

QUICK LUNCH ROOM TERMS.

Unintelligible Phrases of the Mash Slangers of "Grub-on-the-Run" Dining Places.

When the great majority of the quick lunch room proprietors of New York agreed recently to raise the price of "beef and ham" from ten to fifteen cents, and their momentous decision was duly, if somewhat jealously, recorded in the papers, the surprising fact developed that there are actually to be found men and women in this city who do not know what "beef and ham" is, says a writer for the Tribune.

"Beef and ham?" asked a downtown-business man, as he read his paper going home on the L.

"Well, you don't know beans, for a fact," his companion laughed. "That's in, eh?" said the first. "But how should I know whether it was beans or cabbage? I never got to that sort of a place to eat."

And there are thousands more like this man, who never went to "that sort of a place" to eat, or have carefully forgotten that they ever had to. How "the other half" eats is unknown to them. They enter a cafe where the linen is liberal and snowy, give their order confidentially to a silent waiter, and by and by their food comes to them, under a cover. There is something private, even intimate, about the whole process, however crowded the cafe. They do not know the strange sensation—strange at first—of having one's order "bellowed through the hall," or drinking coffee out of handleless cups so thick they stretch the mouth to rim them; and, greatest loss of all, they do not know the curious system of abbreviation that prevails in such places, abbreviations that are often metaphors in the rough, and of which "ham an" is only a faint suggestion.

If you are new to this style of lunch room, you enter, sit down at a bare and not too clean table and wait quietly to be served. You are likely to wait some time, but while you wait you hear a bare armed waiter roar down a passage: "Sind up the goat." That's easy. You know he wants more butter. Then he cries: "Beef an" and you know that. "Plate o' Bostons" isn't hard, either. But "Make it two, sunny side up" is a stunner. However, the solution is simple—two eggs fried on one side only.

Finally, you get tired of waiting, and by pounding a glass with a spoon and sundry gesticulations you get a waiter to come to you. "Gira some poached eggs on toast," you say, "and a cup of coffee."

The waiter turns toward the kitchen and shouts: "Noah on a raft!" Then he wheels toward the steaming, polished coffee tanks and cries: "Draw one!"

"Say," you call, with an after-thought, "I guess I'll make that scrambled eggs on toast."

"Wreck Noah," calls the waiter, solemnly.

The strange thing may seem to be that you get what you ordered.

There are many such phrases, some of them common to all the "grub-on-the-run" places, some of them local. "A little on the cow" is milk. "Draw one—black" is coffee without milk. "One up" is not golf, but a symbol, meaning that the waiter who calls has another cup of coffee coming to him. "Off the griddle" means butter cakes, those deadly bullets, or, rather, small cannon balls of dough, which are commonly known to the hardy eaters thereof as "sinkers," but which it is high treason to call by that name within the lunch room.

"Put up the flag" means macaroni, just why, no one seems able to explain, though there is vaguely felt to be some subtle reference to Yankee Doodle and the stars and stripes. "Brown the wheats" means simply an order of buckwheat pancakes, while "two in three" signifies that somebody wants two eggs boiled three minutes. "Red, white and blue" is a plate of mixed ice cream.

The crown of the collection, however, is to be found on the Bowery, where there is much poetry in the block, anyway. There, if you should happen to have the sort of a taste that demands mince pie with powdered sugar on top, you will hear shouted to the rear: "One indigestion in a snowstorm!"

One cannot well object that there is more truth than beauty in such a phrase, for it has been stated on eminent authority that truth is beauty. So one cannot shun these lunch rooms logically on aesthetic grounds. If you demand your coffee in a thin cup with a handle, "coffee in the shell," as the waiter scornfully orders, you will be snubbed as a dude. But if you accept conditions as you find them, you will get food that is at least "filling," as they say in New England, and you will undoubtedly save money. Many a good man, indeed, has eaten there, not because he had to, nor because he thought he had to, but because he liked to. The penning of many a criticism of the Niebelungenlied, bristling with the vocabulary of aestheticism, has been followed by a plate of "beef an" and the phrases of culture, ping-pong wise, have been tossed back and forth over the grease-polished tables. And surely it is better to wreck Noah when his son is so near, to render filial service.

