

# FACED THE SCORN OF UNTIPPED WAITERS FOR A WEEK

## Non-Tipping Round of the Gilded Restaurants.

I started out to be a gala week of dinners, dancing and never mind the cost. It ended in rout and indigestion. Not that living à la Newburg was too much for one accustomed to the plain fare of mutton chops and flank steaks, and occasionally frankfurters for variety. But there was a string to this expense account.

"Never mind the cost," said my host, the Sunday editor. "Go to the lobster palaces and to the best hotels. Get your meals there just as a regular patron would, but—and here was laid the basis of my indigestion—"DON'T GIVE ANY TIPS."

In other words, The Tribune wanted to know what would happen to a Broadwayite, say a "Diamond Jim" Brady, who spent his money royally on filet mignon and chicken à la King, but who, as a matter of principle, denied James his time honored tip. I was selected as an experimental squad of one upon whom the test might be made in the interests of humanity.

**DOWN THE LINE OF GILDED EATING PLACES.**

At the end of a week I am ready to report. I have "read" at the Ritz and through roses and tobacco smoke watched New York's ultra-fashionables at the performance of a sacred rite. They were the only New Yorkers I saw last week who were not in a hurry. I have dined at Shanley's with the Broadwayites, where they serve operatic music, ragtime and cabaret with a seven-course dinner. This is the way civilization has improved upon the five-ring circus. I have tangoed at the Palais de Danse and even invaded the realms of Bohemia at the Brevort.

Only twice during the week did I pay a tip. Once in the interest of my experiment. The other time—well, I shall tell about that later, when you may decide what you would have done under similar circumstances. But during the rest of the week I stood manfully to my task. I emerge to tell the tale, it is true; but several weeks of recuperation would be necessary before I should be willing to assume again the role of public benefactor at such cost.

Not that I have been served with eggs too long en route from hen to consumer, or had my umbrella or hat misplaced so that waiters apologized and hunted while I fumed and missed an important engagement. As a waiter once told me, he had served customers whose tips did not measure up to the waltering idea of what they should be, but such a possibility as any one invading a New York restaurant and paying no tips at all was considered by him as too utterly absurd to be seriously discussed.

### FACED GLARES OF WAITERS AND OF BROADWAYITES.

While, as I say, none of these things happened to me, I know what it means to sit at a table set with the good things of the earth, waited upon with all the attention that one might expect from one's own butler throughout the meal, yet haunted with the knowledge that one is going to deprive that servant of the thing that he has been taught by custom is his just wage. I know also the glare that is telegraphed from waiter to waiter and follows one down the length of a large dining room crowded with fashionably dressed people who vaguely feel the disturbing element. But worst of all, I know the stare of the Broadwayite, who seems to resent this breaking of the rules as much as the waiter does. There was always one grain of comfort in my excursions. When I took my hat from the neatly uniformed maid and failed to hand over my dime I knew that the company which leased the eatroom privilege at the restaurant was the sufferer, and not she.

On Monday, April 13, the test began. At 5:15 o'clock on that day the experimental squad presented itself at the Ritz-Carlton. The squad had then been augmented by the addition of another volunteer. She was smartly dressed in a tailored gray suit, patent leather pumps and gray spats, the whole topped by a chic black hat with a delicate black feather shooting straight up in front. She had more heart for the adventure than I did.

### LOST COAT AND UMBRELLA AT THE OUSSET.

The lackey in knee breeches revolved us in through the whirling door at the entrance. We went downstairs to the Oak Room. It had been raining that day and I felt a little uncomfortable. I remember, at having to deliver coat and umbrella to the cloakroom girl, because it had been my original plan not to ask any extra service for which a tip might seem a legitimate charge. But in spite of my best efforts to retain them, coat and umbrella were wrested from me.

As we walked down the three steps into the Oak Room the orchestra was playing softly, the strains harmonizing with the tinkle of teacups as the blare and trumpetry of the Shanley Band do with the noise and dress of Broadway. There was a restful atmosphere about the room, no constant turning and craning, just a slight elevation of the eyelids to observe the gowns of the newcomers; no loud laughter and hoarse voices. Everything was repressed—almost too repressed.

