Costly Paris Restaurants.

YOU MAY NOT SPEND MUCH FOR FOOD, BUT AS FOR FRILLS—!

PARIS, Nov. 6.—No man can eat $20 worth of normal food in any Paris restaurant. The returning tourist sometimes has interesting anecdotes of how he "took a lady to Paillard's" in the Champs Eylsées, where "a small dinner [always vague] cost him 300 francs." Or he has stepped into Voisin's or the Maison Dorée with his wife—the honest man—and gave up $35 for "a few baked nothings."

I will tell you a great secret—these men have not been to Voisin's or to Paillard's or the Maison Dorée. They are bluffing—and as they have not experience of the true prices they make it strong to be on the safe side.

The $20 trick—it is a trick or catch, because one does not regularly think in detail and because wines, flowers, cigars, liqueurs and tips are not food—has been tried often. Regularly it takes the form of a bet, as happened in the case which brings it to my mind.

The victim was an inexperienced English colonial plunger. He soon discovered the difference between ordering $20 worth of food and eating it.

He began his serious feeding with lobster à l'Américaine, because it was likely to cost as much as $3.60 a portion. They let him off when he had eaten about three-quarters of it, with less than half the burning sauce.

His hors d'œuvre and bisque (cream of crawfish) had cost him scarcely $2; and the former, in particular, had been expensive—fancy little mysteries, cold, on diamonds of thin toast and highly spiced. A sweetbread in the Toulouse style cost him $1.80. Then he risked a stuffed and garnished quail for $3 more.

When he had done with it—and they did not force him to pick the bones, by any means, but only to consume each dish reasonably—that full feeling had already come upon him. But he had been tempted by the obvious expense of the *gigot de sept heures* (seven-hour roast mutton); and there it was before him.

It cost him $2.40—a piece of classic cookery if there is any. This triumph of the cuisine of old France is from a leg of mutton roasted, very slowly, during seven hours; and the necessary basting involves patience that is to be found in few modern restaurants.

The man who thought he could eat $20 worth had already worked up to $12.80; but his appetite was gone. The maître d'hôtel, who now perceived he had been trying for expense, suggested "Le Désir du Roi," the King's Desire, at $3 in vain.

"I can eat asparagus," he mused; and the maître d'hôtel accommodated him with the luscious branches from a Brussels hothouse at $2 the portion—they were almost worth it!

There remained almost $6 to spend on hothouse fruits. Though swelled, the sport got away with a dozen beautiful big strawberries at 20 cents a piece. And stopped short.

"Try those hothouse peaches at 60 cents apiece!" they suggested to him. "You are within $3 of winning your bet!"

He refused to try.

"Bring me my coffee and a glass of chartreuse!" he whispered. "I lose!"

This is the story as it runs with variations. Regularly it ends in a discussion on the fairness of making up the major part of the bill from expensive small things like ortolans and hothouse strawberries—which would constitute no proper meal.

It is well agreed, however, that above $20 or $30 a cover it is no longer either the food or the drink one pays for. When one spends more it is to make expense.

The highest-roller in this line at present honoring Paris is, beyond all peradventure, Charles Ferdinand Louis Marie Victor Michel Raphael Gabriel Gonzagues Xavier Francis of Assisi Joseph Simon, King of Portugal and the Algarves and On-This-and-on-the-Other-Side-of-the-Sea in Africa, Lord of Guinea by Conquest, Navigation and Commerce, of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia and India and so forth, his Very Faithful Majesty. Happily, his visiting cards read simply: "The King of Portugal."

INDEED IT IS A GORGEOUS SIGHT TO SEE "THOSE LADIES" ENTERING WITH THEIR LORDS AND MASTERS.

From the Hotel Bristol and its simple, heavy cookery, he slips out and up the Rue de la Paix—he is a heavy man—delighting his eyes with the pretty shopgirls as they go mincing home in the gloaming. Then he turns down the boulevard to the classical cuisine of the Maison Dorée or the Café Anglais or the modern smartness of Paillard's.

When in funds, the King-of-This-Side-and-the-Other-Side is a royal spender. If I am to believe what a celebrated Paris maître d'hôtel has just been telling me, he recently nourished five persons at a cost of 6,000 francs, or $240 a head!

