

THE  
BURTON HOLMES  
LECTURES



ROUND ABOUT PARIS  
PARIS EXPOSITION 1  
PARIS EXPOSITION 2



















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THE  
BURTON HOLMES  
LECTURES

*With Illustrations from Photographs*

*By the Author*



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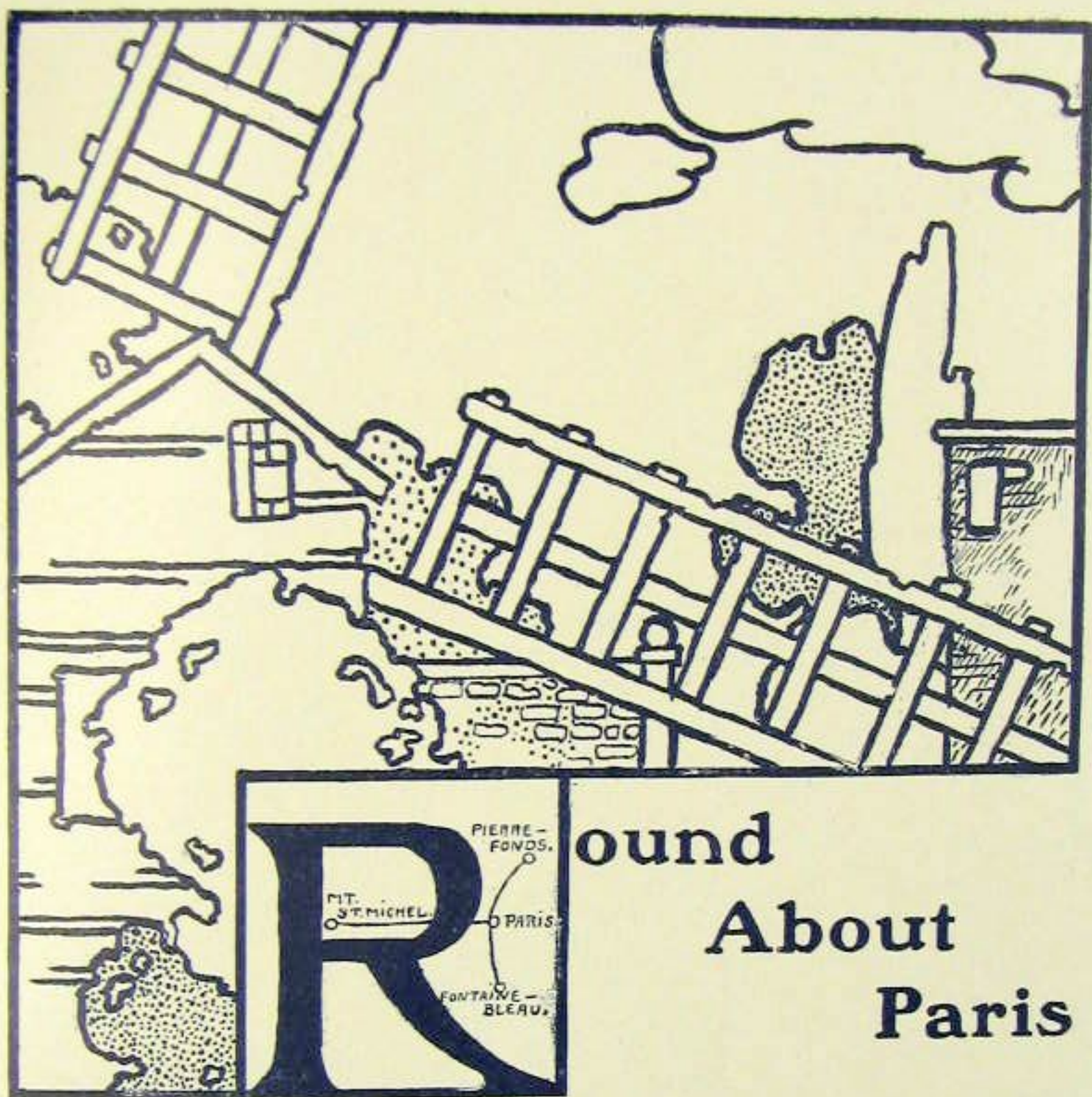


# ROUND ABOUT PARIS









## ound About Paris

OF ALL European capitals perhaps Paris is the one best known to Americans. Every one has heard the saying that "good Americans when they die go to Paris," but fewer have heard the flippant remark of one of our younger wits, that "the bad ones get there while they are alive!" Whoever celebrates the famous things of Paris cannot but repeat what has been said a thousand times in praise of her museums and her monuments, her treasures of art, her incomparable avenues, and her splendid decorative spaces. Therefore in our ramble about the city we shall not seek the celebrated



sites familiar even to those who have never been in Paris, but instead we shall turn aside from the imposing thoroughfares into the byways of the city. We pass the port-

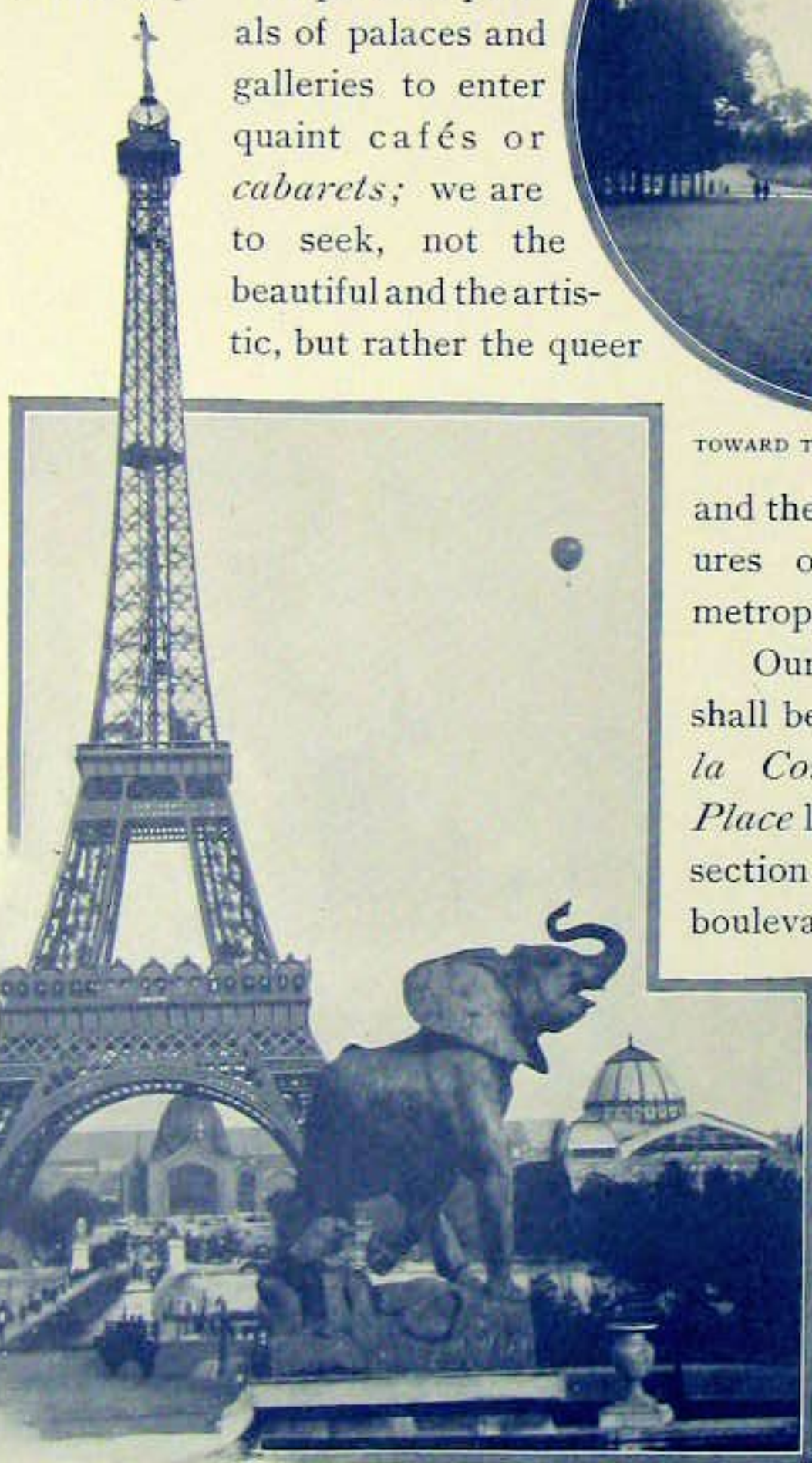
als of palaces and galleries to enter quaint cafés or *cabarets*; we are to seek, not the beautiful and the artistic, but rather the queer



TOWARD THE OBELISK AND THE ARCH

and the eccentric features of the French metropolis.

Our starting-point shall be the *Place de la Concorde*. The *Place* lies at the intersection of the grand boulevards, *Champs-Élysées*, *Rue de Rivoli*, and the *quais* along the river. In the distance rises the Eiffel Tower. Like a steel needle, it pierces the



IN 1890



downy summer clouds, a frail connecting link between earth and heaven, a ladder by which angels might descend to this earthly paradise. Who can resist the charm of Paris? I confess that I cannot. To me it is a pleasure simply to be in Paris. I can sympathize with the feelings of Du Maurier's hero, "Little Billee," with his joy at being "in the very midst of Paris, to live there, and learn there, as long as he liked." With

every recurring visit, I find that, like him, I gaze on it with a sense of novelty, an interest and a pleasure for which I can find no expression in words. Like Du Maurier, I, too, exclaim, "Paris, Paris, Paris! The very name has been one to conjure with, whether we

think of it as a mere sound on the lips and in the ear, or as a magical written or printed word for the eye." We may, it is true, look askance at the people as typified by the Parisians of the cafés and the boulevards; we may be repelled by many sights and sounds, by many of the customs, habits, vices of the French; but Paris, the city itself, is dear to us because of the subtle sympathetic charm which it possesses. The life of Paris is a continuous performance in which the actors, trained in comedy and farce, are now and then tempted to make essay in tragic rôles.



THE PLACE OF PEACE





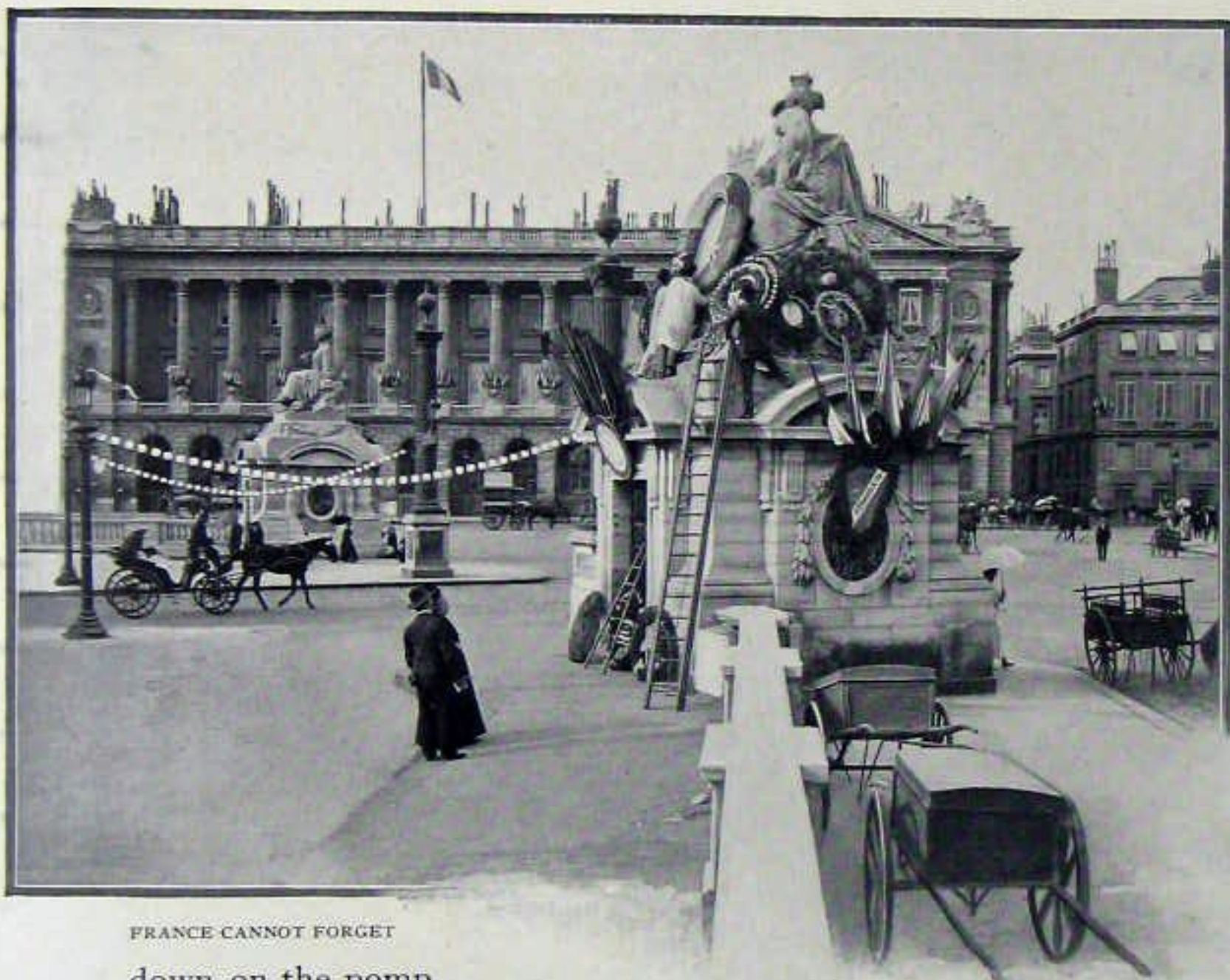
THE TERRACE OF THE TUILERIES

But even in the tragedies of Paris there is always the discordant note, an echo of the farce. What more appalling spectacle than Paris grinning through the Reign of Terror, of its mobs laughing at the horrors enacted here upon this very stage now named the Place of Peace! Who is not familiar with the features of this square? Here is the silent Egyptian obelisk, a sister shaft to those which rise in New York, in Rome, and in London,—all three compelling our thoughts to that far-distant but inevitable day when the abandoned sites of cities now great shall be as drear and silent as the sands which mark the place where in pride of life stood Luxor, thousands of years ago.





The boisterous fountains strive, vainly or successfully, according to our mood, to teach forgetfulness of the inevitable, and seem to sing that Paris, having been, will ever be. Around the squares, in statuesque impressiveness, sit the heroic figures representing eight great cities of the French Republic. With calm, almost contemptuous mien they look



FRANCE CANNOT FORGET

down on the pomp  
and gaiety of the envied  
capital. But Paris regards with indifference all  
save one—the one that represents the captive sister, Stras-  
burg. To her each year the various societies whose mission  
it is to nurse the lusty patriotism of the French, bring  
mourning-wreaths and funeral-offerings, and with these deck  
the monument in memoriam of the great loss of Alsace and



Lorraine, in proof of the oft-voiced and bitter cry that France will not, cannot forget.

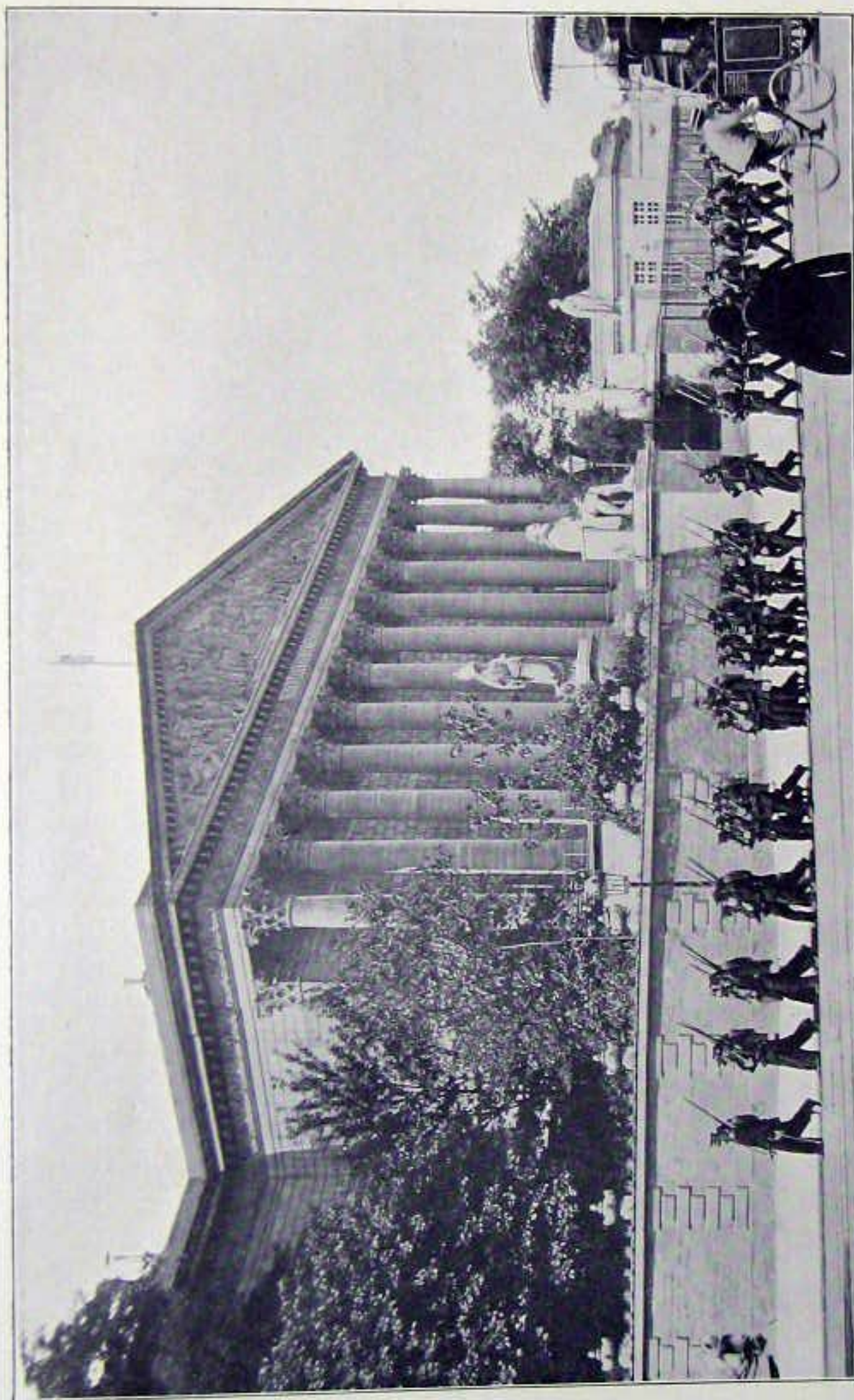
Frequently in early morning I crossed this square, bound for a cycling spin in the *Bois de Boulogne*. No lumbering sprinkling-cart here turns to anger the joy of the blithesome cyclist, yet the Parisian substitute is quite as effective in rendering pavements slippery. An employé in uniform calmly promenades about the square, dragging in his wake what



EARLY SPRINKLING

appears to be a many-sectioned snake on roller-skates, a tubular reptile that writhes across the street laying the dust of Paris with its hissing breath and barring all wheel traffic as effectually as if it were a wall of stone. The man in charge serenely transforms the perfect, cleanly pavement into a shallow lake ; cab horses slip and fall ; cyclists dismount in despair ; but still the sprinkler sprinkles, for the dust of Paris must be laid before the fashionable driving-hour.





THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES







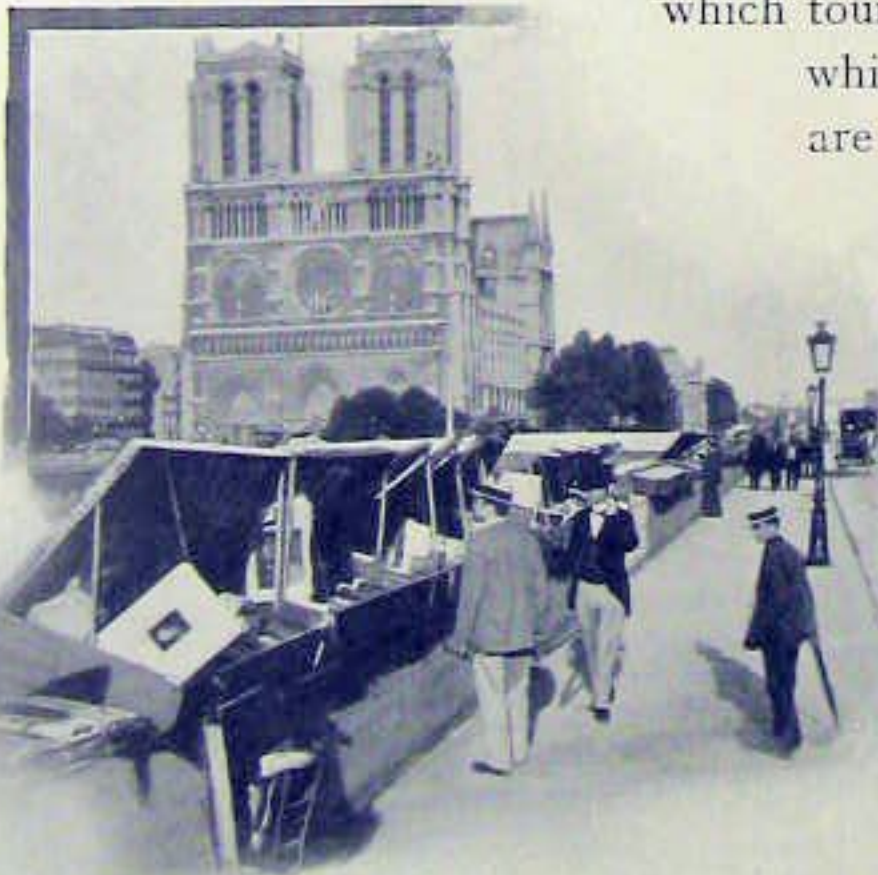


But  
let us begin  
our wander-  
ings. Cross-  
ing the river,  
we loiter along the  
shaded quai. We

A BOOKSTORE TWO MILES LONG

have resolved that we are not here in Paris to  
visit one by one the things which Baedeker has marked with  
double stars in his red books—those useful little guides  
which tourists feign to despise  
while knowing that they  
are invaluable. Rather

are we here as  
returned travel-  
ers; and, know-  
ing our Paris,  
we are at liberty  
to turn aside  
from the  
grand ave-  
nues and the



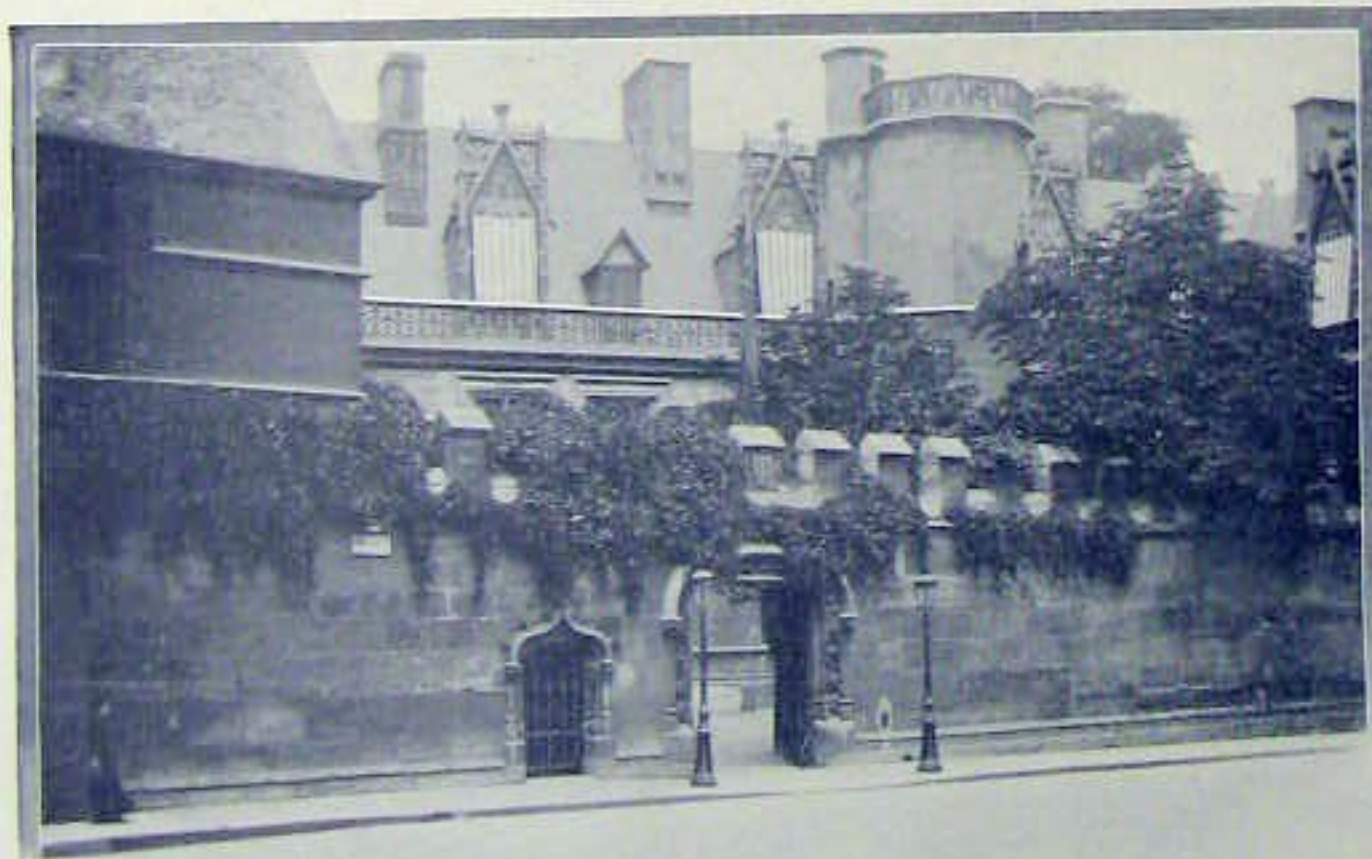
WHERE LITERATURE LURKS





GOING TO FIRST COMMUNION

famous monuments to seek other things, less beautiful perhaps, but also less familiar. We may spend delightful hours at the book-stalls on the quais where an outdoor bookshop, two miles or more in length, stretches from the Chamber of Deputies to the Church of Notre Dame. Many a youth in the course of daily wanderings along the quai, dipping in dusty tomes and thumbing portfolios of prints, has absorbed, almost unconsciously, a liberal education, paying for it no more than the idler pays for an aimless ramble. This is a



LE MUSÉE CLUNY



public library, not only free but most accessible, where he who walks may read. The dealers lease sections of the parapet at so much per metre. A second-hand book usually begins its experience in the aristocratic five-franc box; then, as time passes and it is not sold, it begins a series of eastward migrations, finding itself with each succeeding change of residence among volumes rated at more modest prices.



EVOLUTION OF A NEW AVENUE

At last the two-sou box is reached, the ultimate abiding-place of richly bound tomes on theology and by-gone history; while Zola, Daudet, and de Maupassant rarely get below the two-franc box before their tattered yellow-paper covers attract some willing purchaser.

Old Paris now and then peers out upon its modern self on this historic left bank of the Seine. Nowhere does it more boldly show its noble, timeworn, restful face than in the narrow street where the structure raised by the old monks of Cluny welcomes the traveler to its open door. Within is



a museum which tells of the past, of medieval times, or of antiquity. Upon this site the Romans built a palace sixteen centuries ago ; here, in the year 360, the Roman legionaries made an emperor of Julian ; here was the early seat of Frankish Monarchy, when Paris was but a walled island in the river, and the teeming Latin Quarter of to-day was a green countryside, its only houses being dwelling-places of monks and kings.



THE "BOWERY" OF PARIS





PREPARATIONS FOR THE FÊTE

While lingering here we may witness a pretty parade of innocence. Like a sweet passing vision of the days that were, a procession of little girls flit swiftly by. Their robes are as white as their souls, their veils are fluttering as softly as their little hearts, for to them this is the day of days, the day of the "First Communion." Behind them two women, black-robed and serene, scarcely relieved against the high somber wall, are treading in shadow; but where the white slippers of light-footed maidenhood touch the rough street, there the sunshine has turned all the pavement to gold.

From these peaceful side-streets, brooding places of the spirits of dead years and centuries, we may turn into wider, busy streets, where Old Paris, like an ancient belle, strives by the aid of paint and ribbons to make herself look young again—with the same sad result that always follows an attempt to masquerade before the world. Paris shows her wrinkles in spite of daubed façades and the multi-colored





IN THE SEWERS

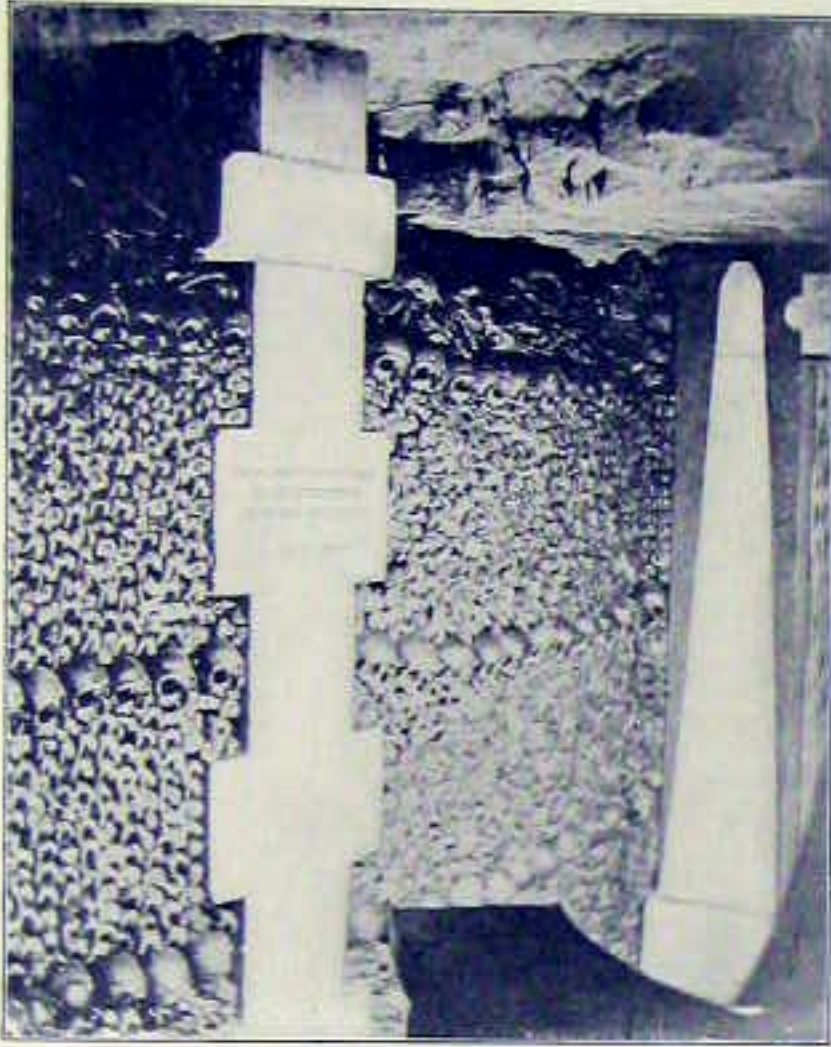
awnings. This tawdriness grates upon the senses of those who expected to find all the streets of Paris as stately and refined in aspect as the *Rue de la Paix* and the *Avenue de l'Opéra*. But the creation of elegant new avenues, pierced in grand, straight lines right through the labyrinth of the Paris of the olden times still goes on; the demolishing fury let loose by Baron Haussmann

under Napoleon III half a century ago has not yet spent its force. The condemnation of property, demolition of old musty buildings, and opening of fine new streets proceeds uninterruptedly. A few years more, and all the scars resulting from operations of this nature will be concealed behind long rows of uniform apartment buildings with monotonous façades and grace-



BARTHOLDI'S LION





THE CATACOMBS

the air we breathe is not more heavy than that of the narrower waterways of Venice; the cool dampness and the mysterious darkness of the place, the flare of torches, and the sound of flowing waters, help the imagination to transform the tunnel-walls into foundations of old palaces. There are seven hundred miles of those dim

ful balconies. But the work of Paris is not always done for display. Far underground, unseen, unnoted, vast schemes for the welfare of the city are being carried forward to completion. Though the comparison may seem a profanation, a visit to the sewers of Paris has almost a Venetian charm. We glide in boats between dark walls;



OSSEOUS WALLS



corridors, curving and meeting beneath the streets of Paris. Those swift, invisible canals, if connected end to end, would form a waterway so long that on it we could perform in the boats a journey as long as from the Palace of the Louvre by the Seine to the Doge's Palace by the Adriatic.

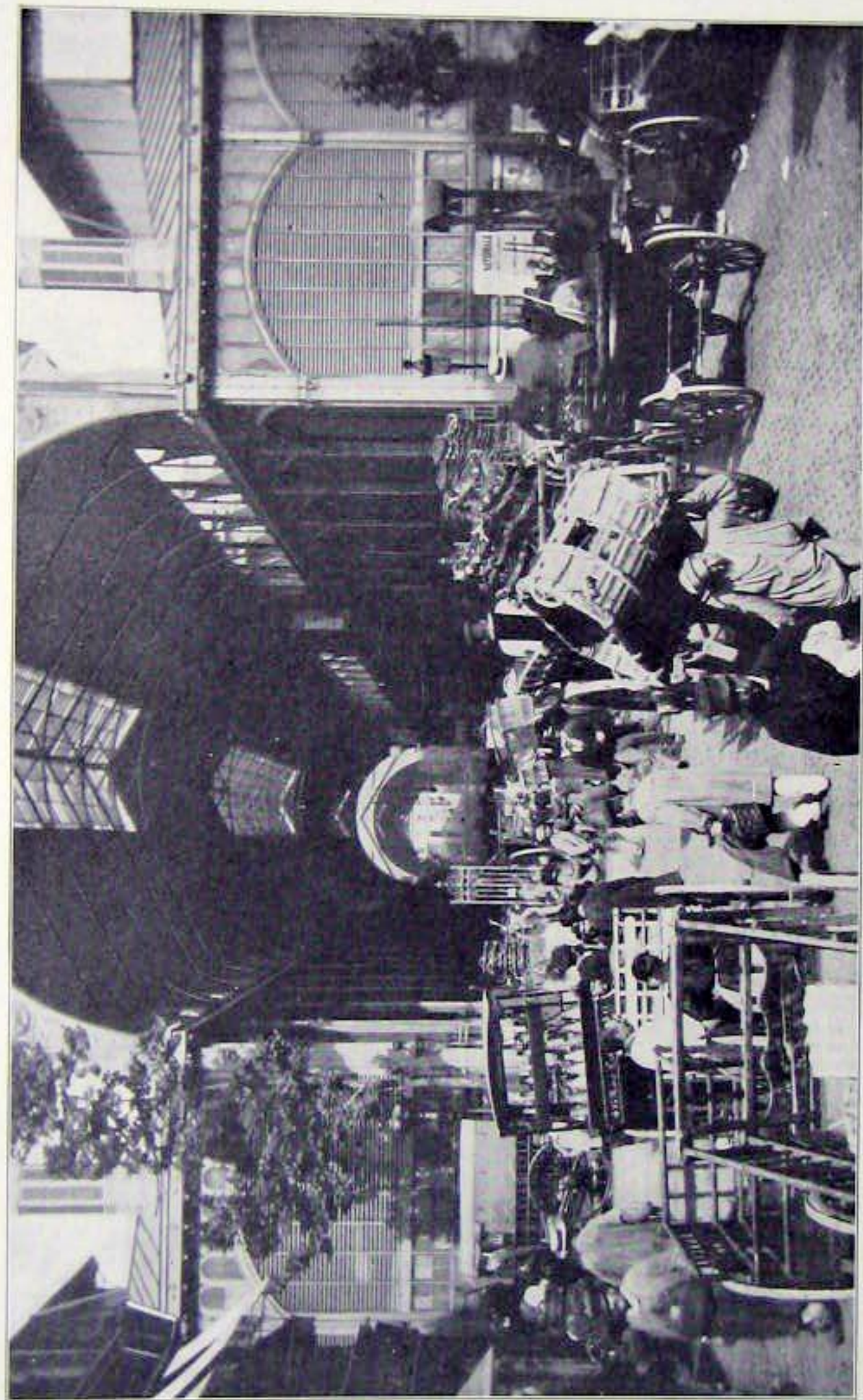
A visit to the sewers will suggest another and more gruesome subterranean excursion,—a visit to the Catacombs of Paris. Not far from the challenging presence of the noble



A SEA OF EDIBLES

lion of Bartholdi, a monument dedicated to the idea of National Defense, we find the gateway of an unseen city of the dead, vaster and more populous than any of the catacombs of Italy. Originally limestone-quarries dating from the Roman days, these Catacombs received the bones disinterred from old cemeteries in 1786. Then, when the Reign of Terror came, it hid the bodies of its victims in this same labyrinth of death. Later, by order of Napoleon, the bones and skulls of nameless thousands were arranged in orderly





*LES HALLES CENTRALES*







embankments, so that to-day the visitor may walk for miles between unbroken walls of human bones, between interminable triple rows of skulls bereft of lower jaws. We note that not a few of the skulls exhibit evidences of a violent death, a tiny bullet-hole or a crushed frontal bone. How many bodies have contributed to the building of these ghastly walls? How many bony faces stare at him who traverses all these winding corridors of death? We are told that these name-



AFTER MARKET-HOURS

less dead number at least four millions. The sleeping population of these labyrinthine quarries outnumbers, almost two to one, the waking population of the upper city.

There is an interesting quarter of Paris which is wide-awake, while all the rest of the great city sleeps its soundest sleep, during the small hours of the morning. It is what Zola calls the "stomach of Paris," the *Halles Centrales*, the largest, liveliest market in the city. The vast market-building has a floor area of more than twenty acres, and



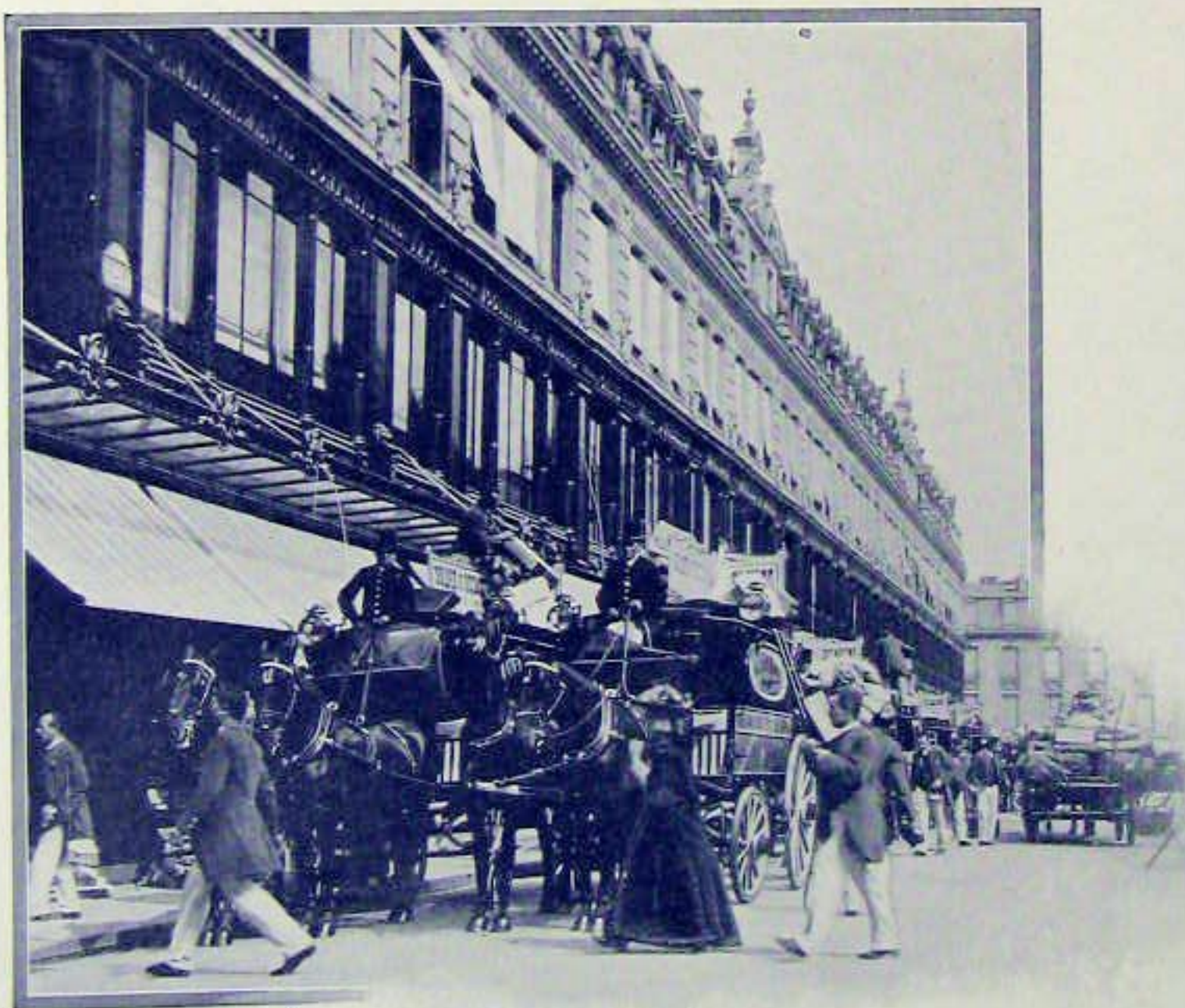


THE ENTREPÔT DE BERCY

through it run five broad streets. Every morning in the year customers pay into the cash-drawers of the wholesale dealers about one hundred thousand dollars; yet this is but a fraction of the daily food-bill of Paris, for the great city spends for food six hundred thousand dollars every day. Throughout the night and the early hours of the morning long rivers of produce, meat, and fish empty into the surrounding square, until at sunrise this sea of edibles overflows into the neighboring streets, and every inch of sidewalk and of pavement within a radius of half a mile is flooded four feet deep with garden-truck. Amid the waves of green the licensed porters, the famous "strong men" of the market, bearing baskets on their backs, navigate like ferry-boats between these isles of food and the retailers' wagons ranged like a row of docks around the shores of this gastronomic gulf. When the tide has reached its height, turned and ebbed away, influenced by moonlike gleams of big round silver coins, the bed of this



emptied gulf is strewn with rejected vegetables and worthless greens, a mass of refuse six inches deep and a half mile across. In an incredibly short space of time this disappears before the systematic advance of a well-drilled army of scavengers, and when the merchants or the bankers come at nine or ten o'clock to open shop or office, they find the streets of the entire quarter as clean as if no market had been held. The transformation is complete ; the kitchen-garden becomes a dignified, well-ordered business thoroughfare. Two hours later, at *déjeuner* in one of those well-managed, inexpensive, excellent hotels of Paris, we see the eggs and chops and lettuce purchased by our steward at the *Halles*, served *à la table d'hôte*, the eggs disguised in dainty, Frenchy costumes, the chops tricked out with spotless paper frills and ruffles,



AU BON MARCHÉ



the lettuce dressed as only a Frenchman can dress it, the "all-together" perfectly delicious, thanks to the skill of one of those white-crowned and white-robed benefactors of the human race, a Paris *chef*. For who will deny the civilizing influence of the Paris chef, and who will dispute his right to bear, consistently, without shade of incongruity, the title "artist"? As for the wine served free at luncheon and dinner, it is good wine; not costly, but so good in quality that no one thinks of asking for a better. Much of it comes from the *Entrepôt de Bercy*, the principal reservoir for the drinkables of Paris. Curiously enough, in France we pay so much for a good dinner, and the wine is given us free of charge; while in America we pay so much for a little glass of firewater, and the food is given us under the charitable title of "free lunch." Turning from wet goods to dry goods, we find that in Paris "dry goods" on feminine lips translates itself "*Au Bon Marché*," literally "At the Good Market,"



NO LACK OF CABS





AVENUE DU BOIS DE BOULOGNE

more properly, the place where things are sold "*au bon marché*," or at the lowest, fairest price. Because of the phenomenal development of the department-stores in our own cities the Bon Marché does not impress the American to-day as it did thirty years ago. But this is the original Big Store, the parent of our bigger stores, and therefore justly famous. Famous, too, because three generations of American mothers have spent there the hard-earned dollars of our fathers. For superhuman politeness, commend me to the clerks of this establishment. It is upon these poor unfortunates that nearly every one of our straw-hatted, shirt-waisted American girls, fearless of the consequences, essays her untried Gallic vocabulary. Yet, with a face that spells attention and respect, the Frenchman listens, and when the inevitable hesitation comes, supplies the needed word, for



from long experience he knows precisely what the foreigner wishes to say.

