

TRICKS WORKED BY WAITERS

Methods Employed to Give Favorite Customers the Best of the Feed.

COURTESY YIELDS HANDSOMELY IN CASH

Wealthy but Objectionable People Diplomatically Disposed Of—Out-of-Town Visitors Cleverly Felled.

NEW YORK, Dec. 27.—The man in the rough tweed suit searched one pocket after another. A deep flush showed under his neatly cropped side whiskers, and he raised his eyes to meet those of the expectant waiter.

"I'm hanged if I've anything but 30 cents and some 'L' tickets. Not even my check book, by George."

The waiter bowed obsequiously and murmured: "That's all right, sir. Tomorrow—the next time you come in, sir."

"Take my card to the head waiter, or the cashier."

"Not at all, sir. Entirely unnecessary. You are Mr. Blank of the National Securities company. It is all right, sir."

The attendant held up his customer's checkbook, and then, in a polite bow, opened the door for him. This ceremony, however, he marched back to the table and carried off the soiled dishes with the air of a conquering hero.

From his point of view the waiter had scored a triumph. He had performed a service which cost him nothing and which meant much to a man whose tips had always been liberal. And he had tickled the customer's pride by showing him that while they had never exchanged a word of personal conversation, he had discovered the customer's name and his financial standing. It is a brand of flattery which the clever down-town waiter keeps always on tap.

A Waiter that is Worth Money.

The head waiter, who had witnessed the incident, had this to say: "A waiter like that is worth money to you. He knows his place and keeps it, yet, in observing him, you receive as much as all his regular customers. Now, had Mr. Blank been called upon to explain his position to our cashier, he would have settled his account by sending the money by messenger, but I hardly think he would have patronized the restaurant again. The member of today's contempt would have embarrassed him. The waiter's quick wit saved him any annoyance and won for us a good customer."

"Why could the waiter do this without consulting his superior? Simply because he works on a percentage. So much of each order charged up to him remains in his pocket. It is his commission, in lieu of a salary. Many of the best restaurants in the financial district pay their waiters a commission instead of a salary. It is to the employer's interest to do so. A waiter who works on a commission, if he is attentive and keen at making up menus, will increase his commission at the expense of his customers, to be sure, but he makes business brisk."

"For instance, a nervous, over worked man whose digestion is out of order comes in with no definite idea of what he wants. Before he is fairly seated at the table he has some papers spread before him, and he regards the introduction of a menu as a highly irritating interruption. Your observant waiter knows this and discreetly suggests something particularly delicate and appetizing, selected from the entrees or game list. The customer nods his head, and the waiter continues to build up a luncheon that sounds good, the customer not even looking at the price. A waiter who can surprise him at the end of the meal, but he does not complain because the lunch has tasted good and he feels better than when he came in. The waiter is an artist at menus and knows how to line his own purse."

Little Tricks of Favored Waiters.

"Business men who want the best service usually patronize one cafe quite regularly and have their favorite waiter. Their tips may not be so large as those of some transient customers, but the waiter learns to depend upon them as part of his steady income. In consequence, the regular customer gets more than a polite bow of recognition and prompt attention. In fact, he receives special favors which he does not fully realize and which the waiters never receive."

"For instance, when he orders oyster cocktails, his attendant, appreciative of past favors and hopeful for the future, does not send the oysters to the kitchen. He orders raw oysters and carefully mixes the cocktail sauce himself from condiments selected from the dining room table. What difference does this make? All the difference in the world to the connoisseur in shell fish. Oyster cocktails mixed in the kitchen are a mile contain 'seconds' instead of 'firsts'; in other words, oysters that are smaller than those served on the half shell. The condiments in the kitchen are also 'seconds', while only the best sauces and flavorings are set forth in the dining room. That is just one of the regular waiter's tricks to favor the customers he likes."

"The waiter's great ambition is to establish and hold a line of customers. When I worked in an uptown cafe where table d'hôte dinners and theater suppers are features of the trade, I remember one waiter who was often driven to his wits' end to accommodate his regular customers. He had charge of three small tables, and if we could have given him assistants, I believe he could have filled one side of the dining room with people who liked him to serve them. Patrons actually waited half an hour to secure a place at his table."