The maître d'hôtel—who wishes to be nameless—gave me the menu:

"Hors d'œuvres à la Russe; Ostend oysters; potage Borche; consommé bra-

AS A DRINKER THE FRENCHMAN COMES LAST OF ALL.

bançonne; coulibiac à la Russe; saddle of red deer à la Cumberland; potatoes Pompadour; foie gras à la boulangère; roast Rouen duck; salade à la Parisienne; ortolans and larks truffled; cardons with marrow; soufflé à l'Africaine; stands of fruits; coffee and liqueurs; grand fine champagne (brandy) of 1800; Château Yquem (white Bordeaux) of 1834; champagne of 1874; grand port wine of 1815; grand Madeira of 1811; Château Margaux (red Bordeaux) of 1848."

The menu itself, in the King's colors on satin fringed with gold, cost 1,250 francs.

"There were three bottles of wine for each guest," said my informant, "whose total cost was 900 francs [$180]. The dinner proper was counted at 2,500 francs [$500].

"The table was ornamented with festoons of white muscat grapes, which cost at the moment 60 francs [$12] a kilogramme. The private salon of the restaurant contained 4,000 francs' worth of lilies of the valley, bought by the King himself.

"Counting the really royal tips he gave to the waiters his Majesty must have run the bill up to 10,000 francs."

THE PEACH AUSTIN LEE OR THE PEAR WANAMAKER?

"When you began, you said 6,000 francs," I interrupted.

"Well, he has not paid the balance yet," giggled the maître d'hôtel thoughtlessly.

Then regretting the disclosure, he began to praise the royal spender.

"We do not think the worse of him for that!" he insisted. "His Majesty spends royally. He never looks at the items of a bill.

"This particular dinner was in honor of a Russian Grand Duke, who" (the maître d'hôtel whispered) "told the ladies to carry away the four great silver candlesticks as souvenirs! They were worth 3,000 francs," he giggled.

"What do the waiters think of such money-scattering?" I asked.

"Oh, they get used to it quickly, allez!" was the answer. "And all the more so as they pick up very solid crumbs! A grand seigneur who knows how to pay his bill never leaves less than 5 louis [$20] for the garçons.

"Why, one of you Americans often tips my confrère at the Café de Paris a 1,000 franc bank note. The Russian Grand Dukes, for a table of four or five covers, always leave 300 or 400 francs [$60 or $80].

"At the marriage dinner of the Marquis de Z——— at Paillard's in the Champs Elysées, which cost 23,000 francs [$4,600], the maître d'hôtel and his six garçons pocketed 1,200 francs [$240]."

On the night of the last Grand Prix at Maxim's notorious establishment, it came to be very gay toward 3 A. M. Gipsy violins were snapping off delirious rag-time melodies; the young ladies, their faces flushed and their eyes lit up, no longer sat still; and the men, with their hats on their ears and their hearts made tender by drink, no longer took notice of the cost of things.

One good customer of the house desired to play quoits with the Sèvres dinner dishes.

"I'll pay for them," he insisted.

"No, you will not pay for them," replied the manager. "But I beg of you to play on the sidewalk. I will give you as many plates as you want!"

They pitched plates on the sidewalk to the disgust of the cab horses at the curb. Among the players was the son of a Cabinet Minister and a young Grand Duke. The police recognized them and protected the game from a collection of night loafers. It was an instructive sight to see them drive the penniless fellows away!

"We have 30,000 francs [$6,000] worth of breakage a year," said the manager on this occasion to a friend of mine. "I refer to the unpaid breakage. The paid breakage—like this—is another item.

"A few nights ago a party of high-rollers threw into the open fireplace and more or less burned up the entire furniture of the private room in which they were supping. They poured champagne in the piano, ripped its wires out and started to roll it downstairs.

"It was their pleasure," added the manager of Maxim's, genially. "All the same, it cost them dear.

This noisy and very mixed night establishment—in which the average well-to-do tourist will find nothing but disappointment—consumes more champagne than any other in Paris, the average being 3,000 francs [$600] worth a night, year in, year out. As the manager in giving these figures set down his annual sale of champagne at more than a million of francs, a little calculation shows the average price to have been 24 francs [$4.80] a bottle. Some champagne is dearer, a lot of it cheaper; but in general, Americans are highly surprised to find the generous fluid no cheaper in Paris by night than at home by day.