Caper Sauce for Fish. To half a cup of melted butter add a tablespoonful of glaze and heat together over the fire until hot; then add two tablespoonfuls of capers, salt and pepper to taste and a tablespoonful of essence of anchovy.—Washington Star.

NEWSBOYS GIVING CREDIT.

Compared with Capital Invested, the Young Paper Merchants Extend Large Amount.

Who is it in Chicago that extends the largest amount of credit compared with the capital invested in his calling? It isn't the banker, neither is it the dry-goods merchant, nor the grocer, nor the butcher. It is the newsboy, says the Chicago Chronicle.

He buys probably one dollar's worth of papers every day, and his customers pay him if they have time, and if they haven't he has to wait until some other day.

"When it comes to giving credit, us newsboys has got all these million-aires guys skinned to death," said "Manny" Peters, who has a regular "stand" at the Lexington avenue and Sixty-third street station of the South Side elevated. "I have a regular line of customers who always buy from me," he continued. "One day last week I was laid up with a cold. The next day almost every one of my patrons stopped and wanted to know where I had been. Some of 'em said they had had to go to their offices without any papers just because they had intended to buy from me. You see, I sometimes go up on the elevated trains to secure up extra trade, and my regular people expected to see me after they got aboard. I wasn't there and neither was any other newsboy, so they had to sit around all the way downtown without reading anything except the advertisements on the billboards. I felt pretty bad about it, and made up my mind it would take more'n a cold to keep me at home the next time."

"What about the credit?—Well, if you had been using your eyes since you stood here you would have seen for yourself. Only about three men in every five pay for their papers. If I see 'em coming on the run I have the paper they usually buy ready for them. They grab it as they pass by and pay me for it the next day or the next, when they have both time and change. If I happen to forget, they remind me. In all the time I have stood here, which is about two years, I have never lost but six cents."

"Sometimes a man will expect me to trust him after he has bought from me only three or four days. I never refuse. There isn't a bank in Chicago that gives the amount of credit, compared to the amount of capital invested, that I do. And there ain't no red tape about my dealings with my customers, either. They don't have to have a rating with Dun or any letter of credit, or even an introduction. They ask for credit and they get it—there's all there is to it."

"You see that barrel there? Well, when I go up on the L to sell papers I usually leave six or eight copies of each of the dailies on top of the barrel. There ain't no one to watch 'em, but I never lose any. A customer comes along and takes a paper and leaves the money for it if he has it. If he hasn't he takes the paper just the same and the next day tells me that he owes me two cents. I take his word for it and his money at the same time, although I may never have seen him before."

LANGUAGE OF THE TRANSVAAL

Its Crudities Crop Out in the Queer Names Given to Towns and Localities.

The Taal is not a literary language. It is essentially a sermo plebeius, a degeneration from the mother Dutch. Yet it is rugged and forcible as one might expect from the lips of rough, uncultivated men, living practically in isolation from civilized life and reading but one book—the Bible. Some of their place-names, therefore, have a certain homely picturesqueness, says the Scottish American. Waschbank, for example, is the common name given to a country covered with white quartz, looking at a distance like clothes stretched out to dry. Zuurberg is the term applied to hilly slopes covered with sour pasturage, while Zoeteveld is the expressive term given to open country where the grass is sweet. Koudeveld (cold field) is applied to any high region, while Bokkeveld and Roggeveld respectively denote the suitability of the soil for raising flocks of goats and crops of rye. Occasionally, however, the result is far from pleasing. Stinkhoorn is another atrocity, and Sour Flats is yet a third. It is not surprising that those dwelling in the neighborhood have now transformed the last named into Balmoral, rushing wildly, as those who change their names frequently do, from the prosaic to the majestic.

When Hands Grow Old. According to Sir James Crichton Browne the hand begins to lose its suppleness when the individual is about 40 years of age. The scale of wages in the button trade, for example, is a good indication of this tendency of the hand to grow old so early in life. At his very best, in his prime, a skillful button-maker can make 6240 ivory buttons a day on his lathe. For this he receives 45 shillings a week. When the workman is 65 years of age he can seldom make more than 20 shillings, this providing that he still enjoys sound health.—Science and Industry.

