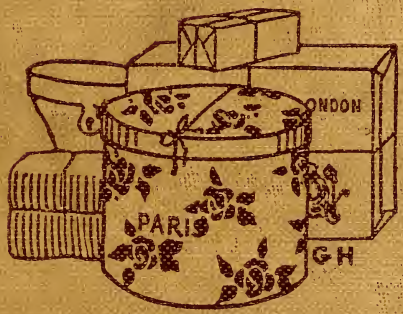
A SHOPPING GUIDE TO PARIS AND LONDON



FRANCES
SHEAFER
WAXMAN

A SHOPPING GUIDE TO PARIS AND LONDON

The luxury stores, jewelers and perfumers are to be found on Regent Street

A Shopping Guide to Paris and London

by

Frances Sheafer Waxman

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INTRODUCTION

While London is certainly the shopping "paradise of men" just as Paris has long been acknowledged the "paradise of women," still both cities offer tempting attractions to voyagers of either sex, and the familiar aphorism, "London for men's clothes and Paris for women's," may occasionally be reversed. The two cities are not so far apart, despite race prejudices, but that their standards sometimes overlap. Within the

memory of the present generation, "Johnny Crapaud" wore shepherd-plaid trousers—with a French frock coat and a chimney-pot hat, to be sure—in the blissful belief that he looked "ver-ry Ainglich," and this, long before cosmopolitan King Edward with his warm French sympathies had brought about *l'entente cordiale.* A good many centuries ago, also, French supremacy in feminine fashions was acknowledged by a stern British war censor, when he passed across the French and English fighting lines a dressed manikin, so that England's women would not have to await the termination of a war to know the changes in French styles.

To-day a traveling woman may not deliberately go to London for French novelties, yet beautiful French blouses and model gowns may sometimes be picked up there out of season for a song. The choice London shops are, most of them, very small, and since they cannot carry a large stock, things are disposed of for what they will bring when it comes time to lay in a new supply. The women of Great Britain themselves will tell you that the time to look for bargains is late June. That is when they contrive, if they buy cautiously—and what English person does not?—to be in London. June marks the closing of the social season, at least so far as

clothes buying goes, and it is just before the onslaught of summer tourists sends prices up again. So, anyone starting a European trip by way of England, will do well to profit by these conditions and make a tour of the little shops on Oxford Street and its tributaries.

An American, accustomed to the orderliness of even the small stores of the small home towns, may at first find the shops of England and the Continent disconcerting. Things are so strewed about and piled up and hung up that it requires a "seeing eye" to pick out the good from the bad. The English way of putting all the choice wares in the window does

not make for comfort in shopping, either; for the salespeople have a rooted objection to disarranging a window decoration, even to satisfy a customer.

Still, that difficulty may be overcome with patience and persuasion, and it is not in the windows that you will find the real bargains, anyway. On a rack in a remote corner, soiled and very much mussed, you may come upon a lace coat of obvious French cut, and you will ask the saleswoman twice for the price when she tells you that it is marked fifteen shillings! You have seen similar garments at home, in the few shops that keep such finery, for no less

than twenty-five dollars. Another obscure counter may be piled up with mussed blouses, whose interest the seasoned shopper will at once detect. Many of them will be the genuine prim English silks, which no American woman of more elastic taste could bring herself to wear, but interspersed also will be dainty French embroidered models, often of lovely materials in exquisite shades, needing only a little freshening to make them quite new again. Five dollars may buy as many as three.

Shopping in London

SHOPPING IN LONDON

THE American woman, with but a few days to give to London shopping, may be much helped by a superficial knowledge of the sociological conditions which there govern that most alluring of feminine pastimes.

The London Shopkeeper

In the first place, it must be remembered that the department store, with its necessarily impersonal atmosphere, is a comparatively recent institution in England. The small shop allows a more intimate relation between buyer and seller than is possible in the

huge establishments of to-day. Incidentally, some personal responsibility enters into even the most trifling business there transacted. The proprietor comes to know his customers and to make every effort to satisfy them: an effort, which, if it succeeds at all, breeds a certain loyalty on the part of the customer toward the shop selected for patronage.

Very likely, in time, with the combining and centralizing of all industries, the day of the small shops will be over, even in conservative England: but things do not change there with the rapidity they do in America, which is why London still supports

innumerable small shops whose respective merits must remain a mystery to all but the best informed of travelers. Londoners themselves, of course, have their favorite places to buy particular things, and many of them make a point of patronizing shops where their parents and grandparents before them kept accounts. This is true also of all the inhabitants of the British Isles, and of people from the Colonies, who one and all cherish a kind of traditional shopping code which they can sometimes be induced to pass on to a sympathetic American.

The proprietor of the small English shop has an inherited conviction

that the people who come to see what he has to sell have need of a particular article, which they intend to buy. He therefore expects to make a sale, and this frank anticipation gives shopping in England a serious aspect, often disconcerting to the light-minded American tourist, who has no idea of buying anything not commandingly alluring. London salespeople, moreover, have an insistent way with them. They lack the suavity of manner of the Continentals, who have learned to cover their chagrin when a purchaser eludes them with a polite smile. The London salesman or girl can make a

The Insistent Salesperson

shopper who fails to buy feel very uncomfortable. This difference in the shopping cults of the two great English-speaking nations produces sometimes no little unpleasantness, because neither party to a shopping transaction understands the other's point of view. The salesperson is only perhaps "saving his head," for it is entirely possible that his position depends on his ability to force sales on an unwilling patron. The American naturally resents being obliged to disburse his travel funds on things he does not really want.

When Selfridge's was first opened in London and advertised as an

"American department store," all England predicted its failure. London had already a large combination establishment in Whiteley's, where they were fond of telling visitors that you could buy everything from "a pin to an elephant." But Whiteley's was a British institution, and neither its arrangement nor its conduct was in any way different—except in scale—from any other of the familiar London shops. Selfridge's does not look in the least like London, once you are inside. It might be a bit of Twenty-third Street or Broadway set down in the British metropolis.

"An American Department Store"

Its aisles are wide, its displays are coherently isolated. It is entirely possible to find there what you are looking for, without delving through piles of irrelevant things in which you have no interest. Also the article which has perhaps caught your eye in a window setting is to be had from the general stock. You are permitted, even encouraged, to exchange any article which may not have been found entirely satisfactory on a home inspection, and this last privilege is, or has been until lately, unheard of in the native London shops.