The manager pretends to be able to put the various races into proper categories.

"The Russians drink the best," he declared—and he has had experience of them. "One day a Russian noble drank, all by himself, a double Jeroboam, one of those immense bottles containing as much as eight ordinary quart bottles. It is not rare to see a Russian do his five quart bottles between midnight and 3 A. M.

"After the Russians come the Americans, then the Belgians, the English, the Germans and the South Americans, especially the Chileans. The French come last.

"The German is always calm, polite, never complains, never beats down prices. He makes an ideal customer—the high-class German with money to throw to the birds. The Russian is generous and bon enfant, but at times boisterous and fanciful.

"The American, I regret to say, is tyrannical and ostentatious; he pays royally, but he must have the whole establishment at his feet. Moreover, his tendency is toward cold-blooded orgie long continued to the waiters without gayety, stopping only when he is drunk.

THESE MEN HAVE NOT BEEN TO VOISIN'S OR THE MAISON DORÉE À PAILLARD'S.

"The Englishman is watchful, suspicious [No wonder, he has been 'done' so often!] and he tips with difficulty. The South American is very generous, a good drinker also, gay to the point of silliness, and very noisy."

"Whom do you have to help out oftenest?" was asked.

"Very curiously, the French. Yes, Parisians. Only a few nights ago three celebrated painters lost the use of their legs. The waiters had to carry them bodily to cabs."

"And the ladies?"

"Oh, they do not drink nowadays!" was the reply of the manager of the most feminine night restaurant of Paris.

There is nothing in all this to cause uneasiness. We who are settled in virtuous ways feel no temptation to break dinner plates or rend the wires from the piano.

Nor are we constrained to order champagne in any Paris restaurant, nor hothouse fruit nor primeurs. Paris is peculiarly a city of primeurs; hot-house fruits and vegetables figure on these menus as commonly as do beans on others.

The maître d'hôtel at Paillard's, did he dare, would willingly explain to you that nothing real is to be gained by plucking and eating the fruit of the delightful little cherry-trees growing in porcelain pots. The waiters hand them round at night when you happen to have a very pretty girl beside you.

Nine dollars! Of course, you may take the tree away with you, if so disposed, and put it on your balcony; but an order of vanilla ice-cream is more filling; and the waiters will be perfectly willing to serve it.

Of course it may be embarrassing to ask the very pretty one not to eat of the fruit thereof; she will want to pluck it—there is a great precedent! The obvious way out, therefore, is not to take your girl to Paillard's. Go alone.

You see, it all comes to this: do you want to feed your stomach or your eye—or your pride? The feeding of one's pride—and even of one's eye—in supper restaurants comes higher than plain stoking; and one hears of a great deal of petty gouging in the sylvan establishments which keep their doors open so late in autumn and early winter season.

Sometimes the victims write to the Paris papers. Such was a Belgian and his wife who recently had to pay $1.50 for three poached eggs, the fourth being "good only in paris." Such an establishment in the Bois charged friends of mine $3.50 for a melon at a time when melons could be had for 50 cents apiece.

At the Château de Madrid in the full Bois; at the Pavillon d'Armenonville, the very country club of the fast set; at the Ambassadeurs, in the Champs Elysées, and at Maxim's and the Café de Paris, their strong hold is the spectacle of gayety. And indeed it makes a gorgeous sight to watch "those ladies" entering with their lords and masters of the day or mayhap with a train of bacchanalian followers to take their favorite tables, kept for them by the management on the mere hope that they may turn up to grace the feast and advertise the shop.

Their skirts rustle, their gauzy chiffons sparkle with jewelled pins and buttons, they revel in fantastic collars, row on row of pearls, while their corsage is a constellation of diamonds and colored stones and their immense hats poems of posies.

To see, one must pay a fair price, but there is one device, known and dreaded by waiters and proprietors, whereby the cost of the spectacle may be kept down to a strict minimum. A soup, a meat dish, a salad to follow, a three-franc bottle of wine and then coffee—what can the outraged waiter do to the imperturbable couple that has managed to obtain a table and given such an order?

Keep them waiting for each dish? But they have come precisely to stay as long as possible! Serve the hot dishes cold and the cold dishes warm? They have not come to eat, but to look!

