

TAKING A



BY JAMES P. HAVERSON.

THERE is one man who is always willing to take a tip. It is the waiter. This does not mean that he always does take it but he does what he can. To this he will bring to bear all the arts of his craft, and believe me, there are few more artful crafts or more crafty arts than that of these Knights of the Apron and Tray.

When the patron enters a new restaurant he is likely to look about him with an appraising eye. It is a new cut to crack and from its shell he seeks to learn of the kernel of which he is to eat. He might better look at the waiter, and, even then, much of the matter rests with himself. If he has the appearance of a tightwad he might better tip in advance or find some way of letting the aproned one know that he intends to loosen fur, while he has been looking over the place, he may be sure that the waiter has not overlooked him. He has been weighed in the balance and woe unto his stomach and palate if he has been found wanting.

Seeking to learn the secret doctrine of the wizardry whereby the waiter inveigles the furtive tip from the wary

and the unwary, I enquired of a good friend of mine how it was done.

George started out, as do all artists, by saying that the secrets of his art could not be set out in words. Then he like them, proceeded to use up many words in expounding the matter.

"You can't always go by looks," he said, "and yet, at the start, that's all you've got to go by."

"When you see a guy come in, perhaps you wouldn't take a dollar for your chances but by the time you've got him seated you'd be glad to sell out for a nickel. Then on top of that he may surprise you—either to the good or bad."

The Tip's Size Depends On the Lady Who Is Along

"Takin' 'em altogether, the oldish men are the surest and often the best money as well. If an old man comes in with a chicken—the chances are big that your tip will be a good one. He'd never take a chance on Little Bright Eyes thinkin' he was a stingy guy."

"Young fellows is just the same, too. I'd break their hearts if some curly little chorus lady allowed they weren't real top-price sports."

"It's when a fellow comes in with his wife or the girl that's goin' to be that you wish you had a Lloyd's insurance policy on your tip. I've known lots of fellows that I've known to be real good guys in other company cut you down to next to nothin' when they'd blow in with their wives. Sometimes it's the wife that is just natur-

ally bound to save him from his own extravagant ways. I've seen a fellow's sweetheart lift a bill off the tray that he'd left there for me and toddle off leaving me goin' but a dime or a smile. That man was a good guy, tho. The next time he came in with that little girl, he left about fifteen cents on the napkin but he passed me a bill under the cloth, and the little girl went out, thinkin' that she was gettin' him nicely broken to savin' ways. I felt better, too, so everybody was happy and no harm done."

"There's one guy that gets my goat every time. You can't tell him to look at him, but he hasn't been going long before you have his number. That is the fellow who starts in to find enough faults to make it an excuse for refusin' to tip. He'll kick about the food, he'll grouch at the service and, believe me, he is some kicker. I don't mean the fellow who is just naturally fussy, for if you can manage to make good with a genuinely fussy fellow, there isn't a better tip in the business. It's hard to do it, but if you please him he'll pay you for it. Of course, by that time you'll have earned it, but the waiter that isn't willin' to earn his tips won't get many an' don't deserve any."

Spilling the Soup To Get a Tip

"There used to be one guy worked in this house with me who was about the smoothest worker you ever saw. Talk about painless extraction, there never was a dentist in his class, and they have cocaine and gas to work with. Sometimes his methods were rough, but he was so smooth himself he pretty near always got away with it. He had one scheme that nearly always

George, the Waiter Gives Us Some Hints on Painless Extraction and Also Serves a Nice Order of Human-Nature-Knowledge-- He Tells of the Oldish Man With the Youngish Girl, of Spilling Soup on the Rich Man's Shoulder and of Loading the Check of Some Poor Woozey Souse With Someone Else's Bill.

got the money but I never had the nerve to try it.

"I've seen that guy tip the soup over a fellow's shoulder on purpose and then make such a fuss about wipin' it off an' look so sorry an' darn near broken hearted that he'd pull down a tip he never could have hoped for without the aid of his little intentional accident. I never saw him try it with a lady."

