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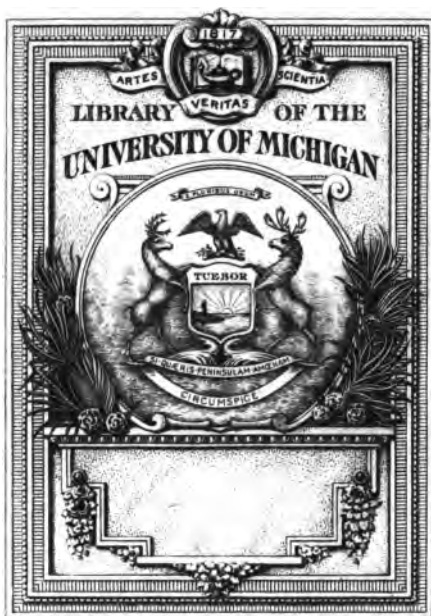
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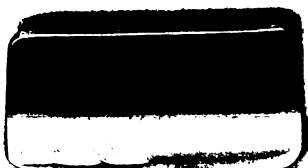
# Paris à la Carte



JULIAN STREET



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from her friend of  
long ago —

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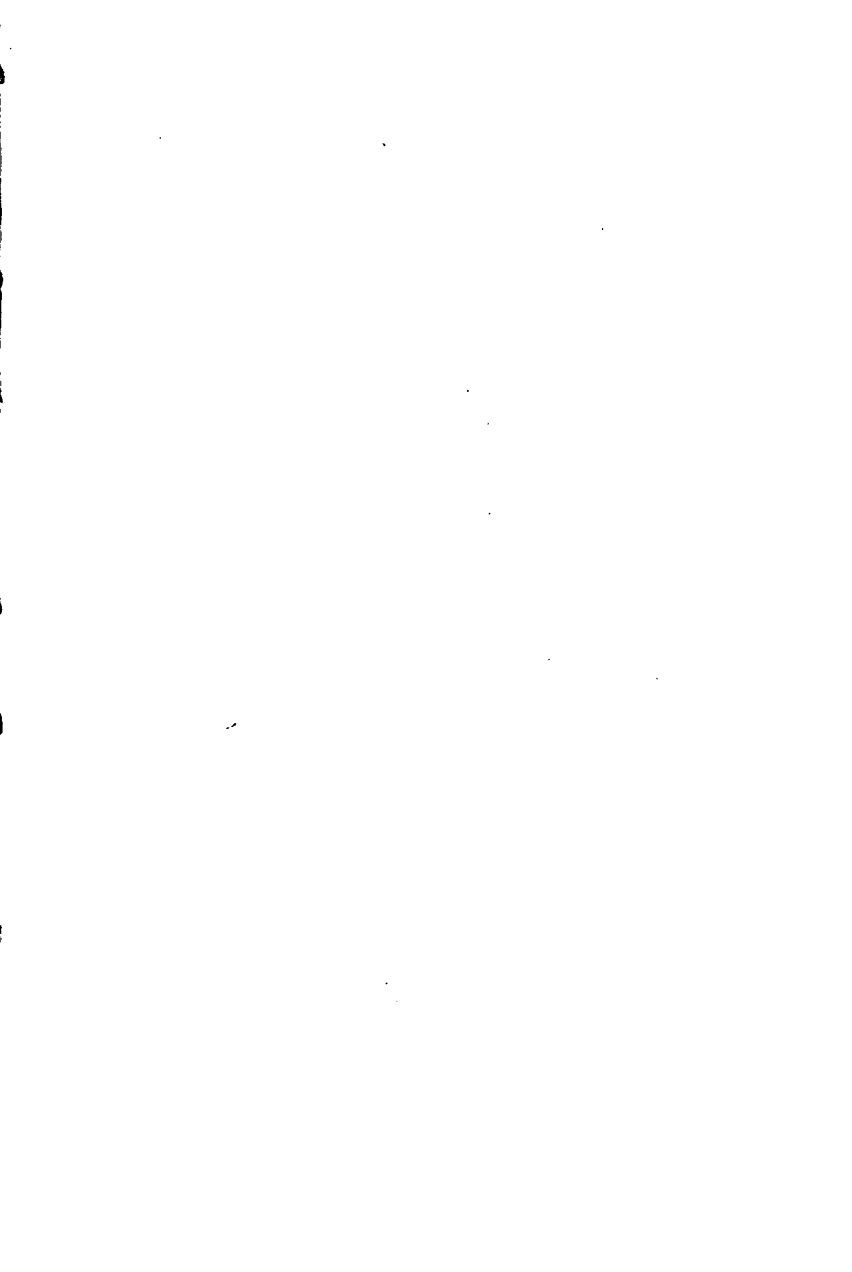
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IF YOU HAVE NOT THE ENERGY TO FIND IT, YOU DON'T DESERVE TO KNOW  
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(See page 52)

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IF YOU HAVE NOT THE ENERGY TO FIND IT, YOU DON'T DESERVE TO KNOW  
THE RESTAURANT DU COUCOU.

1950 007 221

# PARIS À LA CARTE

By

JULIAN STREET

AUTHOR OF "THE NEED OF CHANGE," "MY ENEMY—  
THE MOTOR," "SHIP-BORED," ETC.

*With Illustrations by*  
MAY WILSON PRESTON



NEW YORK  
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To  
**WILLIAM RICHARD HERFORD**  
in Memory of  
**Menus Met and Conquered**



2. 1. 1  
L. 1. 1  
6. 7. 9. - 1924

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don't deserve to know the Restaurant  
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**"Paris à la Carte" originally appeared in  
*Everybody's Magazine.***

# Preface

IN the foreword to his "Gastronomic Promenade in Paris," published 1804, the eminent and capacious Grimod de la Reynière expressed himself as follows:

*"The author will regret neither the cares nor the indigestions his researches have caused him, if the alimentary art owes new progress to this effort."*

In the account, which follows, of certain of my own "gastronomic promenades in Paris," conducted (principally in taxis) more than one hundred years after Grimod, the reader may miss the sweetly melancholy note of the old gourmand. I have no cares and but few indigestions to look back upon. Nor am I in the least concerned as to new progress of the alimentary art, which—as

at present practiced in the agreeable city of Paris—meets with my more than cordial approbation.

In making my researches I carried with me no sense of deep responsibility, no gloomy thoughts on the “decadence of the French cuisine,” of which one hears in Paris. My principal accoutrements were, upon the contrary, an almost frivolous optimism, an appreciative palate, a roving eye, and a substantial set of banknotes. I may have also carried, upon some of my excursions, a pencil and a memorandum book, but the notes I made were not so interesting as those I spent. I did not make the notes I spent. They were supplied to me by the very kindly Editors of *Everybody's Magazine*, who, in the interests of science, financed my expedition.

It is true that the Editors of *Everybody's Magazine* stayed at home, while the writer crossed the seas and risked digestion, even

life itself, in the course of his explorations. But this fact does not justify a charge of cowardice against them. It is not given to all of us to take the field. Not all of us may go into action to the martial music of the Hungarian orchestra, may hear the hoarse orders of head waiters, the clatter of wine coolers being rushed forward into action, the heavy detonation of the magnums, and the incessant popping of the pints and splits. Not all of us may witness the swift, silent rushes and retreats of the light infantry of omnibus boys, and the flashing of steel blades as brave hearts and gouty hands surround the floral centrepiece and try conclusions with *Sole à la Marguëry* or *Canard pressé*. No, there must be unsung heroes, who, staying ingloriously at home, yet furnish the sinews of war. The writer therefore gives his thanks to the Editors of *Everybody's*.

The present volume contains much ma-

terial which, owing to the limitations of magazine space, to recent restaurant history in Paris, and to further information which has come to the hands of the author from various sources, did not appear in the original publication. One correspondent, after flattering me upon the thoroughness with which he is kind enough to say my original work was done, utters a mild reproach upon my negligence in leaving out his pet among the smaller Paris restaurants: Au petit Riche, in the rue Lepelletier, which he says is more than very good and less than very moderate. Another mentions Lucas'. I shall look forward to the Petit Riche and Lucas'.