Her Ingenious Scheme. "Maggie," said the housewife, severely, "you don't seem to have breakfast on time any more."

"No, mum," replied the girl. "I'm hard to wake up, but if you'd call me, mum, I could have it on time."

"But it's not my place to call you. I want to be called myself."

"Yes, mum," answered the girl, solemnly. "I know it, an' if you'll call me, mum, then I'll get up an' call you."—Chicago Post.

MAY LOSE OFFICERS.

Schools of Country May Be Deprived of Army Instructors.

War Department Issues New Regulation Governing Teaching of Military Science by Officers of the Government.

The general order governing the instruction under army officers at schools and colleges throughout the country will cause a good deal of consternation at the institutions to which these new regulations, published from the war department, apply. The order is a result of reports made by the inspectors general of the army, who have been visiting the different schools, colleges and universities where the government maintains an army officer at public expense as a professor of military science and tactics, and to which the war department sends each year a quantity of quarter-masters' supplies and ordnance equipment for the use of the students in the military department.

It has been reported to the Washington authorities that at hardly any of these institutions is the military department regarded as of any importance. The army officers detailed as instructors usually have to find time for their labors outside of the college day, and there are numerous annoyances and inconveniences placed in the path of the officer who is sent to do this important work.

Some colleges receive under an old law an annual sum of \$24,000, with the idea that they shall maintain among other features a military department. Few colleges pay any attention to this branch of the work, and at some of them the drilling and lectures on the art of war are conducted so as to discourage students taking any active part in that work.

The war department has decided that it shall establish certain requirements and compel educational institutions to observe certain rules, and failure to live up to these regulations will result in the army officer being withdrawn from the college as instructor. The order will arouse a good deal of opposition and some remonstrances from a few of the colleges which have not taken kindly to the detail of army professors, and who only have accepted the presence of officers in the capacity of professors in military science because the service of such an instructor costs the college nothing and was an ostensible compliance with the law.

CRISIS IN ELECTRICAL TRADE.

The Industry in Germany Organizes All Establishments Into One Big Trust.

The crisis in the German electrical industry is causing much discussion regarding finding a remedy for the present ruinous competition and bringing the producing capacity of the works more in harmony with the market's demands. The bank for electrical undertakings, of Zurich, which is owned by the Allgemeine Elektrizitaets Gesellschaft, of Berlin, discusses the situation in its yearly report, just issued, and concludes that the European electrical companies must adopt the American trust idea, getting all the works under one management and then shutting down the unprofitable ones till the situation improves.

ANCIENT GOLD JEWELRY.

Rare Archaeological Specimens Covering Time of First Dynasty in Egypt Discovered.

Dr. George Reisner, who for two years has been delving in Egypt for archaeological specimens for the Phoebe Hearst museum at the University of California, has reached San Francisco. He has secured many valuable and rare articles exhumed from gold jewelry of the time of the first dynasty. These were taken by the Egyptian government, for the concession of searching for ancient relics in the country. Four hundred boxes, shipped from Egypt by Dr. Reisner, are now on their way to the university. Many of the articles they contain are without duplicates in the world.

Big Publishing House for China. The two great branches of American Methodism, the Methodist Episcopal church and the Methodist Episcopal church South, are to unite the publishing interests of the two denominations throughout the Chinese empire. There will be a joint publishing house to be known as the Methodist Publishing House in China. The final act in this agreement came about when the plan finally was approved by the book committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church South at a meeting held in Nashville, Tenn., the board of managers of the Missionary society of the Methodist Episcopal church having voted on the agreement a week ago at New York.

Can Deny Himself Nothing. M. Curet, the president of the Marseilles (France) tribunal and chairman of the municipality, is a great stickler for etiquette. Recently he had, as president, to obtain permission from the chairman of the municipality for some trifling formality, so he wrote to himself politely asking his own permission and duly replied to himself amiably granting to himself the permission requested.

What Color Was the Horse? While riding out on a sorrel lady's riding horse last Sunday, says the Harbinger Press, Miss Greedy Frame was thrown to the ground, but not injured.

NO WHITE RACE IN MINDANAO.

