struck him like a whip blow when he came to the thinly veiled warning. Also it shamed him for his unworthy judgment of Virginia.

"I thank you very heartily, Miss Carteret," he said, humbly. "It shall be sent word for word." Then, for the Reverend William's benefit: "Winton deserves all sorts of a snubbing for taking liberties with your portrait. I'll see that he gets more of it when he comes back."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"How did he propose to you?"

"He led up to it very gradually."

"Yes? Then it is true?"

"What is true?"

"That he proposed to five other girls before he proposed to you."—Houston Post.

Oriental Woman as Ideal Wife

By EDMUND RUSSELL.

The oriental woman is the most restful in the world.

One cannot know the oriental woman by effort—there are no opportunities save by living in the orient and asking no questions.

Then the realization of all she is gradually quickens and dawns and possesses until she seems to be the most perfect complement of the life of man—that is, of the tired man.

Sir Edwin Arnold, Lafcadio Hearn and Pierre Loti were all tired men.

And there are many others who never raise their heads from the nirvana under the swing punkah to tell their lotus dreams.

The culture of these men was broad. Their experience wide. Their natures lofty. Their choice unlimited.

When Sir Edwin Arnold's relations remonstrated with him, he always simply replied: "She rests me."

The missionaries would try to insinuate some life of harem-like sensuality.

This is not true

The meddling societies fall back on the old Balzacian notion that all a literary man wants for a wife is an illiterate woman who is a good cook and knows just enough to find his slippers—a sort of Marguerite married-and-settled who plays the dea-ex-machina that he may be left alone to commune with Helen of Troy in his poems.

But this also does not fit, for the oriental woman is in no way illiterate; nay, even if she knows not to read or write, she holds the "higher education" of thousands of years, when we were savages, and though she has attained by different process she has attained.

It is her heritage of centuries of holiness, reverence, poetic thought, handed down by those who knew the paths of power attained in the silence.

She is like a flower of the forest and has unfolded without our effort and struggle. The sectional bookcase of her mind was not purchased.

But she must keep oriental and live in seclusion even if the poet bring his treasure home—her veils must not be lifted to the crowd or the bloom will be brushed from the lily.

Put her into corsets, tight boots, high heels and the strenuous, and they will soon have her lecturing at woman's clubs on "Woman Is No Rest-Cure for Man!"

She has always been taught the holiest thing in the world is for a woman to be absorbed in her husband, to be both goddess and slave.

It is difficult for her to adapt herself to dead level of equality