Another friend—no less a person than the Reformed Diplomat, himself—wrote to me from Paris, on hearing that this publication was impending. "Don't make it guide booky," he urged. "Make it entertaining and amusing." His order is a difficult one

to fill. Much as I dislike to do so, I must admit that I have written with the purpose to be "helpful."

The letter which I have found most difficult to answer came from a gentleman whose daughter was in Paris with another lady. "I wish you would tell me," he wrote, "to just which places they may go, without transgressing the conventions."

I wish I knew. I would tell him, if I did. American women abroad are constantly transgressing the conventions in such matters—transgressing them in a manner altogether breezy and delightful. Americans rush in where Frenchwomen fear to tread, and, to drop into the *argot*, "get away with it." Yet I cannot take the responsibility of advising them to do so. I advise them not to. I strongly recommend them to refrain from going out to dinner unescorted (mothers, aunts, and duennas do not come within my definition

of the word "escort"), and to patronise only the more conventional establishments for luncheon.

But all these things depend upon how much you think that women—married or unmarried—ought to know and see and do. I have taken married ladies into Maxim's, to Montmartre, and to the places on the "Boul' Mich'" (because they insisted I should do so). Such places depress some women, amuse others. But I have never noticed any deleterious effects, except those manifested by the husband of one lady. He came along and violently disapproved. But that I did not mind at all; the lady made herself proportionately more agreeable.

So there you are! And may your viands taste like magic dishes from some fire fairy's golden casserole.

J. S.

NEW YORK, *January*, 1912.

# PARIS À LA CARTE





# Paris à la Carte

**T**HEATRES and music-halls were emptying; cafés filling up. Under the blue glare of arc-lights, the Paris boulevards had lost their last vestige of reality and attained their ultimate theatric touch; the rows of horse-chestnuts had become stage trees, with papier-maché trunks and preposterous green paper leaves; the women, walking in the patched lights beneath, unearthly beings, with reptilian eyes and poisonous cheeks. Cabmen, soldiers, chauffeurs, policemen, boulevardiers, were playing their parts like trained comedians; the rest of us were "supers," marching and countermarching to the music of the midnight streets. It was the most unreal hour in the most unreal city in the world. And we were at the very heart (or, if you think

it has no heart, the stomach) of the gay night life of Paris.

Turning into the avenue de l'Opéra, my friend, the Reformed Diplomat, and I beheld a line of variegated vehicles, drawing up successively before the entrance of the Café de Paris. On the walk, beside the luminous doorway, huddled a little group of onlookers—several grimy, tousle-headed children; a pair of sad-eyed *midinettes*, doubly pale in their black dresses; an old crone bending over her cane; a burly, beery truck-driver pausing on his way from a cruel day's work; a haggard girl of the streets pausing on her way to a cruel night's work—objects to inspire repulsion, pity, or perhaps artistic approbation as the background for a series of startling, vari-coloured visions which burst from the equipages, scudded across the sidewalk on twinkling satin slippers, and entered the door of the café. Accompanying each of these effulgent



A. W. P.  
C. 1850

BESIDE THE LUMINOUS DOORWAY HUDDLED A LITTLE GROUP OF ONLOOKERS.





beings was a hovering black figure, shod in glistening patent leather, topped with a sleek silk hat, and garnished with the essential pocketbook.

We followed and were met, within, by the scream of violins, the scrutiny of head waiters, and the scent of viands. Before us was a buffet, dressed with a profusion of rare edibles: capon from Le Mans, black truffles from Périgord, ripe red tomatoes from Provence, great fish from icy rivers, pâtés de foies gras from Strassburg, tender asparagus from Rheims, succulent string-beans from Nice, red-lacquered cherries, bits of grape-vine bearing fruit like clusters of old green and purple jewels, almonds in jackets of verdigris; big, bizarre strawberries; peaches with firm, tender flesh and velvet skin; an avalanche of golden bananas, and, enthroned above all, Her Majesty the pineapple, in the green crown she wears as queen of tropic fruits.

Beyond the buffet lay the Café de Paris, divided, like all Gaul, into three parts.

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|----------------------|
| THE CAFÉ<br>DE PARIS |
|----------------------|

Some people were going up a stairway (two by two like the animals into the Ark) to the *cabinets particuliers*, those secluded and insinuating private dining-rooms which are not the least Parisian things about the leading Paris restaurants. Other people were going sadly to the left side of the ground-floor room, which is the "discard"; still others were being shown to the opposite side, which is, in both senses of the word, the right.

To sit upon the right side of the Café de Paris it is necessary to be upon the right side of Louis Barrya, the maître d'hôtel—which costs, I am informed, one hundred francs, payable in almost any sort of money, in advance. Aside from the fact that a pair of professionals give the "*Apache*" dance among the tables, there is no reason

for sitting there, excepting that it is "the thing" to do so. My friend, the Reformed Diplomat, declares that it is a sort of unchartered American club, of which Louis is the house committee, the membership committee, and, above all, the treasurer. The qualification for membership is the possession and free use of money. Payment of the initiation fee creates instant membership, giving you the right to sit on a yellow divan, order à la carte from a menu which scorns to mention sordid things like prices, and, having ordered, eat and drink and look about at the marble columns, gold ceilings, mirrors, luxuriant plants, and gaudy Americans.

If you see an occasional "foreigner," it is probably James Hazen Hyde, Valeska Sur-ratt, or a waiter—although I have heard that a Russian or an Anglomanic Frenchman drifts in, now and then, during the winter, when there are no Americans in



Paris. (No wonder French waiters think that Americans hibernate through the cold season, only to reappear in the spring, the females with new plumage, the males with new letters of credit.)

One is inclined to puzzle, at first, as to how the Café de Paris exists while the Americans are absent, but presently one gets one's bill and understands. I ceased to wonder even before the bill was brought, for I saw a gentleman from Indiana drop a golden louis on the floor and give it to the waiter as a tip for his pains in having picked it up.

Witnessing this exhibition of financial insouciance, I suddenly became conscious of the fact that the Café de Paris is no place for a person who endeavors to extract a living from that typewriter we still refer to, picturesquely, as "the pen." The food and drink are not homelike from a literary point of view—they are too good; and although authors, in their lairs, have no prices marked

upon their menus, the absence of prices from the menus of this café does not give that cosey and domestic touch one might expect.

To feel entirely at home in the Café de Paris one should have been especially born for the purpose. The seventh son of the seventh wife of a man with seven millions might grow up to it, especially if born with a golden spoon (full of caviar) in his mouth, or if he came into being in a proscenium box on the first night of a Broadway musical show. Subsequent training as a stock-broker, a wine-agent, a man-milliner, or the editor of a Chicago society paper might also help. An infant born under such favorable conditions, and carefully nurtured with bottled cocktails and absinthe, would be ready for the Café de Paris on attaining his majority, or be a disappointment to his parents and the show-girl with whom he elopes. It would be a good place for his honeymoon

with his unblushing bride, except for the fact that the Café de Paris closes at about three o'clock in the morning, which might spoil their evenings.

Apropos of this, it may be mentioned that, though the matter of time is, from one point of view, unimportant to your Parisian restaurant-goer, it is peculiarly important from another. Unlike the American, the Frenchman is not irritated by slow service, providing each dish is palatable when it finally arrives. He prefers things cooked to order, regardless of time, and, to this end, ceases entirely to transact business between the hours of noon and two o'clock. In the largest cities outside Paris, even the banks are closed through this part of the day.

"All of which," Flammang will tell you, "shows why the French have better things to eat than the Americans, no matter how many celebrated Parisian chefs are taken to New York."



ASIDE FROM THE FACT THAT A PAIR OF PROFESSIONALS GIVE THE "APACHE" DANCE  
AMONG THE TABLES, THERE IS NO REASON FOR SITTING THERE.





Flammang has been chef for the Duke of York, also in many clubs and fashionable restaurants in New York, but has retired, now, to pass a philosophic old age as proprietor of a tea-room and pastry-shop on a corner of the rue Valois, near the Palais Royal.