Story That in Interior of Island There Existed a People Distinct from Moros is Exploded.

A story disputing the existence of a race of white men on Mindanao island was told by C. G. Stone, who was recently a member of the army engineering corps in the orient and who has just returned to San Francisco. Stone was commissioned by Capt. Indwigo to make a tour of the island with the purpose, in part, of ascertaining the truth of the reports that a race of people distinct from the typical Moros inhabited the interior portions of Mindanao. Stone said his investigation consumed considerable time. He acquired the dialects of several tribes and was afforded unusual opportunities for investigation. Stone declares that the statements made as to the existence of native white men on the island are not founded on fact. He met many persons whose facial characteristics denoted Caucasian ancestry, particularly in the matter of complexion when contrasted with the negro skin, but his inquiries led to the development that these lighter hued people were descended from Castilians who had long ago settled on Mindanao and had married native women.

No colonies of these people were found at any point and Stone noted them at scattered places. All of them had forgotten the faith of their forebears and were devout followers of Mohammed.

AN EFFICIENT MAIL SERVICE.

Remarkable Instance of Delivery of Letter to Rightful Party by Means of Only a Picture.

The following recent incident illustrates the efficiency of the United States mail service: At Rock Island, Ill., there was deposited, in a United States mail box, a letter upon the envelope of which was pasted a picture, evidently representing some railway passenger agent. This was all there was upon the envelope. That the picture was some railway passenger agent the post office authorities determined from the uniform, and, under a microscopic inspection, discovered that the cap bore the inscription—Chicago & Alton R'y Passenger Agent. Upon reference to a Chicago & Alton railway folder (in which appears the pictures of depot passenger agents at terminals to enable passengers to readily recognize passenger agents who meet incoming trains and assist passengers in boarding outgoing trains), the post-office authorities discovered a similar likeness, and found that the individual to whom the letter was addressed was Mr. Price M. Taylor, depot passenger agent, Chicago & Alton railway, St. Louis, Mo. The letter was then forwarded, reaching Mr. Taylor three days after it was mailed in Rock Island.

WOULD JOIN AMERICAN ARMY.

British Soldiers Under Mistaken Notion Seek to Enlist for Warfare in Philippines.

Time-expired South African soldiers have been the victims of a curious delusion, which is causing the officials of the United States embassy considerable annoyance. Former British soldiers who have served against the Boers have been applying in numbers at the embassy for enlistment in the American army in the Philippines. They all tell the same story, saying a report was in circulation at Cape Town and Durban that the United States was enlisting ex-British soldiers for service in these islands. At the London embassy scores of applicants have already been turned away greatly disappointed.

Jews of New York City.

The Jewish World publishes an estimate of the number of Jews in Greater New York based on the number of Jewish burials as recorded by the board of health. These amounted in 1901 to 7,997, and as the death rate in the most congested Jewish districts is little over 15 per thousand this implies a population of 533,133 in the middle of 1901. Since that time no less than 39,225 have arrived at New York and staid there, while by natural increase of births over deaths another 21,400 would be added up to August 1 of this year, making a grand total of 581,758.

Queer Colony Is a Failure.

The little French colony which 12 years ago purchased from the Trappist monks at Gethsemane, Ky., the farm known as Mount Olivet has left for France. The colony was composed of M. Guillot, Jules and Pere Bourne, and their wives and daughters, 12 in all. Mount Olivet farm was formerly used as a school, but the colonists turned it into a vineyard. They lived a life almost as secluded as the monks at the abbey. Being poor business men, the colonists soon found themselves in debt. Mount Olivet was mortgaged to a Lebanon bank.

A Question Answered.

The value of the American bicycles exported last year was \$100,000 greater than that of those exported the year before. Which, says the Chicago Tribune, partially answers the question: "What has become of all the wheels?"

Boston Asked to Explain.

A Boston man who kicked his horse was fined \$10. Another Boston man, who kicked his wife, was fined \$5. And the Chicago Tribune asks: "Will Boston please explain in words of not more than five syllables?"

Biography of Lord Dufferin.

Sir Alfred Lyall has begun work on his biography of Lord Dufferin, and is visiting Clondeboyne, where an immense mass of papers and correspondence must be gone over and studied.