It is true that Americans are often disappointed at the furniture and decorations of the best Paris restaurants. Like the Paris theatres, where the expense is put rather on the birds than on the cage, they are all more or less dingy, old-fashioned and tacky. The best of them, too, rejoice in curiously old-fashioned dishes.

Without setting up for too much of an expert, I would place the Maison Dorée, Voisin's and Paillard's first in the first rank; yet one of the most celebrated dishes of the former is a mess of chicken's wings and turnips, while the three are almost alone in affording the true seven-hour leg of mutton.

Both the Maison Dorée and Voisin's pride themselves on following the good old tradition without making any effort to be "Parisian." A dinner at the former will serve as a sample of prices for both. It will be noticed that there is no roast; had there been roast lamb and asparagus points, the cost of the dinner would be increased by about $1.50.

Potage Germiny (a species of red sorrel with egg yolk and cream), 50 cents; filets of sole *aux laitances* (roes of the carp, take notice!), $1.20; salmis of partridges, $2.40; cèpes Bordelaises (cooked in oil with a garnish of parsley and the true Bordeaux garlic, a much-misunderstood seasoning), 50 cents; pêches Carmen (hot, with a carmine sauce and little banderillos of green almonds stuck all over them), $1.20; coffee,

ONE FOR TWO—ONE PORTION FOR TWO PERSONS.

24 cents; tip, 60 cents. Total, $6.60. Wines: One-half bottle of Chablis Moutonne, 1889, $1; one bottle of Richebourg, 1877, $3.60. Total with wines, $11.20.

The wines bring up this bill. They generally do, in these restaurants that have historical cellars.

The Chablis is a delicate, pure, clean white Burgundy and that is all; but the Richebourg is a *grand vin* full bodied and velvety, the perfection of a red Burgundy. It is one of the pet *crus* of the Maison Dorée and the red-nosed *sommelier* will give you a little discourse as he serves it.

Here is a lunch at Durand's—a trifle livelier, more modern establishment than the Maison Dorée or Voisin's and very much on a par with Paillard's, the type of up-to-dateness. Like the dinner above mentioned it is ordered "one for two"—one portion sufficing for two persons. Notice how admirably the price is kept down.

One bottle of Graves (the real thing, a mild, clean white Bordeaux) $1.20; butter 16 cents; shrimps (decorative if not filling), 30 cents; eggs *aux merlès* (the finest of *foies gras* and truffles, a tremendously savory rich dish

The Durand strawberry tart is a thing to dream of, especially when eaten in this month of October. Good, medium-sized strawberries from the Brussels hothouses are cut in half just before wanted, moistened in a little weak strawberry syrup and simply warmed in flaky crust before being served.

These are all serious restaurants, without the appeal to wonder by the springing of sky-blue sauces and Nile-green jellies trusted in by certain celebrated establishments. There is, of course, no reason why one should not go to Paillard's or the Tour d'Argent and get more than one's money's worth in highly up-to-date novelties.

THE ENGLISHMAN IS WATCHFUL AND SUSPICIOUS.

The head waiter is a comedian. See him cut butter from a ponderous block of it! Frederic, the impressionist, compounds a sauce with all the gravity of Faust calling up Satan—and lets the woodcock cool meanwhile before our hungry eyes!

The Tour d'Argent is, indeed, a restaurant apart. Surprise, admiration and awe are always in its atmosphere, while believing hordes of Americans and English mutually confirm their faith by mutual competition for the tables.

Frederic's strong hold is continually to create new dishes, which he is continually naming after his best customers; so that you have the lobster Alexander, the vol-au-vent de poissons Stanhope, the fondu de merlin Pepiot, the noisette de pré-salé Bodley, the veal John Osy de Zegwoart, the pullet Dr. Pendergast, the peach Austin Lee and the apple fritters Princesse Colonna (Mackey).

But be careful to continue being a good customer for the vol-au-vent Stanhope once, after a slight vol in the vent, bobbed up serenely vol-au-vent Raphael Tuck, just as the filet Gibbs became the filet Gen. Williams!

TO'D THE LADIES TO CARRY AWAY THE GREAT SILVER CANDLESTICKS AS SOUVENIRS.