A waiter took charge of us before we had reached the second step. He was a big man with black hair, cropped short in back and pompadoured in front. He had a pugilistic back head, and heavy forehead with shaggy eyebrows. We thought at the time that he was German, but later discovered that he was Italian.

He seated us at the first table, arranged our chairs, took our order without appearing to have done anything. In an incredibly short time he had before us tea, crumpets, jelly, toast, and had left



"I CALL THAT ROTTEN CHEAP," SAID THE CHORUS GIRL.

to attend to other guests, all of this without having made an unnecessary move, so that we had nothing to do for ourselves except to place food in our mouths and listen to the music.

"Look over there," I looked in the direction of my co-experimenter indicated. Others in the Oak Room were looking the same way toward where sat a lady in cerise gown, cerise turban, from which rose a white egret. In the distance she looked like a Persian gentleman. I merely nodded to show that I saw.

"You look as though you were waiting for your executioner," said the experimenter, who was still in the gayest mood.

"I'm waiting for him," I answered, gloomily.

"Oh, let's make it a lark," she said encouragingly. "Yes, let's make it a lark." And we fell to crumpets and tea. After we had finished she suggested that we stay awhile to hear the music.

"No," I protested. "We must get up-town," and made some trivial excuse about an engagement I had to keep.

I beckoned to the waiter. For the first time since we entered the place I really began to enjoy myself. The strain was over. The waiter brought the bill, \$1.25. He handed change on a tray and retired exactly five paces.

Although my back was turned I was conscious of his every move. I picked up one quarter. He was not disturbed. I picked up the second. He was disappointed. I took the dime. His eyes were glued to the tray. As I picked up the nickel I glanced over my shoulder. For a moment he forgot himself and started violently. Then his training showed itself, and he stood like a soldier at attention as we walked out of the room, while the waiter at the next table hastily placed his napkin in front of his mouth to conceal his own delight at the other's discomfiture.

Tuesday we went to the Broadway Shanley's for dinner. Shanley's main dining room, as you probably know, is two or three times the size of the Oak Room at the Ritz, and the stage is located at the end furthest from the exit. We had come early and were able to get a table close up to the stage, a choice location that we had occasion to regret before the evening was out.

### WOE-BEGONE IN A SCENE OF MERRIMENT.

Our waiter this time was a Greek. He served us well, but he was not the perfect servant that the other was. By 6:30 o'clock the dining room was filled and there were parties waiting on the steps for tables. I guess I was not a very good table companion, because half way through the meal my volun-

teer experimenter, being the same lady who had gone to the Ritz with me, announced that if I didn't have more to say our adventures into the land of tips would end so far as she was concerned. At that I did pick up and manage to get some fun out of the man who danced on skates on the top of a raised platform, the tango experts and the Hawaiian singers. When the Hawaiians had completed their turn I asked the waiter for my check. It was for \$4.

As I paid it I gazed the distance from my table to the door, and saw with dismay that it could not be less than half a city block. This time I was not leisurely about taking up my change, but swept it into my pocket. The waiter when he saw his expected tip vanish whispered to the waiter at the next table. They both fixed their eyes upon us. Evidently the blond chorus girl at the next table heard his remark, because I saw her look up suddenly and then heard her say to the man who was with her: "That's what I call rotten cheap."

The four glared at us from the moment we left the table until we had passed out into the lobby. I was already beginning to feel like a culprit, and so when the little coat room attendants brought my overcoat I asked her if she was allowed to keep her tips. She blushed to her brown hair and

answered that she was not. I let the dime that was already in my hand slip back into my pocket and went out into the street, feeling like a real reformer. Somehow there is a difference between not tipping a corporation and not tipping a waiter.

### PLAYING THE FIRST RETURN ENGAGEMENT.

Wednesday, you may remember, Winter said her farewell and New York welcomed Spring. We chose that day to play a return engagement at the Ritz. We beat our way up Fifth ave. through the worst rain of the season. There were three of us now, our party having been augmented by a third male member who had volunteered to stay our fast ebullient courage.

