

# TIPS FOR THE FRUGAL AMERICAN ON DOING PARIS

## Necessary Expense Can Be Got Down to \$4.50 a Day if Diligent Economy Be Practised.

PARIS, March 14.—There are two ways to do Paris, the second being to leave your wife at home.

I have just settled an American mother and her two daughters in a nice large hotel off the Boulevard, one vast third floor front room with double and single bed, first breakfast, course dinner in the evening, electric light, elevator and ser-



SHE CROSSED SECOND CLASS WOMEN TRAVELLING ALONE REVEL IN SUCH ECONOMIES.

vice for \$2 apiece. They buy their lunches wherever they happen to be.

They left the father of the family at home. And note they crossed the ocean second class, women travelling alone revel in such economies. In these days of \$15 minimum fare for the first cabin the fare of \$90 in the second cabin on crack liners permits indulgence in new clothes, cats and cats in Paris.

They preferred "the extra safety" of second class on a big modern boat, where "cooling and service were the same as first, only less lavish." They found the second class deckroom small, the rest of the accommodations perfect, including

persons really do prefer the slow passage in these days of wireless apparatus and populous sea lanes.

Ouff! I once went second class on an ocean greyhound, having been persuaded by some ignoramus that, once at sea, I could make excellent arrangements with the purser to transfer me. Error. Day after day it was always the same price to change. I stuck it out; but nothing is more galling than that gate on the promenade deck which says, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther."

You know about the Peri? The latter was disconcerted at the gate. So was I. Beyond, superior beings strolled along an interminable vista of cool and shady deck. Charming women lolled back in their chairs. On my side of that gate there was a small square of awning, then a wide space where the sun beat down cruelly and the propeller churned white foam.

At all hours first class passengers came hurrying through that gateway, glancing curiously, contemptuously at me, like a pariah dog. In the eyes of one fair girl I thought that I detected noble pity, timid, fluttering, hastening, but tender. Bless her! In effect, she hurried with the others in rapturous freedom to my end of the ship to watch my propeller.

They overran my poor little deckroom; but when I attempted to stretch my legs on their promenade, though at night when all was empty, a form rose in the darkness and an insolent voice called, "Back to your place!"

It is better to save money in some other way.

I have just met an American girl whose sea trip was spoiled by saving the price of a rug. Quitting America in blistering midsummer she had taken no warm wrap.

Once by mistake I got the reputation of a very wealthy youth. After all these years I still blush rosy red, even in the dark, remembering how quickly the fair got acquainted with me. Travelling first class on a transatlantic liner men are taken at their own valuation!

Do not play poker. Specialists whose stunt is to look like ordinary people travel the track lines. The hand is quicker than the eye. Play bridge with the ladies. So you may be asked on automobile trips to the chateaux of the Loire. I know a young fellow of 35 who got invited last summer by boat acquaintances, an unsuspected millionaire widow and two daughters, needing a man.

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Again and again I have seen men turned

down for lack of dress suit, or rather the light and handy dinner jacket.

I remember the disgust of two college boys who forgot to bring their evening clothes. They had met a charming family with two daughters and it was a sight to see them moping through four evenings till tuxedos could be made for them by a tailor of the Rue Auber.

The less money you have the more your dress suit will be found your friend. In it you can lounge about and plan trips with attractive young women, be courted

and as smart baggage as possible, though light and not voluminous; excess weight costs dear in Europe. Smartness secures you better rooms and treatment.

I rather fear to ask how that lady and her two grown daughters are getting on in their \$2 a day hotel off the boulevard. They insisted on being in the "crowded centre," close to the shops, where (they had it fixed in their heads) the mighty problem of hats front or hats back would resolve itself for their attentive eye. But how shall ladies spend

a day in a tiny room in a stuffy hotel off the Rue Daunou, close to the famous corner of the Rue Scribe. He eats in the Duval restaurants, where on entering you receive a score card and the girl tabs your tablecloth one cent as she says: "Good morning." Napkin? One cent. Bread? One cent. Fresh grilled mackerel, 12 cents; fried potatoes, 4 cents extra.

The Duval restaurants are tourists' standbys. In the narrow gamut of their dishes they give perfect cookery, but the portions are small, and the menu is artfully constructed. A delicious small steak costs 12 cents, and a little dish of peas costs the same. A ham or tomato omelette, for its quality, is cheap at 14 cents; but a bunch of white grapes, in full season, is dear at 16 cents.

This boy describing a gorge continued with lettuce salad and hard boiled egg, the waiter girl, 8 cents; Camembert cheese, 5 cents; strawberries, 12 cents, and a bottle of white wine, 15 cents.

Tiring of the Duval restaurants, try the trick of the hors d'oeuvres and garbanized dish at the Grand Café (rue Scribe or Brasserie Universelle (avenue de l'Opéra.) The hors d'oeuvre is to Paris what the free lunch is to America. An- ciently they charged for each little appetizer, shrimps in mayonnaise, sliced hard boiled eggs in Bearnaise, sliced smoked salmon, &c. Now you dab in the collection for 10 cents.

Evidently he with makes a meal of hors d'oeuvres at 10 cents, beer 6 cents and bread and napkin 6 cents will be- come unpopular. Order in addition just one garnished dish, "plat du jour," with its vegetable on the side, served like a sauce. A tip of 10 cents, a person on bills under \$1 for one or \$2 for two assures good treatment. Double it for bills above these amounts.

Two great hotels of this boulevard centre have rooms at \$2 a day as the minimum charge. They are the Grand and the Chatham, and men travelling alone are always trying for those rooms. They give a superlatively good address, the spectacle of life and a sense of being in it, rubbing elbows with money spending people. The covered court of the Grand on afternoons is a vast tea garden of nice women. The Chatham's bar is the rendezvous of the most interesting Anglo-Saxons of Paris.

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Don't buy a deck chair. It is folly. Rent two from the deck steward; do not delay an hour—for all the desirable places to be preempted—and stipulate that every morning one shall be placed on each side of the boat for you. So you will always have the shade, because, of course, you will immediately tack your visiting card in a conspicuous place on your chairs.

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It permits young ladies, struck by your look of good health, to learn your name without delay. Identify the other chair owners. A transatlantic passage comes as near as anything, to a new deal.

Once by mistake I got the reputation of a very wealthy youth. After all these years I still blush rosy red, even in the dark, remembering how quickly the fair got acquainted with me. Travelling first class on a transatlantic liner men are taken at their own valuation!

Do not play poker. Specialists whose stunt is to look like ordinary people travel the track lines. The hand is quicker than the eye. Play bridge with the ladies. So you may be asked on automobile trips to the chateaux of the Loire. I know a young fellow of 35 who got invited last summer by boat acquaintances, an unsuspected millionaire widow and two daughters, needing a man.

Eyes study you on the deck. Get sized up as being safe and amusing. Be enthusiastic about everything. When they begin to say of you "He does enjoy himself" all kinds of