"Did we raise his salary? That was not necessary. His customers saw to that. We paid him \$1 a week. His income ran from \$20 to \$40, and he was a regular customer of the Diplomatic Waiter Dines."

"This waiter was a born diplomat, and he turned cranks over to him as a matter of course. A restaurant crank is a character worth studying. He will try waiter after waiter until he finds one who suits him; why, no one, the waiter least of all, can understand. By some miracle the waiter happens, in a lucky moment, to please the man either by tricks of serving or by tickling his jaded palate with some happy combination of dishes. And from that moment the crank is converted. He swears by this waiter, and is not on hand when he arrives. Trifles like pneumonia or appendicitis cannot excuse his absence, and rather than be served by anyone else, I know one crank who seeks another restaurant until his favorite returns, calmly informing us that all the rest of our employees are cows for awkwardness and cads for bad manners."

"Speaking of manners, your successful waiter knows just how far to go in recognizing his customers. He is never obsequious or familiar. He takes your coat and hat and pulls out your chair with a certain gleam of recognition in his eye, but, though you may choose to pass the time of day with him he will not presume on your pleasant and enter into conversation. He gives you just the right size of report, shows them steps. And he never forgets your favorite dish, your particular brand of liquor and your selection in cigars. He would consider it an unpardonable display of ignorance to ask you what sort of appe-

ties you will have. It is his province to remember all these things. "I was told by a well-dressed woman the other day that when she came down town she always lunched here with her husband because, as she explained it quite naively, her husband's waiter always remembers her order for brandied cherries. She never drinks cocktails, but once in the presence of this waiter she remarked that she would like to take them just for the sake of the cherries. Now whenever the wife accompanies her husband, the waiter thoughtfully adds a couple of extra cherries to the cocktail, and takes the wife carefully through out with a toothpick. When the husband comes alone, he takes his cocktail dry, and Harry never makes the mistake of giving him cherries. There is always a twinkle in the man's eyes when the cherries appear, but Harry knows better than to recognize the humor of the situation by so much as a smile.

Objectionable Customers Got Rid Of. "A diplomatic waiter is useful to us in many ways. He can sometimes rid us of undesirable customers. It would surprise you to learn of the annoyance we sometimes suffer at the hands of people that were not only from the place, but from their standing, social or financial. Then we try the diplomatic or ingenious waiter."

"Last summer a man of considerable wealth and eccentric habits came here each day for lunch. He sat at that small table opposite you, and the first thing he did was to order a cocktail and take off his shoes. There he sat day after day, with one shoeless foot resting on a stool and stuck out in full view of our other customers. The matter called forth unpleasant comment, but we did not know what to do."

"If you agree to stand by me, I'll get rid of that man." We agreed, and the next day Gascon came down the aisle with a cup of coffee in his hand. Just before he reached the man with his shoes off he stumbled adroitly and the coffee fell upon the protruding foot. The man gave a howl, then subsided into abusing the waiter. Gascon had been careful to chill the coffee until it was only lukewarm, but the man swore roundly that his foot was scalded and he would sue the proprietor. He showed us his luncheon, jerked on his shoes and departed, without settling his account. We never saw him again and we don't know to this day whether it was corns or cussedness."

Working the Out-of-Town Man. "The out-of-town man who entertains at dinner or lunch is fair game for the waiter who is up to all sorts of tricks. This type of customer feels it incumbent upon him to mention the name of his guest, and he has brought a goodly roll into town with him. He picks up the bill of fare with the air of one to whom money is no object, and the observant waiter, who spots him on the instant, assists in an artful way in making out the order. He is all attention to the man's remarks, but he is slyly suggesting certain dishes in his own interests."