Frederic is undoubtedly a double-barrelled gastronomic expert; but to the nervous and the fastidious there is something disquieting about his fireworks. Paillard's, Durand's and Lame's are all more or less on the up-to-date track, with gay specialties. Of these the Rouen duckling—always up-to-date, but no longer new—is most talked about and oftenest ordered by newcoming Americans.

"The Rouen duckling," I once heard a solemn idiot declare to a rapt audience of young ladies, "is a young female duck that has never laid an egg. It is strangled, so that not a drop of blood leaves its body. It is baked until it is at its most juicy point in a porcelain pot—I forget what it is baked with—and then brought to me to look at!"

"Oh!" chorussed the young ladies.

"The maître d'hôtel then jumps it into a chafing-dish, slices off the best parts, which he serves me in the sauce that is to be concocted under my own eyes. Then the carcass is placed in a steel press whose force is so gigantic that flesh and bones are reduced to the form and consistency of a brickbat, while the juices gush out! It is with these that the great sauce is made."

Ah, well, as the manager of Maxim's says, "It is his pleasure!" I have a friend, a self-made man well on in years, a sausage caser from Chicago, who comes to Europe every autumn on his way to Asia Minor, where he buys up sausage casings from the slayers of goats, asses, horses, dogs and other quadrupeds. He always makes a little stay at Paris and he has had experience of all the best restaurants. Yet the last time I met him he was coming from Colin's table d'hôte in the Passage of the Opéra, where they give a complete dinner, from soup to nuts, wine included, for one franc fifty.

"Think of the money it leaves me to take to George's and the Chatham bar!" he explained. "I am confident," he added, as I got him into a cab, "I am confident that too much money is thrown away on mere food!"

GYPSY VIOLINS SNAPPED OFF DELIRIOUS RAGTIME MELODIES.

BARNUM TRIUMPHS ABROAD.

ADVENTURES OF THE BIG SHOW IN NINETEEN LANGUAGES.

The Emperors That Were Amazed and the Castles That Were Billboarded—Germany's Railroads Flabbergasted—France Took the Show to Its Heart—Routes Laid Out for New Conquests.

"When the show was in France," said Tody Hamilton, "I bought a basket of grapes one day. As the grapes were exposed in front of the shop they looked most inviting. As you know I am very fond of grapes, on the vines, in bottles properly aged or in the skin, mine or their own.

"When I took the grapes out of the basket I found that they grew even better as I went down and the bottom layer was made of perfect bunches. I have been used to the deceits of the world. I have bought peaches in false-bottom baskets and friends told me of peaches with false colors on their cheeks.

"So I returned to the vendor and told him of his honesty. He said in very good American:

"'Quit your kiddin'. I know you. You're the leadin' liar of the Barnum and Bailey circus, but you needn't practise on me.'"

Tody sank his fork into a baked potato and brought forth the gross receipts with two wrist movements.

"The show went through eight custom houses and nineteen foreign languages," he continued. "It is the custom abroad as it is in this country to secure a car for our advertising force by buying eighteen first-class tickets over the route.

"In one town in Germany our man went to the railway station and called for the tickets. The military official stared at him a moment. He had never heard of such a use of first-class tickets to the small place mentioned. Only a small percentage of the travelling public there goes first class.

"'Haven't got them,' said he.

"Just then two women came up who wanted to buy first-class tickets to the same station. He told them he didn't have any.

"He began to be suspicious of an American conspiracy against the town. He pulled down the shutters and closed the office.

"Our man went to the station agent. He heard the complaint without betraying any intelligence. Then he asked when the tickets were to be used.

"'On the 2 o'clock train,' said our man.

"'Then see me at 4 o'clock and I will have them for you,' said he without a sign of humor. It took diplomatic intervention to get our car out."

Tody rolled a cigarette with one finger and a broad thumb and blew out the match with this:

"The largest business done by the show on the whole European beat was at a place in France called Epernay. It is said to have 30,000 inhabitants. It is in the heart of the most prosperous agricultural section of France. Everybody has money there.

"We were to play but one day. We were compelled to stay there two days and the four performances did not give all who wished an opportunity to see the show."

Mr. Hamilton has come back almost a Frenchman.