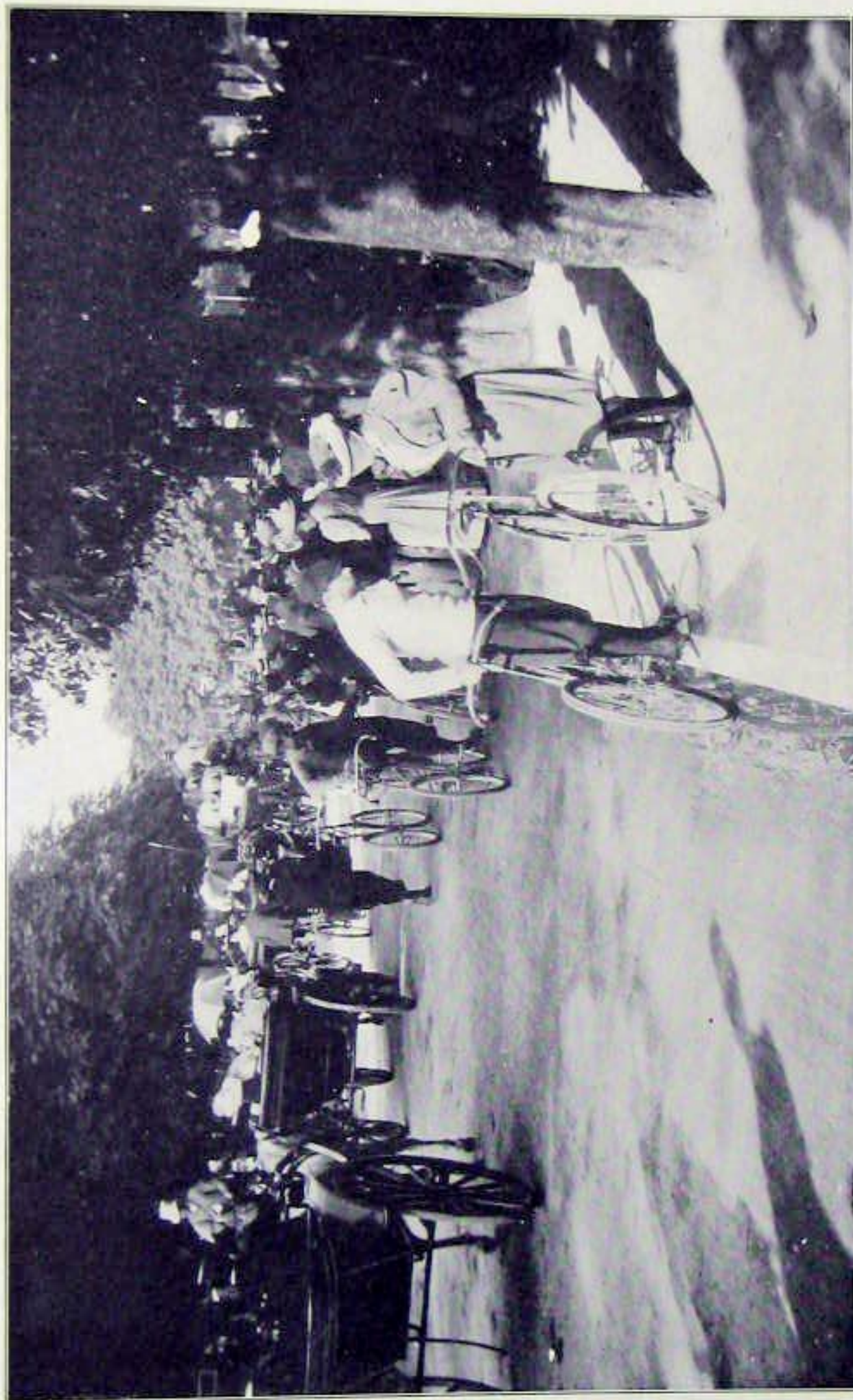
The cabman of Paris is the traveler's best friend and his worst enemy. There is no lack of cabs in Paris. To be convinced of this attempt to cross the Champs-Élysées at the hour when the tide sets toward the Bois. It is war to the death between the innately stolid cabby and the pedestrian, who (necessarily) is nimble. The fencing-master does



BLOOMERS

not ply his foil more skilfully than does the cabby with his shaft lunge at the breast of his sworn adversary, the man who does not ride but tries to walk, and when the cabby, like Cyrano, exclaims "*Je touche!*" his victim is — arrested on the charge of interfering with the "circulation"! In earlier days a wise old law held the jehu responsible for such hurt as was inflicted by the front wheels of his vehicle, but if it were proved that the victim died under the hind wheels of the cab, the driver was acquitted of all blame.





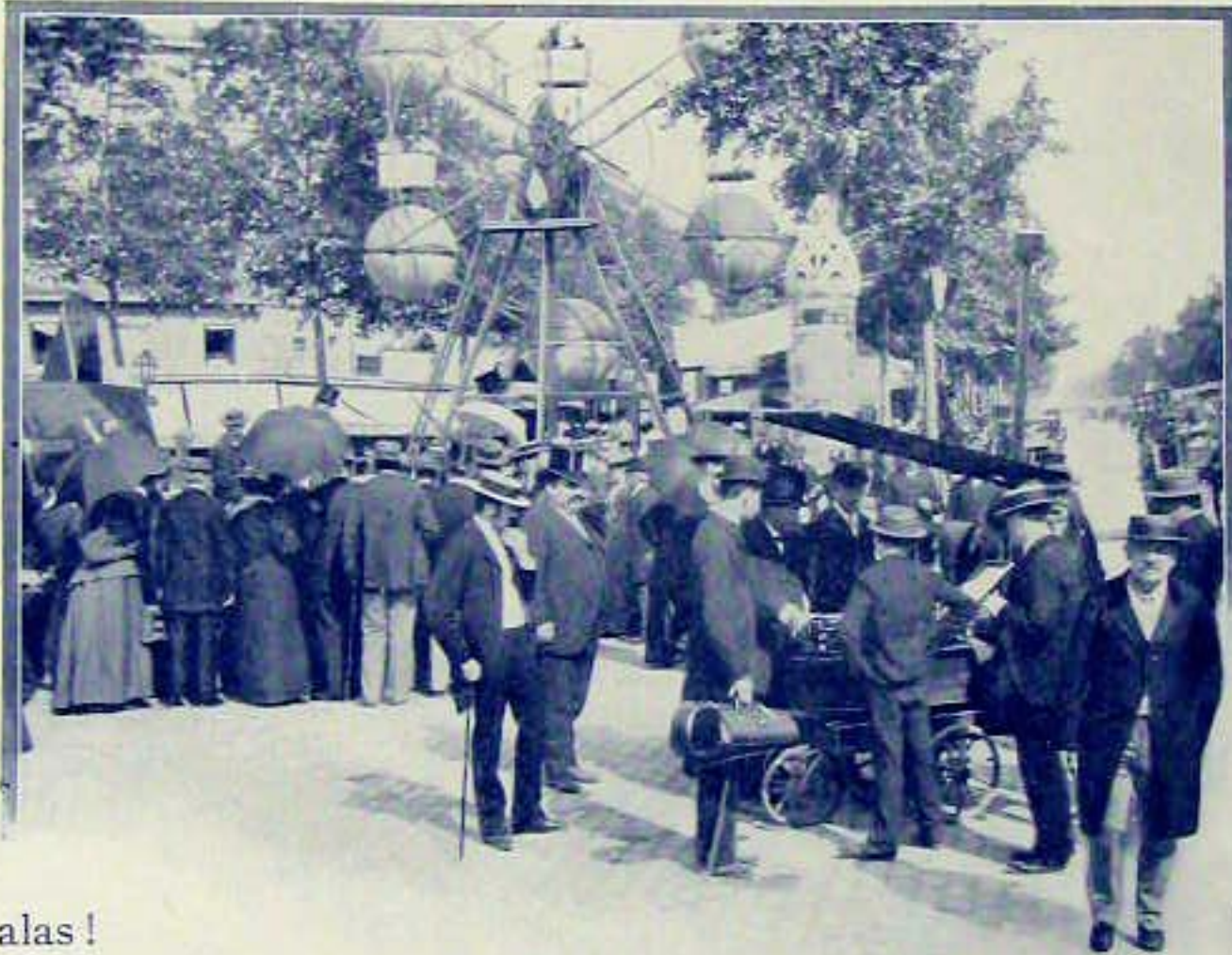
AU BOIS DE BOULOGNE







The summer season is not the time to visit Paris if one cares to see the rank and fashion of the capital. The gorgeous pageant of well-appointed traps that may be witnessed here in May or early June has been succeeded by an endless river of cabs filled with delighted strangers *doing* Paris to their hearts' content, and hired coaches with parties of Americans en route for Versailles or St. Cloud. No splendid turnouts, powdered lackeys, and *grandes dames*! They,



alas!

have for

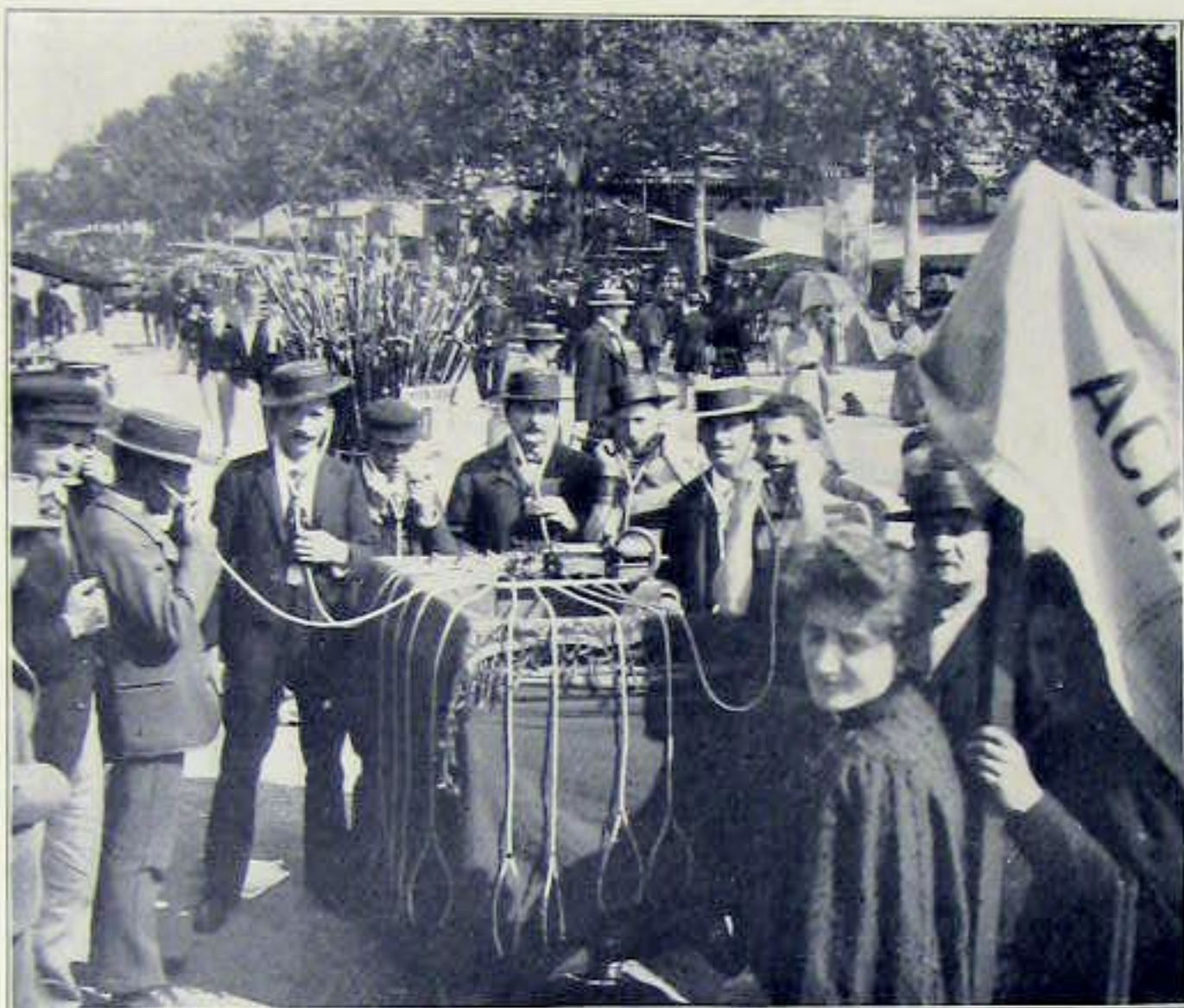
the present left

this stage to play

SCHEMES FOR CATCHING SOUS

their parts at Trouville or some other fashionable resort. The annual foreign invasion has commenced. In 1870 the Prussians captured Paris; but the Americans have captured and occupied it annually ever since. And every company of the invading army brings bicycles; for the charms of cycling life in the Bois de Boulogne have been sung throughout America. The Bois is a paradise for cyclists. Certain ave-





OH, LISTEN TO THE BAND!

nues are now reserved for them, and many cafés and restaurants cater exclusively to those who ride the wheel. In Paris there are daily papers devoted to the interests of cycling, while the Touring Club, which every visiting lover of the wheel should join, is working wonders. This club is compelling railways to accept and carry wheels as baggage, and to provide proper racks for their safe transportation, simplifying the annoying formalities at every Continental custom-house, forcing the proprietors of inns and hotels in the country towns to keep their houses clean and fit for visitors of a class that did not patronize them until the advent of the wheel brought back a semblance of the old post-road days. No cyclist touring on the perfect highways of the continent can afford to be without a card of membership in the Touring Club of France. It assures him a discount of from ten to twenty-five per cent





RELIEF FOR THE FOOTSORE

on almost everything he buys, from tire-tape to dinners at a village *table d'hôte*. Ladies also may join the club, although the constitutional clause regarding them demands that every woman shall send in with her application the written consent of her husband or of her lawful guardian. There is a notable lack of ladies'

drop-frame bicycles, for Parisiennes wear costumes that permit them to bestride the ordinary wheel. A wheeling-costume comprising a skirt would attract much attention, so generally has the knickerbocker been adopted by the French women.

A visit to the Fair in the neighboring suburb of Neuilly is a picturesque experience. The *Avenue de Neuilly* is a



THE FOURTEENTH OF JULY





ALL PARIS A BALLROOM

suburban prolongation of the Champs-Élysées. It is transformed every summer into a Gallic "Midway," an interminable fair, a place of recreation for the *bourgeoisie* of Paris and the surrounding towns. Every imaginable device for catching pennies is there in operation. The public at every turn is assailed by mountebanks, showmen, and peddlers, or tempted by the gingerbread, the waffles, or the cakes, of which vast quantities are daily consumed. Merry-go-rounds, roller-coasters, and automatic swings dispose the passerby to dizziness. The latest inventions of the day are here on exhibition, and the French pay a willing tribute to the inventive genius of the Yankee, listening with delight to the squeaking of the phonograph. We may stroll for almost two miles between unbroken ranks of side-shows, tiny circuses and canvas theaters, tents or booths of fortune-tellers and clairvoyants, and counters for the sale of food and



drink and merchandise of every conceivable variety. When footsore with much walking, relief may be had at modest cost. One franc entitles you to treatment by a "professor" of chiropody, who meantime lectures on your case to an interested if uncomprehending clinical audience. Business with him thrives best upon the eve of the National Fête of France, the 14th of July. You know



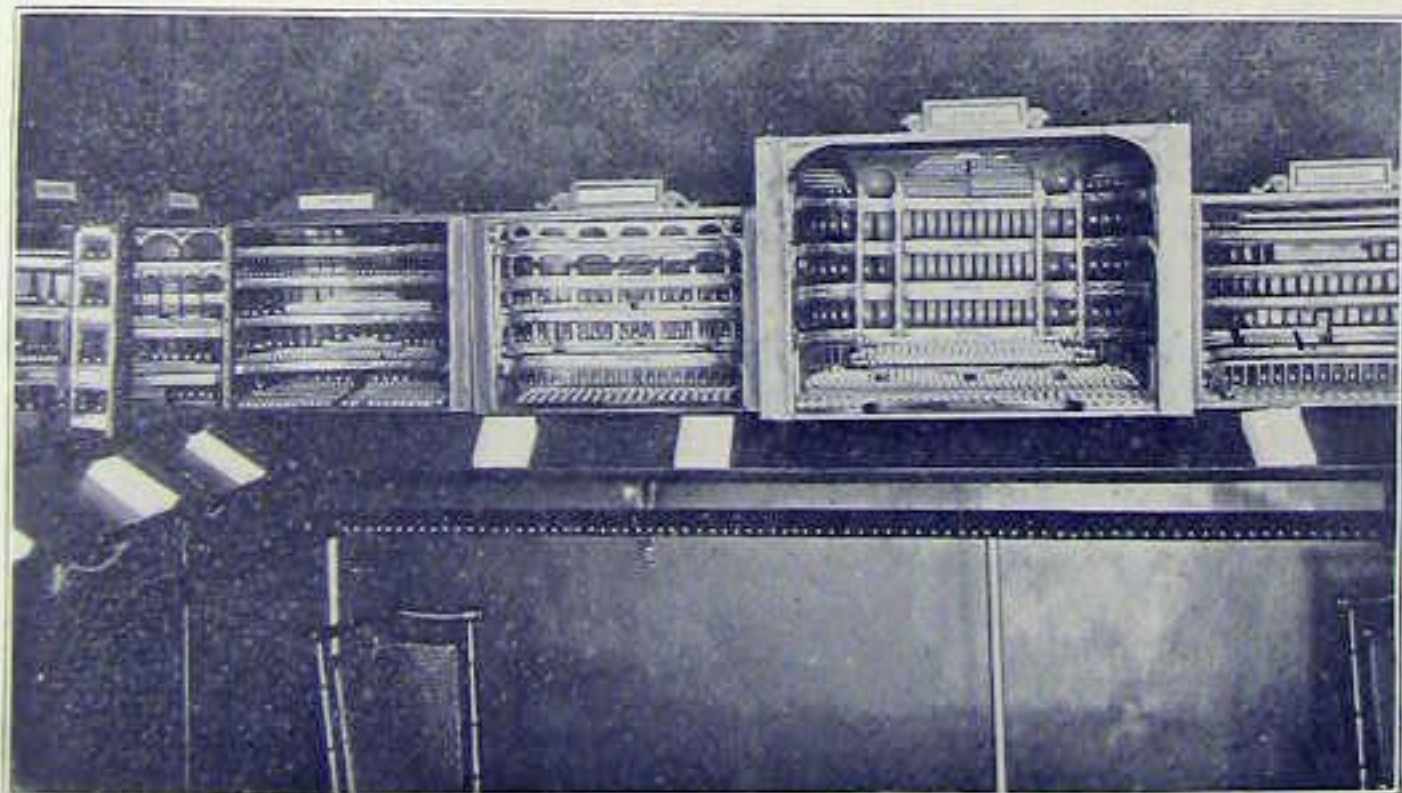
A "COLONNE"





A GALLIC TYSON

how it is celebrated—with the feet—upon the pave of Paris. From morn till morn comes round again, all Paris dances in the street. Every precinct has its local gathering where music of the most atrocious kind is furnished. The passing cabs and busses do not interrupt the dancing, but