"For instance, after the oysters and the soup your out-of-town man selects a heavy roast and orders a beef or portion for each of the other guests seated at the table. Now, the waiter, who is well versed in the specialties of city men, knows full well that four orders of turkey will not be consumed, so he sends to the kitchen an order for two or three at the most. The order for four is charged up on the guest's ticket, however, and the waiter pockets the difference when he settles with the checker. This, of course, is possible only when the waiter pays the bill. Were the customers to pay the cashier the trick would be detected and the firm would make the profit. However, the waiter, who is in the trick and does not begrudge the waiter his extra money, will suggest a certain dish in his own interests."

"It is a mistake to think that elderly men, the wisest of men, are more extravagant. Considerable entertaining is done down here at noon. Wholesale take women buyers from out of town to lunch, brokers sometimes entertain the women who handle stocks through them and good-looking young women employed in offices are frequently the recipients of guests not only of their employers, but of other men that they meet in a business way."

"These lunches for two play a big part in the business world, and they have made me realize the important role a discreet woman clerk plays in her employer's affairs. I have heard many a big deal discussed across our tables, and the women who come here are as keen and alert as the men who employ them."

"You can tell what these relations are the instant the waiter settles for lunch. A man makes the presence of his wife an excuse for laying aside business questions. He really entertains her, and they study the menu carefully with a view to enjoying themselves. If a man and a woman are treated in the same business the lunch is given to the woman and the waiter plunges into business before the waiter has finished writing out their order."

"Personally I regard these lunch conferences as bad for the digestion and the general health. Business men and business women who have lunch clubs and drop business until they return to the office. But you can't change the leopard's spots nor the habits of the American in business."

MUST PAY FOR A BOYCOTT

Brickmaker at Hobart, Indiana, Awarded Verdict for Damages Against Union.

CHICAGO, Dec. 27.—A verdict having a significant bearing upon the right of labor organizations to maintain an assist in enforcing a boycott was rendered today in Judge Vail's court, whereby George Hinchliff was awarded \$23,000 damages against the members of the Chicago Masons and Builders' association and the Brick Manufacturers' association.

Hinchliff asked for \$100,000 damages, which he alleges he had sustained owing to a boycott of the product of his brick yards at Hobart, Ind., on the part of the association mentioned, in 1901.

EVIDENCE POINTS TO MURDER

Miser in the Wilkesbarre District is Found Dead on the Railroad Track.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Dec. 27.—The finding of the body of John Weeks of Pittston on the Lehigh Valley tracks points to a murder, there being no marks on the body such as would have been evident had Weeks been killed by the cars.

Weeks worked during the coal strike and had been repeatedly threatened with upon her. To watch and listen was the only way, but the difficulties in the dead silence of the night were well nigh insurmountable, for I dare not approach sufficiently near to catch a single word, I had crept on after them about a mile, until we were approaching the tumbling waters of the weir. The dull roar swelled up the sound of their voices, but I assisted me, for I had no further need to tread noiselessly.

On nearing the lockkeeper's cottage, a



THE SECRETS

CHAPTER XVII. Discerns Several Matters.

Reader, I know that what I have narrated is astounding. It astounded me just as it astounds you.

There are moments when one's brain becomes dulled by a sudden bewilderment at sight of the absolutely impossible.

It certainly was not until I had reached the man whose fatal and mysterious wound I had myself examined should be there, walking with his wife in a lover-like attitude. And yet there was no question that the pair were there. A small bush septuagies, so that they passed arm-in-arm within three feet of me. As I have already explained, the moon was so bright that I could see to read; therefore, shining full upon their faces it was impossible to mistake the features of two persons whom I know so well.

Fortunately they had not overheard my involuntary exclamation of astonishment, or if they had, both evidently believed it to be one of the many distorted sounds of the night. Upon Mary's face there was revealed a calm expression of perfect contentment, different indeed from the tearful countenance of a few hours before, while her husband, gray faced and serious, just as he had been before his last illness, had her arm linked in his, and walked with her, whispering some low, indistinct words, which brought to her lips a smile of perfect felicity.