**AN OLD  
CHEF**

“In America,” says he, “people eat too fast. They sit down to table, regard their watches, and say to the waiter: ‘Quick! I have but an half-hour!’ He brings them food, running. They throw it into their mouths as one throws clothing into a laundry bag. When one course is finished, the next must be upon the table. If it is not, they call for the head waiter and cry with fury: ‘What is the matter! What is the matter! I arrived at three minutes past twelve; it was twenty-one minutes past when I called you, and here a whole half-minute has passed while I have spoken!’

Eighteen and one-half minutes gone, yet where are those chop with *petits pois*? This is terrible! It is one *véritable scandale!*'

"And for that," Flammang continues, "what must these good chefs do? They must begin to cook two or three hours in advance. Then the food must stand in large quantities, to become dry and without flavour. Ah, but it is ready! That is the thing. Quick! Quick!"

If the time spent at table is not important to the Frenchman, the time for sitting down to meals is highly so. Certain restaurants are popular at certain hours: some for breakfast, others for luncheon, tea, dinner, or supper. Comparatively few people, for example, lunch at the Café de Paris, more dine there, but it is not until about midnight that the great crowd arrives.

When, two or three hours later, the people are leaving this café, and the violinists are putting their instruments in cases, such re-

sorts as Maxim's and the wild establishments of Montmartre are only tuning to their shrillest, dizziest pitch. Maxim's, though technically open through the day, is practically deserted before midnight, and does not reach its ultimate until half-past two or three o'clock, A.M., while the several giddy Montmartre cafés, of which I shall speak later, do not even make a pretence of opening their doors before eleven or twelve at night.

Last year I met, in Paris, an American youth who, having seen "The Merry Widow" and "The Girl from Maxim's," wished to visit the notorious establishment at once. He went there for dinner on the night of his arrival in the city, only to find himself alone in the place save for the idle, grinning waiters.

I congratulated him.

It was not my original intention to mention Maxim's quite so soon, but since I



have drifted to it, I may as well continue. I abominate the place, not because it is gay or seductive, but because it is precisely the reverse — a brazen fake, over-advertised, ogling, odoriferous; a nightmare of smoke, champagne, and banality. Its *art nouveau* mural decorations are vertiginous and terrible, and the people beneath them are even worse — pudgy, purple men, trying to purchase happiness in iced bottles, and solitary sirens trying to look gay and alluring before the dismal pints of champagne which, on entering, they are obliged to order if they wish to stay. The rest are onlookers who might better have remained away.

CHEZ  
MAXIM

However, I have been able to find two sadly funny things about this place: a revolving door and a *chasseur*. The former is, so far as I know, the only door of its kind in the world. Instead of the usual four

divisions, it has but two, each of which accommodates a pair. The purpose of this door is beautifully obvious: it prevents couples devoted, disgusted, or drunk, as the case may be, from even an instant's separation. The *chasseur* is comic because of his superbly suitable appearance. A youth but little more than four feet tall, with a sallow, sharp face and shrewd, derisive eyes, he wears a bright red pill-box cap, set so jauntily upon the side of his head that one fancies it must hang upon a sprouting horn. His flaming jacket is cut to an absurd little point, like a sharp tail, behind. Altogether he is the perfect image of his father, Mephistopheles, who (in spite of reports that it is owned by an English stock company) I believe is the proprietor of Maxim's. Waiting with his bicycle, to carry nasty messages for nasty people, you may see the diabolic little *chasseur* almost any time you drive past Maxim's (which I hope you'll always do).

You need drive but a few steps farther to reach the Restaurant Larue, which, by day, lies in the shadow of the church of the Madeleine, and by night casts shadows of its own. With its excellent cuisine and wines, its cosmopolitan clientèle, its Tzigany orchestra, and its florid decorations, Larue's is very typical of the Paris boulevards. Americans go there, but then, so do Frenchmen. And Frenchwomen! It is not coarse, like Maxim's, but gay, like Paris; the sort of place one would select for a first meal in the "*ville lumière*" after two years spent on the veldt, or in one of our western towns with funny names and "oyster parlors" situated on Main Street.

It is very annoying to have to write anything useful or instructive. That is the trouble with this article: it is written with a purpose. I want to convert you from the stupid pretence of standing before statues

and paintings which you will never understand, and teach you how to improve your time in Paris, so that, instead of coming away with a blurred list of painters and sculptors, you will bring back recollections, definite and permanent, of interesting restaurants, dishes, and people. To this end I must encroach somewhat upon the field of Mr. Baedeker and, instead of describing separately each important restaurant on or near the *Grands Boulevards*, run through the list hurriedly:

The Hotel Ritz, Henry's (not Henry's bar), Paillard's, Durand's,\* and the Café Riche are fashionable and very good. The

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\* A cable dispatch in the *New York Times* contains the sad news that Durand's closed its doors after dinner on the night of Dec. 19, 1911, the floods of the year previous having undermined the foundations of the building.

"It was at Durand's," says the dispatch, "that Gen. Boulanger had his one chance for a coup d'état. When the boulevard was crowded with enthusiastic mobs singing and cheering the then popular idol, he was entertaining a party of friends in one of the private rooms on the first floor. The banquet was prolonged until early morning

last of these is one of the older restaurants of the first class, having been established about 1820-30. The Café

**A GROUP OF  
FAMOUS  
RESTAURANTS**

de la Paix is likewise good, and is particularly celebrated for its sidewalk terrace, where one may sit

over a lemonade, a *siróp*, or an ice, and watch the fascinating Paris crowd. The Café Américain is not American at all, and has a rather sad supper room up-stairs, in which, late at night, professional dancing-girls waltz, lack-

---

and the populace went home to bed before the feasting was over."

One of the proprietors of Durand's told me that the mob came there for Boulanger drawing a carriage, in which they meant to take Boulanger to the Elysée Palace and proclaim him King, but that either because he was afraid to take the decisive step, or because he was enjoying his dinner too well, he would not go, and thus lost his one great opportunity. The ancient royalist club called the Pot au Feu occupied rooms over Durand's, having existed for a number of centuries, and in the Musée de l'Armée there is a clock from this historic restaurant in which is lodged a bullet which came in through the window at the time of the revolution.



LONG (AND HIGH) LIVE THE ARMY!





adaisically, between the tables. Prunier's is famous for sea food, but is closed in hot weather. Noël Peter's is well known and good. The Restaurant Champeaux (established 1800) is popular with stock-brokers, and is described by Zola in the first chapter of "L'Argent."

So on, down the boulevard, until we come to the famous and admirable Marguéry's in the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle. Marguéry's is neither MARGUÉRY'S painfully fashionable nor distressingly expensive, yet it is one of the best restaurants in Paris, thriving, despite its some what out-of-the-way location, by virtue of fine fare and a consequent strong bourgeois support. I hope that it will always thrive, and that I shall often see it doing so—over a platter of sole à la Marguéry: the most delectable of fish, cooked in the most marvellous of manners.

The bent, picturesque figure of old Mon-



sieur Marguéry, with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his buttonhole, is no longer to be seen passing from table to table. He belonged to an age and type which are fast vanishing. Companies run restaurants to-day, and companies can not be expected to have white hair, or personality, or to stroll among the tables bowing and keeping an eye to the service. Companies hire men to do this sort of thing. And from my observation, they thus give legal and lucrative employment to many individuals who, had they lived in other times, would very likely have sailed the Spanish Main under a flag like the label on a carbolic-acid bottle.

In enumerating these leading restaurants, I have purposely omitted Voisin's and the Café Anglais, because they are entirely unique. Built before the days of Midas & Co., architects and mural decorators, whose touch has turned all modern restaurants to

gold, these two fine old establishments hold out with patriarchal scorn against the flamboyant tendencies of the times. Their doorways are not the doorways of palaces; they are white, inside and out; they employ no orchestras to drown stupid conversation, no buccaneers of waiters to gouge their patrons. They are the two great ancient temples of the French cuisine which still remain in Paris.

Voisin's, the more recent of the two, was established in 1813, in a building belonging to a convent, the grounds of which occupied, until the Revolution, the entire neighborhood. It has never moved from its location, and has changed hands but twice. Its cellars (containing such vintages as Château Margaux, 1846, Château Lafitte, and Château Haut-Brion, 1847) are the most famous, I suppose, of any public

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| <p>THE ANCIENT<br/>DIGNITY<br/>OF VOISIN'S</p> |
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cellars in the world. And if there are no prices on the bill of fare, one does not feel resentful, for one knows that there will be no overcharging, as at certain other restaurants where this custom holds.