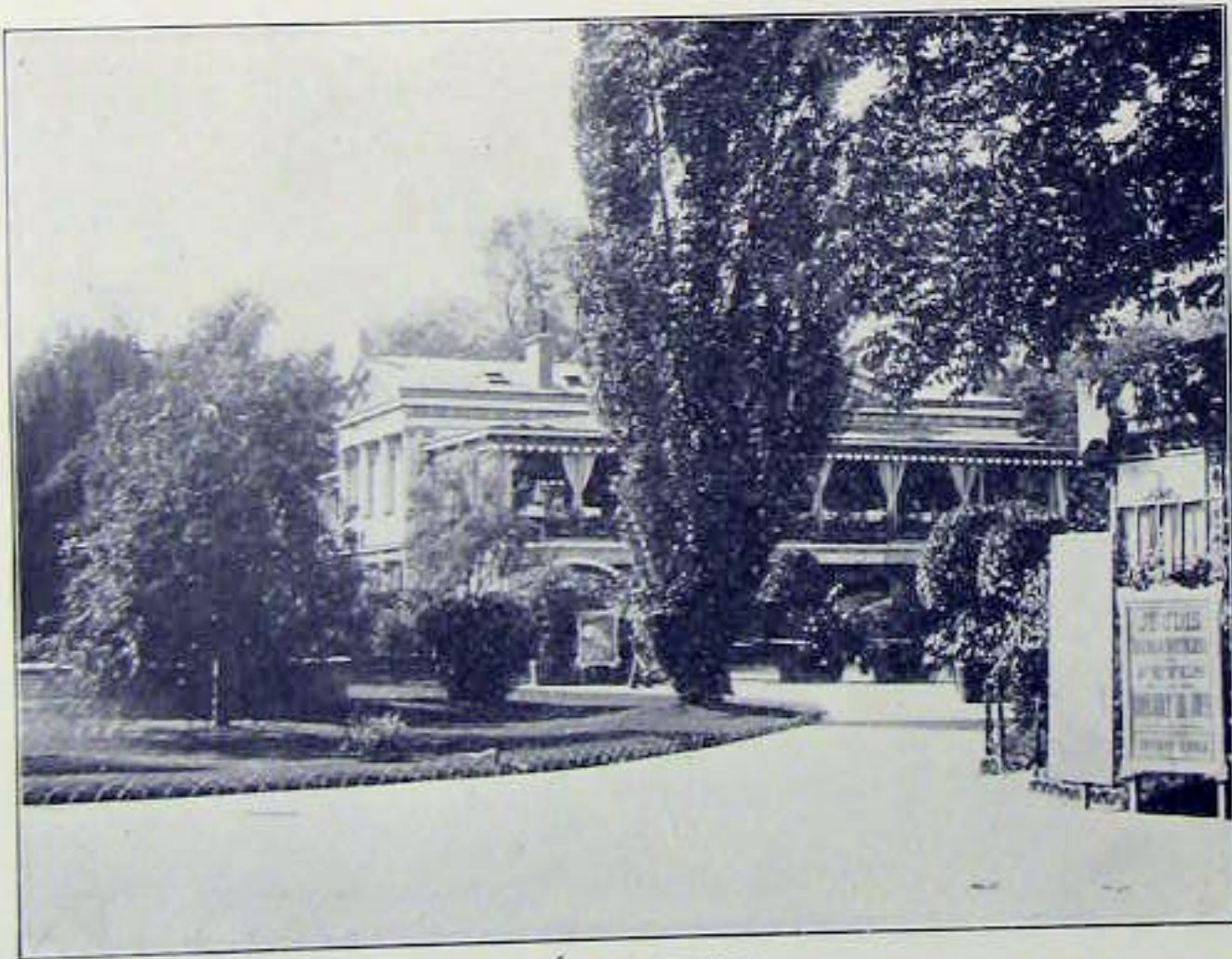


MODEL THEATERS



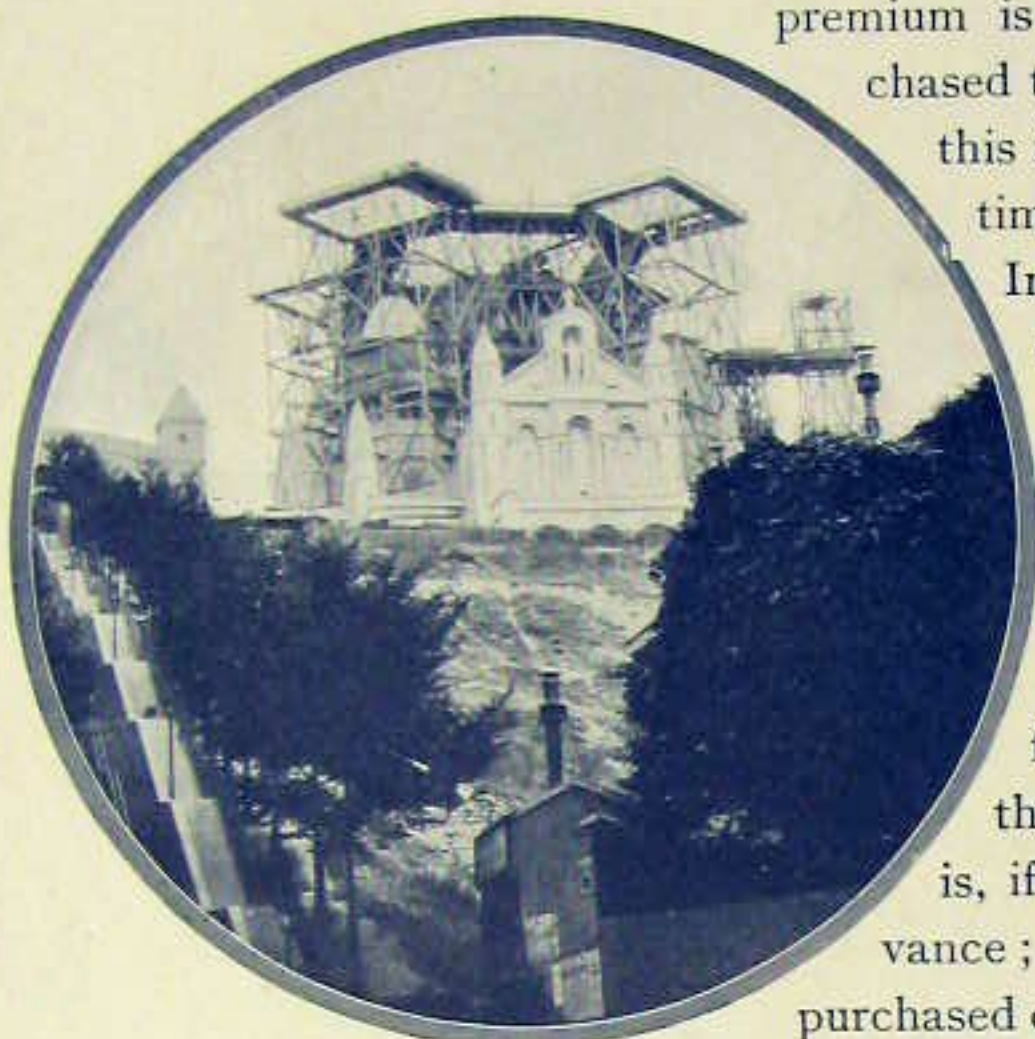
frequently dancers in the Latin Quarter will mob cab-drivers who attempt to force their way through the open-air ball-room. Sometimes a dozen men and women will seize the back of a Victoria, and jounce the occupants up and down so furiously that they are glad to turn about and try another street. In a comprehensive drive, during that festival night, to the many centers of celebration, we found the population dancing with equally evident enjoyment on the asphalt of broad avenues and the rough cobble-stones of narrow by-ways. The dancers were as various as the pavements.

Paris has solved the problem of the bill-board nuisance, as she has solved innumerable municipal problems, artistically and well. At frequent intervals along the better class of streets we find little "*Colonnes*," or columns, the notices on which will tell us plainly all we wish to know about the plays and players on the local stage. The theaters being scattered far and wide, we find in almost every quarter an agency for theater-tickets, a much bepostered institution. Of course a



CAPES-CHANTANTS





THE SACRED HEART IN 1890

premium is charged on tickets purchased through the agencies, but this is compensated for by the time and the cab-fare saved.

In fact, an extra charge is made at the theater box-office if we desire to reserve seats in advance. The "arm-chairs of the orchestra," as parquet seats are called, cost ten francs each, if we take them "*en location*," that

is, if we engage them in advance; while if the seats be purchased on the evening of the play, the price is nine francs; but in this

latter case we receive only a card of admission to the orchestra, and are at the mercy of the old woman usher, who assigns to us such seats as may not have been "*loué*," "rented," according to her will and to the size of the fee which we bestow upon her, ostensibly in payment for the programs. In selecting seats we refer, not to a diagram, but to a little model of the auditorium. Sometimes, as I have had good cause to know, seats, which in the model appear to stand out in bold relief, are found to be located in reality behind fat posts whence one may view the stage only at the cost of a stretched and twisted neck. In summer the Parisian theaters are insufferably stuffy, whence the great popularity of those out-of-door temples of vaudeville, the "*Cafés Chantants*" of the Champs-Élysées. The "Café of the Ambassadors" is perhaps the brightest of them all. At night these cafés glow like monster creations of pyrotechnic genius, the glare from countless gas-jets



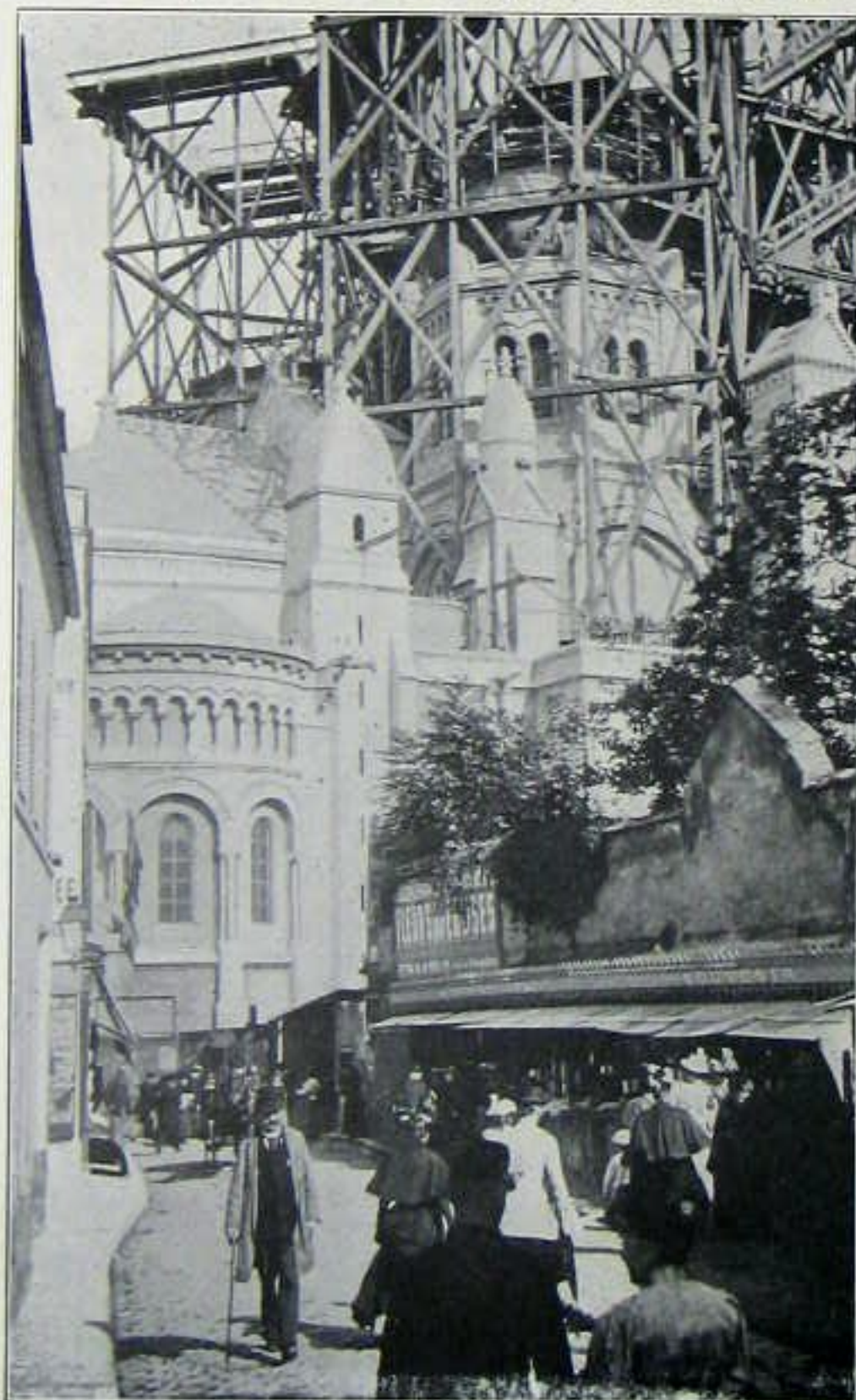
giving to the trees an unreal, stagy look. Within, people are dining on covered balconies, or sipping cordials and coffee in the parquet chairs below, while on the stage inane buffoons and talentless soubrettes kill time and harmony, and kick until the one bright star of that dim constellation rises and Yvette Guilbert appears. She sings; we listen, wondering at the art which can make poetry of that which is not fit for the ears of innocence. The native home of the Café Chantant is not the fashionable Champs-Élysées, but that



THE BUTTE MONTMARTRE



Bohemian height, the Butte Montmartre, which is crowned, inappropriately enough, by the grand new Cathedral of the Sacred Heart. When completed, that splendid edifice will be the most conspicuous object in Paris, the first structure on which the traveler's gaze will rest as he approaches the French capital. Five million dollars was the estimated cost. One million has been spent on the foundations, the body of this hill having been filled with a mass of cement, probably the largest such foundation in the world. Formerly the most important building on Montmartre was the Church of



ON THE " BUTTE SACRÉ "

St. Peter, an ancient pile of which a part dates from the earliest ages of Christianity in France. It has the aspect of a ruin, and its crumbling walls would not long survive were it not for the addition of solid props and braces. The contrast between the oldest and the newest church in Paris is accentuated by their proximity; for the superb granite walls of the yet-unfinished Sacred Heart Cathedral rise not a



hundred feet distant from the sanctuary of St. Peter, which has looked down on Paris for seven hundred years and, itself unchanged, has witnessed all the marvelous transformations of that wonderfully changeful city.

Far better known than its churches are the windmills of Montmartre, and they are nearly as ancient. The two weather-beaten mills near the summit are said to date back more than six hundred years. Their days of usefulness are past, and now with idle wings they beckon idle crowds to a gaudy dance-hall. Another



THE CHURCH OF ST. PETER

mill, a modern one, stands at the base of this historic hill.

It has achieved world-wide celebrity under the name of The Red Mill or *Le Moulin Rouge*. It is one of the special landmarks of the American in Paris. He may look blankly at you when speaking of *Musée de Cluny* or of *Carnavalet*, or even of the *Panthéon*, but when you ask him if he has seen the Moulin Rouge, he will reply, "You



SELLING SACRED SOUVENIRS



bet I have!" By day the famous ballroom serves as a cycling school, and those who have seen it only in the glare and whirl of night will scarcely recognize the place. Hither come every night scores of our compatriots, dignified family groups from our most eminently respectable circles, and hang wonderingly on the periphery of circles which, to say the least, could not be squared to transatlantic

principles. But we in our hearts to low-countrymen be-

cannot find it blame our fellow-countrymen because, being in

Paris, they pretend to do as the Parisians do, while all the time they are but looking on to see *how* it is done.

In the garden stands the grim old elephant, by day as huge and life-like as by night. The elephant is a hollow sham, hollow as the life led by the pleasure-seekers who nightly sit beneath his gaze. In fact, the elephant's interior is furnished as an Oriental



THE  
SACRED HEART  
IN 1900



IDLE WINGS





THE NEW GALETTE

theater, whence during the hours of the performance come sounds which conjure up vague visions of the Midway at Chicago.

By night the Moulin Rouge glows like a volcano of evil. It red-



MOULIN DE LA GALETTE

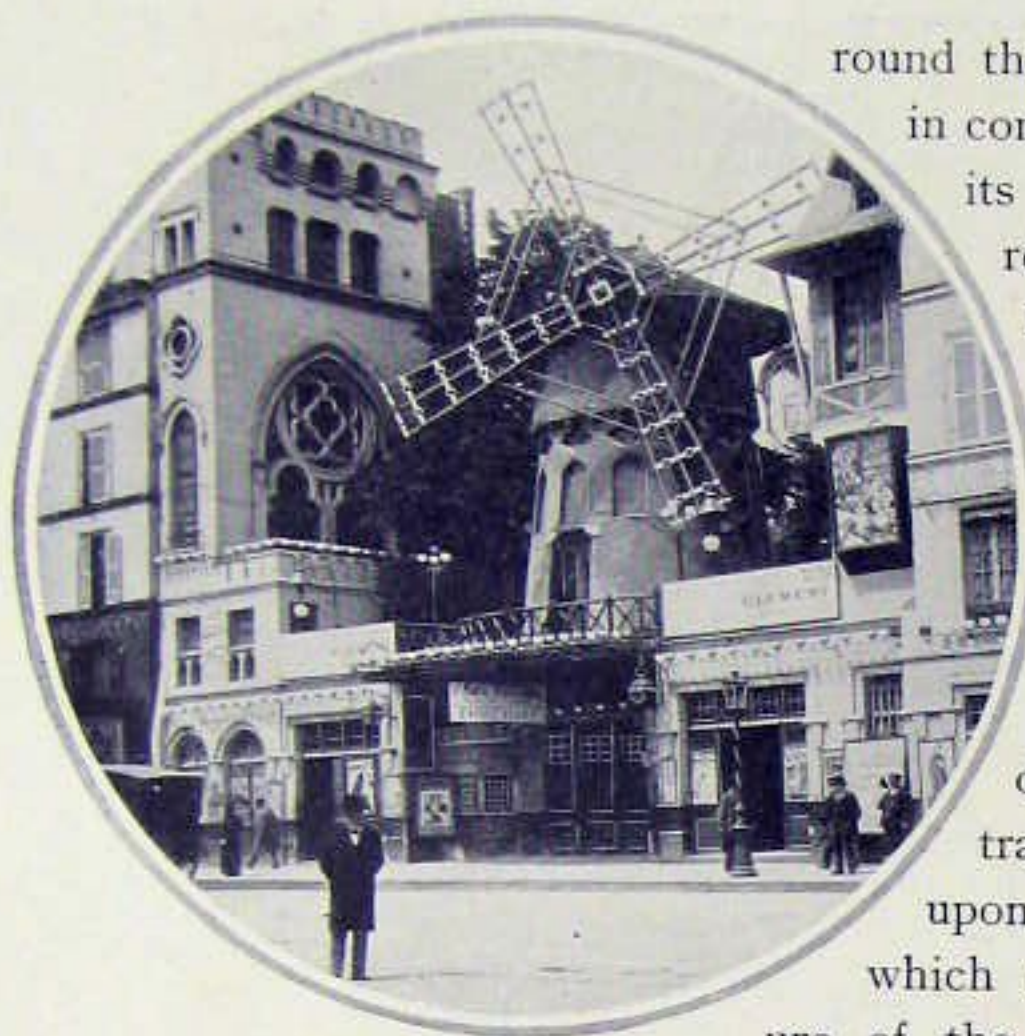


A BREEZY POSTER

dens the sky and steeples the surrounding streets in fire. Into the blazing door the laughing crowds are swept by the ruddy blast, for the mills of the evil gods grind with hopeless rapidity. A word of explanation is demanded by the illustration\* showing the Moulin illuminated. It is taken from a photograph which was made at night. The huge

\* See tail-piece, page 112.





LE MOULIN ROUGE

round thing, like a chafing-dish in conflagration, is a carousel, its wooden horses circling round so fast that they left no impression on the plate. The lights upon the revolving wings traced those concentric circles in the air, and the curious curved lines of light down in the street were traced by the twin lamps upon the countless cabs, which during the long exposure of the plate drove up to the

doors of the Red Mill.

In this very eccentric quarter are the curious cafés and cabarets, which have made the outer boulevards famous. The "*Cabaret des Quat-z-Arts*," the "Tavern of the Four Arts," externally is not unlike an ordinary café. Here are the same round tables on the sidewalks, and the same type of *garçon*, who from the rising of the sun to the extinguishment of the gas is ever on the



A MONSTER OF MONTMARTRE





BALL-ROOM AT THE MOULIN ROUGE

alert to supply customers with coffee, absinthe, liquors, cigars, or the inexpensive *bock*. Within, however, we find evidences of eccentricity in the mural decorations and the furniture. Sketches, water-colors, and posters adorn the lower portion of the walls; above may be seen the fantastic creations of some painter more or less famous. A large room in the rear serves at night as a concert hall, where songs are sung and verses



THE PLACE BLANCHE





TAVERN OF  
THE "FOUR ARTS"

recited by the musical and artistic celebrities of Montmartre, whose name, by the way, is legion, for there exist scores of these artistic taverns and every one boasts its corps of celebrities. These "geniuses" are curious types, ranging from the old-style long-haired Bohemian, with his flat-brimmed hat of "high form," to the more modern dandy in loud checks, straw hat, and monocle. The names of these cafés, cabarets, and restaurants are largely drawn from natural or unnatural history. There is the "Red Mule," the "Black Dog," the "Elephants," and the "Dead Rat." One is called "Paradise," the decorations being all blue and white,



THE NEW HIPPODROME



with silver clouds. There, waiters robed in white with long blonde wigs and graceful angel-wings hooked to their backs, dispense an earthly nectar brewed from hops and malt. Next door to "Paradise" is "The Inferno," where red demons serve flat beer to suffering mortals. Across the way is the "Café of Death." It is called by the French "*Le Cabaret du Néant*," "The Tavern of Nothingness." A green-glazed lantern over the door produces upon every face



AUX QUAT-Z-ARTS

a deathly pallor. The walls are hung in black, the waiters who welcome us in sepulchral tones are dressed exactly like the *croque-morts*, or assistants of local undertakers, the tables at which we sit are coffins, the cups in which the wine is served are made from human bones, hollow skulls with slots in the cranium are used as receptacles for waiters' tips, and in the corner stands a new pine coffin, bearing the cheerful legend, "Lodgings to Let Immediately!" When a visitor arrives, the waiters announce the coming of a corpse, and



then say to the astounded new arrival, "Bring in your bones and choose your coffin." And then follows the question, "What poison, M'sieu'?" Those who survive the shock of this reception are begged to look on the marvelous paintings round about them. The "Dream of the Absinthe-Drinker" is commended to our attention, and to our horror the drunkard is transformed into a horrid skeleton, round

"la

hovering the weird specter of *Muse Verte*," who is the "Green Goddess," the spirit of insanity-inspiring absinthe. In turn every picture



THE DREAM  
OF THE  
ABSINTHE-DRINKER

in the room undergoes transformation. Groups of gay dancers at the Moulin Rouge become mere fleshless packs of bones, portraits of local celebrities fade away, and give place to hideous forms for the



GLOOMY GAIETY





"HEAVEN" AND THAT OTHER PLACE









BEFORE

graveyard. In every possible and impossible way, death is solemnly suggested and then turned to ridicule. Overhead hangs a chandelier that is unique in ghastliness.

