

SEEING GAY PARIS IN 1900

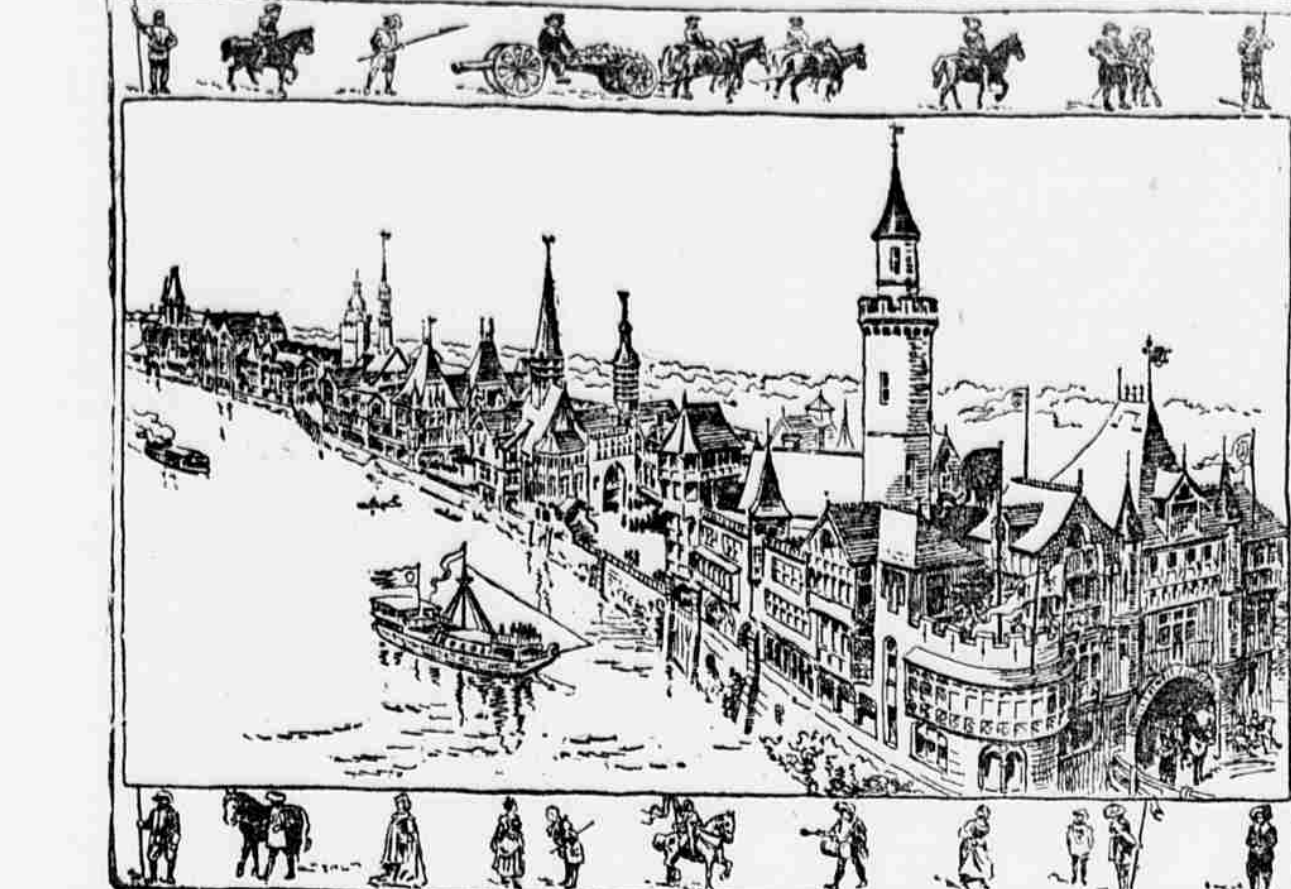
Calculations on the Cost of Doing the Big Show at the French Capital.

AMERICAN EXHIBIT FINEST OF ITS CLASS

Large Marvels of Electricity Expected to Beat the World-Constructive Chat with One of the American Commissioners.

(Copyrighted, 1899, by the S. S. McClure Co.) PARIS, July 18.—It is almost easy to calculate the number of people who will visit Paris from America during the first three months of the coming exposition of 1900. The capacity of steamships is fixed, and even this year, when there is no such attraction as the Paris exposition, the steam-

ships are carrying as many passengers as they will hold. During the latter part of May, all of June, and thus far this month, almost every steamship coming to Europe from America had every berth full. The actual carrying capacity of the regular lines sailing from New York, Philadelphia and Boston for three months would be about 75,700 first cabin. The same boats will carry about 37,000 second cabin passengers. This will make a grand total of 102,700 persons. It is probable that by the charter of boats which during the ordinary season do not ply regularly on these lines an additional carrying capacity of about 10,000 will be secured. These figures are not far from accurate. They have been kindly furnished to me by Edwin H. Low of New York and London who knows as much as any one man about steamships and ocean travel. It is improbable that there will be any large increase in the rates of passage. The steamship lines, of course, would be extremely glad if it were possible for them to charge more than usual, but they will probably be held down to the ordinary rates by the competition of the specially chartered ships. All the companies are looking forward to a particularly large second cabin patronage. There will be thousands of people coming across the ocean for the exposition who ordinarily can not afford the money for travel. These people are likely to be economical in their expenditure for passage, saving their money to spend at the exposition. It is fair to estimate that the average price paid for a first cabin passage will be \$110. Rates will range from \$50 for inside state-rooms on the slow ships to \$85 for the cheapest rooms on the fast ships. On the big liners there will be no rate under \$65 for first cabin and very few berths will be for sale at that price. From the passage prices will run up to \$200 for a single person in the best state-rooms and as high as \$450 for those few luxurious passengers who are willing to pay the privilege of sleeping alone in the finest cabin. Second cabin passages will run about as it does now, from \$40 to \$70.