"America is getting few French immigrants because French people discover there is no better country they can move to for material prosperity and to live their lives as they wish to live them. The fertility of the soil is such that France is immensely prosperous in all its agricultural domain. Its exports are large. Its imports small. It is——."

Having spoken all these lines without a single reference to the Barnum & Bailey show Mr. Hamilton took a proper stimulant and resumed:

"We thought that the business we did in Hungary was wonderful and would be the record of our European experience, but when we got to France we almost forgot Hungary. Nothing in the history of amusement enterprise compares with the success of our circus in France."

With all his French graces Mr. Hamilton found it quickest to point to the name of the thing on the back of the card. While the waiter was on the way to the cellar he said:

"When you leave America you get caste. Here we charge from 25 cents to $2 for a seat. Abroad our prices were about the same except that for the cheapest place we charged the small coin of the country, for instance, in France a franc.

"It is rather curious that the same proportions of those who can pay 25 cents, those who can pay $1 and those who can pay $2 prevailed in all the countries we visited and held up with the percentage here.

"Of course we had to have a royal box and generally it was occupied by some representative of the royal family of the country we were in. In small towns it was kept for the military or municipal officials."

Mr. Hamilton dropped royalty, temporarily, and said:

"One of the things we had to do was to issue a thirty-two page book of instructions for railroad officials in handling our cars and show. This was printed in many languages and illustrated, but only in one language. We sent one of these books to every railroad official in Europe, and this saved us a lot of inconvenience."

Then he fell upon nobility again.

"In Berlin the Emperor sent a general and his staff to see how we loaded and unloaded the show. They say that the Emperor himself attended, too, incog., but I don't tell you that as a fact. Indeed, I'm inclined to think it isn't true.

"In Austria the Emperor sent his brother and his staff to watch the operation. We took 480 horses off the train in seven minutes and took the officers' breath away. Their cars over there will hold only eight horses.

"The Austrian army has adopted the portable chairs and tables that we used. Thus you see the Barnum & Bailey show has improved a European army.

"Our street parade is so elaborate that we had to abandon it in parts of Germany. People who saw the parade could not imagine there was anything more to see.

"The circus? Oh, we saw it this morning,' they would say. That was one experience in giving the public too much for nothing."

Mr. Hamilton toyed with an ice as he said:

"The native European circus is very much like the tenscent show that journeys around over here. It has no lithographs and it does not advertise.

"A man rides through the principal streets of a town on horseback announcing that there is to be a performance. The feature of all these shows is trained horses, some very fine indeed.

"The proprietor of the circus always handles the trained horses. He comes in dressed as ring master and makes seventeen bows in the course of his little exhibition. He hires a claque wherever he goes and the claque applauds with everybody.

"It is so usual over there for the owner of the show to conduct the horse performance that the man who does the first performance of that kind with our circus was frequently pointed out as Mr. Barnum. Some discriminating ones who had heard that Mr. Barnum was dead were sure that it was Mr. Bailey."

"Did you hire a claque?"

Mr. Hamilton dropped his spoon and it rattled on the floor.

When the trained expression of surprise had departed slowly, he said:

"The leader of the claque came to see me in Paris. I told him I did not think we'd need him. He said:

"'But you are not in New York now. Wait. You will send for me. You are just a foolish American.'

"We never had a chance to squeeze him in, the seat sale was so uniformly good."

Mr. Hamilton glowed with delight when he told what had been done to the historical castles of Europe by his bill posters.

"Koenigsburg castle where the Emperor William was crowned had stood in solemn dignity for years. We put a bill board up where Germany walks uncovered. We surrounded a city hall in Belgium so that they had to cut an arch through our bill board to get into the hall.

"But to get back to France," said Mr. Hamilton. "The Minister of War made an order permitting us to use the army parade grounds wherever they were practicable for our use. In consideration of that courtesy Mr. Bailey gave from $500 to $1,000 to charity at each place visited by the circus.

"We were treated with distinguished courtesy throughout France. The people were frankly glad to see us and to give us their money and we were glad to take it.

"In Paris we turned the Galerie des Machines into a place available for exhibitions of all kinds during the winter months. It is made of glass and iron and it was thought it could not be made warm enough for public comfort.

"Mr. Bailey treated it as he had treated the Rotunda in Vienna. He sewered it and paved it with asphalt, put in boilers, radiators, and electric lights.