"This work of art," announces the chief-mourner, "is composed of the bones of visiting cadavers who failed to fee the undertaker who deigned to serve them with the draughts of forgetfulness." A placard on the wall announces that the funeral-tapers, brought with every glass, lighted and placed on the lid of the coffin at which the visitor is sitting, will cost us two cents extra. Another placard requests

us in consideration of the rapid decomposition of our fleshly forms to pay for our refreshments on receiving them.

The assembled "*élus de la Mort*" are soon requested to proceed to the dungeon where, on a stage at the end of a dark and narrow corridor, we see an erect, open coffin. An old man in monkish robes asks for a volunteer to make a journey beyond the grave, it being understood that a return trip is guaranteed. A willing one having presented himself, he is placed in the coffin, and a shroud is draped about him. Then, while the sad old monk plays gloomy dirges upon an organ, the visitor in the coffin is seen slowly to decompose, the shroud dissolves, the flesh disintegrates, the very bones appear. For a moment the man retains a semblance of his former self, yet



AFTER



for a moment only ; for soon, to the horror of his relatives or his friends among the spectators, nothing remains of him save his osseous frame. After a moment of suspense the man gradually recovers all that he has lost—flesh, clothes, and shroud. The traveler returns in safety from the other



" AU CHAT NOIR "

world, but he brings no message, nor can he tell where he has been, nor how he went and came.

All this is curious enough, but it is very brutal, crude, and in-artistic ; therefore we turn with pleasure to another cabaret, in which, though originality has been forced



THE CHIMNEY-PIECE BY GRASSET





THE LAIR OF THE BLACK CAT

to the verge of the fantastic, there is a certain grace, an artistic quaintness that redeems it garity. Unfortunately, the "*Chat Noir*," the pure, original "Black Cat," is now no more. Nine lives it had, like other cats; but what are nine poor lives on this hilarious hill of Montmartre? It lived and lost them all in a few brief years,—years first of prosperity, then of decline, curtailment, and disaster. The placard to the right of the entrance exclaims: "Passerby!—pause!" Then it explains that by the will of

redeeming  
from vul-  
Simon-





destiny this edifice is dedicated to Pleasure and the Muses, and concludes with the injunction : " Passer-by ! — be modern ! " Another placard tells us that we may " be modern " at no greater expense than fifty centimes for a double *bock* of Munich beer, while for the hungry there is a table d'hôte at " two-francs fifty ; " and blue posters tell of the most worthy entertainment offered in the Black Cat Theater.

Let us " be modern ; " let us enter.

By day the tavern is far less interesting than by night, when we should find the crowded tap-room resounding to the laughter and the songs of a Bohemian assembly. Wherever possible, feline motives have been introduced in the scheme of decoration : cats perch upon the mantel, cat-heads look down from every point of vantage ; on the walls are paintings representing myriads of cats ; the room, the house, the neighborhood, seem to mew and purr. In the depths of this quaint little paradise of Toms and Tabbies, we find the



A COZY COR-

NER AT THE CHAT NOIR





THE BLACK CAT'S THEATER



SILHOUETTES

father of this tribe of dusky cats. This unique asylum for stuffed or carved felines was born of the fantasy of an unsuccessful artist, Rodolphe Salis, who did not long survive his nine-lived cabaret. Rodolphe Salis confesses frankly that, as he could not make his painting pay for his daily bread and

cheese, he resolved to become tavern-keeper and yet remain, at heart, an artist. The Chat Noir, as we see it, was the growth of his idea. At first a meeting-place for painters, men of letters, and musicians, who met to talk, recite their verse, and play their compositions, it soon attracted the great world of Paris—"le tout Paris"—for here was some-



thing new, something unique. To mock the world, Salis then dressed his waiters in the ornate garb of members of the French Academy, a conceit which greatly pleased his humble customers, those who had dreamed of fame, and had waked to find themselves—not on Olympus, but on the Butte Montmartre. It was Salis who crowned his loved Montmartre with his exclamation, “Montmartre, it is the Brain of the Universe!” The dainty shadow-plays of the Chat Noir were presented in a little theater near the roof.



THE REAL HAUNT OF THE BLACK CAT

The auditorium, although not vast, will contain a hundred or more. Between the acts of the shadow-plays, poets and singers, informally introduced by Salis, amused with their most Frenchy selections an appreciative crowd. The stage itself is only four or five feet wide; a white linen screen is stretched in the proscenium, and on it are thrown from behind a series of tableaux in silhouette. The credit for these unique productions is due to Caran d'Ache and Henri Rivière. They discovered the secret of perspective in silhouette, and invented wonderfully clever mechanical devices and light-effects to heighten the interest of the performances.





THE "TRUE TREE OF ROBINSON"

Salis, the manager, acted the part of antique chorus, and striding up and down the aisle in a most extravagant fashion



WAITERS—DUMB AND OTHERWISE



recited in thundering tones the story shadowed forth upon the screen. Or sometimes a sort of opera was given, the composer at the piano singing all the parts.

One of the favorite shadow-dramas is the "*Épopée de Napoléon*" in which scenes from the history of the great emperor are thrillingly presented, the "*grande armée*" defiles to the sound of stirring music, the shadow of the modern Cæsar passes across the screen amid the tumultuous applause of those behind the scenes and those in front, battles are fought and won to the accompaniment of a most realistic roar of musketry and cannon, the flashes and smoke



DINNER IS SERVED





IN THE CRUSOE TAVERN

being plainly visible. And all these effects are produced by three or four clever men shut up in a box hardly bigger than a Punch and Judy cabinet.

Behind the scenes we find a novel assortment of instruments. Above, at the right, is the lantern for projecting light upon the screen against which hangs a shadow scene representing the Crucifixion, for one of the musical plays presented is a Passion Play. Yet the subject is treated so delicately and so reverently that we can forgive its presentation even under auspices so incongruous as those of the Chat Noir. The foregrounds are cut from plates of zinc, as are also the lifelike figures which are made to move and to act. A piano, an organ, drums, pistols, trumpets, whistles, and the voices of the artists in charge of the figures furnish the



noise, while lightning and cannon-discharges and great explosions are produced by numerous devices very curiously contrived. The smoke of battle belches from a harmless cigarette.

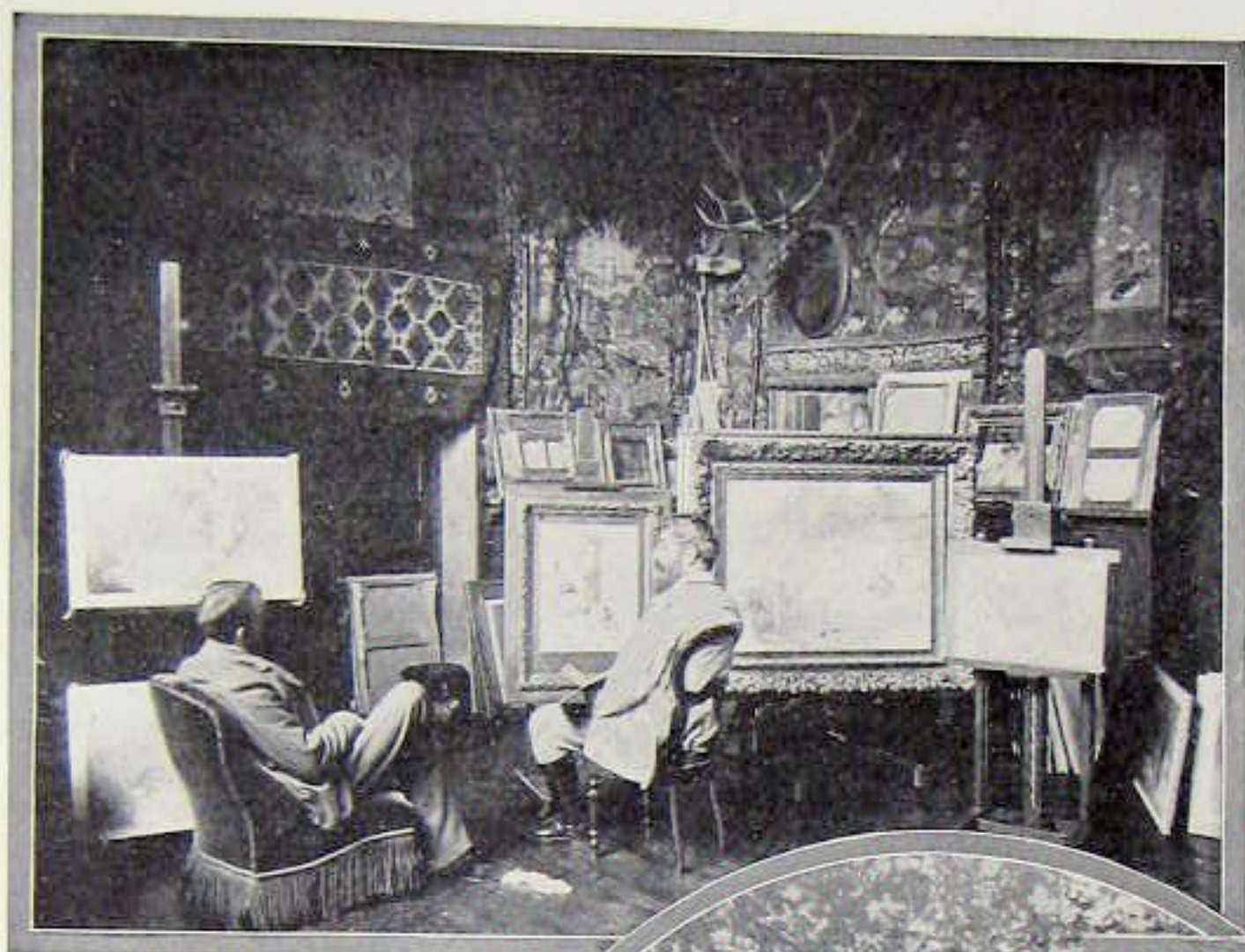
Eccentric cafés and restaurants are not confined to Paris proper; the suburban caterers to the gaiety of nations are



CHEZ M. WEEKS

awake to the value of an original idea expressed in such a way as to impress itself upon the jaded public mind. Around the legend of our childhood friend, Robinson Crusoe, a suburban village has grown up; its name is Robinson; its mission is to slake the thirst and satisfy the hunger of the gay Parisians. It cannot by any possibility be called a desert isle, rather is it an isle of plenty, an isle of mirth and music,





A STUDIO AT ÉCOUEN

floating amid a sea of country calm. Paris comes to Robinson to breath fresh air, eat wedding-breakfasts, sing, dance, dine in couples or in companies, and otherwise make merry.

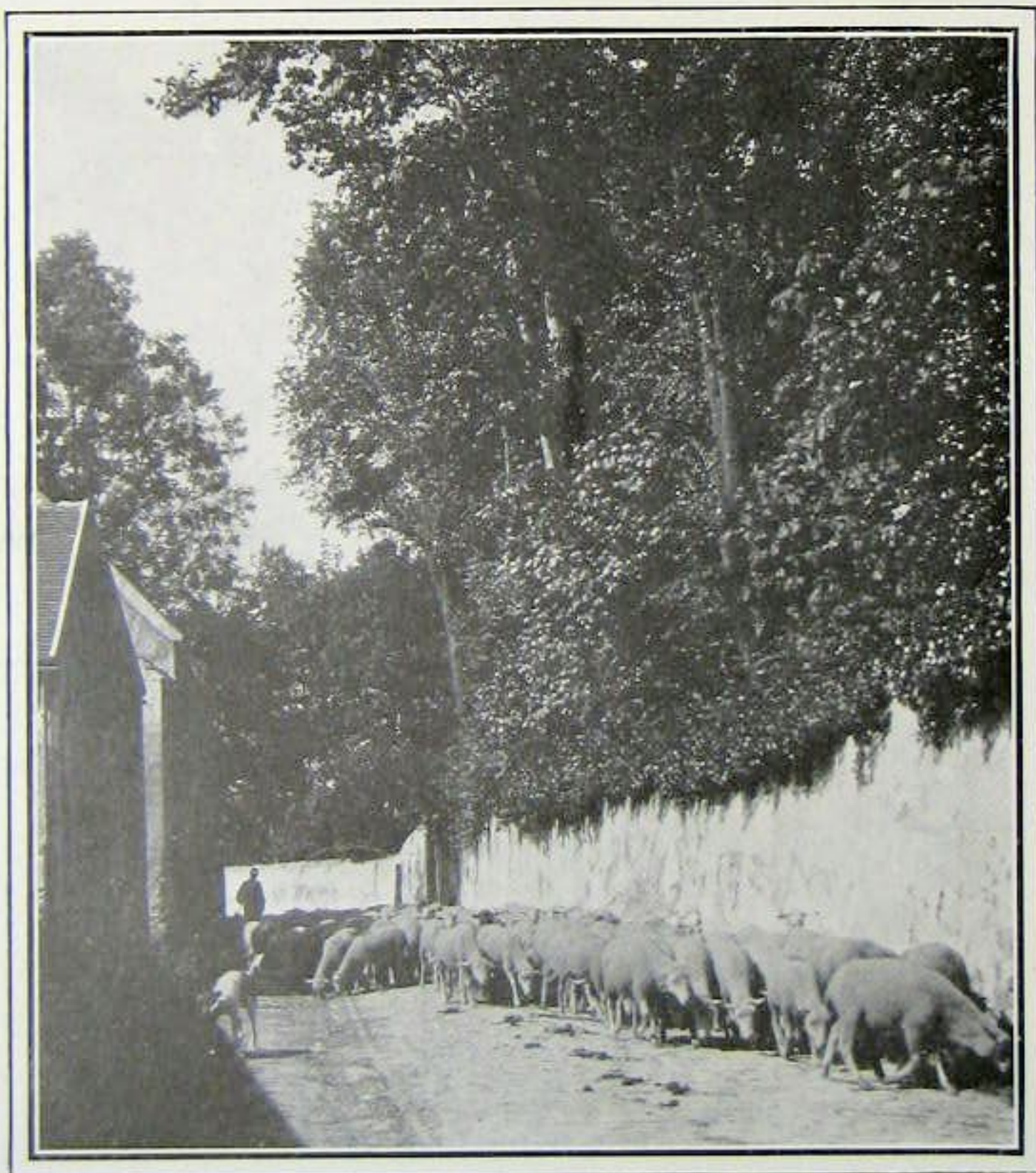
There are innumerable garden restaurants named after Robinson Crusoe or good Man Friday, but we patronize the original "Restaurant of the True Tree of Robinson," in which "true tree" three dining-rooms are hung between the



AT WORK



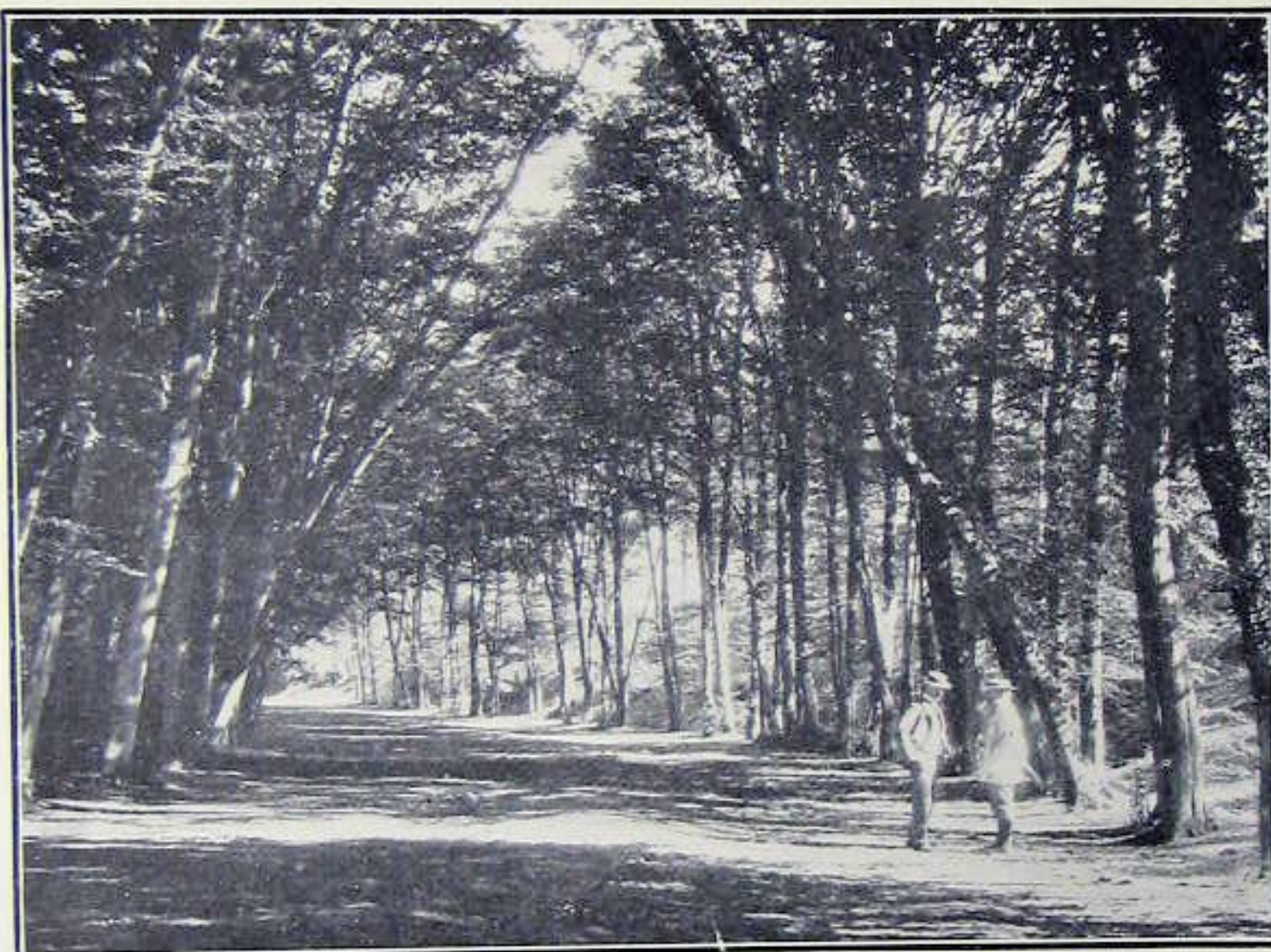
earth and sky amid cool leafy branches that, swaying in the breeze, perform the office of Oriental punkahs. Dumb-waiters, simple in design and operation, expedite the labors of waiters who are not dumb — least of all when disputes arise about the bill. Every time I saw one of the baskets swing upward to the hungry guests, I thought of far-off Thessaly where, curled in a net at the extremity of a long rope, I was hauled from the base of a gigantic cliff up to a Greek Monastery in the air more than two hundred feet above, and there received by the hungry monks of the wonderful Convents of



AT ÉCOUEN



the Meteora. It is a far cry from the Parisian suburbs to the cliff-bound plains of Thessaly, but half the joy of travel is in the suggestion now and then waked, of something far away, dissimilar, yet in some vague mysterious way related in sensa-



"SUNSET RAYS ASLANT THE WOOD"

tion. To see Robinson at its best we should come on a Sunday, when the village overflows with merry Bohemians from Paris, and the tree-tops are alive with students, models, and artists.