A young American woman, all ignorant of British etiquette on this point, once attempted to exchange

some artificial flowers she had bought at a large Oxford Street store. She had decided to substitute a wing in the trimming of a hat. It was not long before she discovered what a *faux pas* she was making, but, in a spirit of adventure, she determined to carry the incident to its conclusion. The operation was exciting enough, and, before she emerged triumphant with the wing, she had been called upon to explain to no less than twelve persons of graduated importance that there was nothing the matter with the flowers except that she did not want them, and had simply changed her mind in the matter of her hat trimming. Her victory was in the

Cheapside is an extension of High Holborn and is a shopping district of lower prices, but good values; a good place to buy gloves

end only due to her national audacity, and the fact that she was set down and excused as one of the "mad Americans."

The American Spender

It is not to be inferred, however, from these comparisons of methods, that shopping in London is altogether a disagreeable experience. It is a business that has to be learned like any other, and the invasion of London by Selfridge, and the continual stream of visiting Americans has had its ultimate effect on stolid British customs. Too much good American money is spent in London each year for the London shopkeeper to question the American

way of spending it, or willingly to antagonize his American patrons. But the traveler, intent on carrying away from London some of that city's "specialities" must go about getting them understandingly, which means that it is necessary to learn from a competent source where best the things he wants can be bought. If such information can be had from a seasoned Londoner, all the better. Baedeker devotes no less than eight pages to a classified list of recommended shops. The tourists' agencies keep the names of firms they know to be reliable for the benefit of their clients, and many of the American travelers' associations have

compiled through their members similar data.

London, like all large cities, has its professional shopping guides, who may be of tremendous assistance to a person who means to spend large sums of money for important purchases. Few women, however, enjoy shopping with a guide, above all in a land whose language they speak—or nearly speak, for the London shopgirl has her own names for her stock, and an American looking for "shoe strings" will perhaps have an amusing hunt, before she finds them classified as "li-cers."

London has a time-honored reputation for certain products; woolens

for example, and outing garments, gloves, flannels, all articles of men's apparel, hats, ties, sticks, sporting goods, certain kinds of jewelry, certain makes of china, cutlery, and the famous silver plate. These are all things better bought in London than almost anywhere else.

London Specialties

Really it pays the traveler, who plans an extended tour, to wait to lay in his traveling supplies at London. The English are themselves indefatigable "globe trotters," and they have learned from actual experience what are the essential traveling necessities. Moreover, being a practical people they make their things

uncommonly well. Their stuffs are intended to last, and their trunks and bags to wear. Even their silks, linens and cottons are of a durability unknown to most Americans, who are accustomed to buy for each season only. Quickly changing fashions discourage rather than induce with us a permanency of material. Not so in England. There, both the cut and the cloth of a raincoat or a tramper's suit are expected to endure through many a serviceable year.

Ready-made garments of good style and cut may be had at any of the larger London stores. Selfridge, of course, keeps them, and Peter Robinson, also Whiteley's, which is, how-

ever, a trifle out of the favorite American shopping district, the familiar "West End," where most of the higher priced and more pretentious shops are located. The firm of Debenham & Freebody of Cavendish Square is considered by English people as expensive, but "high class," which means that the things sold there are absolutely reliable. These people make a specialty of outdoor garments, and their furs are said to be of irreproachable quality. Resident Londoners also warmly recommend Marshall & Snelgrove, another "draper" with salesrooms in Oxford Street. The English "draper" is our dry-

goods merchant. Marshall & Snelgrove are general costumers, but they are thought particularly good for silks and trimmings of every description. They keep a very large stock, and supply most of the leading dressmakers. They always have a quantity of materials for mourning. They were one of the few London firms who had any mourning on hand to meet the rush when King Edward died, and when all London, including the visiting foreigners, hastened to provide themselves with the prescribed court black.

A recommended notion store—called in London a "haberdashery,"—is Frederick Gorringe's in Bucking-

ham Palace. Although the shop has various departments, supplying coats and skirts, hat and blouses, it is frequented more especially by Londoners for dress materials, gloves, ribbons, laces, and the many lesser commodities classified in trade as "usual wares."

Dickens & Jones is another big draper's shop, a very good style, with the usual departments. All these stores conduct lunch- and tea-rooms, which are a great convenience to the shopper. Woolland's, for example, serves a delicious tea for 6d., and light luncheon for 1/. This shop is in an attractive part of London, between Piccadilly and Knightsbridge, op-

posite Hyde Park, not in the more familiar West End, which, Londoners maintain, has been spoiled by its American patronage. Hence this Knightsbridge house has a special native following, as has also Harvey Nicolls of the same quarter, and the Harrod stores in Brompton Road, a large and fine establishment, which impresses the English as very much up-to-date because of its "lounge" and writing-room, its post-office, and its new Georgian restaurant at the top of the building; all London novelties, not so new to Americans.

Many London business men shop in the City, that territory which comprises the very heart of the great

English metropolis, and from which its vast expanse radiates. There are numerous tailors and outfitters in that practical quarter who are cheaper than those of the West End, and equally reliable.

The booksellers and print shops of London have a distinct character—almost anyone would like to buy a coveted edition of a favorite author from John and Edward Bumpus in the Holborn Bars. Good prints are to be had of Deighton in the Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, and Frederick Hollyer of Pembroke Square makes a specialty of reproductions of the modern English masters, especially the Pre-Raphaelites.

One peculiarity of British business customs the American shopper should know, and that is that the shopping-day does not begin in England as early as it does in alert America. London shops are seldom in good selling order before half-past ten. Wednesday is a day to avoid shopping. That being matinée day at the theaters, many cheap excursion trains are run in from the country, bringing crowds of "trippers" to the shows and the shops. On Saturday after one o'clock most of the shops are closed, though some of them substitute Thursday as their weekly half-holiday. These irregularities may prove

upsetting to a hurried tourist, before they are understood and accepted as part of a new and unfamiliar commercial system.

The English Cut

In buying ready-made garments, American women will find that the English cut is somewhat more narrow-chested than ours. Perhaps the two nations are of a different build; but, since the Canadians who shop in London complain of the same difficulty, it may be that the peoples of the newer countries carry their love of freedom into the fit of their clothing. At all events, the American shopper who buys coats or dresses in either England or France

must get a larger size than she usually wears, in order to arrive at the width of shoulders she is accustomed to. In France where the metric system is used, the markings must be read quite differently, and a person who is in the habit of buying a 36-inch waist will find one marked 46 there none too large.

Each of the larger drygoods stores of London has built up a reputation for some special thing. For example, Swan & Edgar keep pretty and moderate priced evening dresses. Certain Americans who shop often in London buy there the small books of assorted needles, which are a convenient adjunct of the sewing bag. The

silks to be had of John Lewis & Company are to be depended upon, and the blouses at Bourne & Holingsworth well repay investigation. Swears & Wells' Lilliputian House is noted for its children's clothing, just as Hamley's is for toys.

