

THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE AT THE PARIS FAIR IN 1900.

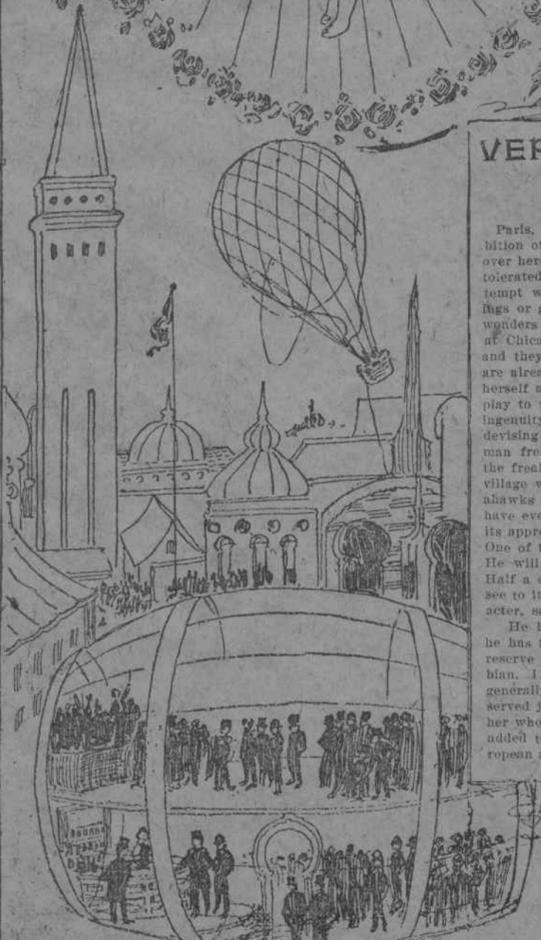


VERY SURPRISING FEATURES WHICH WILL SURPASS EVEN THE CHICAGO MIDWAY FOR DARING AND ABANDON.

Paris, Oct. 24.—When the Czar laid the corner stone for the great French Exhibition of 1900 he tacitly gave his approval also to what it is generally agreed over here will be the most outrageously immoral show that even Europe has ever tolerated. Of course the exposition proper will be great and grand. No attempt will be made to rival the Chicago World's Fair in magnificence of buildings or general plan. Paris has not room enough. But within the buildings the wonders of the world will probably be more effectively shown than they were at Chicago. The French will have the advantage of seven years of progress, and they learned many things from our big show. The most extraordinary plans are already under way. But it is in devilry and revel that Paris will surpass herself and the whole world in 1900. Chicago's Midway Plaisance was child's play to what the similar features of the great French exhibition will be. The ingenuity and originality of Paris seems to have been largely directed toward devising schemes which will mask viciousness with beauty, which will gather human freaks from all the highways and the byways of the whole world. Of the freaks little need be said. They will be the same old freaks. The Eskimo village will probably be there and North American Indians will shake their tomahawks in the faces of the French provincials. Those features will be what they have ever been, and don't count. But that the French Government should lend its approval to the other schemes laid out by the concessionaires is amazing. One of these men named Clobert is preparing to run riot when the show opens. He will operate a big building known as the Palace of the Arabian Nights. Half a dozen exhibitions will be in operation in it, and he is clever enough to see to it that while a majority of them will be of a decidedly questionable character, some of them will be marvels of beauty and artistic finish.

He has watched the Oriental capitalists for justice and clever folk, and he has found two girl dancers whom he will from now on hold in just enough reserve to keep her sensationally fresh for 1896. One of these is an Arabian. I saw her dance here in September. A more graceful, charming and generally winsome little pagan never twirled on delicate toes. She had preserved just enough of her Oriental body sways and arm wavings to make her wholly different from anything that Europe had seen before, and she had added to them just enough of the kind of dance movements familiar to European audiences to make her satisfactory. Added to these charms was abso-

lutely modest—a modesty that evidently eliminated from her own mind the thought that she was a woman and was dancing before men. In this delightful characteristic does not wear away from the olive-skinned and blue-eyed little lady during the time of advertising and training through which her manager will put her before the fair opens she will certainly be a great sensation. If she does not lose her innocent smile she will seem sadly out of place as "Queen" of Clobert's "Palace of the Arabian Nights"—a title which he has decided to give her. The other Oriental danseuse whom Clobert has secured brought havoc among the Jeunesse de Paris at the Buda-Pesth exhibition this summer. She is from India and she brought to Europe with her the wonderful egg-dance, heretofore known only to the potentates of remote Eastern States. As she whisks deftly on her toes amidst a mist of soft Indian silk draperies, she holds in one curving arm a basket of eggs—real eggs. On her head is a cap from which delicate threads fly out from her motion. At the end of each of these threads is a loop—slender and slippery. Gracefully and apparently carelessly she picks the eggs, one by one from the basket and, dancing all the time, places one in each of the flying loops. Then, after she has executed marvellous Indian steps with this fragile crown—the threads kept ever taut by her whirling—above her, she removes the eggs one at a time, still dancing. The performance is wonderful. Clobert has designed for the main hall of his palace a "fountain ballet," which will be very beautiful. He will combine the delightful color effects of lights playing on great streams of spraying water, with the graceful beauty of the aerial ballet originated at the Alhambra in London and now, I believe, on exhibition at Himmerstein's Olympia, in New York. The ballet girls—the fountain nymphs, will float up and down at the top of the streams as the balls float up and down at the top of the streams in Bowery shooting galleries. A decided novelty is being prepared by a firm of St. Louis brewers, who will open to an American bar in a great glass barrel two stories high. Another will be the tremendous geographical globe on which a detailed bas relief of every town of more than 40,000 inhabitants in the world will appear to cheer the hearts of sightseers from distant points, who can examine their home districts while standing on a spiral stairway. These and many other features are the best so far devised—it will be Clobert's palace which, if present plans go through, will outrange progress and stamp the whole French fair as sensational.



THE AMERICAN BAR IN A BARREL

