

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 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 downtown 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

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 mismatched shoes could be seen more than a suspicion of bare toes. His beard was unkempt and his hands and face were guileless 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 thrown 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,

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 for 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.

"Yea, 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 bogs. 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 bogs, 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.

"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 Conoy Island, the Rockaways, Bright-

on, 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 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

THE TABERNACLE

TENTH—In Cloud and Pillar Series

A STORY OF THE WILDERNESS JOURNEY OF THE HEBREW PEOPLE

By the "Highway and Byway" Preacher

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Scripture Authority:—Exodus 40: 17-38.

SERMONETTE.

The Tabernacle was the dwelling place of Jehovah among Israel. In its every detail of material and construction it typified the character and attributes of God, and expressed his attitude towards man, and indicated man's way of approach unto him. The Tabernacle and its appointed service was a type of the Christ and his redemptive work. It set forth in symbol that which found full and complete and glorious expression in the Christ. For full and beautiful unfolding of the meaning of the Tabernacle, read Needham's book, "Shadow and Substance."

1 Cor. 3:16, 17.

The Temple of God.—God's dwelling place to-day is in the midst of his people. All Christians form together one vast temple. "Ye are the temple," collectively, and "living stones," (1 Peter 2:5) individually. This spiritual temple is the dwelling place of the Holy Spirit, God's Viceregent on earth. In this spiritual house believers are the spiritual priesthood (Comp. Ex. 19:5, 6 with Rev. 1:6 and 5:10) with Jesus Christ, our high priest, as the literal priesthood, the one through whom our spiritual sacrifices are offered and made acceptable to God. (See 1 Peter 2:5) And what Moses could not do—that is, enter the Tabernacle because the presence of God filled it—Christ has done in that he has entered into the holy place not made with hands. "Seeing then that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the Heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession. For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.—Heb. 4:14-16.

THE STORY.

IT WAS evident that the inspection of the busy groups of workers in the camp of Israel had proved satisfactory, for Bezaleel, and Aholab came into Moses' presence with beaming faces, and reading their report there, he exclaimed, before they had time to speak:

"Ah, it is a good report that thou bringest."

"Yea," replied Bezaleel, who as chief artificer, and the one in charge of all the work of preparing the materials for the Tabernacle and its fittings, acted as spokesman. "Yea, the workmen are putting the finishing strokes to the work, and all will be completed to-day, even to the cloths of service and the holy garments for Aaron, the priest and the garments for his sons, to minister in the Tabernacle."

"This well," responded Moses, fervently. "Knowest thou what day to-morrow will be?"

The two men shook their heads by way of answer, and Moses added: "To-morrow will be the beginning of the second year as appointed by the Lord when he spoke to us in Egypt and gave us the Passover. How fitting that upon that day the Tabernacle should be set up in our midst. The Lord reward thee, Bezaleel, and thou, Aholab, for thy faithfulness."

The two men bowed low in grateful recognition of the commendation of their leader, and then Bezaleel, conscious of the ready spirit of the people in the work, said:

"But it is the faithfulness of the people which has wrought the work. Thou recallest how eagerly they brought of their offerings of gold and silver and brass, and precious stones and cloths and skins and fine linen, and their oil and their spices, and had they not served willingly in the work, we would not be completing it this day."

"True," replied Moses, "and are they glad that the task is almost completed?"

"Yea, as I passed through the camp to-day I heard the people singing and talking together about the Lord, and rejoicing that soon they would have their Tabernacle finished. And to-morrow you will rear it? What news that will be for the people," and Bezaleel turned as though he would go at once to spread the tidings, and then pausing he asked: "And where will you have the materials and furniture for the Tabernacle gathered?"

"At the place of the altar," commanded Moses, as he dismissed them, "and forget not to caution the people that they come not nigh to touch the fittings, for they are holy unto the Lord. The sons of Levi shall minister in these things."

For six months now the work had gone steadily on. The people had entered eagerly into the tasks assigned them by Bezaleel and Aholab, and

under their skillful direction the weaving and dyeing, the cunning work in silver and gold and brass, the carving and shaping of the wood had progressed wonderfully. Everybody had some part in the work, even the children catching the eager spirit of their elders and gladly doing what they could to help.