The Popular Shopping District

The district which includes Oxford Circus, Regent Street, New and Old Bond Street and Oxford Street is the popular tourist shopping territory. The establishments which line these streets vary considerably in the character and quality of their merchandise. The Regent Street and Bond Street shops are more exclusive and conse-

Piccadilly Circus marks one end of London's greatest shopping district—Regent Street as far as Oxford Circus. From this Circus all the other districts are within easy reach

quently more expensive. About Oxford Circus, things are cheaper, except at Jay's, which is now considered by " smart " English people as a little old-fashioned, but always reliable. Londoners go there for expensive dress blouses, and also for their mourning outfits. On Regent Street are the Liberty stores, very pleasurable places to visit. The Liberty stuffs, both for dresses and for decorative use, are now much sought after, and with justice too, since their beauty of design and of texture is quite exceptional. These materials are not to be duplicated anywhere else. The Liberty smocked frocks are by this time a sort of dress in-

stitution, and very pretty and graceful they are too, for grown-ups as well as for children.

There are of course in London, as also in Paris, certain dressmaking houses, whose names are as familiar to women interested in clothes as their own. Redfern, for example, needs no introduction to an American woman. Many of the important French houses maintain branch stores in London.

Every American man or woman expects to lay in a supply of good English gloves in London. These can safely be bought at any of the large stores, but Londoners themselves, particularly "city men," patronize

the London Glove Company in Cheapside. There long white gloves cost but four shillings, and gloves for ordinary street wear are as low as two and six. This shop, which is on the second floor, designated in England as the first, also sells satisfactory stockings.

Walpole's is a good place to buy linens, as are also the two Irish societies. The Cross leather goods are known to most Americans. English people think well of them, but they also buy from Drew & Sons in Piccadilly Circus. There is a small establishment in St. Paul's churchyard, kept by one Hassall, where men who know go for their brushes, just as

they buy their pipes, for which London is famous, at Loewe's in Haymarket, their hats at Heath's or Lincoln & Bennet's, and their sporting accessories at Gamage's.

Co-operative Stores

All England takes a sort of national pride in the London co-operative stores, which are quite unique and peculiar to that big city. They were founded originally to force down the "high cost of living," although their existence considerably antedates the now general agitation against this modern bugaboo. According to their social positions and affiliations, English men and women belong to the Army and Navy, the

Junior Army and Navy, or the two Civil Service societies. Since these organizations exist solely to keep prices down, their stores do actually sell at a smaller profit than the big shops can afford to allow themselves. A trifling yearly subscription is demanded of all would-be purchasers, who must, however, be vouched for by members or shareholders. This regulation, while it is no doubt wise, is irksome to the stranger who cannot consequently make purchases at any of the stores except through a member friend. When, however, they are accessible, these are good places to go for outdoor garments, polo coats, men's ulsters, etc. They also

sell very durable woolen underwear and stockings.

The jewelry shops of London are attractive, though they have not the advantage of so elegant a setting as the Paris Rue de la Paix. Most English people seem to look upon the Goldsmiths' & Silversmiths' Co. in Regent Street as the best of them all, though Hunt & Roskill and Wathers-ton & Sons have also their enthusias-tic *clientèle*. Mappan & Webb's is always recommended by Londoners as a good place to buy plated things. Tiffany has a branch in London, as he has also in Paris, but American travelers, much as they may like to come upon the familiar home names

in the streets of a foreign city, really prefer to buy from the shops which are as essentially and obviously English as the old Tower of London itself. This shopping where the natives do affords one of the pleasures of foreign travel, and a chance for a by-no-means frivolous study of national race differences. There is a peculiar satisfaction in knowing, if you have decided to invest in some of the famous English cutlery, that you can get what you want at Verinder's in Ludgate Hill, just as any well-informed Britisher would do.

Rather unexpectedly, as it happens, the things that have to do with the feminine toilet can be had in great

variety in London, for English women take excellent care of their lovely complexions and their abundant hair. Makers of perfumery and hairdressers are innumerable in London. There are endless novelties in toilet creams, pastes, powders and all that, to be had from these people. False hair is well made in London, and also much worn, despite the fact that there would seem to be not nearly so much need for it—even in a season when "rats" and "puffs" and "buns" are fashionable—among English women as among the more careless and less patient Americans. The confidential half-hour at bedtime

Toilet Preparations

The name Regent Street is indicative of shops of quality where a great variety of exclusive commodities is sold

over a glowing fire, with its "120 brush strokes," is no invention of the novelist who writes of English country life. It is an established institution, like the afternoon tea, and the tiresome duty of "putting the hair to bed" is thereby made the occasion for an intimate little visit, which might with profit be imitated by women of other nations who envy the blooming English belles their luxuriant tresses.

Rimmel's, in Regent Street, is a favorite English perfumery house. Others are found about the Burlington Arcade, which is London's *Palais Royal,* a fascinating place, but not regarded as entirely *convenable* for a

woman to wander about in alone. Men go there to Martin's for sticks and gloves.

Somewhat out of the crowded shopping quarter, and yet within walking distance is Tottenham Court Road, where are clustered many house furnishing establishments with substantial reputations. Maple is almost as celebrated as Waring & Gillow. Shoolbred is a house the English believe in, though many other things than house furnishings can be bought there. The casual tourist will probably not be especially interested in making purchases in this street, but a visit to the decorators may prove worth while, if only to learn how the

English go about the business of house furnishing. One thing is noticeable, and instructive too, and it is that—thanks perhaps to the far-reaching William Morris movement—cheap furnishings are not necessarily bad in England. Since the cottage system of housing was started there, the decorators have seen possibilities in unpretentious dwellings, and, while they can furnish a palace if they are called upon, they are not above turning their ingenuity and their artistic skill to such a humble problem as a workingman's home.

Tottenham Court Road is in the interesting and old-fashioned British Museum quarter. All about here

are antique shops, old book shops, picture dealers, even shops which bravely advertise that they supply pedigrees and coats of arms. It is a district with a flavor, and the leisurely traveler will enjoy browsing about its quiet streets. It bears a strong resemblance to certain old squares and streets of Boston and of Philadelphia, both cities which were influenced by the same British taste which built Berkley Square, and both sufficiently conservative to have left unspoiled here and there some of their architecture of pre-Revolutionary days.