OLD PARIS—A FAITHFUL REPRODUCTION OF THE ANCIENT CITY.

ships are carrying as many passengers as they will hold. During the latter part of May, all of June, and thus far this month, almost every steamship coming to Europe from America had every berth full. The actual carrying capacity of the regular lines sailing from New York, Philadelphia and Boston for three months would be about 75,700 first cabin. The same boats will carry about 37,000 second cabin passengers. This will make a grand total of 102,700 persons. It is probable that by the charter of boats which during the ordinary season do not ply regularly on these lines an additional carrying capacity of about 10,000 will be secured. These figures are not far from accurate. They have been kindly furnished to me by Edwin H. Low of New York and London who knows as much as any one man about steamships and ocean travel. It is improbable that there will be any large increase in the rates of passage. The steamship lines, of course, would be extremely glad if it were possible for them to charge more than usual, but they will probably be held down to the ordinary rates by the competition of the specially chartered ships. All the companies are looking forward to a particularly large second cabin patronage. There will be thousands of people coming across the ocean for the exposition who ordinarily can not afford the money for travel. These people are likely to be economical in their expenditure for passage, saving their money to spend at the exposition. It is fair to estimate that the average price paid for a first cabin passage will be \$110. Rates will range from \$50 for inside state-rooms on the slow ships to \$85 for the cheapest rooms on the fast ships. On the big liners there will be no rate under \$65 for first cabin and very few berths will be for sale at that price. From the passage prices will run up to \$200 for a single person in the best state-rooms and as high as \$450 for those few luxurious passengers who are willing to pay the privilege of sleeping alone in the finest cabin. Second cabin passages will run about as it does now, from \$40 to \$70.

Living Expenses. Now as to the matter of expense after reaching Paris. There will be, as there always is, a choice of three modes of living in the French capital. One will be in hotels, of course. One will be "on pension" or in boarding houses. The third will be in "chambres meubles" or furnished rooms, taking meals outside. The Parisian hotel varies as widely in its price as do the hotels in New York. In the grand new Palais hotel, which has recently been erected on the Champs Elysees and is the most beautiful hotel in the world, rates now range from \$2.50 to \$10 per room per day. This, of course, does not include meals. The cost of meals at the Palais is about \$1 for breakfast, \$1.50 for

lunch and \$2 for dinner. On the other hand, there are scores of pleasant little hotels scattered throughout Paris where one can secure comfortable rooms for from 50 cents to \$1.50 a day. The first Parisian breakfast consists of coffee and rolls only and by the economical person can be secured for 20 cents. The second breakfast, or déjeuner, can be purchased by the same person for from 50 cents to 75 cents. Dinner in moderate-priced restaurants ranges from 75 cents to \$1. In French boarding houses one can make rates by the day as well as by the week. In one which I know of, where the rooms are pleasant, the attendance good and the table all that can be desired, the rate runs from \$1.50 a day up to about \$5 a day. The difference in rates depends not so much on the quality of the room which one secures as on the number of flights of stairs one must climb before reaching it. There are very few pensions in Paris which are provided with elevators, although most of them are from five to seven stories high. Furnished rooms in respectable neighborhoods, with good attendance and candles,

can be hired as low as 3 francs a day and from that price the visiting American can go as much higher as he pleases. These are the prices of the ordinary season. Add to them 15 per cent and you will have an idea about what will be charged during the exposition year. Some of the more important Parisian hotels have already rented every room they have for the entire period of the exposition. This is true of the Palace hotel, of which I have already

spoken, of the Hotel Du Rhin (a hostelry into which one can not gain admittance without strong letters of introduction), and others. American and English people have already begun to make arrangements. In at least one pension nearly every room has been disposed of for the exposition year. An interesting enterprise which is under way was devised by an American artist. He is arranging to charter entire one of the small Parisian hotels for the whole exposition season, and the low rates which will result will be available only to working artists and writers. With these figures at hand it will not be difficult to form an estimate of about what the lowest cost of a comfortable trip to the Paris exposition and maintenance while here will cost. Take the lowest first cabin figures—\$50 each way—that gives \$100 for steamer and expenses on the steamer, making in all \$120 for transportation over and back on a ten-day boat. In Paris, as I have already explained, about the cheapest way of living respectably would be in a furnished room, taking meals outside. In this way 11 francs a day, or about \$2.50 can be made to cover the cost of maintenance. Tickets to the exposition will cost 5 francs, or \$1 each.