INCENTIVE FOR HOEING.

Yakima (Wash.) Woman Digs Up \$32.25 While She Is Cultivating Her Garden.

Mrs. F. A. Ehnner, of Sunnyside, Yakima county, Wash., has hued out \$32.25 from her garden. She was weeding cabbage when her hoe struck a hard, shiny substance. This was raked out in the sand and proved to be a silver dollar. Then the woman dropped on her knee, raked carefully about, and soon brought forth a \$20 gold piece. A few more scratches and she had a handful of silver and gold.

She hurried to the house and washed the money. On counting it she had a \$20 and a \$10 gold piece and several small silver pieces, the total amounting to \$32.25. An investigation led to the belief that the money had been lost by a former resident of the place. She inquired of the neighbors and finally located a man who had lived there two years ago. He was J. T. Baird, a pharmacist, employed in the Sunnyside drug store.

The woman felt the money did not belong to her and was uneasy. She searched for the druggist and returned the money to the loser. He stated that he had lost the coins two years ago. He kept the \$20 piece and gave the woman the remainder. She returned to her home a happier woman, and carried \$12.25 as a reward for honesty. Other gardens are being weeded in anticipation of finding buried treasures.

NEW FUR SEAL ROOKERY.

Lieut. Ellsworth Berthoff Adds to His Laurels by Making a Valuable Discovery.

Lieut. Ellsworth Berthoff, of the revenue cutter service, who received a gold medal from congress last spring for his part in the overland expedition in Alaska in the winter of 1897-98, and who made a trip to arctic Siberia last year in search of reindeer for the government, has added to these exploits by discovering a new fur seal rookery in the Aleutian islands. While cruising among the islands near the extreme western end of the chain early in July as the executive officer of the steamer Manning, Lieut. Berthoff went ashore with a boat's crew on the island of Boulder. There he found two rookeries of fur seals similar to those found on the famous Pribyloff islands, which are situated fully 700 miles in a northeasterly direction from Boulder.

The scene of the newly discovered seal herd is a mere bit of land between Bering sea and the Pacific ocean, fully 3,500 miles west of San Francisco, but still within American jurisdiction. Lieut. Berthoff approached the herd closely enough to learn that none of the seals had been branded, and there was no sign that white men in sea search of fur seal had ever been near the island.

WILL NOT BE A MIDWAY.

A Trip Around the World May Comprise the Amusement Features at St. Louis Fair.

In planning for the lighter amusement features at the St. Louis world's fair the original idea has been brought forward by the director of concessions, Mr. Norris B. Gregg, to arrange them in the order of a trip around the world. The attractions will be selected carefully and will be in each instance of the highest character that can be secured. The names "Around the World" and "Tour du Monde" have been suggested. The scheme will furnish the life and entertainment of a trip around the globe. The visitor who makes Mr. Gregg's trip will have an experience as nearly like the actual journey as can be devised. From stepping on board an ocean liner to "Home, Sweet Home" from a band stand on Art hill, he will have mingled with the peoples of many countries, will have seen their native industries, will have partaken of their food, will have enjoyed their entertainments. In brief, Mr. Gregg's scheme will supplement the exhibits that go to make up an universal exposition and the architecture of all nations as exemplified in the foreign buildings.

MEN OF SCIENCE.

Directory and Biographical Dictionary to Be Prepared Under Direction of Carnegie Institution.

Prof. J. McKeen Cattell, of Columbia university, has been selected by the Carnegie Institution to compile a directory and biographical dictionary of the men of science of the United States. Prof. Cattell is now sending out blank forms with pertinent inquiries. Among the heads on which information is desired from the recipient: Department of study, honors conferred, books with publishers; chief subjects of research and researches in progress.

The institution, which was formed by the trust deed of January 23, 1902, has thus far been attempting to define a line of action, and the opinions of many scientific men have been sought to determine these initial steps. The coming autumn is likely to show further activity and definite results on the part of the trustees, who will have \$500,000 a year to disburse.

A Danger Signal.

They have a new anti-foreign society in China. It is known as "The Red Lantern," says the Chicago Record-Herald, and it probably expects to raise blue blazes.

