Dining Out, Progressively.

A Little Journey to Many Corners Among the Types One Reads About.

Said the Type Hunter, "A progressive dinner will be the best way to study 'Em.

"'Em" represented to him as it does to so many word-clippers the concrete mass of humanity. It is a favorite term with car conductors, who cry at regular intervals "Let 'em off! Let 'em on! Shove 'em up!" We are each of us, according to such authorities a unit in the great 'Em which pulses and throbs in the crowded streets of beloved Manhattan.

A COLD BOTTLE AND A HOT BIRD.

To study this 'Em in sections, to find weird places where unusual specimens love to linger, to begin at the top and dig a way through successive strata, or vice versa, is the ambition of the Type Hunter. Hence the Progressive Dinner.

"We will begin in Chinatown," said the Type Hunter. "That is the best place to study the Suburbanite."

One who did not know might think the suburbs would be the proper locality, but that very conclusion shows lack of fundamental information, according to the Type Hunter, for the Type must be studied out of its environment. Be it ever so humble it's better than home—for that purpose. The trouble with the Type is that it is too apt to put on, like the chameleon of tradition, the color of its habitat—and so away from the suburbs for the Suburbanite.

When the Suburbanite wants to slum; when he has reached a point when he must slum, he goes to Chinatown. He has heard that to visit Chinatown once will satisfy the ordinary slummer all through his life. And the ambition of the Suburbanite is to be satisfied. His motto is, "I shall be satisfied, but, oh, not here"—the Here refers, of course, to that mysterious locality always within "an hour," which is called the suburbs.

So it was decided to take the appetizer in an Oriental restaurant. The appetizer was to consist of sharks' fins, so the Patient Party was informed. Sharks' fins and Suburbanites! That was the combination offered by the Type Hunter.

"Didn't I tell you so?" he muttered in the first moment of arrival, as his eye caught the sure-enough suburban couple sitting at the table nearest the door. To sit as near the door as possible is the way of the amateur in slumming. It means a quick road to safety when occasion requires.

There was nothing very wicked looking about the Chinese restaurant. Respectability perched like a dragon over the door; the felt-toned and felt-slippered waiter moved noiselessly about, helping them to chop suey, shuki, saki and other Chinese delicacies, but the suburban couple were manifestly uneasy. The solidity of the teakwood tables and chairs, the undoubted cleanliness of everything, even the tablecloths, the quiet behavior of the other diners, some of whom were habitués who had formed a taste for Oriental cookery, could not for one little moment blind them to the fact that they were on the edge of things. As well tell the residents of Park avenue that the crust on which they are living at present is solid earth. They know better.

In the suburban couple's demeanor were all the characteristics of the Evil Beginner.

"Isn't it delicious," said the Type Hunter. "You can see that they are thinking: 'What would ma and pa and Mrs. Brown say if they could see us now?' They are wondering if they will ever be the same again. I know there is New England parentage there and a New Jersey adoption. No woman ever had such a straight spine unless she was born within screaming distance of Plymouth Rock, and no woman in Manhattan dresses so accurately as the New Jersey woman. Her whole appearance is a living protest against the carelessness of our rough-and-tumble existence. She seems to be the embodied Voice of the Suburbs, which is always calling attention to its undoubted correctness and superiority as a place of residence. You rarely see a suburban woman with her dress braid hanging or a button off. She has always just ten minutes before the train goes to sew it on."

"HOCH! DER KAISER!"

The Type Hunter paused to take breath and pointed out still another suburban couple coming in guiltily. His Types certainly did him credit. If they had rehearsed their parts they could not have fitted them better.

"The trouble with being wicked nowadays," he continued, "is that people don't know what to do. There was a time, for instance, in the drama when the Adventuress wishing to show her hand, simply lighted a cigarette at the psychologic moment. That was all that was necessary; it explained the situation and every woman in the audience understood. It was great—so finished, so terse and so effective. But let the Adventuress light a cigarette now; what does it mean? Less than nothing.