I have the menu of a Christmas dinner held at Voisin's in the year 1870, on the ninety-ninth day of the siege of Paris. Perhaps they did not eat the things which were listed on that card, but they perpetrated a brave joke in face of famine and disaster, when they debonairly listed such dishes as Roast Camel, Stuffed Donkey's Head, and Cats with Rat Dressing.

The Café Anglais is, in history, spirit, and appearance, very similar to Voisin's. Fournier, in his "Promenade Historique dans Paris," tells of the discovery of the place in the year 1800 by some gay young men who soon made it famous and caused its transformation from a humble little *cabaret* into a restaurant of the first order.

The great men of the last century have dined at both these restaurants, and precious souvenirs of royal patrons are preserved at the Café Anglais, in shape of finger-bowls, each bearing the monogram and cipher of the king or prince who used it. The late King Edward's finger-bowl is there, as are also those of the Kaiser, the late Leopold of Belgium, the King and the Crown Prince of Greece, the King of Spain, the Grand Duke Alexis, the ex-King Manuel of Portugal, and many others.

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| <p>THE<br/>CAFÉ ANGLAIS<br/>AND ITS<br/>FINGER-BOWLS</p> |
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Collectors look upon these souvenirs with greedy eyes.

"But, Monsieur," the maître d'hôtel explained to me, "they are not ours to sell. We regard them as the private property of their respective majesties and royal highnesses. And what would they think, Mon-

sieur, on coming back, to find their finger-bowls no longer here?"

"King Edward and King Leopold will not come back," I ventured.

"True, Monsieur," he replied with dignity, "and that is but an added reason why we most respectfully preserve their finger-bowls."

I know of several other notable restaurants, but of less aristocratic lineage, which are as old or older than Voisin's and the Café Anglais. One of these, Gauclair's, was founded in 1800, and still flourishes on its old site, especially at the luncheon hour.

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| <p><b>THE OLD BOEUF<br/>À LA MODE</b></p> |
|---|

Another, the Bœuf à la Mode, in the rue Valois, was founded in 1792. It is a favourite eating-place of mine, simple, old-fashioned, very good. And it is near the Palais Royal, the Comédie Française, and the Louvre; so

if, in spite of my advice, you insist on sightseeing, you may find it convenient. And if, while in that neighborhood, you'll look within the courtyard of the Palais Royal, at the further end, you'll see a restaurant—no longer fashionable—whither, in other days, were wont to dine the ladies and gentlemen of the court of Napoleon III.

Older even than the Bœuf à la Mode is the Tour d'Argent, which, so far as I know, has the record for antiquity, having existed upon its present site on the Quai de la Tour-nelle since 1582, or within less than four-score years of the death of Christopher Columbus. The place is rather dingy; one does not go there to hear music or to see crowds and elaborate costumes, but for the special dishes cooked by old Frédéric,\* who, with his Ibsenesque head and his broad

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\*Frédéric Delair died in Paris about the time these lines were written. His death was widely noticed throughout France.

shoulders, stooping under the weight of the sixty-nine years they carry, is one of the sights of Paris—and knows it.

His greatest specialty is *canard pressé*. When Frédéric carves a Rouen duck, crushes

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| THE TOUR<br>D' ARGENT |
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the carcass in a silver press, mixes his savoury sauce, and with it anoints the tender slices, people at the tables lay down their knives and forks to watch, and waiters stand about in prayerful attitudes. The very writing of the thing fills me with a great desire; yet a still small voice whispers to me that I'm better off away from Frédéric's. His *canard pressé* is extremely rich, and the "gathering of material" for such books as this gives one a tendency toward biliousness and gout.

It occurs to me that this may be the reason why so little information has hitherto been given on the subject of the Paris restaurants. Writers have doubtless tried to



When Frédéric Carves a Rouen Duck, People Lay Down Their Knives and Forks to Watch, and Waiters Stand About in Prayerful Attitudes.



WHEN FRÉDÉRIC CARVES A ROUEN DUCK, PEOPLE LAY DOWN THEIR KNIVES AND FORKS TO WATCH,  
AND WAITERS STAND ABOUT IN PRAYERFUL ATTITUDES.





tell about them, but have died in the attempt, or given up and gone to Carlsbad.

Notwithstanding this, there are persons who have enjoyed the distinction of having dishes named for them by Frédéric, yet lived. On the menu of the Tour d'Argent will be found the following:

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| <b>FRÉDÉRIC'S<br/>HALL OF FAME</b> |
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Sole Loie Fuller, Canapé Clarence Mackay, Sole Phipps, Salmon Trout Munsey, and, getting down to dessert, Pear Wanamaker—in which dish a slangy Parisian might find the flavour of a *double entente*; for, in France, to call a man a *poire* is to refer ironically to the shape of his head and the paucity of its contents—as witness the punishment of the journalist who applied the term to King Louis Philippe.

I once wormed myself into the confidence of one of Frédéric's waiters, a confidence which I shall now betray.

"*Mais oui, Monsieur,*" he smiled. "I

can make *canard pressé* as well as any one. But then, Monsieur, the people would not come to see me do it. I have neither the so grand manner nor yet the so grand whiskers which have made my *patron* rich, Monsieur."

I was not entirely surprised to hear that my friend Frédéric was rich. Not only does he charge good round prices, but he has served me wines which, on comparing price with flavour, made me think he was just a trifle richer than he really ought to be.

At Frédéric's we find ourselves for the first time on the left bank of the Seine, a region which one thinks of as being given over to art, medical and university students, and the Bon Marché.

LAPEROUSE  
AND R. L. S.

Here, from the river back to the farthest corner of the Latin Quarter, will be found a sprinkling of restaurants and cafés of both high and low degree. On the quai,

not far from the Pont Neuf, is the Café Laperouse, well known to all the artists and literary men who have frequented the French capital in the last half-century. It is as good a place to-day, I think, as when Robert Louis Stevenson and his friends were wont to go there. The prices are reasonable (as prices should be upon the left bank of the Seine) and the fish and chicken specialties are worth investigation.

Those who remember Thackeray's "Ballad of the Bouillabaisse," will find the restaurant therein celebrated a few blocks back of the Café Laperouse, near the church of Saint Germain des Près. I do

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| <p>THACKERAY<br/>AND<br/>LITTLE BILLEE</p> |
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not know that bouillabaisse may still be had there, but I hope so. Perhaps you will find out.

Still further from the Seine, not far from the Odéon Theatre, is the Hôtel Corneille,

where Little Billee lived, when he was in love with Trilby, and near it is the Restaurant de l'Odéon, where he went with Taffy and The Laird, and found that "the omelettes were good and the wine wasn't blue." Undoubtedly the best restaurant on this side of the river is the Foyot, near the Luxembourg galleries and gardens. The Foyot is a fine, unpretentious old place, frequented by professors from the Sorbonne and the schools, and by the senators of France. Its wines and cuisine are of the very best. Of the thousand stories hanging

**A COMEDY  
AT THE  
CAFÉ FOYOT**

'round the old white building there is one, which I recall, that played upon the sardonic risibilities of Paris for a week. An editorial writer on one of the Parisian newspapers, who was very fond of airing, in print, his anarchistic tendencies, was also very fond of dining at the Café Foyot. At

the time of which I write an anarchist had thrown a bomb in the restaurant of the Hôtel Terminus at the Gare St. Lazare, injuring a number of persons, and the anarchistic editorial writer had shocked Paris by writing, apropos of the crime, a grimly cynical leader, excusing the bomb-thrower on various æsthetical grounds. Each paragraph of this clever bit of sophistry ended with a phrase demanding: what difference do the lives of a few rich persons make "*si le geste est beau*"? One evening, a few weeks after the publication of the editorial, our newspaper man was at the Café Foyot, regaling himself upon one of the famous chops, cooked in paper wrappers, which are a specialty of the place, when another anarchist came along with another bomb, and, mistaking his brother in the cause of the red flag for a certain unpopular senator whom he resembled, let fly his missile. It was the sort of thing which wouldn't happen in any

other place but Paris and wouldn't be enjoyed by any other people as by the Parisians. So when, to use the vernacular, the anarchistic editor "got his," the whole press of Paris—and it is the wittiest press on earth—burst forth as one voice with the ironical demand: "What matters it "*si le geste est beau*"?"