The artist-life in Paris is a subject rich in interest and beauty, a subject of which I hope some day to treat. Suffice it now to take a hasty peep into the studio of an artist whose work appeals to the traveler with peculiar force, for Edwin Lord Weeks is not only a painter, he is a traveler, an explorer, and an enthusiastic Alpinist. He has revealed to





QUIET ÉCOUEN

us in all the glory of its color and its sunshine the Indian and Persian East. Into Morocco he has traveled, the deserts and



THE HOME OF MILLET





MILLET AND ROUSSEAU

the far-off islands of the world he has brought near to us, the sublime terrors of the higher Alps he has expressed in quick, vigorous strokes while finding a precarious foothold on icy pinnacles. He may call one little room his studio, but his true studio is the wide world; its height is marked by mountain-tops, its breadth by Orient and Occident. His home, in an aristocratic quarter of Paris, is such as

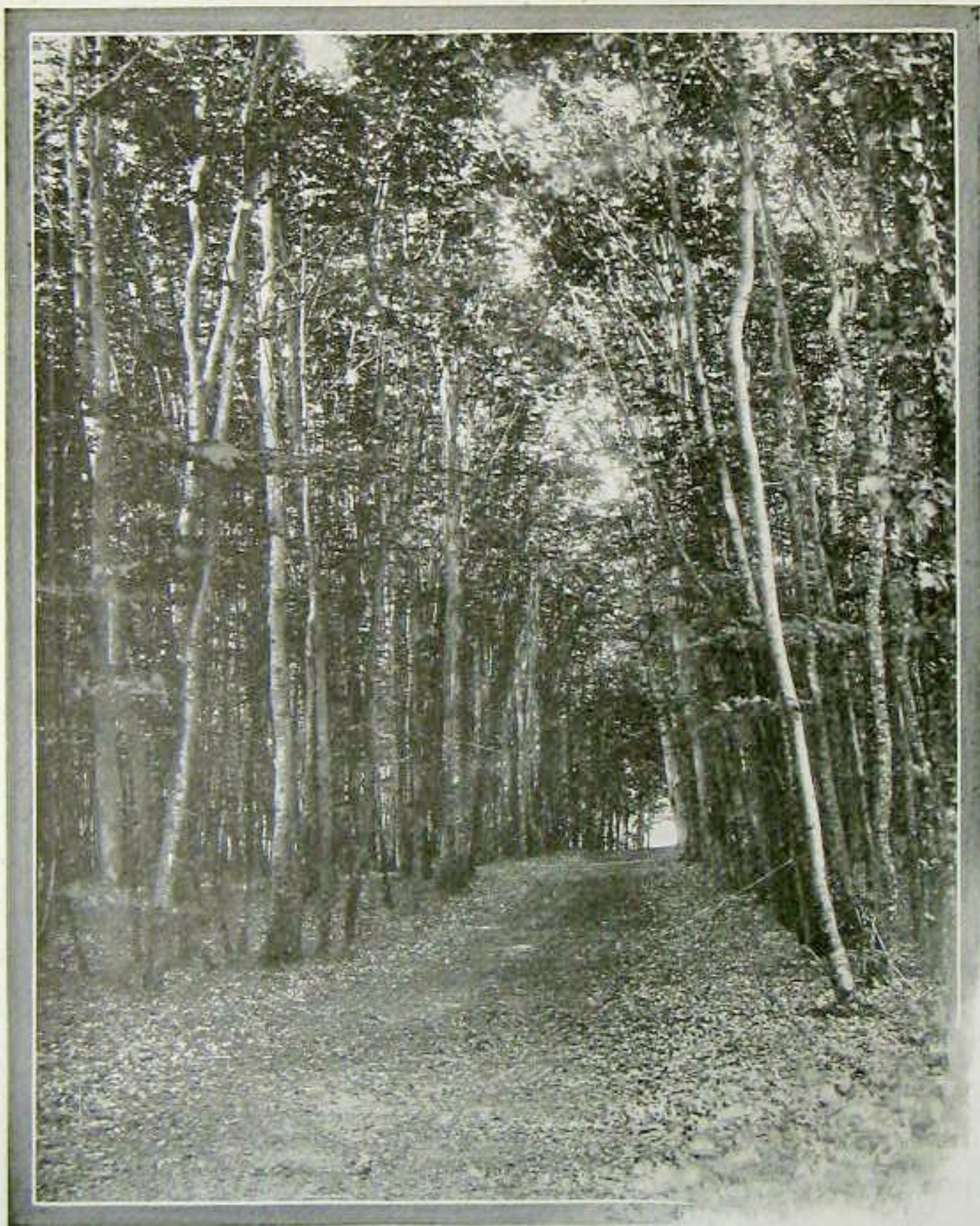
a man of his tastes would naturally be supposed to have. Rare Oriental belongings brought together from the ends of the East give it an exotic atmosphere, while his pictures lead our imaginations into far-off lands, and hint at the intensely interesting life that he has led.

How different the life-work of another painter, into whose peaceful studio in the village of Écouen I was one day introduced by an artist friend from Paris. His subjects, homely and commonplace, are treated with a feeling and a gentle art which make his pictures poems on canvas, pastorals in frames. He has, it is true, wandered as far as England in search of peaceful landscapes, and in his fascinating, broken English he becomes enthusiastic over the beautiful effects produced by ripples on the placid Thames, or, as he quaintly puts it, by "ze little frizzles on ze Tamise." When days are fine, his little garden becomes a studio, his peasant servants, models. The house and garden have in their time belonged, first to a favorite of a king, then to a poet, then to a musician. Here, then, has been the abode



of love, of poesy, and of music ; and now the master is a painter whose pictures are romantic and poetic, whose compositions are color symphonies.

“ Ah, you should come here later, when my house is covered with wistaria blossoms ! ” he exclaims ; “ for then, then it is so sweet that it is like — what shall I say ? Ah ! — like living in ze pomade pot ! But come and see my village. Écouen is beautiful. There are pictures everywhere. ”



IN THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU





ON THE TERRACE, BARBIZON

And, opening the garden gate, there is in truth a picture—a lovely composition of sheep and shepherd, village lane and crumbling wall, and vague green boughs against a summer sky. Yes, Écouen is beautiful; happy the painter who thus can find inspiration at his very door. We wander through the town and out along a green-arched road where twilight overtakes us, the sun first throwing across our path, aslant the wood, bright rays of gold in warning that the day is done. Sweet days indeed are those of men whose mission is to be interpreters of beauty. Who would not be a painter and dwell in quiet Écouen, fixing its calm loveliness on canvas, forgetful of the strife and jealousy of the great roaring city—at peace with all the world and best of all at peace with self, that ever-present tyrant?

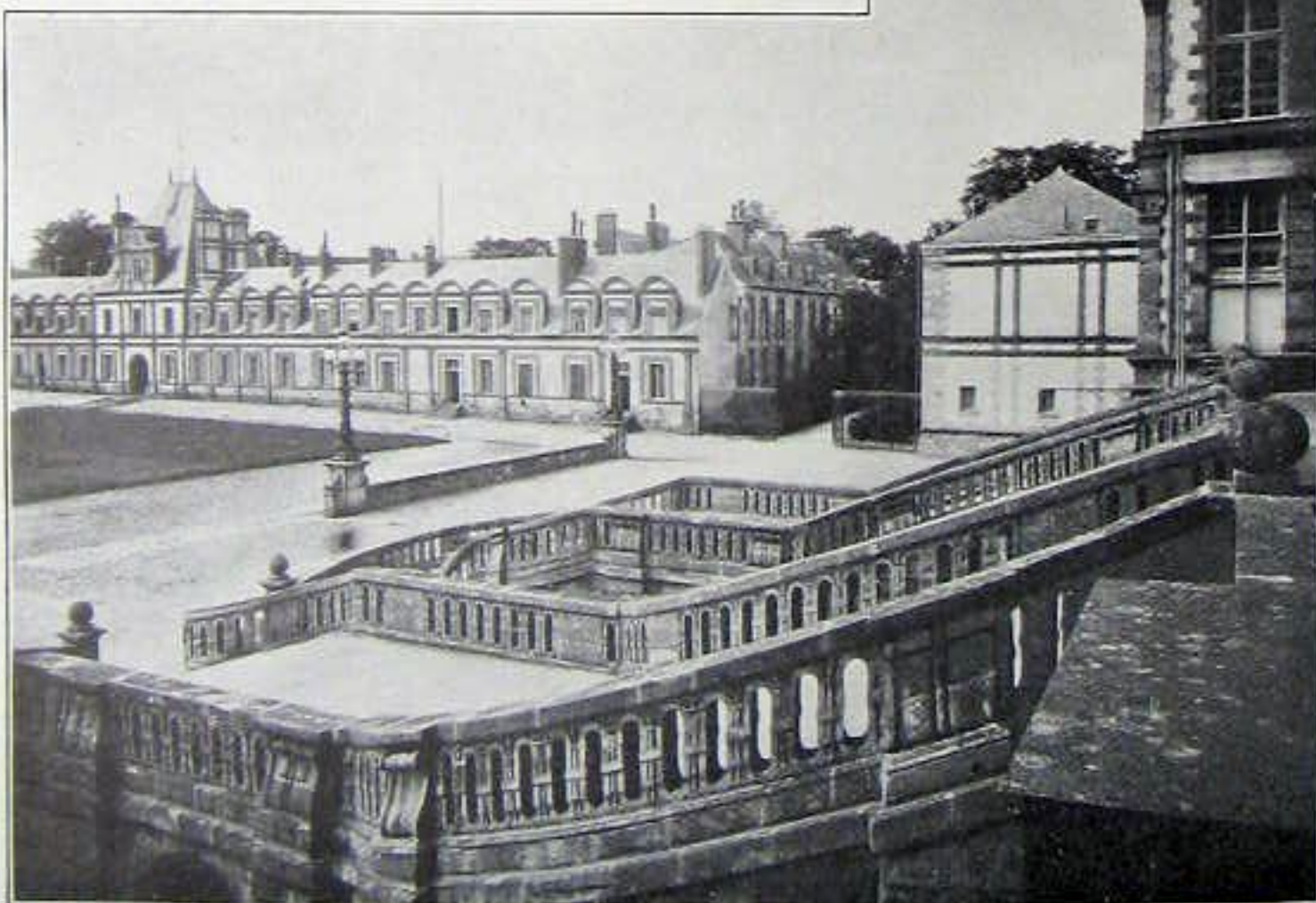
From Écouen to Barbizon the distance may be long in miles, but it is short in spirit. In Barbizon, upon the edge of the Fontainebleau Forest, have dwelt artists whose names





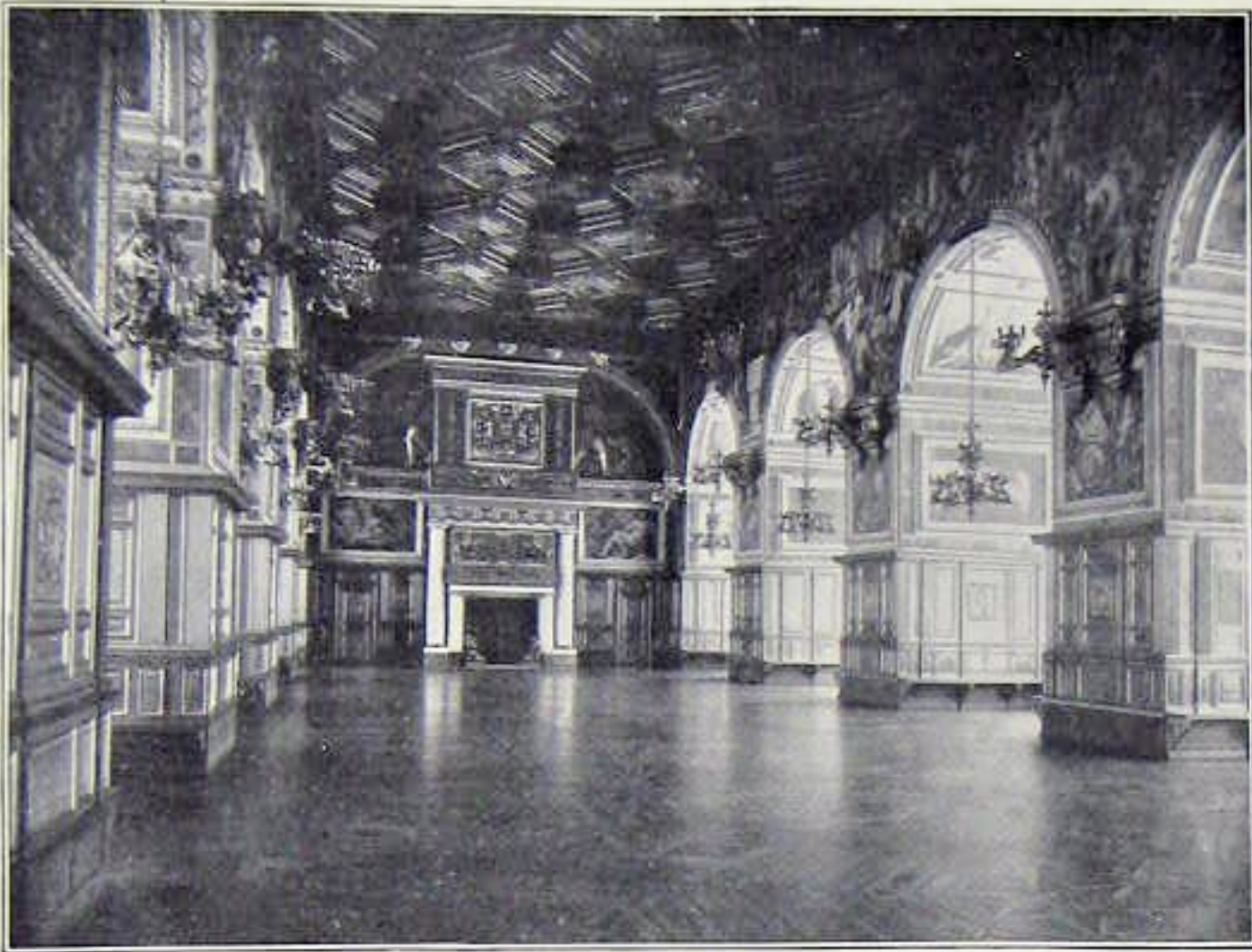
WHERE THE OLD GUARD SAID FAREWELL

now stand for all that is best and highest — painters whom the world is proud to honor, now that all are dead and cannot know that the triumph of which they dreamed has been at last accorded them. While they lived, the world was blind, and in its own blindness mocked at genius, and drove these prophets of



THE COURT OF THE ADIEUX





AT FONTAINEBLEAU

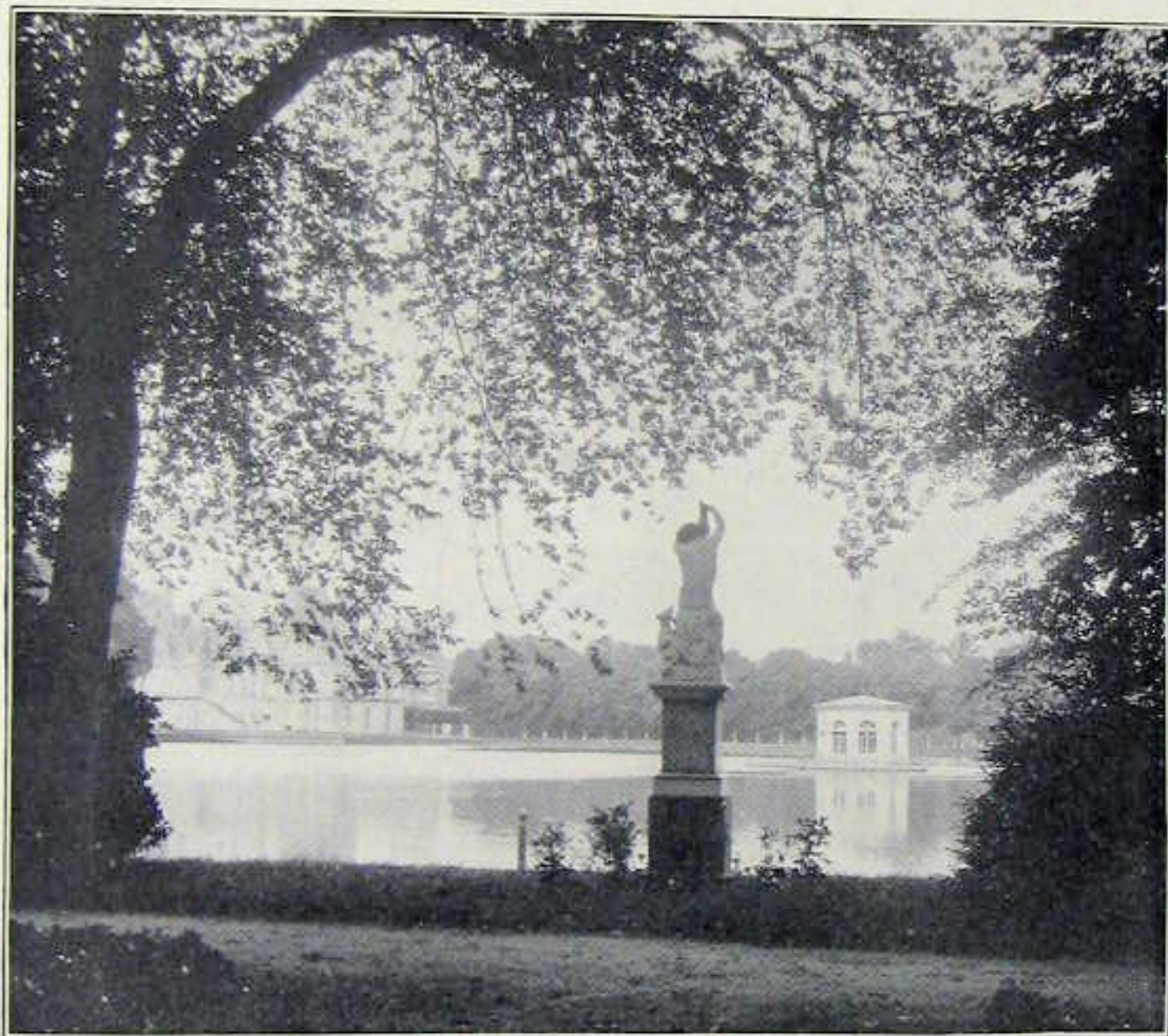
true art, heartbroken, into poor men's graves. We cannot pass the house of Millet without feeling a pang at the



THE LONG GALLERY



injustice done to that great soul. The same world that refused him bread paid three quarters of a million francs for "The Angelus" only fifteen years after the death of him who painted it. Not far from his home in the forest that he loved so well, we find a memorial tablet set in the rocks of Fontainebleau as firmly as admiration for his genius is now

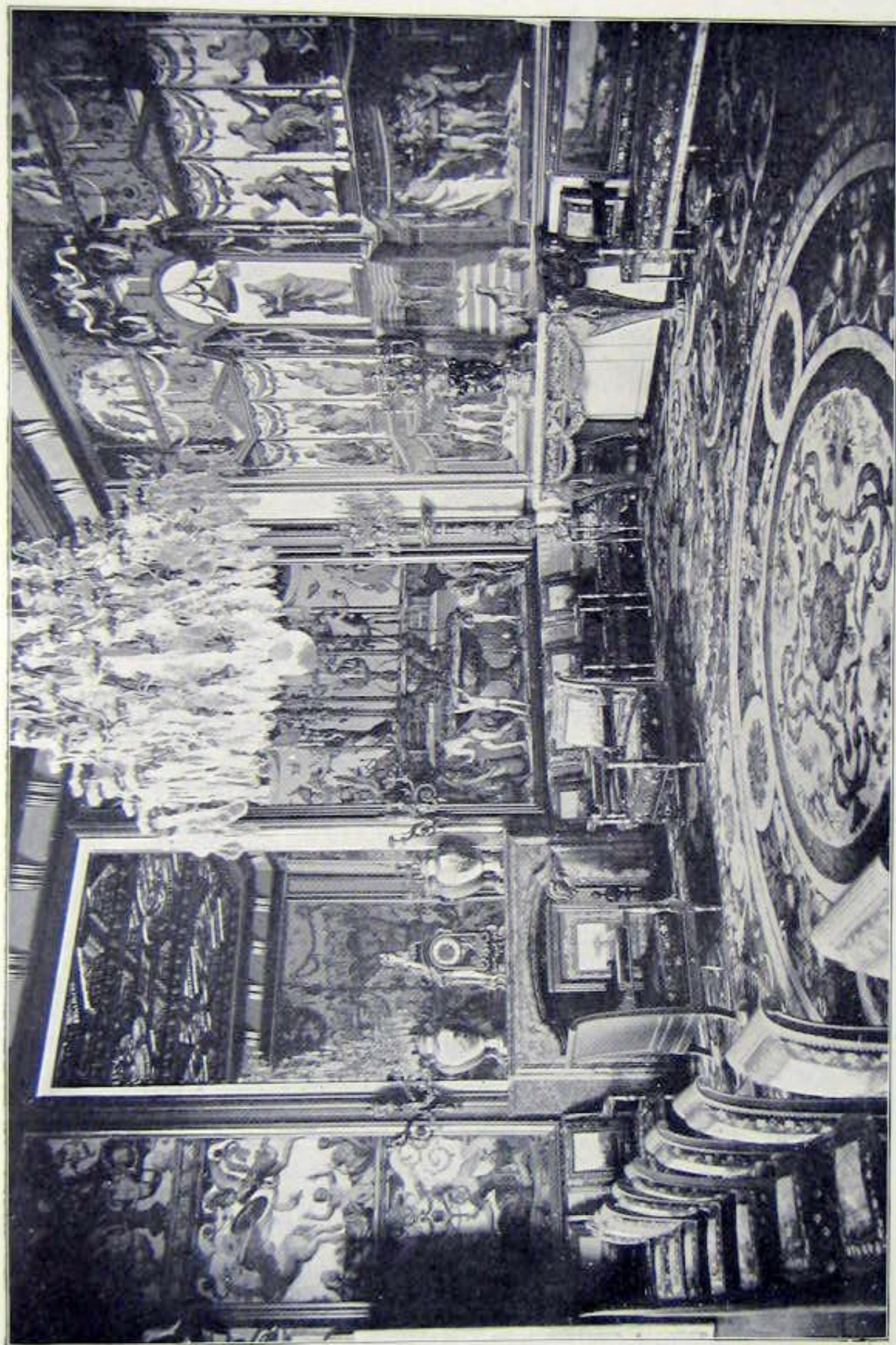


FONTAINEBLEAU

set in the hearts of all men who think and feel. With Millet's memory, that of his sincere friend Rousseau will ever be associated ; and it is therefore fitting that the faces of Jean-François Millet and Théodore Rousseau should together greet the wanderer here in this forest which was their world, the beauties of which both have immortalized on canvas.