"It's the same way with slumming. People used to slum with bated breath and muffled oar; now they don't slum at all. It's too innocuous; as innocuous as the French ball or a revival of the 'Black Crook,' which our parents thought the wickedest thing on earth.

"Even Chinatown is a dead issue, except to study the would-be wickeds—no old rounders, none of the Murray Hill contingent, no more, no more."

The Type Hunter beckoned to the deft-fingered waiter. "Hurry up, Fin—I mean Gin" (his name was Gin Sling). Gin apparently knew the Type Hunter and manifested no surprise at the meagreness of the Patient Party's repast, as the score was paid.

The next place, in the still hunt for Types, was a fifteen-cent lunch place, where a large signboard outside announced to the inquirer that a complete meal would be served within. For fear that there might be some mistake as to what a complete meal was, the signboard obligingly specified soup, a roast, two vegetables and Pie.

The Type Hunter led the way down stairs by a grimy stairway, into a long low-ceiled, whitewashed room. At one end was a counter where the food was passed to the waiters by the cooks.

"It reminds me," said the Type Hunter, referring to the sign outside, "of a placard I saw once in a Western town. 'Good dinner ten cents; perfect gorge fifteen.'"

His arrival created little surprise in the habitués of the place, who apparently believed that one can do only a single thing well at a time, Napoleon, who is said to have been able to do six, to the contrary.

The soup was reached by individual and strenuous effort. There was no place for Yielding Woman in that line; she either had to stand her ground or retire ignominiously. To their credit be it said that, like the Government service, there were no retirements.

"I ain't troublin'," said one young maiden, of the Maggie type. "My steady'll bring me mine."

This seemed to be the etiquette of the place and the men showed their devotion to their "best girls" by getting as much solid nutriment as possible in the soup they brought back from the charge. After all, perhaps that is just as great a test of devotion as chocolate bonbons—it is merely a point of view. The Type Hunter assured his Patient Party that this was so. He pointed out one couple who had taken soup together for five years, ever since he first started to study Types.

The types in the fifteen-cent place were as varied as the ingredients of the soup. At one corner stood a messenger boy reading "Bayou Ben; or the Boast of the Bog Boys," while he managed to eat his dinner somehow; a little way from him a tired-looking clerk had apparently the weight of unfinished labor hanging about him; there were Weary Willies and the rollicking couples who had met by chance, having just as good a time, as if they had been dining at Sherry's probably better, for they might be troubled with self-consciousness in the latter place.

The Type Hunter enjoyed them all and distracted the attention of his Patient Party from the watery soup while he told stories about them.

There is one strange thing about the German restaurants. If you want German Types you can find them there. This may sound paradoxical, but it isn't. No one would ever think of studying Chinese restaurants for the Chinese, or a Syrian restaurant for Syrians. They are for the Type Hunters; but the Germans simply won't be put out of their legitimate sanctuaries for Type Hunters or anybody else.

When people talk about the hurry and confusion and noise of New York, they apparently forget all about the German restaurants. The German restaurant is to the strenuous life what the rocking-horse is to the Futurity. Beginning with the little boxes on the table where you can grind your own pepper while you wait—imagine having time to grind your own pepper—everything in the Teutonic eating places is a protest against the American idea of life.

THE ARMY OFFICER IS ALWAYS MEETING FRIENDS.

The Type Hunter led his Patient Party into a restaurant in the neighborhood of Fourteenth street. Everything fulfilled his predictions.

At the centre table was the usual German family party, Herr and Frau, the married daughter and her husband and two or three younger Fräuleins. Other tables held parties of less magnitude but where the family sentiment was rampant.

If hurry is a mark of a weak mind, as some contend, the German Empire is all right. The Kaiser need not worry nor consider it necessary to give little pieces of his mind about it now and then.

THE SLUMMING PARTY IN A CHINESE RESTAURANT.