Antique and Book Shops

Americans, both men and women,

who are shopping or sight-seeing in London—or both—are not long in acquiring the English afternoon tea habit. The British disposition of meal hours forces them to it. A wait of seven hours between lunch and dinner, especially when one is actively going about, produces an insistent void that calls for something, if it is only tea and cakes. It is amazing how the national beverage of England does revive a flagging enthusiasm. The English of course know and acknowledge its stimulating effects. "Poor mother," they will tell you, "she's a bit down. She hasn't had her tea yet." And "mother" is not the only one who is saved from wilt-

ing before the day is done by a cup of tea. Many an American man, who would at home rather despise tea as an almost exclusively feminine drink, soon learns its comforting effects and is ever after willing to partake of it for its own sake, and not only at the urging of a débutante who pours at a friend's reception. Whatever the medical people may say of the insidious, undermining influences of this brew of the East, so far neither the British complexion nor their nerves seem to have suffered very much from its copious use. And they do take it strong, too!—always with milk, not cream, be it noticed, nor yet lemon, and accompanied by thin slices of

bread and butter and tea cake. It is not a bad little snack, and it costs very little. London is dotted with small cake shops where anyone can stop at the giving-out point for the needed "pick-me-up." Of course there are expensive tea shops, which have a particularly smart patronage, like Rumpelmayer's, the same firm, whose Rue de Rivoli tea room in Paris is a fashionable *rendezvous,* during the season there. These people sell the most delectable French pastries and small cakes. Another fashionable tea room is Buszard's, which has an enduring renown for its wedding cake, a commodity visiting Americans, unless they aspire to a London

wedding, will scarcely have need of acquiring.

Eating in London

The question of eating in London is always rather serious. It is by no means either so entertaining or so easy to find there good, inexpensive restaurants, as it is in Paris. Above all is the traveler who arrives in London of a Sunday tried with British culinary and hospitable limitations. No one eats, apparently, on Sunday, except by previous appointment. Even the railway lunch rooms are closed. One solution of the meal problem is the somewhat bald plan of arranging for everything at a hotel or boarding house. But that leaves

unexplored all the fascinating and gay life of the cafés and restaurants, an ever-entertaining element whether viewed by a critical onlooker or a jovial participator. London has some world-renowned hotels, places which, at certain seasons of the year, are the meeting places of wealth and royalty. These, according to his means, a tourist can visit.

There is an interesting foreign quarter in Soho, where that great army of talent of all sorts, which makes London its headquarters, is wont to congregate. Some excellent French and Italian dinners are served there, but an alien must of course be guided by some resident artist or lit-

erary friend to the choicest of these retreats. No lady, obviously, could attempt such an expedition unaccompanied by a man. Ladies can still go to the Trocadero, where it is well to engage a table in the gallery in advance. The *clientèle* is gay and amusing, but does not bear too close examination. Dinner is five shillings and seven and six, the difference being not in the food, apparently, but in the flowers on the tables, a distinction which in France would be made instead in the quality of the wines served with the meal.

Shopping in Paris

SHOPPING IN PARIS

English and French Styles

The amount of enjoyment a visiting American will get out of a stay in either London or Paris depends largely on the individual temperament. A rough classification always gives the masculine preference to London and the feminine to Paris, and a plausible explanation is usually found in the relative shopping advantages of the two cities. But it is probable also that there still lingers in the male American's mind a little of the inherited British contempt for the

Latin man. No Englishman, and equally no American, would willingly set out to provide himself with a tight-fitting, braid-trimmed "cut-away" such as the well-dressed Frenchmen wear. As for the pointed French shoes and soft kid gloves, they are objects of ridicule and scorn. French masculinity finds its expression in other ways than dress, but no hurried tourist has either the opportunity or the perspicacity to discover it. Therefore the American turns to London for his styles, and while he may prefer his clothes of a looser fit than do his English cousins, he would not consider that he was belittling himself if, at a pinch, he were obliged

The column at the Place Vendôme marks the junction of the two greatest shopping streets, the Rue de la Paix and the Rue St. Honoré. Most of the shops retailing women's finery are here

to appear in a genuinely English outfit.

The American woman has not the same contempt for the English woman's manner of dress that the American man entertains for French styles, but she, being of a livelier imagination, selects from England what suits her needs and then wisely waits for Paris to give her *le dernier mot* in the matter of feminine fashions. Nor is she alone in thus looking to the French capital for guidance. The English women do it themselves. They frankly admit the supremacy of French taste, and they acknowledge the shortcomings of their own.

Speaking of English women's taste

in dress brings us to their renowned "tailor made." With these, as with men's garments, the cut is somewhat different from ours. English women do not call a suit a success unless it really fits their figures, and the unlovely results sometimes arrived at may therefore be less the tailor's fault than his model's. The English tailors do good work, and their stuffs are certainly of the best. The tweeds, serges and mixtures to be had in London, Edinburgh and Dublin cannot be surpassed in quality and durability.

Tailor-made Gowns

In Dublin can be found the celebrated homespun made by the Irish

peasants, under the administration of the Irish Home Industries Association. No woven material wears like it, and it can be had now, thanks to the oversight of the society, in a large and excellent variety of colors, other than that peculiar British green by which an English tourist is recognized anywhere on earth. It is this same society which has revived lace making in Ireland, thus providing for the improvident poor a remunerative occupation, and incidentally starting a vogue for their pretty and serviceable laces which has continued now through a good many seasons.

There was a time when French women would have scorned to wear so

rigid a garment as a tailor-made suit, and the short walking skirt was quite without the scope of their conception. English ideas have colored French fashions at least to the extent that all garments for outdoor use have been made serviceable rather than frivolous. The contrast of an English woman and a French one at an afternoon tea may not be in favor of the English woman, but make the same comparison on a Swiss mountain expedition and the English woman wins. She is, like her brother, essentially an outdoor person, and for her tramps and her games she dresses sensibly and appropriately.

For walking a skirt is certainly

more suitable worn short rather than with a train that must be held up French fashion. Very reluctantly the French woman has come to concede this important point, and so the *trotteuse* is now to be had in France. It is the walking skirt shorn of its train. With the coming of the tailor-made to France came also the tailors to make them, and by a curious anomaly English tailor-made suits may now be found in Paris of a more satisfactory style and cut than those of London. The prices are higher, but even at that less than at home, and these English tailors of Paris, thanks to their French women helpers, do contrive to give to even a plain walking suit a

certain French *cachet,* an arrangement of buttons here, of braids there, an insert of Eastern embroidery, perhaps, or of good old lace, the little something which makes for distinction in a garment, and which American women are quick to recognize. Many good tailoring establishments are to be found in the Opéra quarter, but it is well, of course, to be recommended to a house by some resident of Paris. The tourists' agents usually keep a list of reliable firms for their patrons, and hotel and pension proprietors are generally prepared to supply such information to their guests. Better still is to be provided with a card from a friend who has

already tried a tailor or dressmaker. Americans have a way of passing on such information among each other which is very helpful to the tourist novice.