Beautiful Decorations. And no matter how many of us come over here, we are all likely to be pretty contented. Paris may be located almost in the heart of the most beautiful part of the city. The same French government which will call out 15,000 men to protect its president when he goes to the races will not hesitate to appropriate large sums for the decoration of the city outside of the exposition grounds. I had a talk with an artist who was present with me at the queen's jubilee in London in 1897. The English street decorations along the route of the parade were then said to have been the most beautiful and expensive the world had ever seen. This artist, who is now engaged in preparing some of the designs for the French decorations, tells me that there will be thirty miles of streets more beautifully decorated than any were in London, and that the decorations will not be for a day, but planned to remain in good condition for the entire summer.

The Champs Elysees, for instance, from which the main entrance to the grounds will open, will be flanked by decorated columns, some sculptured, some covered with painting and some decorated with cut flowers, which will be renewed daily. It had been originally planned to erect a series of overhanging decorations along this avenue from the Place de la Concorde to the Arch de Triomphe, but this scheme was rejected because it would have interfered with the magnificent vistas which now make the Champs Elysees the most beautiful avenue in the world. The Boulevard des Italiens will be lined with elaborate decorations and all the squares and innumerable circles in Paris will show their tunting and put on their gala dress. At night beautiful designs and colored lights will take the place of the colored flags and Paris will become a literal fairyland. Out on the Avenue Rapp are the splendid offices of the American commissioner. When I was there recently Commissioner Peck was away, but assistant-fine, pleasant-mannered Commissioner Woodward told me that

newest of the countries, will come over here and do something in the very art center of the old world which will be striking and meritorious. The man in charge of the great art collection and arrangement—John B. Cauldwell of New York—will, I am sure, please everybody. "Some of the state exhibits will be very fine. California is particularly proud of its horticultural interests, New York is anxious to show its great strides in the path leading toward popular education. Iowa and Illinois have both appropriated large sums toward making their agricultural display perfect and developing the idea of establishing experiments in kitchen and cooking work. These two states will especially emphasize the advantages of corn as a food product. Corn is little known over here, and the Frenchman—who always likes good things to eat—will open his eyes and smack his lips when he tastes our American corn muffins. "Nearly all the states are planning for special exhibits. We are also trying to secure some annexes to our national exhibit, one in which to show the workings of our Agricultural department, and another one with a typical western log cabin, especially imported for a forest and fisheries exhibition. We feel that we have something to show concerning our merchant marine, and also trying to annex a building in which to give an idea of our chemical industries. Still another plan which we have in mind is the erection of a great American printing press. Europeans understand little about American journalism and almost nothing of its mechanical details. There is not a paper in Paris, for instance, which can print more than 10,000 four-page copies in an hour on any one of its printing presses. In America there are presses in existence which will deliver, cut, folded, pasted and counted, 48,000 sixteen-page newspapers, printed in five colors, every sixty minutes. This would be equal to 152,000 of the French four-page papers every hour."

The American government and the various state governments will officially spend more than \$2,000,000 on the exposition. The federal appropriation amounts to \$1,500,000, and in addition to that almost every one of the states has appropriated a sum. These state appropriations range between \$10,000 and \$120,000. Building the Big Show. The man who said that every street in Paris seemed to be called the "Rue Barce" (closed street) spoke wisely. The French capital is literally torn asunder and turned upside down by the approaching exposition. It is planned for an American who knows aught of our World's fair of 1894 to contemplate the exposition grounds in Paris. They will not compare with the great World's fair grounds in Chicago. This may be wholly because of the circumscribed space and it may be because the French do not understand as well as we do how to lay out the site for such a great show. There will be no such grand whole at Paris in 1900 as there was in Chicago six years ago. Some of the buildings will be fine, two particularly—the great and little palaces which will glare superbly and almost virgin white on the Champs Elysees after they are finished will be finer than anything that Chicago had. This is not because of their impressive design, nor because of their tremendous size, but because of the fact that they have

been constructed of solid stone, without any of the subterfuges usually resorted to in exposition buildings, and are planned to remain permanent after the Paris show of 1900 has passed into one of the memories of the great French capital. From the same vast subterranean tract in which the Catacombs grin gloomily horrid beneath the city, the stone for these buildings has been excavated in tremendous blocks, soft and almost as workable as clay. Before the exposure to the air hardens it this pleasant sandstone can be easily carved into those delightful designs of which the French sculptors are so thoroughly the masters. You can saw this stone with cross-cut saws as they saw logs in the forests of Michigan. You can chip it with axes as the American carpenter chips his timber with his adze. It is scarcely less easy to handle than wood and is the whiter and beauty of marble after it has been placed in position. The whole tremendous enclosure in which these great buildings are being constructed shines and glitters blindingly from the white dust of this strange stone. Famous Alexander Bridge. These buildings form a group by themselves and between them will be the beginning of the exposition's great avenue. From them it will reach to the Alexander bridge, a magnificent structure of iron and carved stone, more than twice as wide as any other bridge in Paris. This bridge is the very climax of the Russian. French, which oppressed Paris two years ago, when the czar paid his respects to the French capital. Its ironwork and its stonework are full of designs and symbols indicating the fact that it was planned in honor of the czar. France is somewhat uncertain in its foreign relations with the balance of the world and what it would do with this marvelous bridge in case the cordiality now existing between herself and Russia should suddenly cease is an interesting matter for speculation. Not far above it a great embankment has been built out into the Seine, which will carry one of the most interesting groups of buildings in the entire exposition. These will represent old Paris. Stuccoed and brown-beamed, high-peaked and quaint, they will show the visitor of next year a glimpse of the very climax of the Russian. French wrote about the Paris where every man needed to go armed to avoid assassination, the Paris in which the nation's rulers were changed as easily as the Parisian of today changes his coat, the Paris where intrigue and plotting and conspiring only gave way