There is no lovelier forest in all France. Moreover, it is both forest and park. Within a grand circumference of





THE PRISON OF A POPE — FONTAINEBLEAU







fifty miles, long leagues of road and pathway cross and recross, so that the traveler is constantly tempted to change his course, to explore mysterious forest aisles, or to lose himself in some delightful shady labyrinth. Hotels, chalets or rustic cafés are found in every corner of the wood. The walker and the cyclist find in this wood good



MUSÉE AT FONTAINEBLEAU

roads, good paths, good cheer; the artist finds that which he seeks, peace, picturesqueness, and inspiration born of the thought that this gentle wilderness has been the nurse of genius. The traveler, too, finds that which he seeks — historical associations, housed in a palace that in sumptuousness is not surpassed by any other palace in the land. King Francis I built Fontainebleau in 1547, great Henry of Navarre completed it. Louis Philippe and the Napoleons spent millions for its restoration. The course of the world's





COMPIÈGNE



IN THE WOOD OF COMPIÈGNE

history has more than once been changed by acts performed upon the regal stage of Fontainebleau. The last recorded scene was perhaps the saddest and most theatrical of all, Napoleon's farewell to the Old Guard in the "Court of the Adieux."

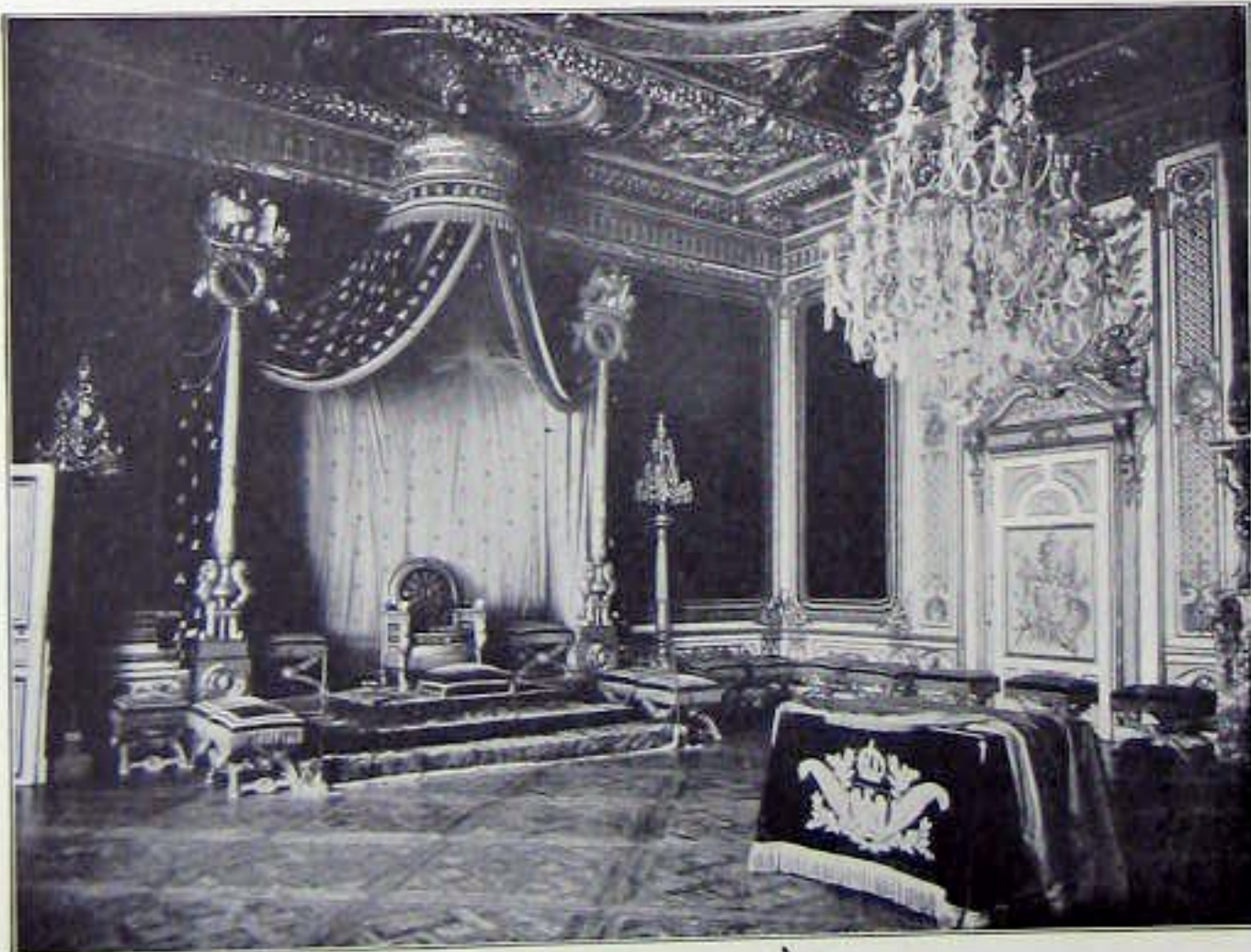
But as we enter, thoughts of earlier centuries will attend us. We see





WHERE KINGS AND EMPERORS HAVE DANCED

King Louis, the Magnificent, destroy the broad and noble work of Henry of Navarre by the pen-stroke which revoked

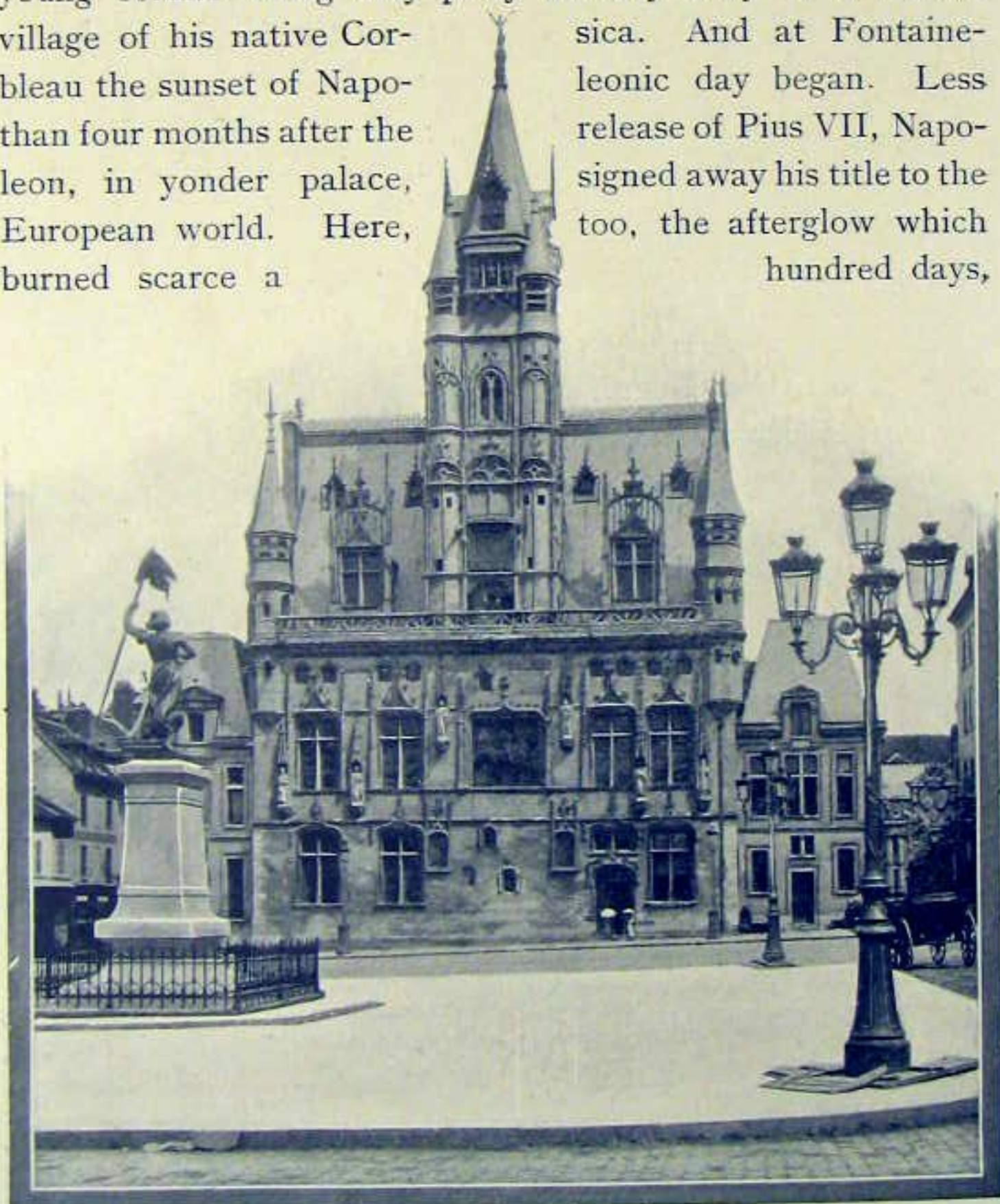


AN EASY-CHAIR AT COMPIEGNE



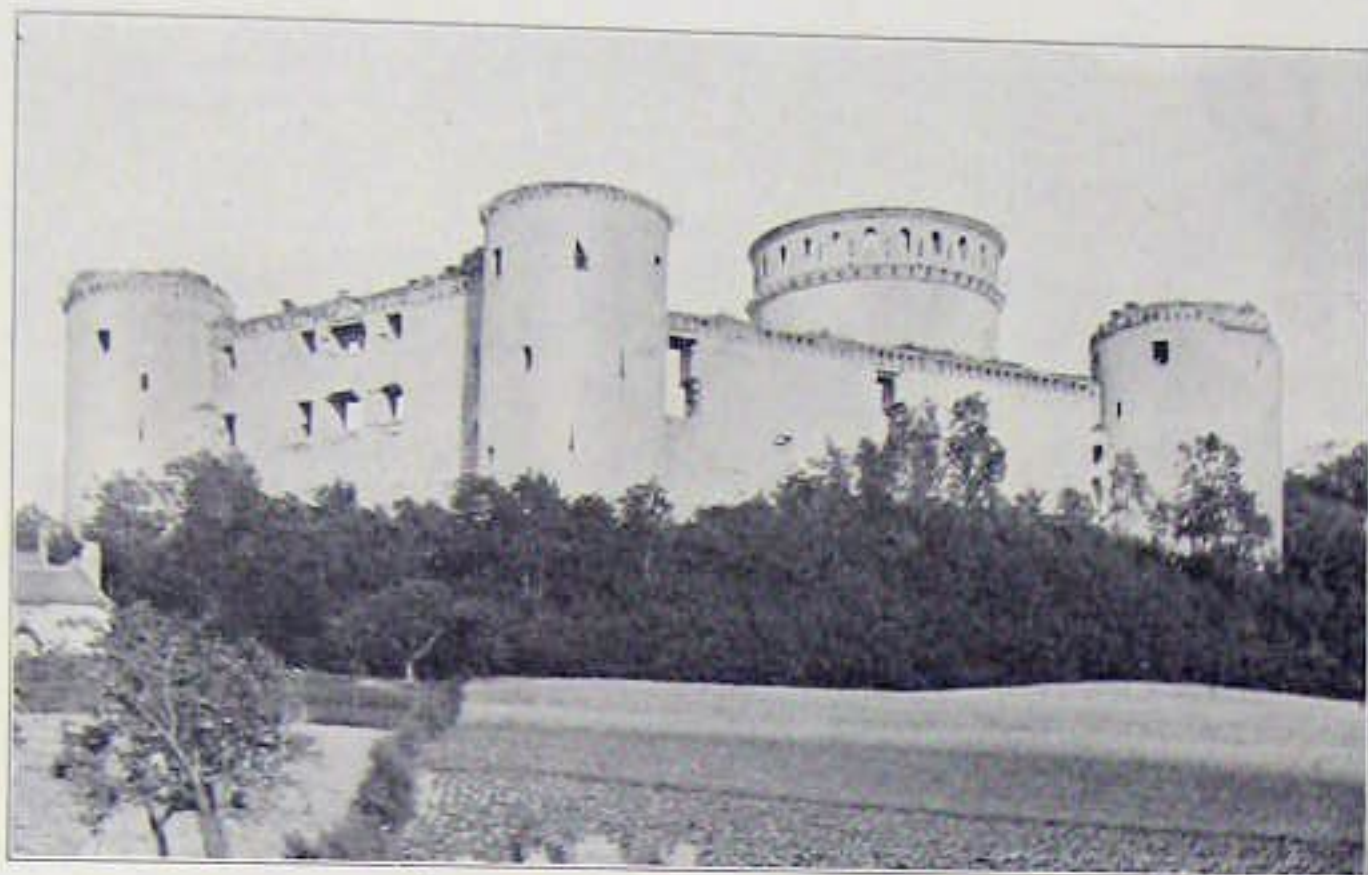
the Edict of Nantes, plunged France into religious civil-war, and turned back many pages in the book of progress. As we pass from the long gallery into an apartment which is furnished, like all the rooms of Fontainebleau, with an artistic lavishness that gave no thought to cost, we see the figure of a captive Pope, the representative of a power to which emperors once did homage, held prisoner by a little man who not a score of years before had been an obscure young soldier doing only petty military duty in a remote village of his native Corbleau the sunset of Napoleon, in yonder palace, European world. Here, burned scarce a

sica. And at Fontaine-leonic day began. Less release of Pius VII, Napoleon signed away his title to the too, the afterglow which hundred days,



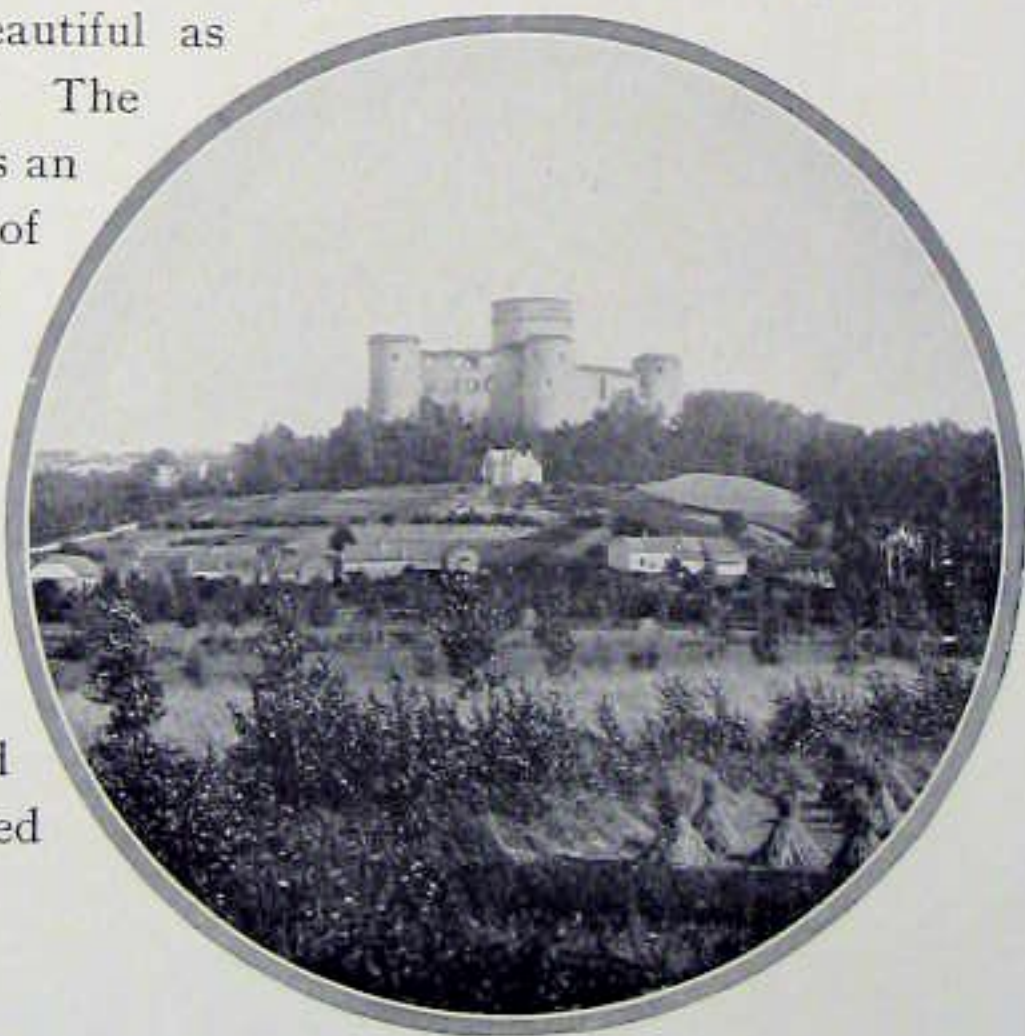
HOTEL DE VILLE AT COMPIÈGNE





"RUINED CYLINDERS OF MASONRY"

lighted with its brief glare these palace walls; for here Napoleon, returned from Elba, reviewed his faithful troops before he marched to triumph in his regained capital, and thence to black defeat at Waterloo. Another home of kings and emperors graces another forest region, that of Compiègne. The Château was a creation of Louis the Fifteenth, and later it became the favorite resort of Napoleon the Third. The forest is almost as beautiful as that of Fontainebleau. The palace of Compiègne is an echo of the splendor of the older royal dwelling. Within we find bewildering suites of gorgeous rooms, corridors and festal halls, all of which still breathe an atmosphere of life. The many kings and queens who have graced



COUCY



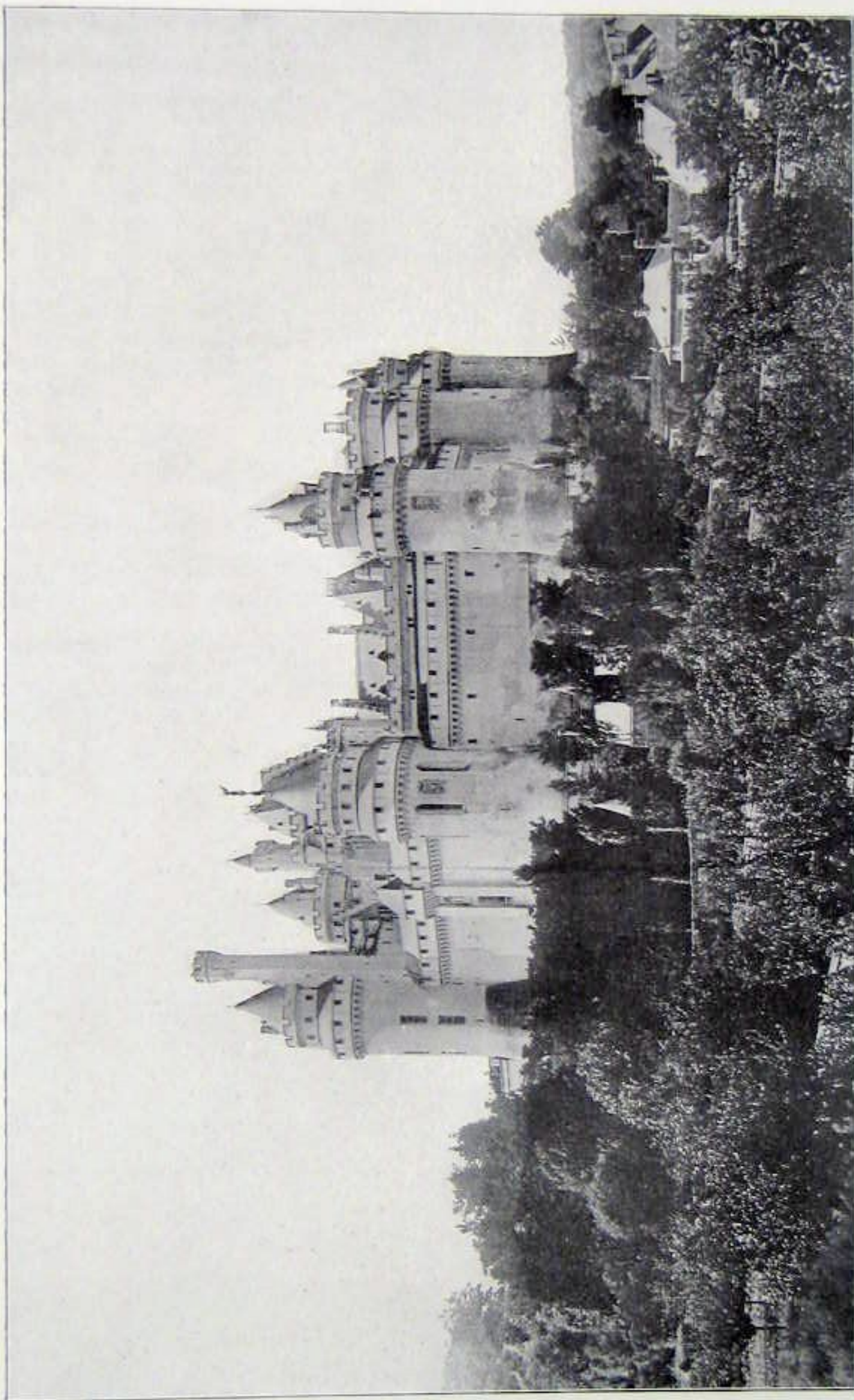
Fontainebleau are dead and gone; but the last mistress of this imperial pile, Eugénie, Empress of the French, still lives. How strange the thought that she should be to-day among the living—a sad, proud woman, widowed, childless, still surviving, after thirty years, that gilded fabric of which she was for so many brilliant years the brightest ornament, that magical creation of the grandson of poor Josephine, the Empire of Napoleon the Third!