How swiftly the weeks and months had passed. So occupied with the task in hand had they been that they had no time for murmuring. It hardly seemed possible that they were the same people who had threatened Moses at Rephidim, or had forgotten God and made for themselves the golden calf there at Mount Sinai. Day by day they had received instruction at Moses' hand in the laws and ordinances of God, which he had received while on the mount with God, and while they wrought in the work they vied with each other in seeing how faithfully and well they could perform their tasks.

They had talked together of that day when the Tabernacle should be set up, and God would be served in the way appointed, and it is no wonder that when the tidings came to them that on the morrow they would see the Tabernacle reared, there was very great rejoicing, so that the sound of laughter and singing filled the camp.

The sun that night set upon an expectant people. At the place appointed the rich and costly materials had been brought and the Levites instructed concerning the placing of the same, while the people stood at a distance and watched as long as the daylight lasted, and then as the soft glow of the pillar resting high up on the side of the mountain fell upon the camp, the people turned slowly and went to their tents, saying, softly to themselves:

"To-morrow will the Lord have a dwelling place in our midst."

But how little they realized all that was implied in that saying. How meager was their idea of the meaning of the Tabernacle and its appointed worship. Its richness of material, its varied appointments, the plans for the Tabernacle service all absorbed their attention, and apart from the general consciousness of God, they did not enter deeply into the spirit of the occasion.

But even though the heart understood not, eyes and ears were eager to drink in every detail of the animated scene which began next day with the first rays of light. A reverent hush was upon the people while the work was going on, and no man dared to venture near where the walls of the tabernacle were reared and the tent spread above.

Then Moses took the ark, and in the sight of all the people, he placed therein the tablets of stone on which were written the commandments, and the rod and a pot of the manna. And then he set the staves on the ark and put the mercy seat above the ark, and it was carried within.

"See," whispered the people, one to another, as the Levites bearing the ark disappeared, "see what Moses has done with the rod, and the tablets of stone given to him on the mountain, and the pot of manna."

"Yea," cried Moses, turning towards the people, and noting the solemn hush which had fallen upon them, "Yea, it is the testimony of the Lord. Beneath the mercy seat where God will now have his abiding place in the midst of Israel, rest the evidences of God's presence with Israel thus far. The rod through which God worked such mighty deliverance, the pot of manna the evidence of God's miraculous feeding of his people in the midst of the wilderness fastnesses, the tables of stone, the revelation of God's perfect will for the guidance of his people. These tokens of God's dealings with his people rest beneath the mercy seat, even as you, the children of Abraham, are preserved under the mercy seat of God's love."

Again silence fell upon the people, as Moses ceased speaking. The Levites have withdrawn, leaving the ark in the holy of holies, and the people stand expectant.

"Moses will now enter and talk with God," they whispered one to the other.

But while they thus spoke, the Cloud, which had stood upon the mountain side, came and covered the Tabernacle, and the glory of the Lord filled the place.

Never before had the people beheld such glory and splendor. The Cloud had always been a thing of wonder by day and splendor of glory by night, but now it glowed and scintillated with a beauty transcendent.

Surely this was the temple of the Lord and he had come down and filled it.

What temple in Egypt had they ever seen which had been so visited by the gods in whose name they had been reared?

When had it ever been that the priests of Egypt could not enter their temples because the glory of their gods had so filled the place?

So thought the people as they stood there, and at last conscious that Moses, instead of entering the place had fallen prostrate upon the ground in worship and adoration of the wonderful manifestation of God's presence, they, too, bowed in reverent worship.

A Sailors' Hospital.

It will be good news to all who are interested in work for sailors that Henry L. Clapp, formerly a resident of New York, will build a hospital on the island of Malta, principally for American sailors in the naval and merchant services. Too little is done for the sailor, who has been called the one "indispensable man" of human society, without whose services the work of civilization and of missions could not go on.—N. Y. Observer.



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:

"do youse throw in a piece o' pie with this 'ere i' canteenous ree-past?"

"None; pie's extra," was the reply.

"That settles it," grumbled the stroller, haughtily. "My esthetic taste demands pie an' less my pampered appetite is satiated with American

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