Now had I been a superstitious man I should have promptly declared the whole thing to have been an apparition. But as I do not believe in borderland theories, any more than I believe that a man whose heart is nearly cut in twain can again breathe and live, I content myself with stating, before I withdrew and utterly dumbfounded, the hidden from them by a low thornbush I stood there in silent stupefaction as they passed by. That it was no chimerical imagination was proved by the fact that their footsteps resounded upon the path, and just as they had passed I heard Courtenay address his wife by name. The transformation of her countenance from the ineffable picture of grief and sorrow to the calm, sweet expression of content had been marvelous to say the least—an event stranger indeed than that which I had witnessed. In the wild ravings of the romancers the dead have sometimes been resuscitated, but never in this work-a-day world of ours. There is a finality in death that is decisive.

Yet, as I here write these lines, I stake my professional reputation on what the man I saw was the same whom I had seen dead in that upper room in Kew. I knew his gait, his cough and his countenance too well to mistake his identity.

That night's adventure was certainly the most startling, and at the same time the most curious that ever befell a man. Thus I became seized with curiosity as to what I had detected looked out after them. To betray my presence would be to bar from myself any chance of learning the secret of it all; therefore I was compelled to exercise the greatest caution. Mary mourned the loss of her husband toward the world, and yet met him in secret at night—wondering with him by that solitary by-path along which no villager ever passed after dark, and lovers avoided because of the popular tradition that a certain unfortunate lady of the minor of a century ago "walked" there. In the fact of the mourning so well feigned I detected the concealment of some remarkable secret.

The situation was, without doubt, an extraordinary one. The man upon whose body I had made a post-mortem examination was alive and well, walking with his wife, although for months before his assassination he had been a bed-ridden invalid. Such a thing was startling, incredible. Little wonder was it that at first I could scarce believe my own eyes. Only when I looked full into his face and recognized his features, with all their peculiarities, did the amazing truth become impressed upon me.

Around the bend of the river I stole stealthily after them, in order to watch their movements, trying to catch their conversation, although, unfortunately, it was in too low an undertone. He never released her arm or changed his affectionate attitude toward her, but appeared to be relating to her some long and interesting chain of events to which she listened with rapt attention.

Along the river's edge, out in the open moonlight, it was difficult to follow them without risk of observation. Now and then the elder bushes and drooping willows afforded cover beneath their deep shadow, and in places where the river wound through the open water made it not so brilliant as half an hour before. Still I could see his features almost as plainly as I see this paper upon which I am writing my strange adventure and could recognize every lineament and peculiarity of his countenance.

Having passed through the gate he took her unglazed hand with an air of old-fashioned gallantry and raised it to his lips. She laughed merrily in rapturous content and then slowly, very slowly, they strolled along the path that ran within three feet of me. Their feet were heard to leap with excitement. Their voices sounded above the rushing of the waters and they were lingering as though unwilling to walk further.

"Ethelwynn has told me," he was saying, "I can't make out the reason of his cold. Her husband had a poor girl; she seems utterly heart-broken."

"He suspects," his wife replied. "But what ground has he for suspicion?" I stood there transfixed. They were talking of murder!

The idea halted quite close to where I was and in that low roar raised their voices so that I could distinguish every word.

"Well," remarked his wife, "the whole affair was mysterious, but you must admit, following the general rule, that in this case the murderer has exercised proper caution on the occasions when we meet, our secret must remain hidden from all."

"But I am doubtful of Ethelwynn. A

woman so fondly in love with a man as she is with Ralph is apt to throw discretion to the winds." The woman observed. "I suspect that the breach between them is on our account, and that a word from her could expose the whole thing, and at the same time bring back to her the man for whose love she is pining. It is because of that I am in constant fear."

"Your apprehensions are utterly groundless," he declared in a decisive voice. "She's the only other person in the secret besides ourselves, but to betray us would be fatal to her."

"She may consider that she has made sufficient self-sacrifice."

"Then all the greater reason why she should remain silent. She has her reputation to lose by divulging."