Probably the best-known restaurants of the Latin Quarter are on or near the Boulevard St. Michel—

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| <p>GAY CAFÉS<br/>OF THE<br/>LATIN QUARTER</p> |
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Boulevard St. Michel—known familiarly among the people of the *quartier* as the "Boul Mich'."

Representative among them are: Pascal's in the rue de l'École du Médecin, frequented principally by medical students and their "*bonnes amies*;" the Café d'Harcourt, in the boulevard near by, an old favourite among the art students; and the Taverne du Panthéon, also on the "Boul' Mich'," much the same as the Harcourt,

though somewhat more pretentious. In these cafés, or on the sidewalk terraces outside the two last-named, one sees, at night, the gay, outdoor life of the present Latin Quarter. There is a good deal of sordidness, a good deal of pose, and a great deal of youth about it, but it is not so heartless and commercial as the night life on the other side of the river.

Though some writers try to keep up the illusion of the "Real Latin Quarter," the fact is that the days of "Trilby" and of gay *grisettes* are gone. The *grisette* is an extinct animal, having evolved into the model or the *cocotte*, and though one sees in these cafés evidences of the fact that life in the Latin Quarter may still be loose, the students' trousers are not nearly so loose as they were twenty, or even ten, years ago. If a few young men affect the baggy corduroys, long matted hair, and flat hats once so prevalent, they are the inefficient who,



being unable to paint, devote themselves to shedding a glamour on the *quartier* and soup on their Windsor ties. Nevertheless, if one be finicky enough to disapprove of kissing between mouthfuls (and strictly between friends, of course) 'twere better not to dine or sup on the "Boul' Mich'."

The Restaurant Lavenue, near the Montparnasse railway station, though frequented

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| LAVENUE |
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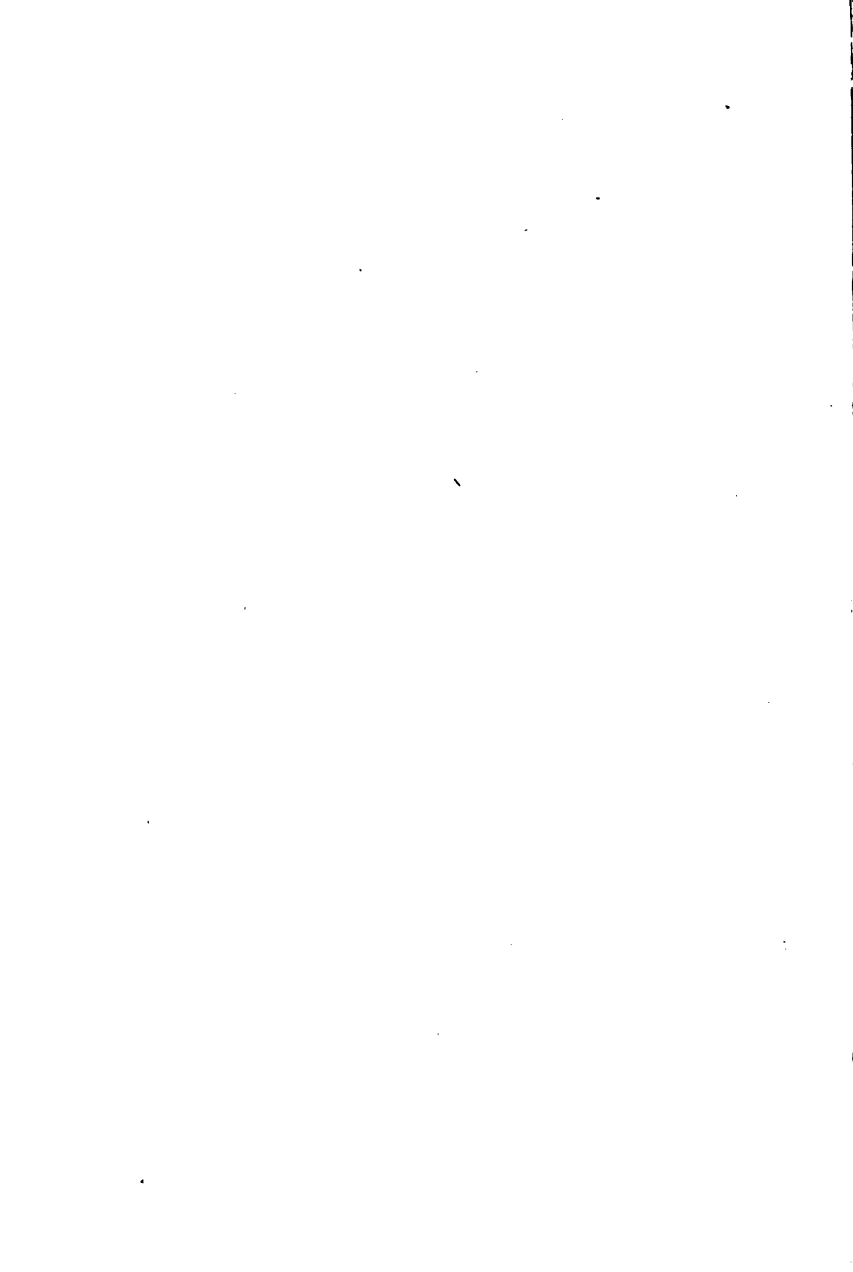
by artists, shows more restraint than the last three I have mentioned. It is divided into two sections, the Grand and the Petit Lavenue. The former is the more expensive and pretentious, and is more likely to be crowded, having as a drawing card a particularly good violinist by the name of Schumacher.

For the rest, the boulevards and side streets of the neighborhood are fairly dotted over with quiet little restaurants, some of them decorated by the students, where one



SHEDDING A GLAMOUR ON THE QUARTER AND SOUP ON THEIR WINDSOR TIES.





may lunch or dine surprisingly well for a franc or two. The average traveller will not be interested in these humble places, I suppose, but for the benefit of others who may wish to find them I shall take the risk of mentioning old Mère Boudet's, where I used to lunch some years ago—and very well for very little money. They tell me that Mère Boudet's isn't what it used to be; that Louise, the pretty *bonne*, no longer graces it; that it has grown large and lost its intimacy. They say "the crowd" all goes to Garnier's now. I do not know. Things change. But somewhere, not too far from the old Hôtel Haute Loire (within whose ramshackle, flatiron-shaped walls, so many men, destined to paint their way to fame, have lived, on first arriving in the city of their dreams), somewhere about that neighborhood there is a place to which

LITTLE  
RESTAURANTS  
FOR  
THE ARTISTS

the students, the poor artists, and the models of the region go to-day to lunch and dine. The slender Russian girl—uncorseted but never unescorted—who dressed in flowing robes and wore sandals on her feet and a fillet round her jet-black hair, is doubtless gone, these several years. But let us hope that there is some one else, spectacular as she was, whom you may see upon your Latin Quarter prowl.

Perhaps at this point you'll permit a word about the cheapest eating-places of the city.

The establishments Duval and Bouillon-

**INEXPENSIVE  
CAFÉS**

Boulang are scattered over Paris as are those of Childs and Kohlsaar in New York and Chicago. They are very inexpensive, far from bad, and are patronised by shop-clerks and the like. Furthermore, there are literally thousands of small independent bars and wine-shops, in

almost any one of which a good omelette, soup, broiled ham, or other simple dish, may be obtained for a few *sous*. Many of these places are known as "*rendez-vous des cochers*," and are largely patronised by cabmen, who in their voyages about the city soon learn where the best food is served for the least money. And let me tell you, there are many well-to-do Americans who do not eat such appetising and nutritious meals in their own homes as are enjoyed by the jolly, red-faced Paris *cochers*.