Mr. Carnegie Forewarned.

Mr. Carnegie must not be discouraged, says the Chicago Tribune, if the first \$10,000,000 fails to bring about the discovery of the secret of life.

VALUE OF A GOOD KICK.

Advice from a Railroad Lawyer to People Who Have Complaints to Make Against the Roads.

"One thing that has struck me about the American people," said an Englishman, who is counsel for a railroad company here, says the New York Sun, "is their good nature in putting up with things that other people won't stand and their ineffective methods of protesting when they get stirred up enough to make a kick. The average American doesn't know how to kick."

"While traveling on the railroads in this country you often see people upset over something that is clearly the fault of the railroad management and all they do is to complain to the conductor. That's as far as nine out of ten Americans will go and when the conductor discloses responsibility that's the end of their kick. After that it's meek resignation."

"Now in England the traveler who finds some inexcusable fault with the railroad management will take the matter either to the president of the directors, and before he gets through it's dollars to doughnuts he will have satisfaction."

"An English woman I was traveling with over there lost her trunk. It was a clear case of jungle on the part of the company."

"That woman went straight to the board of directors, overlooking everybody else. She had to wait until the board held a formal meeting and awarded her damages, but she got them in the end and got them from those at the top."

"I happen to know something about railroad officials in this country and I know the same thing would work here if it was tried. One summer I lived up at a little place on the West Shore road. When the train that took most of the business men down to the city in the morning arrived at Weehawken it was always to find no heat there and we would have to wait from ten to twenty minutes for one."

"Many of the men who took that train had been putting up with that for years without thinking of protesting to anyone but the deekheads. I stood it about a week and then I wrote to the general superintendent of the company informing him that I would appreciate the ten minutes more I had every morning if the heat was not going to be there when the train arrived."

"In two days I got a letter from him thanking me for informing him of the matter and saying it would be remedied, and it was at once. And that man didn't know me from Adam, either."

"I remember another case of a man who was a friend of mine who noticed that some of the horses on the old Madison avenue car line were in bad shape. He sat down and wrote a personal letter to Mr. Vanderbilt, who didn't know him, either. He got a letter back in which Mr. Vanderbilt said he was always glad to know of any faults found with the company, as it was impossible to find them out himself always, and promising that the horses would be retired at once, and they were."

"That only goes to show that railroad companies are often blamed unjustly for things when it is really the fault of people who, instead of informing the officers at the top of the trouble, content themselves with grumbling to minor officials, who never even forward their complaints."

DISAPPOINTED THE DOCTORS.

Medford (Mass.) Man Outlives the Men to Whom He Sold His Body Several Years Ago.

Walter Wentworth, of Medford, Mass., aged 77, has outlived two physicians to whom he sold his body. For many years Wentworth was well known in the vaudeville business. His feats of contortion, the strange things he did with arms and legs, and even his spinal column, made the eyes of ordinary mortals stick out.

Two doctors bought and paid for his body. Mr. Wentworth first received \$100 from a Dr. Cowe, who at the time had a practice in Detroit. Dr. Cowe died a few months after the contract was made.

Dr. H. N. Wilder, in charge of the King's county hospital, New York, became interested later in Wentworth's ability to tie himself into knots. The contortionist for \$100 made a contract with him, in which was included a clause, stating that the physician "does hereby agree to set up the skeleton of said body in a glass case in his private office in such a manner that it may be exhibited to my many personal and other friends." Now Dr. Wilder is dead.

DEMAND FOR AMERICAN BOOKS.

Australia, It Appears, Is Slighting the Production of British Publishers.

Does the British publisher need "raking up?" According to A. G. Melville, the Melbourne agent in England of the Publishers' association, the demand for American books is growing apace in Australia, to the possible or accidental detriment, it would seem, of the British product. The American advance, he says, is more apparent in scientific and technical books and works dealing with mining, engineering, architecture, industries and trades, and to a certain extent, in American fiction. Also Australian firms are seeking to appoint agents in New York to select and forward these publications, as they appear.

Fencing in United States.

They are building a wire fence between the United States and Canada, which leads the Chicago Tribune to ask: Is somebody trying to fence this country in?