

who won the championship after being last in the qualifying round I don't mean that the player who is behind in billiards has less chance to catch up than in golf, but that the better player is more likely to win. While I would be more likely to beat Slosson at billiards than I would be to beat Travis at golf, yet I could give Travis one-half in a game of billiards and beat him, which he could not do to me at golf; yet playing even he would surely beat me a hundred straight contests at golf.

"Speaking of Travis, he is one illustration that billiards is more scientific than golf. He began to play golf about seven years ago, and in that time he reached the top. No such progress could be made in billiards in the same length of time. The only similar case to Travis in billiards is that of Ives, the greatest billiard genius of them all, and he began playing when he was a boy. I've heard it maintained that golf required more skill than billiards, and in support of that contention was cited a feat which Travis is able to accomplish. The feat consists of lifting a golf ball straight over a tree seventy-five feet high, the ball being placed ten feet outside a perpendicular line from the extreme edge of the branches, and the ball landing on the same distance from and on the other side of the tree. Such a shot might be called a stunt or a freak shot. Stunts just as surprising, and even more so, are made in billiards. Neither the one in golf nor those in billiards are of any practical value in playing the game.

"In both games a common mistake on the part of the player is trying to do too much—not keeping within one's ability. It is better to know what you can do and try to do it than trying things that are beyond you. In both games, also, the player finds the implements with which he is to accomplish results at rest when it comes his turn to play, and all he has to do is to get up there and do it. Nothing depends on his opponent—everything on himself.

"I have found both golf and billiards to be splendid means of getting recreation, but for all that billiards isn't to be compared with golf in driving dull care away. The joyful sensation of driving a golf ball and having it land just where I figured it would, which doesn't happen often, is something I never have experienced in billiards. If I had to give up one or the other for good I would give up billiards without a moment's hesitation. The person whose privilege it is to play golf ought to be thankful for that privilege every time he gets out on the links. I am mighty fond of the game, fonder of it than I ever was of billiards."—*"New York Sun."*

A Witty Restaurateur.

M. Bignon, the famous Paris restaurant keeper, was not less notable for his ready wit than he was for his long bills. Some of the tales set afloat concerning both are no doubt legendary, for they have been related of other hosts. For instance, "What, M. Bignon, fifteen francs for a peach?" asked Prince Narishkin; "peaches must be rare." "No, Monseigneur," replied Bignon, "but Narishkins are." The same story was long ago told of George III, and an English innkeeper, with the variation of an "egg" instead of a "peach," and "Kings" instead of "Narishkins."

The anecdotes told of Bignon at first hand are probably more authentic. An epicure, after dining at Bignon's, complained of the sauce. "Did you dine here yesterday?" asked Bignon. "No," replied the customer. "Ah!" said Bignon, "that explains everything. You have vitiated your taste at some inferior restaurant." Another customer expostulated upon being charged 2fr 50c for a red herring. "It is in your own interest," said Bignon. "If I were to lower my charges this restaurant would be inundated with plebeians; by keeping prices at a high level I exclude those with whom no gentleman like yourself would choose to dine."

One man, after the waiter had presented his bill, sent for Bignon for an explanation. "I have breakfasted with you for several days," said he, "and my breakfast has hitherto cost 18fr 50c. I have had exactly the same breakfast today and the waiter charges me 21fr 18s." Bignon went to his desk, and made a show of examining his account book. Then, returning to the guest, he said:

"You are quite right; there is a mistake. I find that I have hitherto undercharged you. But, as the fault was my own, I will not ask you for the arrears." He once charged King Milan 180fr for a bottle of Bordeaux. "His Majesty has an illusion," said he, "that wine is not good unless it is very expensive."

The Emperor of Hawkers.

Napoleon Hayard, the "Emperor of Hawkers," died in Paris last month, as the result of being knocked down by a motor car. He ended his life as he had gone through it—with a joke. "I have run off the machine," he said, "I have ceased publication." The "Emperor" was quite a character in Paris, and Londoners will remember the trip he made to the British metropolis with his band of camelots on the occasion of President Loubet's visit, and the songs that he sold in the streets for the good of the "entente cordiale" and, incidentally, for himself (remarks the "Express"). He came into notoriety thirty years ago. During the Commune of 1871 he became the orderly of Dombrowsky, who appointed him to the fantastic position of Inspector of Barricades. Dressed in fancy uniform, with large hat surmounted by white feathers, and wearing a Turkish yatagan blazing with imitation jewels, and carrying in his belt a pair of immense pistols from which the hammers had been taken, he walked about the ramparts and amused the soldiers

by his ready wit and songs. Long after, he started his business as publisher of topical songs, which he wrote himself and sold in the streets through the agency of an army of hawkers. As his name was Napoleon, it was fitting that everybody should address him as "the Emperor." The "Emperor," who professed the greatest contempt for politics, was, nevertheless, a political factor. He would supply any number of men at 2/ a head to get up a political

demonstration, and there have been occasions when he has produced counter-demonstrations at the same meetings. Quality, of course, governed prices, and a man with an uncommonly fine pair of lungs was worth quite 4. The "Emperor" had a kind heart, and no deserving hawker ever applied to him for assistance in vain. His funeral was attended by practically all the hawkers of Paris.

Mark Twain Moves to Europe.

Owing to his wife's poor health Mark Twain is offering his country place, at Tarrytown, United States, for sale, and with Mrs Clemens and his two daughters, will sail for Europe this month to take up his residence in Florence, Italy, where, it is hoped Mrs Clemens will fully recover from her attack of nervous prostration. "I am looking forward to a good time there," said the humourist to an interviewer, "and I am sure it will do my wife good too. All our plans for the future, however, depend on her condition. We have now no occupation, nothing. She is our life. When I say we have no occupation, I do not mean that I do no work. I have to kill time in some way, and I work to keep out of mischief. Four or five times a day we are permitted to steal into my wife's room, but it is simply to refresh her with our faces, not our talk." Speaking of his own sickness a short time ago, Twain said: "Why, that was a pleasant adventure, a sort of vacation, that gave me a legitimate excuse for spending five weeks in bed."



LORD ROSEMEAD.
Who is spoken of as Governor of New Zealand in succession to Lord Ranfurly, is the eldest son of a former Governor of this colony, Sir Hercules Robinson. He is not quite 37 years of age, and is married to a daughter of Lady Castlemaine. Lord Rosemead served in South Africa during the Boer War.



Napoleon

Head of the Bonaparte Party in France. This faction is at present very quiet, but is always believed to be on the watch for the slightest advantage to push the famous dynasty again to the front.