It is natural that Paris, with her cosmopolitan population, should have a group of restaurants specialising in the cuisine of other lands. Several German cafés are to be found upon the boulevards; a Spanish restaurant, at 14 rue du Helder; and a restaurant called Vian's, at 22 rue Daunou,

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| VIAN'S FOR<br>AMERICAN<br>DISHER |
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opposite the Hôtel Chatham, where the homesick American may procure codfish balls, corn-bread, sweet corn on the cob, and other dishes to remind him that the United States is not without her culinary specialties. There are also several Italian restaurants: one on the Boulevard des Italiens, another in the Passage des Panoramas, and still another, little known, yet very fascinating, quite at the top of the Montmartre.

The rather inaccessible position occupied by the Restaurant du Coucou has saved it,

so far, to the coterie of artists, actors, journalists, and literary folk who, with their friends, make up its clientèle.

It perches like a bird's-nest on the steep hillside which surrounds the Sacré Cœur. In front of the picturesque, dilapidated old building which is the restaurant proper, lies a tiny square, the name of

**THE CHARM  
OF THE  
RESTAURANT  
DU COUCOU**

which I shall not give—for if you have not the energy to find it, you don't deserve to know about the Restaurant du Coucou. The square sleeps throughout the day, but as dinner-time approaches appear Émilie, Marguerite, Rina, and Charles (the children of Vincent, chef and proprietor of the Coucou), bearing little tables and rush-bottom chairs, which they set about the open *place* between their building and the studio-residence of the artist across the way.

Vincent came from Asti, in Italy, a good many years ago, and, after being maître d'hôtel in well-known families, started his little restaurant a decade since. His cheerful *femme*, who watches the accounts, is Swiss, but the children, who serve the diners, possess (like the cooking and the Asti wine) the qualities of their father's fatherland. More than any other place I know, perhaps, the Restaurant du Coucou strikes me as superbly simple, rare, unspoiled. It is



like a scene from Charpentier's "Louise"; like the veritable citadel of "La Bohème."

When darkness falls, the three girls appear with tiny lamps, which, placed about upon the tables, shed glow-worm lights upon the diners, among whom Charles, youngest of Vincent's flock, passes in the rôle of jester, "*blagueing*" and being spoiled. With the aid of what I have told you, you

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| <p>TWO<br/>OVERCHARGES</p> |
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can find the Restaurant du Coucou in an hour or two's tramp. Having found it, select a balmy night to dine there. You will sit a long time before asking for your bill, which will be written in chalk upon a slate, and very moderate. We were four at table the last time I visited the Coucou, and Rina's slate called for twenty francs, or just one dollar each, for a meal of soup, spaghetti, lobster, salad, and other things, washed down with Asti wine. I paid, but,

just as we were leaving, Rina came running after me, announcing a mistake.

"How much more?" I asked, slipping my hand into my pocket.

"Nothing, Monsieur," she said, showing me the amendment on her slate. "We owe you two francs."

I had a different experience at Larue's a few nights later. This time I discovered an error of a few francs on a much bigger bill, and requested that it be corrected. The waiter took the bill away, and when he brought it back it was larger than before. They had deducted the amount I objected to, but added a larger sum against another item! The restaurateurs of the boulevards do not believe in "revision downward."

Since the time the ancient Gauls first made their *marmite*, it has been the custom of Gallic people to consider eating passionately. The art of the cuisine is to the

French what the—may one say art?—of the Quick Lunch is to us, excepting that our quick lunch is so very, very quick that we have no time (or reason) to be proud of it. No American has ever undertaken to write grandly, majestically, of the quick lunch, but there are Frenchmen who have earned immortal names by writing of matters which may, with particular correctness, be described as “touching on the stomach and the palate.” Consider, for example, the fulminations of Fulbert Dumonteuil, in the “Almanach des Gourmands”:

“It is the flag of the French cuisine, which our incomparable master-cooks have proudly planted upon the strange soil of grateful and charmed nations. And every day its Empire grows more vast, and, above all, more durable than those of Alexander and of Charlemagne!”

What is left to other nations in face of such a gastronomic war-whoop but to strike

their colours to the French? And we do strike them (all of us but the Germans) by wearing our napkins at humble half-mast, in our laps, while the Frenchman raises the white banner of culinary conquest to full height, flaunting it victoriously from between his collar and his double chin.

If the French do not know how to eat, they certainly do know what and where to eat. Eating is part of the Parisian's training for the one game, the one industry, the one passionate pursuit on which the whole of his existence centres—the pursuit of woman.

Each time I go to Paris I see more clearly that the superb restaurants, with their rich food and drink, their seductive music, and their little stairways, leading up to *cabinets particuliers*, are designed to strike one incessant note in the bacchanalian chorus of the Venusberg—a chorus in which

**THE SPIRIT OF  
PARISIAN  
RESTAURANTS**

other notes are struck by the literature, the drama, the *costumiers*, milliners, and jewellers, the insinuating deep-topped *fiacres* and taxis scurrying on clandestine errands.

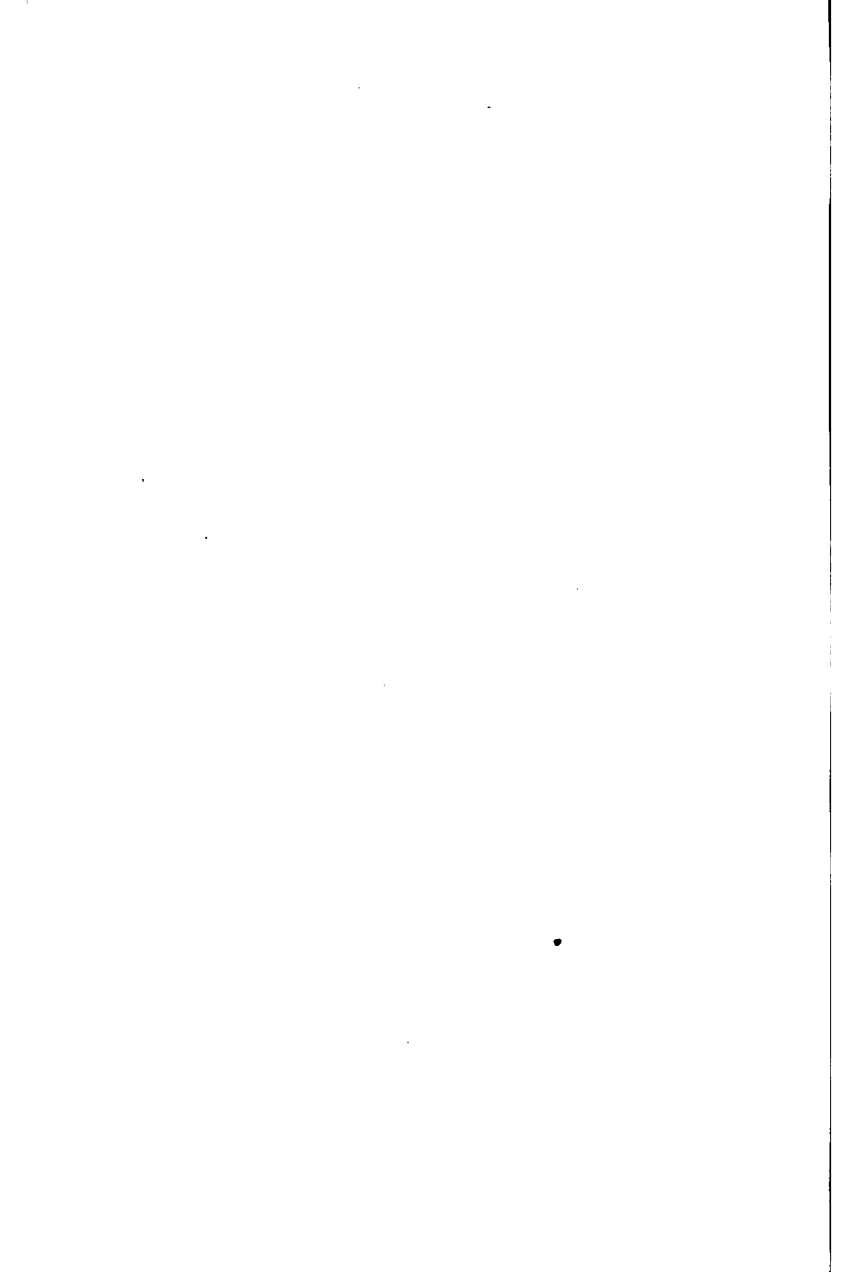
“The fairy of toilettes,” an anonymous French writer says of one Paris restaurant (and he might have said it of a score), “the fairy of adornments, of jewels, of shoulders, the poem of the flesh, the eyes of sorceresses, palpitating throats, superb hair, white hands covered with precious stones, compliments and favours, kisses and embraces, love and voluptuousness, wealth, happiness, joy, youth, luxury, shine resplendently in elegantly decorated rooms, bloom in the intimacy of picturesque salons. . . .”