"It is 1,400 feet long and 375 feet wide and not a column breaks this enclosed space. It is made with arches and each arch rests on a wheel so that contraction or expansion due to the weather is accounted for.

"It was large enough to hold the whole show. You could have a half mile track in it or a football game. It is now used for all sorts of exhibitions although, before our advent, it was never used in winter."

For twenty years the Barnum & Bailey show has kept an agent in Paris as well as in London. His business is to engage attractions for the show—freaks, acrobats and animals. When Mr. Hamilton reached Paris in advance of the circus he called on the agent and told him a few of the things he intended to do.

"But this is Paris," said the agent. "You can't do those things here."

"Aren't they human beings here?" asked Mr. Hamilton.

Then he went personally to see the owner of each newspaper in Paris. The result of his American methods was that a special train carried thirty-two Paris newspaper writers to Belgium to see the show that was soon to open in Paris, and the next day each paper had a column and a half about the show and the Paris theatre and show people were astounded.

"We ran special trains to Paris from all nearby points," said Mr. Hamilton. "The Paris theatres benefited by it, for the printed reports of their receipts showed that for the month they were all greater than for the same month in the previous year.

"A great disaster had been predicted for us in Paris. They told us that Paris had seen everything and wouldn't endure a circus. We made a great triumph and a great heap of money."

Making out the route for a circus demands something more than knowing when to skim the milk. In the early days of this travelling entertainment James A. Bailey knew all the post roads of the country so that he could lay out a route which would be down hill the whole season through. That saved many a horse to the circus which would have been sacrificed had the plans been made without a knowledge of grades and road conditions.

Mr. Bailey is now the route-maker for the Barnum & Bailey show, the Sells Bros.' circus and the Buffalo Bill Wild West show. The three enterprises are under one director. One show is kept in Europe and the other two in this country.

The Buffalo Bill show will open in London Dec. 27. Its route has been mapped out by Mr. Bailey and its path will be one of roses compared with that of the first American circus to invade Europe.

Mr. Bailey now knows the geography of Europe and the peculiarities of its peoples as well as he knows America. He can tell you offhand the population of any town in Hungary of more than 20,000 people, what railroads enter it, what season of the year is best to visit it, when the people have most money to spend for such an entertainment.

He knows what towns are near, what transportation facilities there are to bring people to the show place. He has studied the map of Europe more profitably than did Napoleon.

A route book has been delivered to the Buffalo Bill show which covers its tour of Great Britain, Germany, France, Austria and Hungary. Over maps of these countries Mr. Bailey had travelled with a pen of red ink, shooting hither and thither in zigzag fashion so that the completed document looks as if it might have come from the hand of St. Vitus in an hour of his deepest pain.

An outsider viewing this work might easily conclude that Mr. Bailey had wasted much transportation in his jumps, going early to one city and returning to another twenty-five miles away two months later. As mileage is one of the large expenses of the show Mr. Bailey plans not to travel an inch farther than he must. His study of the individuality of towns in many countries has brought him the knowledge of the harvest time of each.

When Mr. Bailey goes home these nights he spreads out on the billiard tables of his residence in St. Nicholas avenue maps of the United States—big fellows which show towns, villages and hamlets. He passes over these with his trail of red ink, carrying two separate trails in mind.

He must plan for the coming summer two routes, one for the Barnum & Bailey show and one for the Sells Bros.' show, each to cover a period of several months, neither to conflict with the other or to bring one to fields laid barren by the other. It is harder to do this with two circus shows than with a circus and the Buffalo Bill show.

Here's a New York State sample of the manœuvres of the circus: It visits Watertown in the spring because it is a manufacturing town. In the fall, after the hops are picked, it goes to Malone, twenty-five miles from Watertown. If it were to move from Watertown to Malone it would play to empty tents. In this way it gets the money.

The circus is so timed that it always plays in a big city on Monday. This is done so that the show will have all of Sunday for its preparations.

The large cities where a stay of three days or a week is made are so strung through the season's programme that they afford a rest in almost every periods for the horses and the men. Railroad time and distances are so closely calculated that the show makes two performances each week day during the season. No jumps are so long that a performance is lost.

Like a good general a circus route maker must always leave open a means of retreat. Provisional routes are made in case it is found desirable to drop out part of the original plan.