The Type Hunter asked his favorite waiter what time the imposing party at the centre table arrived and learned, after a suitable interval of deep thought and consultations with other waiters, that they had been there ever since 5 o'clock in the afternoon. It was then 9. As to what they had been doing in the meantime, Heaven preserves a discreet silence. They had probably been deciding what they should eat or, rather what they should not, and slowly turned the wooden box with the pepper balls. Drop by drop, drop by drop!

Meanwhile the family at the centre place had secured their orders, which filled all the spare space on their table and kept busy two waiters, holding the over supply, on the outskirts.

The last the Patient Party saw was the salad couple still arranging their chicken and mayonnaise and the big family with their heads in their steins.

THE AFTER 1 A. M. CROWD.

"Imagine going into an American restaurant and making sponge cake," said the flippantest girl of the party.

The Patient Party hated to go without seeing the completion of the salad, but the Type Hunter assured them he would bring them again some time at 4 in the afternoon and they could stay right through. Time was made for slaves and Americans apparently.

"We will now," said the Type Hunter, "visit the places where do congregate the *Quarter Cent.*, in other words, the Four Hundred of the restaurant habit.

The Patient Party left the cars and strolled toward Fifth avenue, in the neighborhood of the Twenties.

"It is here," said the Type Hunter, "that we get the roast."

The true artist knows his light and shade and, really, to do the Type Hunter credit, he timed his contrasts well

From the German restaurant to the Fifth Avenue was a big jump, dramatically speaking. It was the kind of place where one felt instinctively that the head waiter would resign if one ate with the wrong fork. There was a subdued air of cheerfulness, the lights were shaded and the conversation also. Everything was quite as it should be. There were men there who prided themselves on being able to order a good dinner—and could not do anything else. In their minds the ordering of a good dinner is a life's work, accomplishment and profession

There was nothing overdone there, not even simplicity—or the roast. It was not particularly interesting, for the absolutely correct seldom is. It had another charm, that of the minority.

The Type Hunter pointed out with pride his favorite specimens. There were stately army officers entertaining parties with elaborate courses and still more elaborate stories; there were men famous in the commercial world, making quiet deals in corners; there were maiden ladies of stated ages and unstated incomes; quiet New Yorkers who preferred hotel life and occasionally dined in public. The service had neither the hurry of the fashionable table d'hôte nor the deliberation of the German restaurant.

STANDING ROOM ONLY.

"It is the kind of place, said the Type Hunter, summing it up as is his wont, "where I would not be afraid to have my mother bring me."

"I have forgotten where we are on the menu," said the Type Hunter, "but in order to preserve the dramatic unities, we will have to order a small bird and cold bottle next, anyway."

He led the way to a well-known restaurant in upper Broadway.

It is the kind of place where every man looks as if he were dining with his neighbor's wife. There was what the society reporter of the *Gasp* would call tang there—tang in large and glittering chunks. There was music a little off the key, and people decidedly off the same article. It is what is more or less veraciously called Life. Even the Type Hunter was satisfied.

"Just look at that," he said unctuously, as he gave his order to a waiter of the skipping variety, who looked as if he had been trained on hot griddles and had never lost his early accomplishment. "Just look at it."

"It" referred to a soubrette of the type which has been pronounced several times. She was in a décolleté gown and at the moment the Type Hunter spoke was busy cutting the strap of her gown at the shoulder, as if it irritated her. This action was performed with a silver knife.

Her escort did not look at all surprised and the garçon did not move an eyelash.

"I'll defy you to find such another sight in town," said the Type Hunter. His tone suggested that the soubrette had timed her action with the sole idea of helping him out in his evening's entertainment.

The Patient Party were quite satisfied; even an abnormal desire for the unusual has its limits.

The soubrette was one of many. The feminine element in the place was largely represented by young women of the exaggerated species, whose big pompadours and wide brimmed, scoop-shaped hats all gave them the appearance of having been pushed violently in the back by an automobile or some other huge mechanism and having their attire follow their forward lurches. The masculine element predominated, nearly every woman having a contingent of two, three, four or five—in the style of the Latin Quarter, where an escort of less than ten argues a waning popularity.