There is a glimpse of the Frenchman's point of view as set down by himself! Two types of Paris restaurants exemplify it in its extremity. In its most elegant aspect it is to be seen in the outdoor and semi-outdoor establishments of the Bois de Bou-



THE SPIRIT OF PARISIAN RESTAURANTS.





logne and the Champs Elysées; in its more sordid and professional quality in the supper places of Montmartre.

The outdoor restaurants of Paris are unique. Architects, landscape gardeners, and nature have combined with chefs and maîtres d'hôtel to endow them with a theatrical allure so extravagant that, even in broad day, they give one a strong sense of unreality.

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| <p>THE<br/>OUTDOOR<br/>PLACES</p> |
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The Château de Madrid, a hotel run by the proprietors of the Restaurant Henry, is the latest of them. It occupies, almost foot for foot, the site of a château built by François I. in the early part of the sixteenth century, and possesses one or two souvenirs of the original structure. The other outlying places, the Pré Catelan, Pavillon d'Armenonville, Cascade, etc., are arranged on a different plan, each having a central pavilion—a low building with large dining-rooms below,



private ones above, and wide verandas, glass-enclosed or not, according to the weather. Around these central buildings lie gardens sheltered by opulent trees, walled in by secretive hedges, filled with the scent of flowers, the sound of music, and the sense of sophisticated seclusion.

**IN THE BOIS**

Especially during the racing-season is the show at the Pré Catelan and Armenonville spectacular. For *déjeuner*, tea, and dinner they are crowded, but have, perhaps, their largest throng for what Paris calls the "féeve o'clock." For this function, which the French now indulge in quite as regularly as the English, an endless line of vehicles arrives with women in toilettes elegant and extreme beyond the belief of Anglo-Saxon man, and French men of fashion, *gommeux*, with pointed shoes, English clothes, canes, silk hats, monocles, and quick, appreciative

glances for such women as are either beautiful, chic, or bizarre.

Effective as they are by day, it is not until night that the great hour of the *al fresco* restaurants arrives. At dinner-time, and through the evening, they are like Belasco stage-settings, very perfect and entirely theatrical. There is the play, but it does not progress. It is the same, hour after hour, night after night, year after year.

The performers come in two by two, take tables on the verandas, or in the little bowers and kiosks of the gardens—men with extraordinary beards and mustachios, women with mysteriously wise eyes and fascinating gowns—to consume rare wines and viands brought (to music) by discreetly self-effacing waiters. What place could be more fitting for a rendezvous (ah, beautiful French word!) with some one's tremulously lovely wife—perchance your own?

Best of all these garden spots, I like to dine at the Café Laurent in the Champs Elysées. Though smaller than Ledoyen's across the way (where a thousand people will dine of a summer's evening), there is something superlative about it: its cooking and service are superb, its patrons very fashionable, its gardens gloriously theatric, and its prices—well, they are, too.

**IN THE  
CHAMPS  
ELYSEES**

The garden would make a perfect setting for the second act of a "comedy of manners," in which one of the characters is a beautiful young Russian woman with a gown cut to an acute V in the back. She would rest a pair of lovely elbows on the table, hold a cigarette between jewelled fingers, and gaze off through the trees at the necklace of amethyst lights that encircles the Théâtre Marigny. The men would be ambassadors, and they would talk in well-bred

voices while an orchestra played throbbing waltzes.

If, on the other hand, I wished to set a scene for a "Zaza" sort of drama, about an innocent youth and a fiery, wiry actress, I should betake myself to the Café des Ambassadeurs, a stone's throw from the Laurent. There I should have my rich young hero (he would have to be rich to do it) take a table in the first row of the balcony, where one may dine while witnessing the performance in the half-outdoor music-hall below. The plot of the play for which I select this scene would depend upon the country for which it was written. If it was for America, it would hinge upon the efforts of the actress to send the boy back to home and mother, but if for France, upon her efforts to keep him away from them. For the French use vinegar and pepper where we use cream and sugar.

But it is getting late. We must decide

between repose and prowling. Of course, I recommend that we go home, but you—ah! I can tell from the glitter of your eye that the nocturnal restlessness of Paris is surging through your veins. Well, as you must sit up, let's go to Fysher's.

Fysher's is not properly a café. It is (rather improperly, I fear) a wine-room, where nothing but champagne is served; a fast, chic, boulevard edition of the old-time *cabaret*, in which the threadbare poets and composers of Montmartre rendered their compositions before shabby, appreciative audiences, sipping *sirops*, beers, or absinthes.

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| <b>FYSHER'S<br/>CABARET</b> |
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The place consists of one small room, full of chairs and tables. Through the three hours that follow the striking of eleven it is packed with fashionably dressed men and women, representing "smart" society, the stage, and the "upper class" of the *demi-monde*.

Fysher's has been running several years, but has, both metaphorically and literally, been kept dark. Double doors and shutters keep the light and music from getting out, and stray nocturnal wayfarers and fresh air from getting in. When the room becomes hot and smoky, a waiter undertakes to purify the atmosphere with a fine spray from a nickel-plated squirt-gun, charged with perfume. Real ventilation would, as a friend of mine remarked, seem to the French unpatriotic.

Fysher, who is something of an artist, rises now and then and sings French love-songs written and composed by himself—tender, lilting bits, of the type made known to American theatre-goers by Maurice Farkoa and Henri Leoni. The sentiments in Fysher's songs run to such declarations as:

If life were one long kiss,  
I would choose your lips for a dwelling place

and the rhymes to such combinations as *tendresse—caresse—ivresse*, which are the French equivalents, more or less, of our own old favourites, lady love—stars above—turtle dove.

There are other singers who alternate with Fysher, and sometimes a volunteer is found among the tables. One of the regular singers whom I heard there last year, a pretty young woman with a vase-like figure and a bell-like voice, is starring in opera in America this year. The other, I think it safe to say, will never sing in opera. She bawls gay tunes in a raucous voice, but her personality is so humourously engaging that people laugh the moment she stands up.

I have no idea of spoiling Fysher's by telling you exactly where it is. If you find it, you must find it for yourself or get someone else to show you. The only clue that I shall give is this: that from the step of



**SHE IS STARRING IN OPERA IN AMERICA THIS YEAR.**







the Café de Paris, you can very nearly throw a gold piece (or a handful of them) to Fysher's darkened doorway.

Two classes of night restaurants are left to us when Fysher's closes. There is Maxim's and the similar, if less objectionable, places of Montmartre on the one hand, and, on the other, the little-known dives of the "*Apaches*" both in Montmartre and near Les Halles, the great markets of the city. If the former are dissolute and foolish, the latter are really dangerous, for they are infested by the lowest characters.

Only those who know Paris well should venture into night resorts in doubtful neighbourhoods. All the so-called "gaiety" that any normal person wishes may be found in well-known places like the Rat Mort and l'Abbaye. The stray sociologist alone should think of penetrating to the lower depths, and him I advise to stay away.

Le Père de Famille, Le Grand Comptoir, Le Chien qui Fume, Le Lapin Sautant, Le Caveau des Innocents, etc., clustering about

**THE CAFÉS OF  
THE "APACHES"**

Les Halles, are, for the most part, shabby likenesses of the Montmartre restaurants.

With the exception of the last-named, they have cafés and bars on the ground floor, and restaurants above; and usually there is a red-coated orchestra, composed of hunchbacks or otherwise grotesque musicians. To these places come the "*Apaches*" (a word which the French have borrowed from among our Indian names, to designate a bloodthirsty villain), the "*voyous*," or toughs, who hang about the markets, and the "*maqueraux*," with their women. To some of them, especially the Grand Comptoir, which is the largest and perhaps the most orderly of them all, occasionally come slumming parties from the fashionable

world of Paris; but foreigners are never seen.