Paris Department Stores

Although Paris has for long held the reputation, and justly, of satisfying every desire of the feminine heart, it is by no means an easy place for the uninitiated to shop in. But then no city's shops make their special advantages obvious all at once, even in our own country. A good American bishop, during a stay in Paris, was asked by a caller at his hotel where his wife was. "She's gone," he said,

"to the Bon Marché—I believe for some darning cotton!" As the lady's shopping extravagances in Paris were causing the reverend gentleman some concern, he smiled incredulously as he gave this information. No doubt many other things than darning cotton were brought back from that particular shopping expedition, yet it is a fact that the large balls of darning-cotton sold at the Bon Marché have a certain renown among frequent visitors to Paris, who as inevitably supply themselves with this homely commodity as with the needles of the Trois Quartiers.

The Paris department stores are, like the small shops of London, a bit

disorderly to an American eye, and the desired article is not always easy to find. Many a disgusted American lady, after her first visit to the Bon Marché, will declare it "a much overrated place." A further acquaintance with its stock and its possibilities may give these hasty critics a better opinion of this dean of all department stores, for it was the very first of these distinctly modern establishments, and all later "emporiums" and "store cities" owe their existence to the inspiration of one man, the great Boucicault, whose memory is revered by all the army of workers at the Bon Marché.

Parisians consider its styles less

chic than those of some of the other big stores, but it has built up a reputation for reliability that is a guarantee for everything sold there. Underclothing of all sorts, stockings, handkerchiefs and gloves are all good and cheap at the Bon Marché. They keep a really enormous variety of gloves at prices ranging from one franc fifty up. A good many people prefer French gloves to those made in England. They are more soft and flexible, and they usually fit the hand more smoothly. While they do not wear as well, they are cheap enough to make the balance even. Both men and women in France still wear the light-weight gloves, and even the re-

cent sporting craze has not induced French men to adopt the heavier English walking gloves.

Bargain Day in Paris

The gloves at most of the large stores are to be depended on, but anyone who wishes a glove with a "marque," that is one of the well-known makes, can go to Perrin's, in the Avenue de l'Opéra. This store has a sale every Friday when odd sizes are marked much below their usual sale price. Friday, in all the stores of Paris, is bargain day, and then many an *occasion* may be found for the looking. The French way of displaying table after table of *coupons* helps the shopper. Often

lovely cut pieces of silks and of trimmings are sold for almost nothing on a Friday—things which can later be combined into a French "creation."

A bit of warning advice may be inserted here for the American woman shopper who believes that all French styles must needs be extreme. The absolutely sensational things now and then launched by the big French dressmakers are nothing but advertisements, and they are never worn by French ladies, only by the conspicuous Parisian beauties of doubtful reputation, who are hired to display the novelties at some public function like the spring races at Auteuil or Longchamp. While it may

The broad Avenue de l'Opéra contains the largest department stores and jewelry shops. Here also are found oculists and photo-developing places

be a temptation to copy a startling gown or hat, it is really the part of wisdom to select instead the quieter modes, which are just as artistic and more appropriate, and which lead to no embarrassing ambiguity as to the social classification of a good-looking, well-dressed American woman. Neither does any lady in France wear yellow. That is a color preëmpted by the *demi-mondaines,* and allowed them. Nor is it safe to wear natural flowers despite their abundance and low cost.

The young woman who has decided to buy her trousseau in Paris will be surprised to find the lesser priced garments, even when elaborately hand

embroidered, made of a coarse cotton cloth quite unfamiliar to us. Only the very expensive things are made of the lawn and batiste we are accustomed to think of as French. The reason for this usage is purely economical. French laundries have an unpleasant way of washing with chemicals, which soon rot the delicate fabrics; hence, the substitution of the stout cloth which stands the wear.

French Embroideries

No cheap machine-made garments are as good in France as those sold in America. The poor of France, unlike the republican Americans, do not expect to dress like the rich, and the clothing made for them makes

no attempt to copy in less expensive materials the models of the wealthy and fashionable. It is these things, the luxuries, that cost in France relatively little. You can find a frilly, colored underskirt of good cut and pretty material for a song. Embroidery is shamefully cheap. Occasionally very good blouses are sold at bargain prices. For twenty francs you can find a dress waist that at home might cost as many dollars.

The department store known as the Galeries Lafayette is a good place to look for bargain blouses. This establishment is reputed to have a patronage among the Parisian women who prefer to dress conspicuously, but its

styles are no less good for that, and its prices are not too high. The lingerie there is often beautiful, and ready-made dresses are to be had in every sort of material and of every degree of elaboration.

As the Parisians go to the Bon Marché for their substantial things and to the Louvre Magasins for dress materials, they go to Printemps for hat and dress trimmings. There is another large department store, in a somewhat out-of-the-way quarter, the Samaritaine, which the economical French woman will occasionally visit surreptitiously, for it is considered a trifle *declassé* to deal there. Its stock is large, however, and really good

clothes bargains can now and then be found there. Just across the street is a place to which men go for ready-made clothes, men who are not too particular as to the fit of their garments. It is La Belle Jardinière, and it is the shop par excellence at which to buy servants' liveries, if by chance anyone visiting Paris has such a need.

There are many other lesser department stores in Paris, scarcely larger some of them than a single American store would be, but yet offering the usual assortment of things to wear and of articles for the home. The little Trois Quartiers, across the Boulevard from the Madeleine, sells

some lovely upholstering fabrics. But it is mainly patronized for its *articles de Paris,* or small novelties, toilet things, letter paper boxes, bags and the pretty trifles every woman looks for to take home from Paris.

Picturesque Names of Shops

The American, going about Paris for the first time, is struck with the picturesque and ambiguous names of all these shops. Hardly one of them is given the name of its owner or its founder. Paris streets are full of such quaint titles as The Blue Dwarf, The Unbreakable Baby, The Fairy Finger, The Little Saint Thomas. There seems to be an instinctive shrinking in the French

mind from the sort of advertising publicity Americans are used to. A man may be a merchant prince, with a wonderful gift for organizing and conducting a huge business, and yet the world at large, which buys lavishly at his establishment, will never hear of him until he dies and leaves a magnificent collection of pictures to the Louvre.

The most conspicuous evidence of French taste is to be seen in the hats of Paris. There is that about them which immediately dissatisfies the woman from elsewhere with her most costly headgear. They are not exorbitantly expensive, either. The little Rue St. Honoré and the Avenue

de l'Opéra are dotted with small millinery shops whose obliging saleswomen will shower attentions upon you while you try on one after the other of their creations. Most of them speak English very prettily, and they are quite willing to make up your own materials for you after one of their models, doctoring your feathers if they are *malade,* and transforming your velvets and ribbons to an unrecognizable freshness.