We were met again at the entrance to the Oak Room by the Italian waiter. He recognized me. It is a part of a waiter's business to have a memory both for faces and names. To be able to call a customer by name may be worth an extra dollar. The Italian's tables were full, so he showed us to a table further back. What he would have done if his own tables had been empty I cannot say. But I guess he must have got some pleasure in passing us along, as victims of bunco men sometimes like to hand on the gold brick.

Our new waiter was pink checked

and dimpled. If he knew anything of my former dereliction there was nothing about the way he served us to indicate it. We even tried him out by sending a request to the orchestra to play the "Humoresque." Our message was delivered and soon the strains of the delightful air that Kreisler plays so wonderfully floated over the tea-room. After the orchestra had gone we paid our check. Our waiter colored and bit his lip when he saw that we were not going to tip him. He was evidently hurt, thinking, no doubt, that we were not satisfied with his service. We lingered over our cigarettes, and while we were there he remained near by ready to serve us if required, in spite of our overlooking him.

### MAKING OVERTURES TO THE SLIGHTED WAITER.

That night I caught him as he was going off watch and invited him to a café. I asked him what his feelings had been when he saw that we were not going to tip him. He answered politely that he thought we had forgotten it, that was all.

"Do you think we ought to have given a tip?"

"Certainly," was the quick response. "Why shouldn't you tip? You get the best service in the city and the waiter has to rely upon the customer for his living. The hotel pays him only \$30 a

## But the Diner Weakened at the End of His Experiment.

month, and he can't support a family on that. If the waiters were paid they are out in San Francisco it would not be necessary to do so much tipping."

Then he told me a story of Paul Velling. Velling is a waiter in the large clubs of New York. He does not believe in tipping, and he once induced the management of a Swiss restaurant where he worked to adopt the "no tip" system.

### LONG FIGHT TO GET RID OF TEN-DOLLAR BILL.

"Do you know, Velling couldn't get away from the tips," said my waiter friend. "Some guests were incoherent when he refused to take a tip. Others winked and tried to give him a tip, but he refused. He always returned it. I told me about one banquet where he had served. The host left \$10 on his plate. Paul sent it back by a bellboy. The man mailed it to him. Paul sent it back, but when the man left the hotel he mailed it to him a second time. Paul kept the money for a year, and when the guest came back to the hotel Paul sent it up to him again by one of the bellboys, but he refused to take it, pretending to have forgotten all about it. Paul refused to keep the money and thinks the bellboy finally got it."

"What would you do if a guest came to the Ritz every day of the year and never tipped?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "What could we do? We are helpless. Perhaps we would not give him the table we have. That is all we could do. But in some of the Broadway places would be different. There a man would have a hard time if his tips were so large enough."

### TRYING OUT THE TINY TIP PLAN AT MAXIM'S.

His last remark offered a suggestion for a further test. So Thursday evening found us at Maxim's for dinner. When we were ready to go out I placed a dime in the tray. The waiter came up and examined it as a customer. Finally he asked:

"What is that, sir?"

"Your tip," I answered.

"I should prefer that you give some beggar in the street," he handed it back to me with a bow.

Then we walked up Broadway stopped at a moving picture show, at about 11 o'clock dropped into Palais de Danse. We went up to the White Room. Here I adopted new procedure. I told the waiter soon as I entered that I did not tip. He was one of those who was half waiter and half valet. When I told him that I did not tip he looked at me as if I were sprouting some new joke on him and started laughing. Then he decided to take my word and showed me to a table at the back of the room. I said I wanted a table at the side, where has an uninterrupted view of the dancing without the danger of having a table bumped by the dancers. He said that those tables had been served.

### CALLING THE CAPTAIN TO THE RESCUE.

The room filled rapidly with theatre crowd. We had difficulty seeing the dancing, and to make matters worse, the waiters stood in front of us when they were not serving customers, pretending to look at the dancers. Finally I asked to see the captain. As soon as he saw me he recognized me through my investigation of the waiters' strike and the conditions of their labor. He said at that he would fix me up.

"But, you know, I don't give tips," I explained, as we started to follow him.

"Never mind that," he said. "I can be no question of tips between us and he led us to one of the side tables marked "reserved," and for the rest of the evening we had an unobstructed view of the dancing.