to such gorgeous fetes as we never see today. Across the bridge, with the gilded dome of the Hotel des Invalides as its climax, the great avenue continues between buildings which will doubtless be beautiful when the time comes, but which at this stage look unmistakably cheap and tawdry. Flopping muslin, partially applied stucco, gaping windows—all the flimsy details of temporary structures show now unpleasantly. But the committee in charge has formally announced to the American commission that these buildings will be the first to be ready for occupancy, and that exhibitors may plan on beginning to move in by the latter part of next month. The Paris exposition will, it is promised, be that unique thing among shows of its kind—an exhibition which will be ready at the moment advertised. Slightly beyond and to the right of the Hotel des Invalides is the old Eiffel tower, not less majestic in its skeleton tracery of iron than it was in the gay days of the great show of '89. Around it will be clustered the many curious which the ingenious Frenchman has devised for the entertainment of his guests in 1900. Here will be the great telescope which of itself deserves an entire article. Here, also, will be the only artificial body of water which the exposition will have to show—albeit little lake and waterfall, in sad contrast to the great lagoons and twisting waterways of the Chicago exposition. Not far away the Electric Palace will gleam gorgeously with its colored glass and running water. What will be an exaggerated resemblance to the wild hilarity of Chicago's will also be located in this neighborhood.

Handling the Crowds. The most elaborate preparations are being made by the Parisian authorities for handling the crowds. An electric underground railway is in course of construction, and indeed nearly completed. It will consist of a tunnel lined with white tile, and will, of course, be run on electric motive power, be entirely free from smoke and other disagreeable features. This, in connection with the already existing street car lines and omnibus routes, will furnish ample street transportation. The Parisian car system is well nigh perfect, also, and will be greatly improved by the addition of another line in the exposition year. The rate is fixed. A trip, long or short, in a Paris cab costs 30 cents. The rate by the hour is 40 cents. One of the important problems which confronts the authorities concerns the handling of street traffic by the police. During the last exhibition of Paris the gendarmes were extremely incompetent and unsatisfactory. Street blockades and accidents were very common. The work of the London police in controlling the enormous traffic which passes through the narrow streets of the English metropolis is almost ideal, and it is planned for the next year it is probable that better work will be done by the French police. A certain proportion of the gendarmes here have already had their swords taken away and have substituted for them little white billies like the day clubs carried by the force in New York City. Under the direction of the chief of these men are already being taught the secret of controlling traffic and stringent prosecutions are teaching the ebullient French cabmen the advisability of not obeying the verbal orders of the gendarmery, but their slightest gesture as well. It is doubtful if any one visiting the Paris exposition from America will be disappointed. Even at this stage of its preparation it is easy to see that it will be a great and marvelous show.

A NEW MARK TWAIN STORY. A bottle of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne with your dinner makes it complete. It pleases everyone. A certain editor in New York, who writes the Saturday Evening Post, with whom the power of the daily press is such a hobby that he raises the salary of a sub-editor who suggested a "Sunday special" on "Famous Graduates of the Reporters' Room," and at once assigned his best dressed reporter to interview leading authors along this line. It happened that Mark Twain was in New York, and the editor counted on him as a striking example of the literary value of newspaper training. The reporter was ordered to spare no space for the interview. Yet when the article appeared Mr. Clemens' name was conspicuously absent. "It was this way," Mr. Clemens received the reporter with his customary urbanity, though he shrugged his shoulders when he learned what paper the young man represented. As usual, Mr. Clemens was a most elusive man to pin down in an interview, but at last the reporter gathered his wits and asked the question which he meant should put his article. "Mr. Twain," he asked, "to what one thing most of all do you owe your marvelous success in literature?" He had counted on "my newspaper training" as the answer. The famous humorist had shut his eyes, thought a few moments in silence, and then said decisively: "To the fact that when I was young and very ambitious I lost my job." "What job?" he asked. "It was your job, Mr. Twain," exclaimed the puzzled reporter. "Certainly, sir; certainly," replied Mr. Clemens with great suavely. "I was a reporter."