The French are the most painstaking workers conceivable, and any woman traveler who has time to take advantage of this trait may have a new wardrobe made from an old one at very little expense. A French

dressmaker never despises anything worn; her imagination at once sets to work to figure out how the remnants can be utilized with a creditable result.

Dyeing is a thing they do superlatively well in Paris. Give a French dyer a sample of any tint, no matter how subtle, and he will match it absolutely. This work, as well as dry cleaning, is very inexpensive in France—so cheap, in fact, that it is often substituted for the more expensive and destructive laundering. It is, however, something of a shock to see pajamas and silk union suits displayed in a cleaning house window.

Cleaning and Mending

The same national quality which makes the French careful cleaners makes them good menders also. Any traveler who has apparently hopelessly torn a good dress or suit has only to stow it away in the bottom of a trunk until Paris is reached. Then he must ask where he can find an establishment where "one does the *stoppage*." There are hundreds of them in Paris, and their business is invisible mending. An American gentleman once arrived in Paris in despair because his frock coat had had a hole rubbed in one of the shoulder breadths by a peg in his steamer stateroom during an uncom-

monly rough crossing. His tailor told him it would be useless to try to match the broadcloth. "But," he added encouragingly, "we'll have the hole stopped." This they did, so cleverly that it was impossible afterward to find where it had been.

Furs are of an unbelievable cheapness in Paris, and their remaking and renovating is another specialty of French workers. There are plenty of good small fur houses, whose addresses can be had through the agencies. You may not recognize a fur under its French name even when the fur people think they are talking English. Skunk, for example, so fashionable last season, becomes

skung in France, and with no intention of Frenchifying the name, either.

If a tourist has plenty of money to spend, then the place to shop in Paris is certainly the Place Vendôme district, for that is the very heart of the fashion quarter, where styles are created and where everything original in Paris finds its birth, to be echoed and reëchoed later throughout the fashionable world, until it is cheapened and overworked to its logical ending.

The first veiled evening dress appeared in a Rue Castiglioni shop window in Paris just before the Monte Carlo season in 1908. This pretty idea has been copied and adapted, and

Paquin, the famous dressmaking establishment, is upon the Rue de la Paix. Silks, lingerie, and dainty wearing apparel may be found along this street, as well as some of the best jewelry stores

its end is not even yet. The present craze for Oriental embroideries and beadings began in Paris in that same year. American dressmakers are using these trimmings lavishly now, four years after France introduced them. So, in a way, it is cheap to buy the expensive new things in France. They do not so soon lose their vogue.

The Model Shops

There is one shopping district in Paris, which few tourists ever see, or seeing, really understand; yet it is very intimately Parisian, and with a French shopping guide, or even a slight knowledge of the language, it may be visited profitably and entertainingly by the woman

looking for clothes suggestions. This is the small Rue de Provence and its adjacent streets, just a step from the more frequented and pretentious shopping territory. This narrow thoroughfare is given over to a peculiarly French set of second-hand shops. They are places where "model gowns" are sold, but models of a half season or so back. These are not dresses that have been worn, only those which have been displayed and tried on in the exclusive *couturiers* until all their freshness has gone, and the fashionable establishments that created them and which must keep well ahead of the styles, can no longer afford to give up room

to them. Ingenious Americans not infrequently go home wonderfully gowned, thanks to these little clearing houses, and the thoroughness of French cleaning and freshening methods.

An Artist with Flowers

Despite French receptivity which admired and imitated the business sagacity of the Bon Marché's founder, Paris, like London, still clings to its exclusive small shops, those whose proprietors are all artists, each in his way; men and women who enter into the making of a gown or a hat with the same rare enthusiasm which creates a picture or a poem. The French have come de-

servedly by their artistic reputation. They love work for its own sake, and that trait is the secret of their commercial success. It is not that they do not appreciate the returns their work brings in. They are canny enough in their business dealings, but they love to work—above all, to create. In the heart of Paris there is a florist who is as much an artist as if he worked with paint instead of with flowers. He creates wonderful decorations for all sorts of functions, for dinners, for receptions, for weddings, arrangements that are given prizes at the annual flower shows of the Cours la Reine. He was once asked by an admiring American why

he did not go to New York and make his fortune. He shrugged his shoulders in disdain. "Why should I go to New York to make money?" he asked. "I have money enough here; and there, you are so rich, and so extravagant! Perhaps you would not like my work, if you saw it there, and then I should have only cares and troubles. No, I stay in my own country, where they know me, and understand me, and where I make enough for my needs." That certainly was the artist who spoke, although commercially he is called a florist. Did ever the born business man admit that he "made enough for his needs"?

Good jewelry in Paris is costly enough, but very artistic. The jewelers of the Rue de la Paix are all artists in their tastes and their ideas. Their work is exhibited each year at the Salons. In one of the fine shops of that glittering street may be seen, in a beautifully lighted inner room, as fine a private collection of small jade ornaments as there is in existence. The collection was made for his own pleasure by one of the members of the firm, who is also an *amateur* of old mounts. Such tendencies must inevitably tell on the modern work done by this house. The cheap Parisian jewelry shares with the good the distinction of attractive settings. The

little shops of the Rue de Rivoli arcade are an unfailing pleasure to look at, even though their inexpensive wares are but imitations of the costly products in the nearby quarter.

What Paris has to offer a masculine shopper is, of course, little as compared with its feminine finery. Still, there are seasoned globe-trotters who always buy their shirts on the Grands Boulevards, the variety of materials being excellent, they maintain. There is one pretentious establishment in the Rue de la Paix which makes all sorts of men's things to order. "To be sure, you get stung," once remarked an American who had patronized the place, "but you've ties no

one can duplicate and shirts of stuffs you never see anywhere else." So if that is what anyone wants, Paris can provide it.

French Stuffs

It is well to be wary of stuffs in France. The best woolens used for suits and dresses there are acknowledged to be either Scotch or English. Silks, of course, are good; though the French say they are less good than they used to be. Linens are very cheap, and so are the pretty lawns and batistes of French make. Trimmings, too, of all sorts, are Parisian specialties. Laces being made by the peasants, who have not yet learned to rate their hand work

at Arts and Crafts prices, are very reasonable.

The Gastronome in Paris

Although shopping in Paris is an exhilarating and highly entertaining part of all tourists' duties, it is quite as fatiguing as any arduous study of cathedrals could be. Therefore it is invariably associated in the traveling mind with another pleasurable occupation, that of eating. Everyone expects to have an opportunity, while in Paris, to sample some genuinely French cooking, and most people do. Whether they ever taste the best depends on their opportunities, and somewhat on their understanding of what sorts of

eating houses are open to travelers in the French capital.