The crowds arrive between midnight and two o'clock, and stay through until morning, dancing, singing the latest ribald songs, breaking chairs and bottles, and occasionally shedding blood. Just as the purest French is said to be spoken in the city of Tours, the impurest is spoken in these restaurants. It is the argot of the underworld, and is called the "*langue verte*." The most poisonous-looking place of all is the Caveau des Innocents, a low, vaulted cellar, with a doorway so small that one must stoop to enter, and a series of narrow little rooms, in which desperate characters congregate about tables covered with the names of "*Apaches*," which they have carved with their murderous knives: "Casque d'Or," "Coup-couteau de la Bastille," etc.

Outside the great Halles roar with work as the creaking two-wheeled carts, which

have come in from the country, are emptied of their produce. And when, at five or six o'clock in the morning, the fetid cafés close at last, they are hemmed in by barricades and breastworks of fresh vegetables.

This brief descent into the underworld has been a slight digression from the line of march. The logical ending of a night of prowling in the Paris cafés is, as everybody understands, in Montmartre. To speak of Montmartre anywhere but at the very end of this article would be to "put the *carte (du jour)* before the *hors (d'œuvre)*."

Very well. You and I have come from the boulevards below. Our taxi has panted up the "mountain,"

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| <b>MONTMARTRE</b> |
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between rows and rows of darkened houses, steering a straight course for the beacon lights of the Place Pigalle. Nearing the top, we have reached the realm of illumination, the big electric sign of the Bal Tabarin, of

the Restaurant Lajeunie, the Royal, Monico's, Pigalle's, and at last, upon the plateau of the Place Pigalle, l'Abbaye and the Rat Mort.

One can never tell just what is going to happen in Montmartre. The evening may be dull or may be gay. Banalities, absurdities, comicalities, or odd adventures may be there awaiting us. We shall see Spaniards, Italians, Russians, Arabs, Scandinavians, Germans, Englishmen, Turks, and our own fellow-countrymen in search of amusement, mischief, vice. We shall see a sprinkling of respectable American women, with their escorts, clean-looking women, wide-eyed and curious, who decorate these bawdy supper rooms like lilies growing in a heap of refuse; we shall see other American women, shrewd sagacious buyers, who have come to Paris for the purchase of model hats and gowns for the coming season in New York, Chicago, San Francisco; and we shall see

still others: adventuresses, women who have drifted here on the crest of one adventure, and are floating idly in the eddies, waiting for another one to roll along. The easy, indolent, elegant, and relatively inexpensive life of Paris appeals to American women of all classes. Just as quantities of well-to-do and rich ones have their apartments on or near the Champs Elysées and the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, and quantities of others, who have tiny incomes, live comfortably in cosey little flats about the Latin Quarter, so also do innumerable women of our demi-monde float over and stay, held by the charm of Paris, by the modest cost of living, by the horse-racing, the gambling, the revelries of hectic nights.

New York's Lobster Palace Society has always its ambassadors in Paris, and anyone unfortunate enough to know by sight the more conspicuous figures of the Manhattan

Tenderloin is sure to find familiar faces in the Paris restaurants.

"Mr. Feldman," a figure well known to the head waiters of Long Acre Square, will surely be in Paris. You will see him enter the Café de Paris, Maxim's, or l'Abbaye with the same air of being "someone in particular" that you have

AN  
IMPORTATION  
FROM  
NEW YORK

seen him wear when entering the Knickerbocker grill-room, Martin's, the "other" Martin's, or Churchill's in New York. And trailing on behind him you will see the same large lady in staccato scents and a diminuendo dress.

To anyone who sees our "Mr. Feldman" walk into a restaurant it is instantly apparent that he is not made of common clay, but rather of truffles and *pâté de foies gras*. Neither in New York nor Paris is it necessary for him to reserve tables in advance.



No matter what a crush there is he always sails majestically in and finds a place. If the regular tables are occupied a special one is carried in and laid for him.

The "Mr. Feldman" kind of man distributes largesse with a plump and lavish hand. He has cocktails named for him, drinks vintage champagnes, sends for the head waiter, calls him "Louis," dresses him down, and gives him a twenty-dollar bill.

"Mr. Feldman" is sometimes young, but usually he is middle-aged and just a little bald. His complexion is of either a pasty cream colour, or an apoplectic purple, shading off to a lighter tone about the prominently upholstered neck. There are deep wrinkles beside the nose, fleshy pouches beneath the eyes, diamonds on the fingers, and very fancy buttons on the waistcoat. The whole is mounted upon creaky legs.

While "Mr. Feldman" lives, he lives very high, and when he comes to die, he does it

so quickly that he actually interrupts himself in the midst of ordering another bottle. His colour changes. If he was purple, he turns mauve; if cream-coloured, a lovely shade of pale green. An attentive waiter catches him as he starts to flop over on the wine coolers. He has stopped ordering, so his friends know he must be dead.

But we were in Montmartre. Montmartre is dissipated, but not in the oppressive, ugly manner of the New York Tenderloin. Many of the women who go regularly to the Abbaye, the Rat Mort, and Rabelais', are startling in appearance, and though there is no doubt as to the business they are bent on, they have a superficial gaiety, a native wit, which the Anglo-Saxon sometimes finds alluring.

"No wonder," I heard an American woman say to her husband, as she watched a youthful Briton gaily buying bottle after

bottle of champagne for a group of bizarre young women in the Abbaye, "no wonder that young Englishmen have such a jolly time in Paris. Think of the dulness of the women that they see at home!"

We have come to Montmartre "for fun," and perhaps we can have fun, if we keep

**SOME NIGHT  
RESORTS UPON  
"THE MOUNTAIN"**

our minds trained upon the superficial side of things. We must persuade ourselves that the dancing-girls are there from terpsichorean passion; not for the paltry francs they gain. We must regard the extravagantly costumed *cocottes* as happy nymphs, and must believe that, between hectic nights in cafés and slumbrous days in stuffy rooms, the "*filles de joie*" lead joyful, soul-satisfying lives. In short, we must accept the point of view of other casual visitors, and think that happiness is manufactured by the topsyturvy formulas of Montmartre.

Failing to accomplish this inversion, we shall see in the region of the Place Pigalle only a sample of that sad, artificial gaiety which exists in any city where the "lid is off."

It is to the credit of the French and of Montmartre that one sees but little drunkenness up there. And it is to the discredit of Americans that they supply such as there is. No more excuse for inebriety exists in Montmartre than in an insane asylum. The place is crazy enough without the aid of an excess of alcohol. It is a distorted, iridescent world, seen through the bottom of a goblet; a dusty, dirty dream, full of colour, noise, and confusion, peopled with caricatures, and smelling stale as a plush dress on which a goblet of champagne has been upset. And there you sit and sit until the blue dawn begins to percolate through roofs of glass, and things and people fade and melt in the mixed lights.

You grow depressed. It is another morning—another day to be met and coped with. You shut one eye, relight your cigar, call for checks and coats, and leave.

As you go into the street, a tall, handsome girl from one of the other restaurants is passing toward her home. Over her lovely evening dress is thrown a wrap of costly lace. Her ebony-black hair is



piled up wonderfully, and in place of a hat she wears two large rosettes of lace and ribbon, fastened to the ends of hatpins. She turns her slanting, inscrutable black eyes to you, notes that you are an "*Anglais*," and says, in staccato accents, as she goes upon her way:

"Allo, my dear. Sink of me."

A little morning pleasantry, in passing—that is all.

The Paris dawn is very beautiful. It is

blue and cold and pure, and as you clatter home through narrow, sleeping streets, the mad scenes of the night, which have been swinging in your brain like windmills, are as the horrors of a past delirium. Paris has been born again, beautiful and virginal, as only you, who see her by the light of dawn, may ever see her.

Yet, even then, she is unreal. The trees are unreal, the long line of two-wheeled carts and the piles of fresh vegetables—green, yellow, white—arrayed within them, are unreal; the man who is washing down the streets with an absurd hose, on rollers, is unreal; the house before which your cabman stops is unreal; and when, later on, you offer it to some one, you will find that the change the cabman gave you was unreal, as well.

END



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