AMERICAN STATUE OF ELECTRICITY. PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS EXPOSITION. The American pavilion will have a floor area of 75x90 feet. There will be four stories and aside from the offices of the commissioner general and his staff of twelve commissioners for 1900 the building will be practically a home for visiting Americans. There will be reading rooms, resting rooms, smoking rooms, toilet rooms, a bureau for guides endorsed by the commissioner, a branch of the New York Chamber of Commerce, facilities for exchanging money and offices of American express companies. Even with all these things there will be space left to be utilized. Paris is probably to be divided into rooms for separate states and groups of states, in which one of the pleasantest features will be complete files of home papers. I asked Commissioner Woodward what he thought would be the finest American exhibit. "Probably machinery and electricity," he replied. "I expect America to take more space in those sections than in any other. In one field, which was at the beginning essentially French, we have made marked inroads. Our exhibit of American automobiles will be extremely fine. "Another and very gratifying exhibit will be that which our painters will make. Our share of the art section will unquestionably be a revelation to France. There is something fine in thinking that America, the

most elaborate preparations are being made by the Parisian authorities for handling the crowds. An electric underground railway is in course of construction, and indeed nearly completed. It will consist of a tunnel lined with white tile, and will, of course, be run on electric motive power, be entirely free from smoke and other disagreeable features. This, in connection with the already existing street car lines and omnibus routes, will furnish ample street transportation. The Parisian car system is well nigh perfect, also, and will be greatly improved by the addition of another line in the exposition year. The rate is fixed. A trip, long or short, in a Paris cab costs 30 cents. The rate by the hour is 40 cents. One of the important problems which confronts the authorities concerns the handling of street traffic by the police. During the last exhibition of Paris the gendarmes were extremely incompetent and unsatisfactory. Street blockades and accidents were very common. The work of the London police in controlling the enormous traffic which passes through the narrow streets of the English metropolis is almost ideal, and it is planned for the next year it is probable that better work will be done by the French police. A certain proportion of the gendarmes here have already had their swords taken away and have substituted for them little white billies like the day clubs carried by the force in New York City. Under the direction of the chief of these men are already being taught the secret of controlling traffic and stringent prosecutions are teaching the ebullient French cabmen the advisability of not obeying the verbal orders of the gendarmery, but their slightest gesture as well. It is doubtful if any one visiting the Paris exposition from America will be disappointed. Even at this stage of its preparation it is easy to see that it will be a great and marvelous show.

A NEW MARK TWAIN STORY. A bottle of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne with your dinner makes it complete. It pleases everyone. A certain editor in New York, who writes the Saturday Evening Post, with whom the power of the daily press is such a hobby that he raises the salary of a sub-editor who suggested a "Sunday special" on "Famous Graduates of the Reporters' Room," and at once assigned his best dressed reporter to interview leading authors along this line. It happened that Mark Twain was in New York, and the editor counted on him as a striking example of the literary value of newspaper training. The reporter was ordered to spare no space for the interview. Yet when the article appeared Mr. Clemens' name was conspicuously absent. "It was this way," Mr. Clemens received the reporter with his customary urbanity, though he shrugged his shoulders when he learned what paper the young man represented. As usual, Mr. Clemens was a most elusive man to pin down in an interview, but at last the reporter gathered his wits and asked the question which he meant should put his article. "Mr. Twain," he asked, "to what one thing most of all do you owe your marvelous success in literature?" He had counted on "my newspaper training" as the answer. The famous humorist had shut his eyes, thought a few moments in silence, and then said decisively: "To the fact that when I was young and very ambitious I lost my job." "What job?" he asked. "It was your job, Mr. Twain," exclaimed the puzzled reporter. "Certainly, sir; certainly," replied Mr. Clemens with great suavely. "I was a reporter."

A NEW MARK TWAIN STORY. A bottle of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne with your dinner makes it complete. It pleases everyone. A certain editor in New York, who writes the Saturday Evening Post, with whom the power of the daily press is such a hobby that he raises the salary of a sub-editor who suggested a "Sunday special" on "Famous Graduates of the Reporters' Room," and at once assigned his best dressed reporter to interview leading authors along this line. It happened that Mark Twain was in New York, and the editor counted on him as a striking example of the literary value of newspaper training. The reporter was ordered to spare no space for the interview. Yet when the article appeared Mr. Clemens' name was conspicuously absent. "It was this way," Mr. Clemens received the reporter with his customary urbanity, though he shrugged his shoulders when he learned what paper the young man represented. As usual, Mr. Clemens was a most elusive man to pin down in an interview, but at last the reporter gathered his wits and asked the question which he meant should put his article. "Mr. Twain," he asked, "to what one thing most of all do you owe your marvelous success in literature?" He had counted on "my newspaper training" as the answer. The famous humorist had shut his eyes, thought a few moments in silence, and then said decisively: "To the fact that when I was young and very ambitious I lost my job." "What job?" he asked. "It was your job, Mr. Twain," exclaimed the puzzled reporter. "Certainly, sir; certainly," replied Mr. Clemens with great suavely. "I was a reporter."