"We will now," said the Type Hunter, "take the taste out of our mouths by a reversion to the normal."

He took his party toward a side street near Fifth avenue and conducted them, unresisting as usual, to his pet club.

He pointed out the shelves filled with copper and brass utensils, the pretty waitresses in Dutch costumes and the soft green of malachite furniture and fittings.

"Isn't it jolly and home like?" he inquired.

After the bird and bottle place, it certainly did look serene.

"The Types one finds here," said the Type Hunter, "one might call the Balance Wheels of Bohemia. They are, generally speaking, artists, writers, sculptors, but they are the 'sifted wheat;' they are quiet in their tastes and dress; they do not wear their hair long, and drooping neckties; they are even married sometimes. The average Bohemian believes that every article, even of the feminine variety, must be printed in italics. This club might be called a protest against such heresy. Exaggeration is not art. This club has proved that."

HAUNT OF THE SUCCESSFUL ARTIST.

The Types certainly were quiet and had about them the indefinable air of having done things, and having done them well, without fuss and furor. Celebrated men and women were pointed out, quietly taking post-theatre suppers, young men giving parties, correctly chaperoned; solitary figures enjoying the amusements of others. It was all very peaceful. One felt like ordering ice cream and lady fingers for dessert.

"One of the heads of the club tried to introduce a foreign custom in here," said the Type Hunter, as after dessert, he led the Patient Party through the reception rooms of the club, pointing out various works of art. "But it didn't go. We are too conservative. He wanted the chef to go about among the tables, chatting with the members, asking them if their steaks and chops were all right, and so on, as they do in the rathskellers on the Continent, you know.

"It didn't work. The first chef was all right; he was a Frenchman, and knew his place, but the second was a full-blooded Hibernian, and insisted on breaking into your conversation to give his views on the organization of Tammany. We had to stop it. The idea is all right, but the application was all wrong. How could any one give a dissertation on the possibility of living on Art Nouveau and mineral water with a red-faced chef hanging over his chair with his inevitable 'Sorr.'

"It's all very well to put the maids in Dutch costume, and steins on the wall and imitation beer kegs along the ceiling but we must end there. This club represents the conservative element in art and all these gimcracky ideas are as incongruous as reciting Ruskin would be at a vaudeville entertainment."

"We will now," proceeded the Type Hunter, "end our Progressive Dinner, with liqueurs and coffee at an all-night place."

The Patient Party went back to Broadway.

The place was so old and so well established that it did not need glittering attractions to emphasize itself. It was crowded with a mob which presented strange contrasts of energy and relaxation, even lassitude. It was a crowd that was tired—it would seem to the student, tired of everything, even gayety. It was different from the bird and bottle place, for there sparkle and life and "go" seemed to be all; there was no thought of tragedy or the inevitable to-morrow. Here, there was only the veneer of gayety, and one was conscious all the time that the crust was very thin. Perhaps the Patient Party were weary themselves. At any rate they hurried away from the cosmopolitan crowd of the night world and did not breathe freely until they were in the open air again.

"The worst of Progressive Dinners," said the Type Hunter as he felt in his pockets for carfare, "is the enormous expense in tips."

SOME UNUSUAL OFFICERS.

ARMY AND NAVY PEOPLE WHO ARE OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Some Remarkable for Their Pull—The Richest Officer—One Who Was a British Officer—Col. Pratt and Capt. Loeffler—Three Former Congressmen in the Army—Col. Ingalls, the Artillery Sharp.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 14.—There are a number of officers in the military and the naval service of the United States who, for one reason or another, may be classed as unusual. Admiral Evans, for example, might be one of them, so far as his reputation out of the service goes, and there are others like him. Admiral Selfridge, who was 99 or 100 years old when he died, was one, because of his age.