By this argument she appeared only half-convinced, for I saw upon her brow a heavy, thoughtful expression, similar to that I had noticed when sitting opposite her at dinner. This reason of her constant preoccupation was that she feared that her sister might give me the clue to her secret.

That a remarkable conspiracy had been in progress was now made quite plain; and further—a very valuable fact I had ascertained was that Ethelwynn was the only other person who knew the truth, and yet dared not reveal it.

This man who stood before me was old Mr. Courtenay without a doubt. That being so, who had been the unfortunate man who had been struck to the heart so mysteriously?

So strange and complicated were all the circumstances, and so cleverly had the chief actors in the drama arranged its details, that Courtenay himself was convinced that for others to learn the truth was utterly impossible. Yet it was more than re-

markable that he sought not to disguise his personal appearance if he wished to remain dead to the world. Perhaps, however, being unknown in that rural district I felt confident that they must also pass. I turned to look before leaving the meadow, and could just distinguish their figures. They had turned at right angles, and as I had expected were walking in my direction.

I went forward again and, after some hurried search, discovered a spot close to the path where concealment behind a great old willow seemed possible, so at that point of vantage I waited breathlessly for their approach. The roaring of the waters behind would, I feared, prevent any of their words from reaching me, nevertheless I waited anxiously.

A great barn owl flapped lazily past, hooting weirdly as it went, then all nature became still again, save the dull sound of the tumbling flood. Ambler Jevons had been with me would no doubt have acted differently. But it must be remembered that I was ignorant of the unraveling of a mystery, whereas with him it was a kind of natural occupation. And yet would he believe when I told him that I had actually seen the dead man walking there with his wife?

I was compelled to admit within myself that such a statement from the lips of any man would be received with incredulity. Indeed, had such a thing been related to me, I should have put the narrator down as either a liar or a lunatic.

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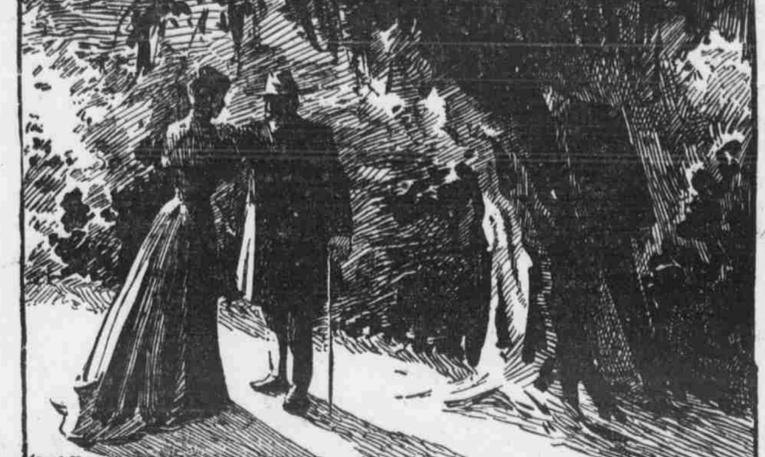
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markable that he sought not to disguise his personal appearance if he wished to remain dead to the world. Perhaps, however, being unknown in that rural district I felt confident that they must also pass. I turned to look before leaving the meadow, and could just distinguish their figures. They had turned at right angles, and as I had expected were walking in my direction.

I went forward again and, after some hurried search, discovered a spot close to the path where concealment behind a great old willow seemed possible, so at that point of vantage I waited breathlessly for their approach. The roaring of the waters behind would, I feared, prevent any of their words from reaching me, nevertheless I waited anxiously.

A great barn owl flapped lazily past, hooting weirdly as it went, then all nature became still again, save the dull sound of the tumbling flood. Ambler Jevons had been with me would no doubt have acted differently. But it must be remembered that I was ignorant of the unraveling of a mystery, whereas with him it was a kind of natural occupation. And yet would he believe when I told him that I had actually seen the dead man walking there with his wife?

I was compelled to admit within myself that such a statement from the lips of any man would be received with incredulity. Indeed, had such a thing been related to me, I should have put the narrator down as either a liar or a lunatic.

At last they