A NEW MARK TWAIN STORY. A bottle of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne with your dinner makes it complete. It pleases everyone. A certain editor in New York, who writes the Saturday Evening Post, with whom the power of the daily press is such a hobby that he raises the salary of a sub-editor who suggested a "Sunday special" on "Famous Graduates of the Reporters' Room," and at once assigned his best dressed reporter to interview leading authors along this line. It happened that Mark Twain was in New York, and the editor counted on him as a striking example of the literary value of newspaper training. The reporter was ordered to spare no space for the interview. Yet when the article appeared Mr. Clemens' name was conspicuously absent. "It was this way," Mr. Clemens received the reporter with his customary urbanity, though he shrugged his shoulders when he learned what paper the young man represented. As usual, Mr. Clemens was a most elusive man to pin down in an interview, but at last the reporter gathered his wits and asked the question which he meant should put his article. "Mr. Twain," he asked, "to what one thing most of all do you owe your marvelous success in literature?" He had counted on "my newspaper training" as the answer. The famous humorist had shut his eyes, thought a few moments in silence, and then said decisively: "To the fact that when I was young and very ambitious I lost my job." "What job?" he asked. "It was your job, Mr. Twain," exclaimed the puzzled reporter. "Certainly, sir; certainly," replied Mr. Clemens with great suavely. "I was a reporter."

A NEW MARK TWAIN STORY. A bottle of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne with your dinner makes it complete. It pleases everyone. A certain editor in New York, who writes the Saturday Evening Post, with whom the power of the daily press is such a hobby that he raises the salary of a sub-editor who suggested a "Sunday special" on "Famous Graduates of the Reporters' Room," and at once assigned his best dressed reporter to interview leading authors along this line. It happened that Mark Twain was in New York, and the editor counted on him as a striking example of the literary value of newspaper training. The reporter was ordered to spare no space for the interview. Yet when the article appeared Mr. Clemens' name was conspicuously absent. "It was this way," Mr. Clemens received the reporter with his customary urbanity, though he shrugged his shoulders when he learned what paper the young man represented. As usual, Mr. Clemens was a most elusive man to pin down in an interview, but at last the reporter gathered his wits and asked the question which he meant should put his article. "Mr. Twain," he asked, "to what one thing most of all do you owe your marvelous success in literature?" He had counted on "my newspaper training" as the answer. The famous humorist had shut his eyes, thought a few moments in silence, and then said decisively: "To the fact that when I was young and very ambitious I lost my job." "What job?" he asked. "It was your job, Mr. Twain," exclaimed the puzzled reporter. "Certainly, sir; certainly," replied Mr. Clemens with great suavely. "I was a reporter."

A NEW MARK TWAIN STORY. A bottle of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne with your dinner makes it complete. It pleases everyone. A certain editor in New York, who writes the Saturday Evening Post, with whom the power of the daily press is such a hobby that he raises the salary of a sub-editor who suggested a "Sunday special" on "Famous Graduates of the Reporters' Room," and at once assigned his best dressed reporter to interview leading authors along this line. It happened that Mark Twain was in New York, and the editor counted on him as a striking example of the literary value of newspaper training. The reporter was ordered to spare no space for the interview. Yet when the article appeared Mr. Clemens' name was conspicuously absent. "It was this way," Mr. Clemens received the reporter with his customary urbanity, though he shrugged his shoulders when he learned what paper the young man represented. As usual, Mr. Clemens was a most elusive man to pin down in an interview, but at last the reporter gathered his wits and asked the question which he meant should put his article. "Mr. Twain," he asked, "to what one thing most of all do you owe your marvelous success in literature?" He had counted on "my newspaper training" as the answer. The famous humorist had shut his eyes, thought a few moments in silence, and then said decisively: "To the fact that when I was young and very ambitious I lost my job." "What job?" he asked. "It was your job, Mr. Twain," exclaimed the puzzled reporter. "Certainly, sir; certainly," replied Mr. Clemens with great suavely. "I was a reporter."

A NEW MARK TWAIN STORY. A bottle of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne with your dinner makes it complete. It pleases everyone. A certain editor in New York, who writes the Saturday Evening Post, with whom the power of the daily press is such a hobby that he raises the salary of a sub-editor who suggested a "Sunday special" on "Famous Graduates of the Reporters' Room," and at once assigned his best dressed reporter to interview leading authors along this line. It happened that Mark Twain was in New York, and the editor counted on him as a striking example of the literary value of newspaper training. The reporter was ordered to spare no space for the interview. Yet when the article appeared Mr. Clemens' name was conspicuously absent. "It was this way," Mr. Clemens received the reporter with his customary urbanity, though he shrugged his shoulders when he learned what paper the young man represented. As usual, Mr. Clemens was a most elusive man to pin down in an interview, but at last the reporter gathered his wits and asked the question which he meant should put his article. "Mr. Twain," he asked, "to what one thing most of all do you owe your marvelous success in literature?" He had counted on "my newspaper training" as the answer. The famous humorist had shut his eyes, thought a few moments in silence, and then said decisively: "To the fact that when I was young and very ambitious I lost my job." "What job?" he asked. "It was your job, Mr. Twain," exclaimed the puzzled reporter. "Certainly, sir; certainly," replied Mr. Clemens with great suavely. "I was a reporter."