High living was getting on our nerves, and Friday we declared ourselves in for a holiday at home. On Saturday, as the grand finale of a week, we planned a double-banquet lunch at the Brevort and another dinner at the Broadway Shanley's. The luncheon went off without incident. The waiter at the Brevort evidently took us for wandering Greenwich Village lagers who were short of cash at the moment. So he courteously helped us into coats and held back our chairs while we were getting ready to leave.

### THE WAITER THAT FINALLY CAUSED HIS FALL.

Our dinner at Shanley's convinced us that waiters can be waiters without descending to the role of mendicant. Other words, there is just as great a difference in the personalities of waiters as there is in other human beings. Our waiter at Shanley's was a gray-haired Irishman, lantern-jawed, prominent cheek bones and humorous eyes. He was the perfectly trained waiter that the Italian at the Ritz had been, only he was somewhat more. He knew every one who was any one in New York and he told us about them as they came in, gave us new information about the New York that was before our time, told us the cabaret entertainers were, and was more remarkable, did not hurt us away to make room for the next customer.

"He makes me regret my assignment more than all of the others put together," I said to the lady who had gone through my week of adventures with me.

"Yes, and he's lame, too," I looked at his right leg.

"What, you're not going to—"

I did not answer, but as we got from the table our genial Irishman picked up half a dollar from his pocket and said to me, "Good night, son."

# "LEGALIZING OF LIES" IN SCHOOL TEXT BOOKS

"THEY seem to think they can frighten children by telling them a lot of lies. Now, a child can recognize a lie more readily than a grown-up, as a rule, because its mind is more logical. The result is that you make a child skeptical about his teacher and his school books. Moreover, if you preach about a theory long enough you will arouse an active curiosity about it, and it is likely to produce effects exactly opposite to those intended."

The speaker was Dr. Edward Huntington Williams, of Montclair and New York. For years he has been collaborating with Dr. Henry Smith Williams, the well known writer on the use and abuse of alcoholic beverages from a scientific point of view. He was discussing the kind of book "authorized" for use in public schools in compliance with the laws requiring instruction in "scientific temperance."

"My own idea of the way a child should be taught," he continued, "is that alcohol and tobacco and tea and coffee are all peculiarly harmful to children, but it seems to me that the results show that if we overdo the thing and exaggerate and tell things that are only partially true, or perhaps entirely untrue, it will have a bad effect. Anybody that has any knowledge of mental development of children knows that this result is inevitable—you arouse their skepticism."

### MAKING MEN OVER ACCORDING TO LAW.

"Making men over by law is one of the favorite occupations of many Americans. Is there anything wrong? Get a law on the statute books authorizing or directing somebody to do some specific thing which seems to be a remedy. Is a whole race going to the dogs because of feeble-mindedness or some other ailment, or does it appear to be? Get legislation enacted that will put the state on the side with heredity in the great and unfinished debate be-

tween heredity or environment as to which is the greater force in moulding humanity; is it alcoholism? Consult with Brother Daniels, of Washington, and then go ahead. Banish liquor from the land, and there will be no more drunkenness. But how? There's the rub."

### THE QUESTION: IS ALCOHOL A FOOD OR A POISON?

One of the disputed questions has been, is alcohol a food or a poison? Those who are responsible for these scientific textbooks assert that it is a poison and reject the idea that it has any food value whatsoever. Ten years ago the Committee of Fifty, after years of investigation, made its report upon the different effects of the use of alcohol as a beverage. That committee included such persons as Charles W. Eliot, Seth Low, Professor R. H. Chittenden, Bishop Alexander Mackay-Smith, the Rev. Father A. P. Doyle, the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, Drs. William H. Welch, H. P. Bowditch and the late John S. Billings and Carroll D. Wright, the late Richard Watson Gilder and William Bayard Cutting. At that time forty-three states had passed laws requiring school children to improve their minds and morals by learning the mysteries of "scientific temperance," and under the authority of those laws twenty-four textbooks authorized by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union had been introduced into the public schools.

"The committee concluded," said Dr. Williams, "that under the name of scientific instruction there has been grafted upon the public school system of nearly all our states an educational scheme relating to alcohol which is neither scientific nor temperate nor instructive. These books, especially those intended for the lower grades, fairly bristle with statements of a character to work upon the fears of the reader and remind one in this respect

of patent medicine advertisements.