"The last time I saw him work that game was on a nice friendly old fellow who had his wife with him. Bill, he spilled the soup—just a little of it—over the old man's shoulder, and then he was so busy and penitent about wipin' it off an' apologizin' for his clumsiness that he almost brought tears to the little old lady's eyes. He got a big tip, about two dollars, I think it was, on a meal that didn't come to any more than that on the check. I guess he felt a little bit sore on himself for worryin' the little old lady, so I never saw him try that stunt again as long as he was in the house. It sure was a great little money gettin' too—the way Bill worked it."

"A guy can want too much for his tip, tho, just the same as with anything else. There's some will want to treat you like a black slave an' talk to you so you'd be so mad even next mornin', that you couldn't see in the glass plain enough to part your hair straight. But usually there isn't a decent tip in a fellow who don't treat you decent. There's no money in grousing—either for the guys that's got 'em or those that tries to put up with 'em."

"It's in this matter of tips that a head waiter can be a good guy or a stiff. He knows them all as they come in, just as well as we do an' can size 'em up while he's showin' 'em to a table. If he's a square guy he'll spread out the good ones so that every waiter gets pretty near an even break. But if he has it in for a fellow he can just naturally load him up with the tight-wads and sore-heads until life isn't worth livin' an' all a fellow wants to do is break up half the dishes an' jump the job."

"Waiters can be good to their friends, too. They can do it merely to earn tips or just because there will be fellows come into a place that are just so human decent a waiter will bust himself wide open to do something for

them. Lots of times you can steer a good guy off something that looks all right on the bill-of-fare but is awful poor on the plate. He can get him the best of it in the kitchen too, an' all this perfectly on the square. But if he wants to go further, a wise waiter can pretty near hand his friend the house."

"I used to know one waiter in New York who had a friend of his drop in pretty late pretty much every night. An' nearly always he ate for nothin' an' split what his check should have come to, fifty-fifty with the waiter."

"The house was a pretty lively lobster palace in Broadway, an' the way they worked it was this: The late guy would order what he wanted after he'd come to the table he'd kept reserved on this waiter's station an' then the whole show would go on the check of the most careless an' woozey souse in the place. The waiter would pick out some guy who'd had so much to drink he couldn't tell what he had had to eat and he'd hand him the check for the works!"

This, and much more than this, did George disclose of the tip extracting methods and experiences of the waiting fraternity when the editor decried that I should seek out this story on the suggestion of his friend, Eddie English, purveyor of real estate. And thus I have relayed it on to you. But there were still the pictures."

First, we borrowed a restaurant, a perfectly good restaurant with tables and chairs in it, and everything, including Friend George, the narrator of experiences. Then we arranged for folk to come and sit at the tables in order that the pictures might be taken, but "the day was dark and dreary," and no negatives could be made save by flashlight. No proprietor was going to have his place made uninhabitable by the horrible smoke and smell of that pestilential invention and so we were up against it.

Finally, friend Dan'l Peirce was persuaded to lend the stage of the Star Theatre with some regular actor folk and so the pictures were made. Even then the artist had to paint some food on the plates and a little something in the glasses. The backdrop of straw scenery was cut out by the engraver and there you are.

But that wasn't all. Lou Skuce had to draw something for a heading and to fill up the page, and Lou persisted that the waiter was the fellow who when you walked up to the marble counter and casually remarked, "Poached eggs, please," shouted thru a hole in the partition behind him, "Dropped on!", and then, after an age of waiting, handed out the eggs and asked you if you want "Cawfee." Finally we convinced him by actual demonstration and at horrible expense, that there are other places where folk may eat than the open-face lunch, and this page is the result.

Above is Lou Skuce's conception of the mis en scene when a waiter's hopes of a tip are tipped overboard and below is the photographer's view of a little party where everyone is happy, including the waiter, who is also hopeful.



HERE we serve you with the fourth of the "Made in Toronto" series, the stories by Mr. Haver-son that are written and pictured with the assistance of some of our good friends. This one was suggested by Mr. E. A. English, who has often tipped people, usually to good things in the way of making money. A couple of other bright ideas are being worked into home-made stories, but if there is anything you want to see written up, send the idea along. THE EDITOR.

Fixing it up with the waiter for the time before when his wife took the tip off the table.