A NEW MARK TWAIN STORY. A bottle of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne with your dinner makes it complete. It pleases everyone. A certain editor in New York, who writes the Saturday Evening Post, with whom the power of the daily press is such a hobby that he raises the salary of a sub-editor who suggested a "Sunday special" on "Famous Graduates of the Reporters' Room," and at once assigned his best dressed reporter to interview leading authors along this line. It happened that Mark Twain was in New York, and the editor counted on him as a striking example of the literary value of newspaper training. The reporter was ordered to spare no space for the interview. Yet when the article appeared Mr. Clemens' name was conspicuously absent. "It was this way," Mr. Clemens received the reporter with his customary urbanity, though he shrugged his shoulders when he learned what paper the young man represented. As usual, Mr. Clemens was a most elusive man to pin down in an interview, but at last the reporter gathered his wits and asked the question which he meant should put his article. "Mr. Twain," he asked, "to what one thing most of all do you owe your marvelous success in literature?" He had counted on "my newspaper training" as the answer. The famous humorist had shut his eyes, thought a few moments in silence, and then said decisively: "To the fact that when I was young and very ambitious I lost my job." "What job?" he asked. "It was your job, Mr. Twain," exclaimed the puzzled reporter. "Certainly, sir; certainly," replied Mr. Clemens with great suavely. "I was a reporter."

A NEW MARK TWAIN STORY. A bottle of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne with your dinner makes it complete. It pleases everyone. A certain editor in New York, who writes the Saturday Evening Post, with whom the power of the daily press is such a hobby that he raises the salary of a sub-editor who suggested a "Sunday special" on "Famous Graduates of the Reporters' Room," and at once assigned his best dressed reporter to interview leading authors along this line. It happened that Mark Twain was in New York, and the editor counted on him as a striking example of the literary value of newspaper training. The reporter was ordered to spare no space for the interview. Yet when the article appeared Mr. Clemens' name was conspicuously absent. "It was this way," Mr. Clemens received the reporter with his customary urbanity, though he shrugged his shoulders when he learned what paper the young man represented. As usual, Mr. Clemens was a most elusive man to pin down in an interview, but at last the reporter gathered his wits and asked the question which he meant should put his article. "Mr. Twain," he asked, "to what one thing most of all do you owe your marvelous success in literature?" He had counted on "my newspaper training" as the answer. The famous humorist had shut his eyes, thought a few moments in silence, and then said decisively: "To the fact that when I was young and very ambitious I lost my job." "What job?" he asked. "It was your job, Mr. Twain," exclaimed the puzzled reporter. "Certainly, sir; certainly," replied Mr. Clemens with great suavely. "I was a reporter."

A NEW MARK TWAIN STORY. A bottle of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne with your dinner makes it complete. It pleases everyone. A certain editor in New York, who writes the Saturday Evening Post, with whom the power of the daily press is such a hobby that he raises the salary of a sub-editor who suggested a "Sunday special" on "Famous Graduates of the Reporters' Room," and at once assigned his best dressed reporter to interview leading authors along this line. It happened that Mark Twain was in New York, and the editor counted on him as a striking example of the literary value of newspaper training. The reporter was ordered to spare no space for the interview. Yet when the article appeared Mr. Clemens' name was conspicuously absent. "It was this way," Mr. Clemens received the reporter with his customary urbanity, though he shrugged his shoulders when he learned what paper the young man represented. As usual, Mr. Clemens was a most elusive man to pin down in an interview, but at last the reporter gathered his wits and asked the question which he meant should put his article. "Mr. Twain," he asked, "to what one thing most of all do you owe your marvelous success in literature?" He had counted on "my newspaper training" as the answer. The famous humorist had shut his eyes, thought a few moments in silence, and then said decisively: "To the fact that when I was young and very ambitious I lost my job." "What job?" he asked. "It was your job, Mr. Twain," exclaimed the puzzled reporter. "Certainly, sir; certainly," replied Mr. Clemens with great suavely. "I was a reporter."

A NEW MARK TWAIN STORY. A bottle of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne with your dinner makes it complete. It pleases everyone. A certain editor in New York, who writes the Saturday Evening Post, with whom the power of the daily press is such a hobby that he raises the salary of a sub-editor who suggested a "Sunday special" on "Famous Graduates of the Reporters' Room," and at once assigned his best dressed reporter to interview leading authors along this line. It happened that Mark Twain was in New York, and the editor counted on him as a striking example of the literary value of newspaper training. The reporter was ordered to spare no space for the interview. Yet when the article appeared Mr. Clemens' name was conspicuously absent. "It was this way," Mr. Clemens received the reporter with his customary urbanity, though he shrugged his shoulders when he learned what paper the young man represented. As usual, Mr. Clemens was a most elusive man to pin down in an interview, but at last the reporter gathered his wits and asked the question which he meant should put his article. "Mr. Twain," he asked, "to what one thing most of all do you owe your marvelous success in literature?" He had counted on "my newspaper training" as the answer. The famous humorist had shut his eyes, thought a few moments in silence, and then said decisively: "To the fact that when I was young and very ambitious I lost my job." "What job?" he asked. "It was your job, Mr. Twain," exclaimed the puzzled reporter. "Certainly, sir; certainly," replied Mr. Clemens with great suavely. "I was a reporter."