"Professor Sewall, almost prophetically, writing to the committee, declared: 'More evil will probably accrue to the next generation through this legalizing of lies than would result without direct effort for moral teaching.'"

"In some of the books appear such statements as these:

"Alcohol is not a food. . . . Close observation of its effects on man does not warrant us in believing that it has any value whatever as a food.

"Alcohol is not a food, for it cannot build up any part of the body. It contains no mineral substance and will not make healthy fat."

"The views of these textbook writers were at variance with those of some students of the subject who attended the International Physiological Congress. Following the motion of Sir Michael Foster, more than sixty members signed a statement in which this view was contradicted. This, in part, is what they signed:

"The results of careful experiments show that alcohol, so taken (in diluted form and in small doses), is oxidized within the body and so supplies energy, like common articles of food, and that it is physiologically incorrect to designate it as a poison—that is a substance which can do only harm and never good to the body."

"The following quotations, taken at random, will give some idea of the extent to which the authors have corrected the defects criticised by the Committee of Fifty:

"Any one who tires his jaw by chewing tobacco is not likely to chew his food well. . . . Now this same busy stomach has no liking for alcohol which is in all kinds of strong drink. Just as your eye will smart and become red if something gets into it that does not belong there, so the stomach is made red and inflamed by alcoholic liquors."

"The old tobacco user is often cross, peevish and liable to fits of anger. . . . It (wine) . . . makes the muscles which mix the food in the stomach act more slowly. Some of the food may sour before it gets wet with the juice. . . . Sound teeth which will do good work in chewing food are worth more than a foot or an arm."

"Don't you remember how, when you have breathed the fumes of a burning match, they have irritated your throat and made you wheezy and hoarse for a few minutes? Now, it is in this same way that strong drink often acts to make the voice rough and broken. . . . Those addicted to the chewing of tobacco or the smoking of the cigarette nearly always have husky voices, due to the effects of tobacco on the vocal cords. . . . Today very few educated people keep spirits in the home, because the latest scientific investigation shows that neither whiskey nor beer is of much, if any, value in curing disease."

### DR. OSLER RECOMMENDS USE OF ALCOHOL.

This last statement is at variance with the views of Dr. Osler, a conservative in the use of drugs. He recommends alcohol in the treatment of twenty different classes of diseases and says: "I should be sorry to give up its use in the severe forms of enteric (typhoid) and pneumonia." The author of the textbook referred to remarks that appendicitis may be prevented by proper diet.

Dr. Williams opened a book entitled "Human Body and Health," and read the following words:

"In fact, drunkenness directly or indirectly results in more arrests in cities with licensed saloons than all other crimes combined. In one year there were arrested for drunkenness in Boston 24,000 persons, in Chicago 31,164, in Philadelphia 24,661 and in New York 31,534."

"The implication is," he remarked, "that only in places where saloons are licensed is there drunkenness, and that if you do not live in a licensed place you will not become drunk. The National Anti-Saloon League published a list of 122 dry towns, which apparently it considered shining examples of what prohibition would do. The reports of the chief of police of each of these towns regarding their population, the number of arrests, the number arrested for drunkenness and the cost of policing them show that the aggregation of arrests in those towns in 1912 for drunkenness was over 47,000, in an aggregate population of a trifle over 2,000,000. The arrests exceeded by many thousands those in either New York or Chicago, cities having a population in excess of the total for the entire list of so-called banner dry towns.

"Some of these books contain chapters on the ways in which various alcoholic beverages are made, descriptions of the methods of making whiskey, etc. Why are they put in? To fill up space to meet the requirements of the law. They appear in books intended for young children.

"In one of these textbooks it is stated that 'owing to the education of the public concerning the evils of the drink habit the consumption of strong alcoholic liquors has decreased greatly.' But in the face of the fact that all school children are now taught the dangers of excessive alcoholic indulgence, and half the adult population of the country is forbidden to obtain liquor except by unusual and complicated methods of barter, we find at the present time that the amount of whiskey consumed annually in the United States is more than twice that consumed seventeen years ago. Moreover, between the years 1903 and 1912 the number of cigarettes consumed rose from 3,000,000,000 to more than 13,000,000,000."