If the circus is to enter Missouri and the Mississippi rises and floods part of the country the route is changed at once. When the Buffalo Bill show went to the Pan-American Exposition to stay a month it developed in a few days that the show would barely make expenses. Instantly a change was made in the plans and the show was lifted to the South, where it wound up a very profitable season.

The circus never has a dress rehearsal. The first performance, generally in Madison Square Garden, is the first performance of all the acts. Mr. Bailey calculates the programme so closely that he can gauge the time of the show within ten minutes.

He sits in the gallery, or some equally inconspicuous place at the first performance, and passes criticism on it. What he doesn't like never appears in the show again. The second night the programme is so shifted and rearranged that it is almost a new show.

ENGLISH BOYS' BALL GAMES.

Two Pastimes That American Boys Would Find It Worth While to Try.

In the main the games of the boys of England are much the same as those of the boys of the United States, but there are some notable exceptions.

Most of the ball games which American boys play—baseball, one, two and three old cat, &c.—are practically not played by England's youngsters. Cricket and variations of it take the place of all of them.

To the average American boy cricket would seem like a very slow game, which probably accounts for the fact that it has never gained much of a foothold in the United States.

Still some of the games played with balls and bats in Great Britain are interesting enough to make it worth while for American boys to try them. For instance, there is town ball.

This is not played with a ball at all like an American baseball, but with a light, hollow rubber ball, invariably white in color. The English boys call this ball a bouncer.

The bat is called a delill, and is flat like a cricket bat, only not so wide. It is less than two-thirds as long as the American baseball bat. It would be easy for any boy who is ordinarily clever with his pocket knife to make one out of an old fence picket, by forming a handle at one end and squaring it off the other end and slightly rounding the corners. The bat does not require any such strength as a baseball bat and, therefore, may be made of soft wood.

There is a home base much larger than an American home base. There may be as many other bases as the players desire.

Thus, the field may be three-cornered; it may be four-cornered; it may be five, six, seven or eight-cornered. In England the eight-cornered, or octagonal, field is generally preferred.

The distances between the bases, which the English boy calls places, are about the same as those between the bases on an American baseball field.

The pitcher is placed about the same as the American pitcher in baseball. He is known as giver, and his work requires much less energy and skill than that of the American baseball pitcher, for he merely throws or gives the ball swiftly overhand to the catcher, aiming to give it over the right shoulder of the boy at the bat.

The bateman does not really strike at the ball, but holds the flat bat, or delill, in such a position that the ball will strike it and glance off or rebound to some part of the field not covered by any player on the opposing side.

If the ball touches the bat at all the batter must run for the nearest place to the left—not to the right as in American ball games. He must run whether the result of the touch (the term hit is not used) be what would be known in baseball as fair or foul.

There are no men stationed on the bases, but it is the play of the outers to catch or pick up the ball (no point is counted by catching a fly ball) and to throw it at the fleeing batsman so that it will point him. An American boy would call this burning or stinging, but the soft ball used in town ball does not hurt.

When a runner is hit he is "without", and so it goes until all the men of one side are without. Then the withins take their place in the field and so on.

When a man is put without he retires from the game entirely for that term, or inning, and thus the number of withins gradually decreases until there is only one left. Of course, there is no hope for him unless he can make what we would call a home run and what they call a round. This is not often done.

Every American boy has in his youth thrown a ball up against a blank wall to catch it on the rebound. The English boy has made a game of this which he calls cry out. In front of a dead wall three sides of a square are marked on the ground. The wall itself forms the fourth side of the square.

The crier is chosen by the method which every boy knows, that is, by hand over hand on a stick. Most American boys call this choosing up. The one who is chosen takes his place in the middle of the square. The others line up on the outside edge.

The crier then numbers them one, two, three, &c., the number of boys on the line being unlimited. The crier throws the ball against the wall, sometimes on a slant and sometimes straight—quite as it pleases him. He may throw it hard or easy, as he pleases.

At the instant it strikes he must call out the number of some one of the boys on the line. It does not matter which one, so long as no member is called twice in succession and so long as all the members are called in one round.

The one who is called must try to catch the ball. If he does then he becomes crier—the best place in the game—and remains crier until some one catches a ball thrown by him.

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