A NEW MARK TWAIN STORY. A bottle of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne with your dinner makes it complete. It pleases everyone. A certain editor in New York, who writes the Saturday Evening Post, with whom the power of the daily press is such a hobby that he raises the salary of a sub-editor who suggested a "Sunday special" on "Famous Graduates of the Reporters' Room," and at once assigned his best dressed reporter to interview leading authors along this line. It happened that Mark Twain was in New York, and the editor counted on him as a striking example of the literary value of newspaper training. The reporter was ordered to spare no space for the interview. Yet when the article appeared Mr. Clemens' name was conspicuously absent. "It was this way," Mr. Clemens received the reporter with his customary urbanity, though he shrugged his shoulders when he learned what paper the young man represented. As usual, Mr. Clemens was a most elusive man to pin down in an interview, but at last the reporter gathered his wits and asked the question which he meant should put his article. "Mr. Twain," he asked, "to what one thing most of all do you owe your marvelous success in literature?" He had counted on "my newspaper training" as the answer. The famous humorist had shut his eyes, thought a few moments in silence, and then said decisively: "To the fact that when I was young and very ambitious I lost my job." "What job?" he asked. "It was your job, Mr. Twain," exclaimed the puzzled reporter. "Certainly, sir; certainly," replied Mr. Clemens with great suavely. "I was a reporter."

A NEW MARK TWAIN STORY. A bottle of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne with your dinner makes it complete. It pleases everyone. A certain editor in New York, who writes the Saturday Evening Post, with whom the power of the daily press is such a hobby that he raises the salary of a sub-editor who suggested a "Sunday special" on "Famous Graduates of the Reporters' Room," and at once assigned his best dressed reporter to interview leading authors along this line. It happened that Mark Twain was in New York, and the editor counted on him as a striking example of the literary value of newspaper training. The reporter was ordered to spare no space for the interview. Yet when the article appeared Mr. Clemens' name was conspicuously absent. "It was this way," Mr. Clemens received the reporter with his customary urbanity, though he shrugged his shoulders when he learned what paper the young man represented. As usual, Mr. Clemens was a most elusive man to pin down in an interview, but at last the reporter gathered his wits and asked the question which he meant should put his article. "Mr. Twain," he asked, "to what one thing most of all do you owe your marvelous success in literature?" He had counted on "my newspaper training" as the answer. The famous humorist had shut his eyes, thought a few moments in silence, and then said decisively: "To the fact that when I was young and very ambitious I lost my job." "What job?" he asked. "It was your job, Mr. Twain," exclaimed the puzzled reporter. "Certainly, sir; certainly," replied Mr. Clemens with great suavely. "I was a reporter."

Orchard & Wilhelm Sale

Another Lot of Gilt-Edge Shopping Books Given Away

To Lady Visitors to This Sale

All Drop Patterns of Carpets, Sample Pieces of Furniture, Odd Pairs of Curtains, Short Lengths of Upholstery Goods

75c INGRAIN CARPET AT 50c

Sufficient for About 50 Carpets of the Very Best Quality Extra Super All Wool Ingrain Taken From Our Regular Stock.

Union art squares, 3x2 1/2 yards, in this sale \$2.65.

Union art squares, 3x3 yards, in this sale \$3.25.

Union art squares, 3x3 1/2 yards, in this sale \$3.85.

Union art squares, 3x4 yards, in this sale \$4.50.

3x6 feet selvaige Smyrna rugs, \$2.58.

4x6 feet selvaige Smyrna rugs, \$4.50.

85c odd Brussels border, reduced to 47 1/2c a yard.

98c quality Brussels stair carpet, now 55c a yard.

Remnants of all wool ingrain carpets, 40c a yard.

\$50.00 solid mahogany bedroom suit, \$175.00; this suit is hand-carved from the finest Cuban mahogany, the carving alone cost as much as we now ask for the entire suit. It's a perfect in design, quality and workmanship.

500 hammock ropes, extra length, with the patent fastener, to be sold in this sale at 7c each.

\$10.00 solid mahogany arm dining chair, upholstered seat, satin wood inlaid lines, sale price \$6.75.

\$8.00 solid mahogany dining room chair, upholstered seat, inlaid lines, sale price \$5.25.

\$48.00 dining table, mahogany, round top, handsome design, highly polished, a big bargain at sale price, \$33.00.

\$54.00 mahogany sideboard, serpentine front and ends, hand-carved and polished, goes at sale price, \$36.00.

\$22.50 dining table, Flemish oak, 10-foot, choice Flemish design, richly carved and finished, extra value, sale price \$16.50.

\$39.00 Flemish oak sideboard, artistic design, high grade, hand-carved and polished, at sale price, \$28.00.

\$45.00 Flemish Sideboard, "canopy top," handsome design, rich ornamentations, hand carved—sale price, \$31.50.

\$38.00 set 6 regular Dining Chairs and 1 arm Chair, Flemish oak, box frame, leather seat and back, and this set of 7 chairs will go at sale price, \$26.50.

\$27.50 set Flemish box frame Dining Chairs, cane seat, 6 small chairs and 1 arm chair—sale price, \$18.50.

\$69.00 Flemish Cabinet, a reproduction from the real article, handsomely carved, high grade work, and this superior piece at sale price, \$48.00.

\$125.00 Oak Bedroom Suit, large, massive and handsome, hand carved and polished, extra