Enough has been written on this all-engrossing subject by American and English people who have become converts to French culinary tastes and standards for each traveler to make some sort of an intelligent selection for himself. Most of the establishments whose reputations date, not merely from a preceding generation, but from some centuries back—like Frédéric's, for example—are known to every visitor to Paris. A duck dinner there is always included in the schedule of things to be done in Paris, just as a filet of sole luncheon must be checked off at Marguery's.

The larger, more modern and more pretentious restaurants of the Opéra and Madeleine quarters are for *tout le monde*. Anyone can go to them for any meal, except a woman, or women alone, which is perhaps trying to a group of independent Americans, especially feminine wage earners, who have gayly gone about saving money for a European trip in the completest confidence that the whole world is theirs and that they can go anywhere they choose abroad as at home.

In general they can, not because the *Féministe* movement is sufficiently far along on the Continent to give them their "rights," nor yet because either the Latin, the Teuton or the

Slav is naturally chivalrous, but simply because they are Americans. To that little-comprehended race much is forgiven, because of its fabulous wealth and known eccentricities. If the American woman traveler wishes to take advantage of a sort of contemptuous French tolerance, she may go to the large *cafés* of an evening, unescorted. Some of the more daring young women art students in Paris do it, and by so doing only succeed in confirming the suspicion that the morals of all art students are none of the best. It would be utterly impossible to convince a French man, or for that

The Woman and the Café

matter a French woman, that any young woman who would visit a *café* at night, without a husband or a brother to protect her, had been properly brought up. Such a thing is never done by a French woman of good family; therefore, the rule is inexorable, that no woman of breeding of any race would do it. Generally speaking, it scarcely pays to run counter to national prejudices so strong as is this one.

There are some fairly inconspicuous restaurants, serving good meals, where women can and often do go, in groups for luncheon. The Duvals satisfy many people, but they are dull and not very interesting. The Bras-

serie Universelle, in the Avenue de l'Opéra, has more real French "color." This establishment is famous for the number, variety and cheapness of its *hors d'œuvres*. It is extremely popular with French business men who are within reach at noon. As most French people lunch promptly at twelve o'clock, that is the crowded time there. Shoppers who can wait for lunch until one will have a more comfortable time and receive better service.

There is a small restaurant in the Rue Saint Honoré, now known as Voisin's, which, though it is frequented at night by theatrical people, is quiet enough at the lunch hour. It

is not cheap, but the cooking is of the first order. A specialty of the house is a pancake, or *crêpe,* served in burning rum. This delicacy is not only spectacular, but very good.

Some Paris Cafés

During the spring and summer, it is quite worth while to break a shopping day by driving out to one of the attractive restaurants in the Bois de Boulogne. There are several of them, and none is overcrowded at noon. Of them all the Pré-Catelan and Armenonville are the most fashionable and consequently the most expensive. The small Cascade restaurant is less conspicuous, and the cooking is almost equally good.

The Hermitage, at the very end of the Seine boat line, and not far from the famous Longchamp race track, is a beautiful and restful place to lunch. It is not apt to be overrun with patronage, even at night, for its prices are high.

The Invasion of the Tea Habit

The American woman tourist who has already, or has acquired in England, the afternoon tea habit, may comfortably feel that she is doing absolutely the correct thing by continuing to indulge it in France, for the afternoon tea now universally replaces the little French *goûter* by which all French people, men, women and children, were wont

to break the long wait from a twelve o'clock lunch until an eight o'clock dinner. The French society lady would stop in the midst of her shopping or calling at one of the innumerable *pâtisseries* where are sold such delectable tiny tarts, *éclairs* and *petit fours*. One or two of these cakes with a glass of Madeira constituted the *goûter*. Now, these same ladies, who aspire to follow the latest dictates of fashion, go instead to one of the many tea rooms which have sprung up here and there in the popular quarters, and they drink strong English tea and eat plum cake with a great air of satisfaction. It is a question if many of them really like

the English drink. The French have always regarded any brew as a *tisane,* only good for medicinal purposes: but it is considered *chic* to drink tea in the late afternoon, so the demand for it has become so universal that all the *pâtisseries* and most of the *cafés* serve it. It is apparent, however, that the French do not all comprehend the significance of the innovation, as one may gather from a sign conspicuously displayed in a *café* near the Opéra which reads "*à 4 heures five o'clock tea.*"

A long time ago, an English book store on the Rue de Rivoli, in order to accommodate its patrons, set up two tea tables behind a screen at the

Antiques and objects of art, books and stationery—these are the main commodities on the Rue Rivoli; but there are some dainty handkerchief and lingerie shops, and the Redfern establishment is here

back of the shop. Little by little their patronage grew and presently a full-fledged tea room was established in an *entresol* upstairs—the first in Paris. That was the beginning of the revolutionary movement. It did not take long for other enterprising shopkeepers to realize that the large English-speaking colony in Paris would patronize attractive tea rooms, if any were provided for their use. So the establishments have grown and multiplied, and with them the institution of afternoon tea drinking as well. Some of the tea shops, like Colombin's, make no pretense at changing their interior arrangements or decorations to suit the new business.

This is just a bake shop, but it is one of the most fashionable tea rooms in Paris. During the spring season, from four o'clock to five, the narrow Rue Cambon is so crowded with carriages and automobiles that traffic is interfered with; and yet the tea served at Colombin's is of a very nondescript variety. It might be anything almost—steeped straw, even—but the cakes are delicious.

The original Paris tea room is near by. It has changed its name and its decoration, but it still maintains its reading-room and its general English air. The Lipton tea rooms are much more decorated, but no more expensive. They are in the Boulevard

Haussmann. At Rumpelmayer's, in the Rue de Rivoli, one sees perhaps the best dressed assemblage, except it may be that which gathers at the fashionable Hotel Ritz at tea time. Rumpelmayer's seems to be as much a favorite place of *goûter* for French men of high society as for women, and it is quite the usual thing to see a well-dressed man enjoying alone there his cup of tea and plate of cakes.

Many of the smaller tea rooms now serve light lunches of eggs, ham, buns, muffins and tea or chocolate. There are still others which serve a *table d'hôte* lunch at a *prix fixé,* and a good substantial price it generally is; but then these meals are invariably ex-

cellent and daintily served, two qualifications which may recommend them to a jaded Parisian appetite of the sort which "digest no more without Vichy."