Rear Admiral John G. Walker, now retired, who is president of the Isthmian Canal Commission, is unusual because of having and using an extraordinary pull. He generally got what duty he desired; for example, though the "baby commodore" he commanded the famous White Squadron, and on his retirement he obtained his present assignment, which he has held for nearly six years, doing good work there, too.

Lieut. Robert S. Clark of the Ninth Infantry is a very rich officer, perhaps the richest in the army, and, therefore, is unusual. He is a son of the Mrs. Clark, who recently married Bishop Potter, and his income permits him to give dances and balls, one of the latter costing him, it is said, about ten times his annual pay as an officer.

Another such is Major McCawley of the Marine Corps staff, who was appointed that he might wear a uniform while introducing callers at the President's receptions. He performs that duty well, is one of the best dancers and cotillon leaders in Washington and served creditably with the marine battalion at Guantanamo in the beginning of the Spanish war.

Very few of the civil engineers of the navy have much sea service to their credit, but Mordecai T. Endicott, chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks, hasn't any, though he has served since July, 1874. That is why it seems freakish for him to be a Rear Admiral; yet so he is.

Capt. Charles Young, Ninth Cavalry, is out of the ordinary, because he is the only colored man now in the army who went through West Point. He entered the Academy in 1884, graduated in 1889, and after serving with the Tenth and Ninth Cavalry, and the Twenty-fifth Infantry, was assigned on promotion to his Lieutenancy to the Seventh Cavalry, and so was the only negro commanding white troops. His command was nominal, however, for he was on detached service; and after nine months he was transferred back to the Ninth Cavalry, where he is now seventh senior, with two white subalterns.

Capt. John R. Lynch, paymaster, is also a negro; and like Capt. B. Frank Cheatham and Capt. Bertram T. Clayton, both of the Quartermaster's Department, he is a former Congressman.

Capt. Charles D. A. Loeffler is chief doorkeeper at "the Presidolind," which, in ordinary language, means the White House. He left the army as a sergeant in 1872, and became a doorkeeper at the White House, and in 1898 was made Captain and military storekeeper.

He didn't do any storekeeping, however, but went right on opening the door. He's doing so still; and every Captain commissioned since July 5, 1898, and every Lieutenant and Second Lieutenant, who doesn't salute him is guilty of a breach of army regulations.

Then Capt. Montgomery, signal officer, and prospective Major and chief telegrapher of the army, might be called a freak because he is unique. He is telegrapher at the White House, and without leaving his desk served as Captain and Lieutenant-Colonel in the Volunteer Signal Corps during the Spanish and Philippine wars; and is now seventh in the list of Captains in the Signal Corps.

Capt. George W. Kirkman, Twenty-fifth Infantry, is unusual because of his pull and his record. He was Captain in the Twelfth Infantry, and Major in the Forty-ninth Volunteers when, at the end of March, 1900, he was cashiered for drunkenness and disorderly conduct in the streets of Manila. He came home at once, and a special act of Congress put him back in the army on June 11, 1900, just seventy-two days after he had been fired out.

The Army Register for 1901 showed that he had been dismissed from the Volunteer service, but that for 1902 says simply that he was "out of service" March 31, 1900. He was never restored to the Volunteer service.

Lieut. Samuel S. O'Connor of the Artillery Corps is notable because he is probably the only officer in the Army who was a commissioned officer in the British service. He served as an enlisted man in the Eighth Infantry, otherwise the Liverpool Regiment, in Egypt and South Africa, and like Sir Hector Macdonald, preferred a commission to the Victoria cross as a reward for saving an officer's life; but he resigned in 1888, came to this country, was naturalized, and after some years in the National Guard and service in the Volunteers in 1898, landed in the Artillery.

Col. Richard H. Pratt, titular commander of the Thirteenth Cavalry, but actually commandant of the Indian School at Carlisle, Pa., is out of the ordinary because he hasn't served with troops for at least twenty years. He has just been promoted Colonel and has asked to be made Brigadier-General, that he may retire as such.