Hot Cakes and Hot Apple Pie

Naturally, with competition in the tea-room field, it has been necessary for some of these shops to specialize in order to draw a particular patronage. So it transpires that there is one small shop not far from the Bon Marché, where the homesick American may eat Lady Baltimore cake, the real article. An English tea house near Colombin's advertises hot cakes and hot apple pie. There is another shop in the

Opéra quarter whose specialty is American ice-cream soda served at a counter where one sits, American fashion, on a high stool. It is curious to observe how very uncomfortable this method of taking refreshments —so natural and appropriate in the hurry and bustle of an American city —can seem, transplanted thus into another setting, where any repast, even the simplest, is treated with respect.

But these familiar eatables are not after all what the tourist, unless he happens to tire of dishes whose names he cannot read and whose ingredients he cannot detect, has crossed the ocean to get. Nor do they in any way express the race preferences of the

French. They are as obviously foreign to their setting as are the small French and Italian restaurants of the American cities, places diligently sought out by the would-be Bohemian in much the same spirit which has prompted the French to adopt the afternoon tea.

Not every woman tourist knows that lingerie is just as cheap at Brussels, and often quite as pretty, as at Paris. In this particular at least Brussels lives up to her nickname of "Little Paris." There are some excellent dressmaking establishments, too, at Brussels, and the women of nearby countries are quite as apt to go there for their gowns as to

Paris. Laces everyone expects to get at Brussels, but it is not always at the shops that the best bargains are found. Many of the *pension* proprietors have affiliations with the convents, where most of the lace-making is done, and they will gladly help their guests to find the veil or robe they are looking for, thereby saving some part, at least, of the middleman's profit.

Values in Other Countries

There are some of the cities of Switzerland where wonderful embroidery is to be found, laboriously worked by the nuns. It does not pay, however, to buy anything made up in Switzerland, for

the taste in dress of the native workers is more German than French. Swiss silks are good and substantial, and at Zurich can be bought an excellent quality of silk and lisle stockings for as little as forty cents a pair. In general, however, the tourist will find little in Switzerland to carry away but the carved wood souvenirs of the several towns he has visited.

Italy, too, is a land for souvenir-hunters, although it has its practical modern offerings as well, for Northern Italy is fast gaining rank as an industrial country. Milan and Turin are both thriving cities, each selling much the same commodities as one finds elsewhere in Europe. Italian

women are entirely Paris influenced in the matter of dress, but the men, curiously enough, look more American than any other Europeans, perhaps because many of them have been to America for longer or shorter periods and they prefer the loose American sack suit and the sensible shoes to the braid-trimmed suits and pointed toes of the Parisian dandy, or the rough tweed of the Englishmen.

Florence, they say, has some good, cheap dressmakers, but it would require a residence there of some length to profit by that advantage. In a city with so many historic monuments and such wonderful galleries, it really

would scarcely pay to stop sight-seeing to visit a dressmaker. Every tourist goes to the market stalls to buy the pretty, braided hats. They make good and inexpensive presents, and they trim up nicely for summer wear, being graceful and made in delicate colorings. Then, too, the Florentine cheap gloves are a comfort—the kid is so soft; and though they do not wear very long, at twenty cents the pair anyone can afford an ample supply. A dozen fresh white kid gloves for two dollars and a half is not a purchase one can make everywhere.

There is one bit of shopping which the tourist will do well not to neglect,

no matter where he travels. That is the particular edible product of each city he visits, for there is not one in the whole of Europe but has its *spécialité.* You can begin with Devonshire cream, if you are coming from England. You would be sorry to miss that delectable stuff. At some future time, too, you will be glad to remember that you have tasted Southdown mutton.

Edible Spécialités

France is especially rich in culinary specialties. In some districts they are but trifles, like the macaroons of Amiens and the *sucre d'orge* of Tours. Again, it may be a succulent sausage or a savory cheese for which

a city or a department is noted. If you should spend a Sunday at Trouville you must eat good *pont l'évêque,* made near by. Drink cider in Normandy and Brittany and champagne in the Champagne country. When you are in the Lorraine, you must sample the delicious Bar-le-Duc preserves made there, and so on.

In Switzerland, sweet chocolate is a national product and a definite article of diet—very often on mountain climbs a meal! The little land of pleasure has also won a considerable renown through its goat cheeses and some of its breads and cakes. You can find out for the asking what the people of each country like best to

eat, and you will arrive at a shade more local color perhaps by sampling it.

A word now about the actual business of buying in Europe. Americans have for so long been fed on the belief that everything in Europe is so very much cheaper than it is at home that the tourist on his first trip over is apt to feel himself robbed at every turn, if he is obliged to part with more money on his travels than he had counted upon. Europe was once cheap to travel in, but the travelers themselves, and the easier methods of getting about, have "changed all that." The novice will not find traveling cheap, not because

he is being robbed, but because his very inexperience obliges him to travel where and in the way that others do—the others who have set the scale of prices asked and tips expected. The unspoiled districts, as yet not uncomfortably affected by the universal "higher cost of living," are only for the initiated.

The newcomer to Europe, therefore, may go on his way grumbling, giving tips often as ridiculously small as large, through his ignorance of the language and of the money values; wondering all the while at the dissatisfaction he leaves in his trail, and finally dismissing the matter by summing up the inhabitants of all

Europe as a "pack of thieves," an accusation both untrue and unmerited.

Foreign Commercial Politeness

Another source of national misunderstanding lies in the fact that the average traveling American is suspicious of foreign commercial politeness. He construes it to mean only one thing, another trap to catch his careful savings. Americans are genial but seldom urbane, and they approach a business transaction in quite another manner than that required at a social function. Not so the European, above all the Latin. His manners are born with him, and he can never shake them off. The ready "*par-*

don'' of the Frenchman does not change its inflection, no matter where it is used, in the street, in a shop, in a drawing-room; and he could no more reduce the business of buying and selling to the curt, impersonal basis of the American than he could change his accent. The Latin is by instinct suave and ingratiating, and he does not consider his politeness wasted on a customer, even if he does not make a sale. Shopping in France and Italy, therefore, takes on quite a gala air. It is really impossible to be brusque with a smiling French saleswoman who enthusiastically enumerates your good points as accented by the garment she wishes to

sell you. There are American women who are " fussed " by so much attention, and who find the " *Bon jour* " on entering and leaving a store only annoying and superfluous. It is wise, however, to fall into the Latin habits when one is dealing with Latins. The little courtesies cost nothing and they help to oil the machinery of international intercourse.

Another somewhat misunderstood phase of foreign buying is that which is called bargaining. In the East it is still the legitimate way of getting what you want, but in the large cities of Europe the *prix fixe* is coming more and more to be the universal rule. Certainly no one would think

of bargaining in a department store. To readjust successfully a given price, the dealings must be between proprietor and buyer, and, except in very small establishments, such a condition is impossible. Consequently the tourist will do well to feel his way before he attempts the un-American pastime of juggling with the price of an article offered him for sale.