Brig.-Gen. John W. Clous, retired, is remarkable for his knowledge of law. He used to make it a rule to be admitted to practise at the bar in every State in which he was stationed, and is a member of more bars now than probably any other man in or out of the army. He prepared the brief that won an important case for the Atchison Topeka and Santa Fé road long before he entered the Judge Advocate's department, and is up in the law to a far greater extent than most lawyers.

Lieut.-Col. James M. Ingalls, retired, formerly of the Artillery, has unusual ability in ballistics. He prepared the tables showing what guns ought to do when fired under various conditions, and when the guns didn't do as he said, the artillery experts knew that the fault lay with the guns, not with Ingalls's tables.

He worked out figures for firing England's largest gun long before it was fired, and his figures agreed almost exactly with those obtained in practice.

SLAVE BURIAL PLOT IN THE CITY.

It Lies Up at Inwood and Will Soon Disappear—Another at Hunt's Point.

For many years antiquarians have had an eye on some rows of rude stones which mark ancient graves on a rising ground near the junction of 212th street and Tenth avenue, up at Inwood, and much conjecture has been indulged in as to whose remains the graves contain.

There is a tradition that the graves contain the remains of negro slaves. No one can be found nearby who has any real information concerning the graves, but the slave theory is probably correct. Slaves there were thereabouts previous to and after the Revolution, and a British view of the vicinity as it appeared in 1779 shows "huts of the blacks" a few hundred yards to the west of this burial place.

The graves are in an open field about 175 yards east of the original twelfth milestone, which is set in the wall at the Isham entrance, on the Kingsbridge road, or Broadway, as it has recently been renamed. This stone is a slab of brownstone, lettered in the old style, "12 miles from N. York." The multitude of pits upon its face prove the excellence of some local sportsman's aim with the shotgun in old times.

Five tall pear trees and a wild cherry tree grow in a semi-circle about the thirty or more headstones, within a few yards of which the excavator's pick and shovel have already reached. A few rods to the east of this cluster of graves there is a real cemetery, known as the Nagle Burying Ground, where repose the ancient lords and masters of the soil. In this plot interments are yet made.

In slavery days hereabouts it was the custom to inter the remains of bond servants in a plot set aside for that purpose. The last authentic plot of this character within the city limits is situated near the border of Long Island Sound, and beside the Hunt's Point road, which separates the slave plot from the old Legget and Hunt burying ground, where lies Joseph Rodman Drake, author of "The Culprit Fay" and "The American Flag."

As for the burial of slaves in Colonial days the law provided how simple such ceremonies must be. In 1722 the dread of a slave rising prompted the passing of an act which ordered that all negroes and Indian slaves dying within the city should be buried by daylight. Later this was amended to provide that not more than twelve slaves should attend any funeral, under penalty of a public whipping. No pall, gloves or favors of any sort were to be used, and any slave who was found to have held a pall or favor was to be publicly whipped at the discretion of the Mayor or one of the corporation. By the law of 1722 a master was liable to a fine of ten shillings if any of his slaves were buried after sunset.

The burial of slaves had been made the subject of legislation as early as October, 1684, and the act probably forbade the private burial of slaves, for a citizen of Albany was fined twelve shillings for interring his slave "in a private and suspicious manner."

The last black interred in the slave-burying ground at Hunt's Point was an old negress called "Aunt Rose." She was originally the property of the Leggets, away back in the '30s"—but she and her child en had been manumitted by their owners, who were Quakers. They were the grandparents of the present Mr. H. D. T. Tiffany and were descended from the Jesups and Richardsons—the original proprietors of the country about Hunt's Point.

Two forcible reminders of slavery days in this State are preserved in the museum in Van Cortlandt Park; one of these is a bill of sale of a negro boy; the other is a slave whip from an old house in Westchester. By an act passed in 1817 it was provided "that every negro, mulatto or mestee within this State, born before the 4th day of July, 1799, shall after the 4th day of July, 1827, be free."