From Compiègne the traveler may tour on bicycle or in automobile through the forest, over perfect roads, to another great château, a restoration of a feudal castle, one of the most imposing structures in all France. But first, before we visit Pierrefonds, that we may better comprehend its meaning and history, we should diverge into the open country and ride on until there rise above us the ruined towers and the donjon-keep of Coucy. For Coucy's ruined cylinders of masonry record an early chapter of French feudal history which should be learned before we read the peroration expressed in architectural periods upon the restored walls of Pierrefonds,—walls that are eloquent of feudal lavishness and splendor. In Coucy, feudal strength and warlike might are typified. Built early in the thirteenth century by the king's great vassal Enguerrand, the most formidable lord of France, Coucy for many years defied the crown itself, and once its master almost succeeded



THE DONJON-KEEP OF COUCY





PIERREFONDS







in wresting the sceptre from the pious grasp of France's holy king, St. Louis. The motto of the lords of Coucy was a proud one, "King I am not, nor Prince, nor Duke, nor even Count; I am the Lord of Coucy." And long after Coucy's lords had ceased to be a menace to the monarchy, this massive donjon-keep continued to defy the enemies of that great mediæval feudal system to which it had owed so many years of proud supremacy. By order of the king, Louis XIII, men came in 1652 charged to destroy this then abandoned and defenseless pile. But all their efforts were in vain; their heaviest blasts of powder merely caused the tower to shrug its battlemented shoulders, and the outer walls, thirty-four

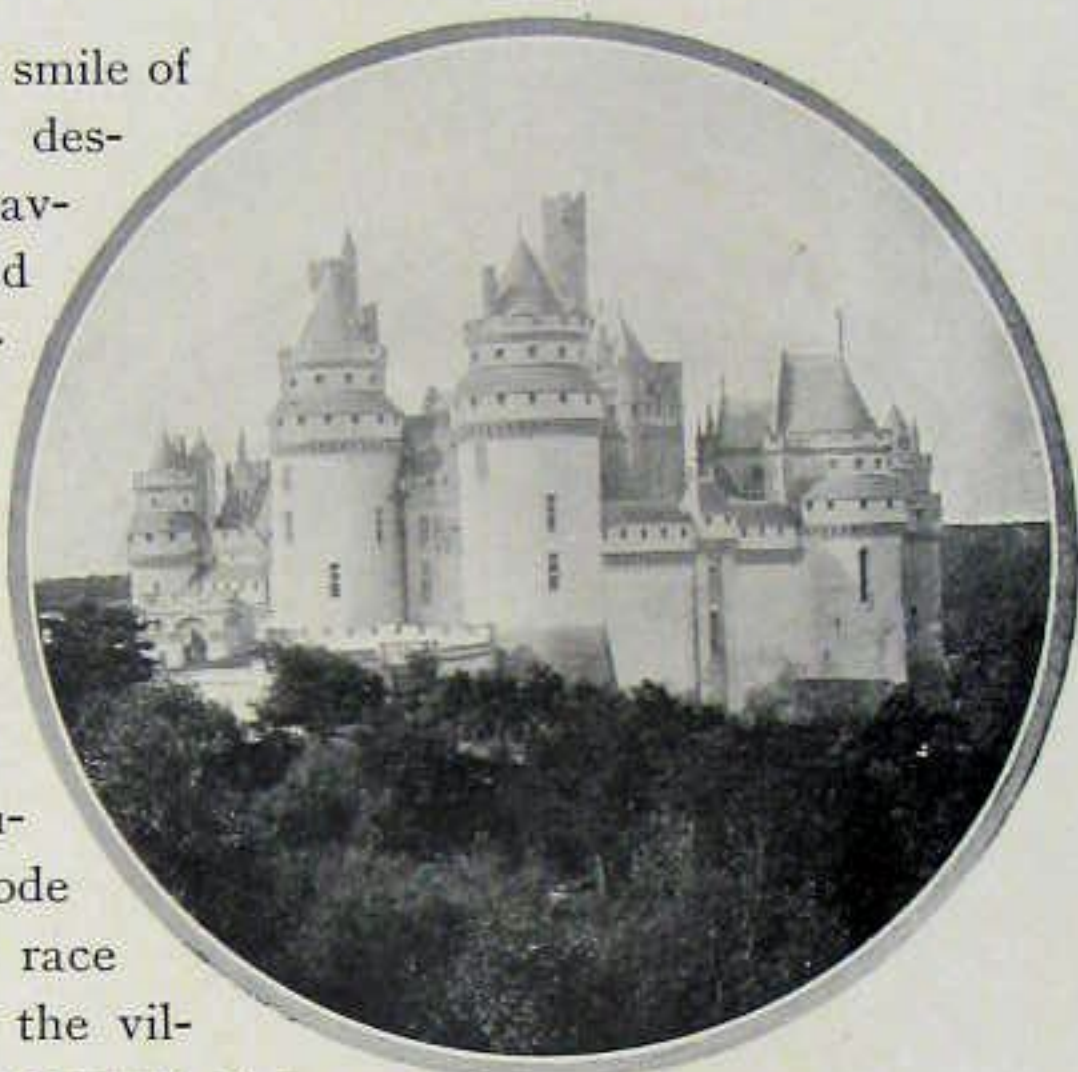


TURRETS AND TOWERS

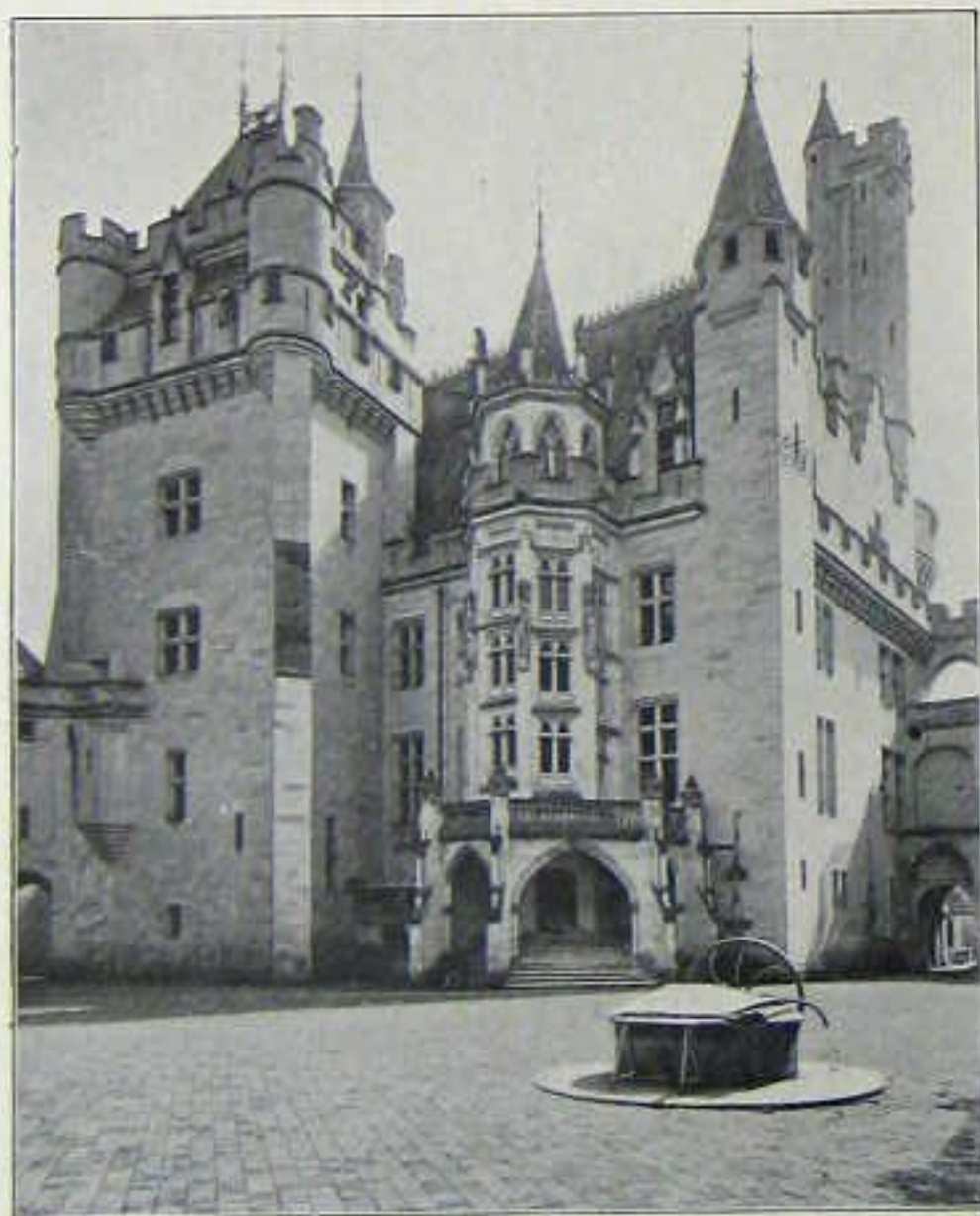


feet thick, to crack into a smile of pitying disdain. So the destroyers went their way, leaving old Coucy dismantled but triumphant in its indestructibility.

Everything is colossal in this fortress; there is in it a rudeness and hugeness of construction which belittles the man of the present. The inhabitants of this feudal abode must have belonged to a race of giants. After its fall the villagers used this mass of masonry as a



A ROMANCE IN STONE



FEUDAL SPLENDOR

free quarry, and, with these stones heaped up in feudal times to form this stronghold of oppression for the mighty war-lords, they built themselves peaceful dwellings in the quiet streets of the neighboring villages. The castle is now the protected property of the nation, its last lord having been the ill-fated Prince

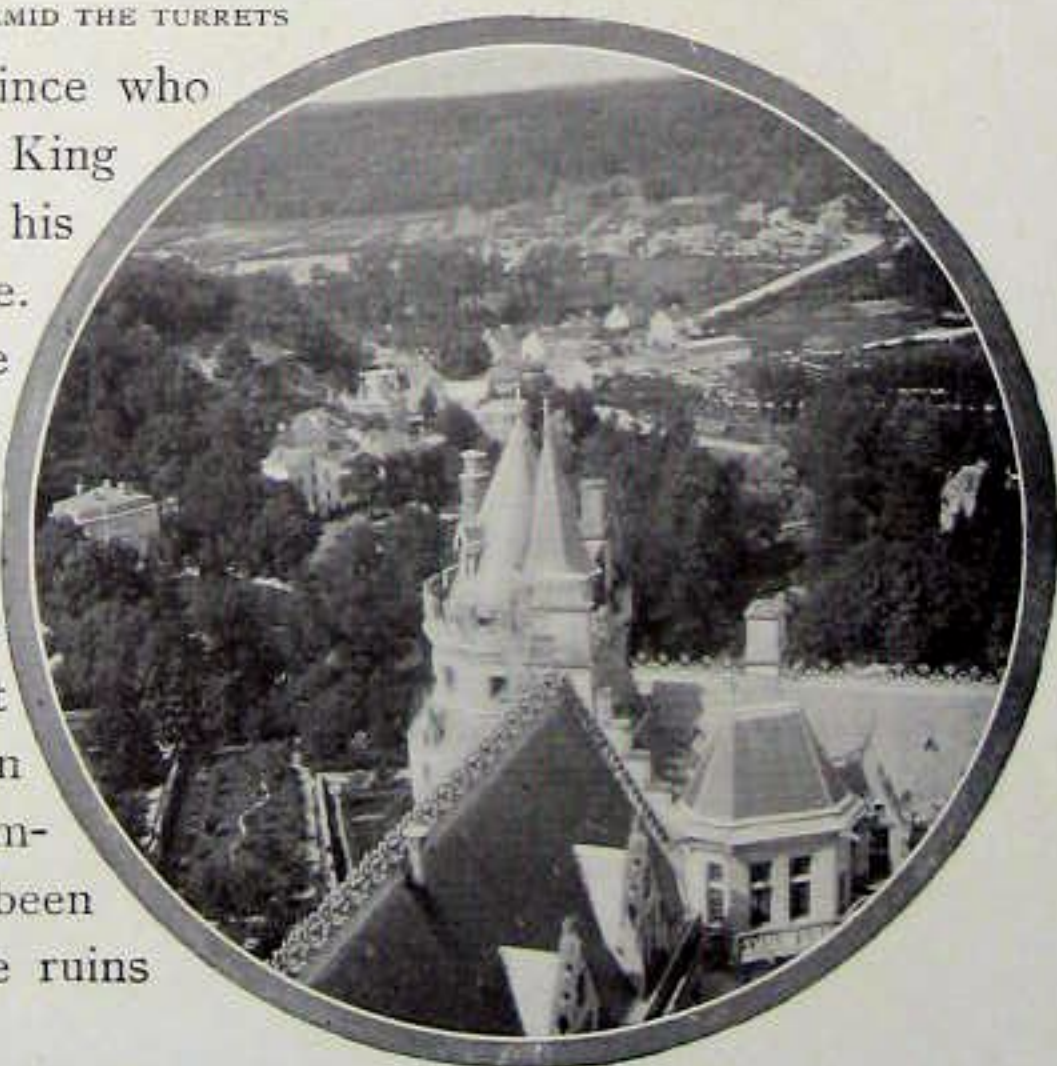




AMID THE TURRETS

Philippe Égalité, the prince who voted for the execution of King Louis XVI, and later met his death upon the guillotine.

Having seen what time and royal vandalism have made of one medieval stronghold, we may now visit the Château of Pierrefonds and see what the genius of a modern architect, backed by Imperial generosity, has been able to evolve from the ruins



FROM THE LOOK-OUT TOWER

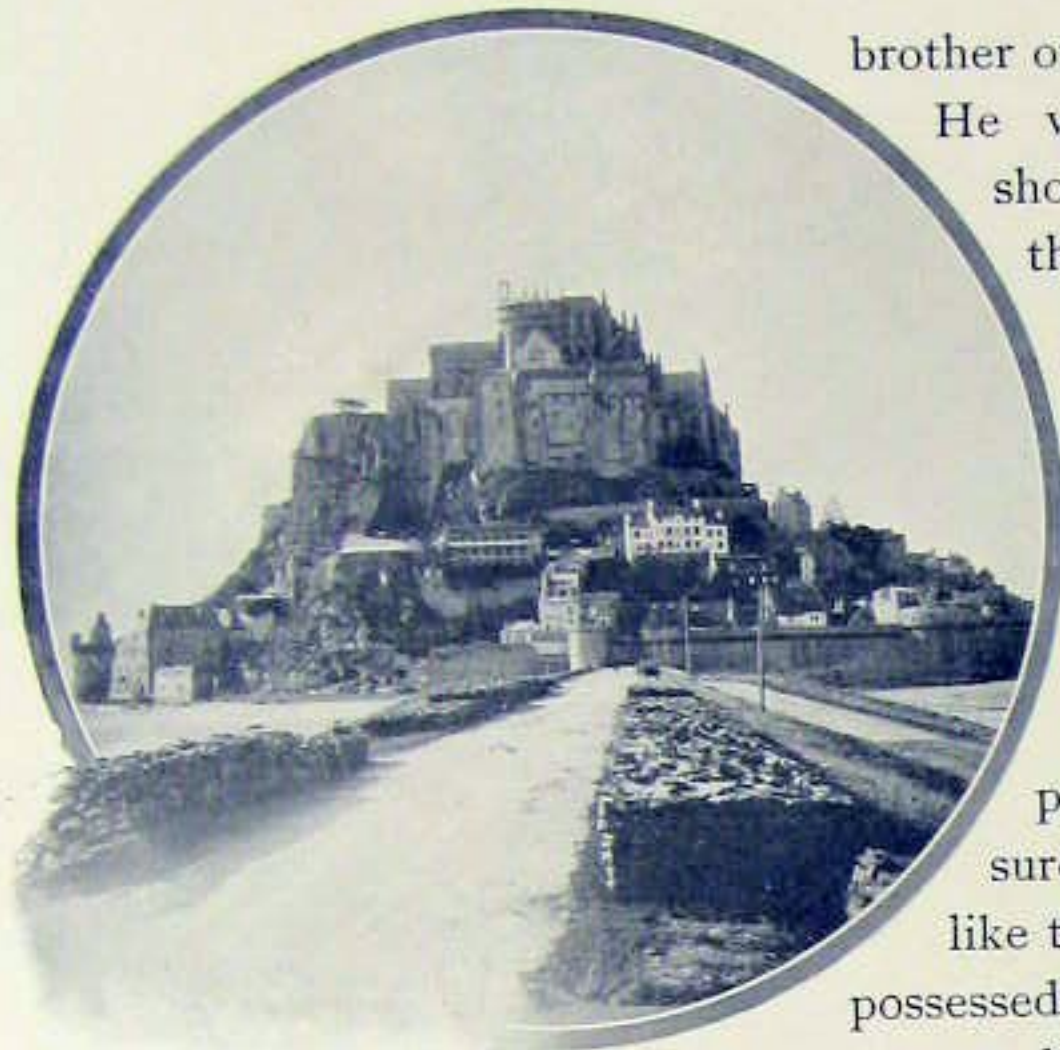


of a castle which, like Coucy, dates from the feudal epoch. Above the calm, still, little town of Pierrefonds towers the magnificent château, as perfect, as imposing, as when half a thousand years ago, it stood a noble menace to the throne of France. It was late in the fourteenth century, in 1390, that the walls of Pierrefonds first loomed above this modest village. Louis of Orléans, builder of Pierrefonds, was a



WALLS, PALACES, CHURCHES, AND TOWERS

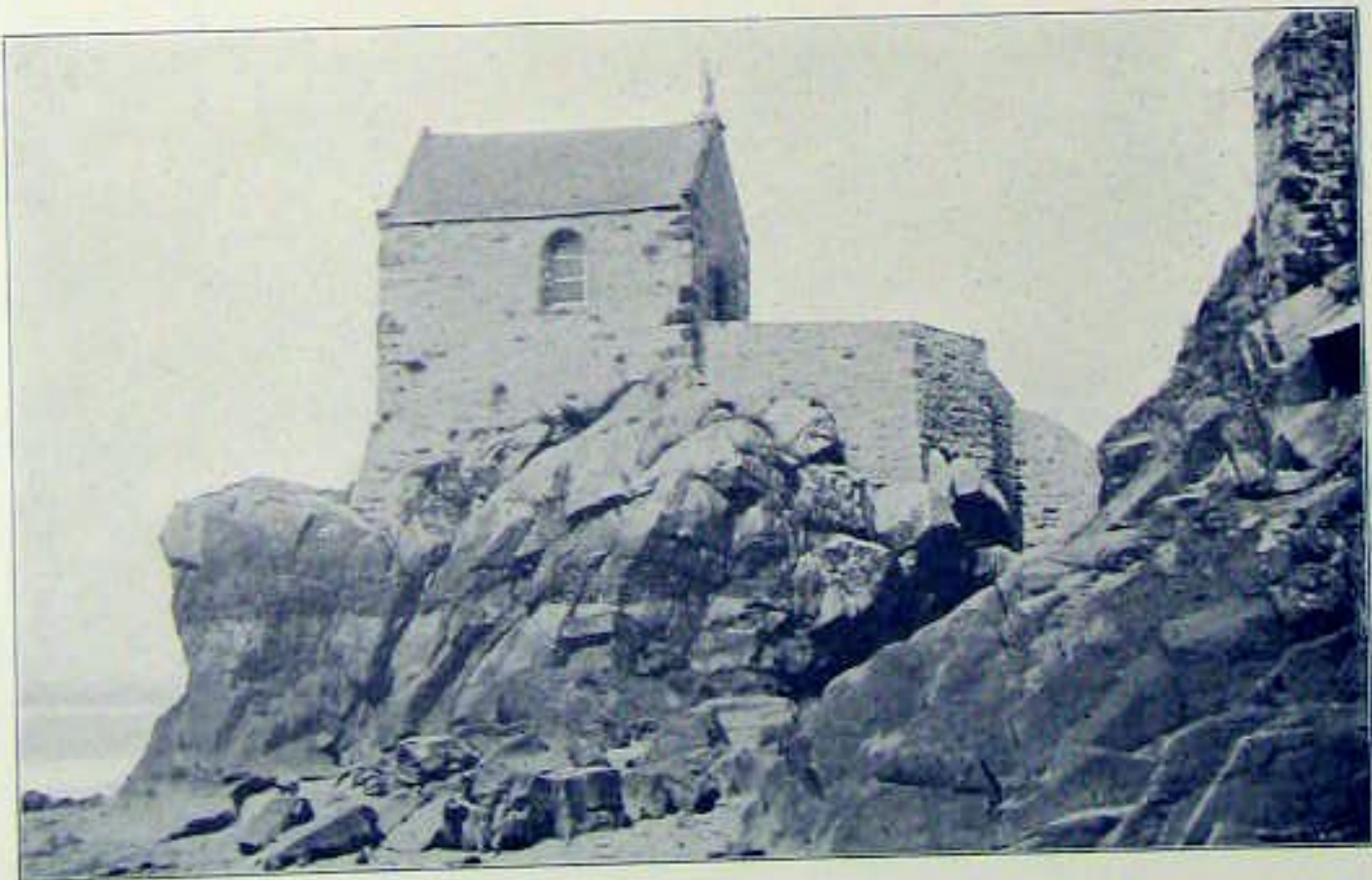




THE CAUSEWAY TO THE ROCK

brother of King Charles the Sixth. He willed that his château should be at the same time the most sumptuous residence of his epoch and a fortress so constructed as to defy all possible attacks. That it could well do so we must grant as we gaze upward at its splendid towers. But no prince in those days was sure of his position unless, like the builder of this pile, he possessed fortified abodes in many

places. Louis of Orléans therefore purchased the castle of Coucy, and thus became owner of the two finest specimens of feudal architecture in the whole land of France. And yet, in spite of all his towers, he at last fell victim to assassins hired by the

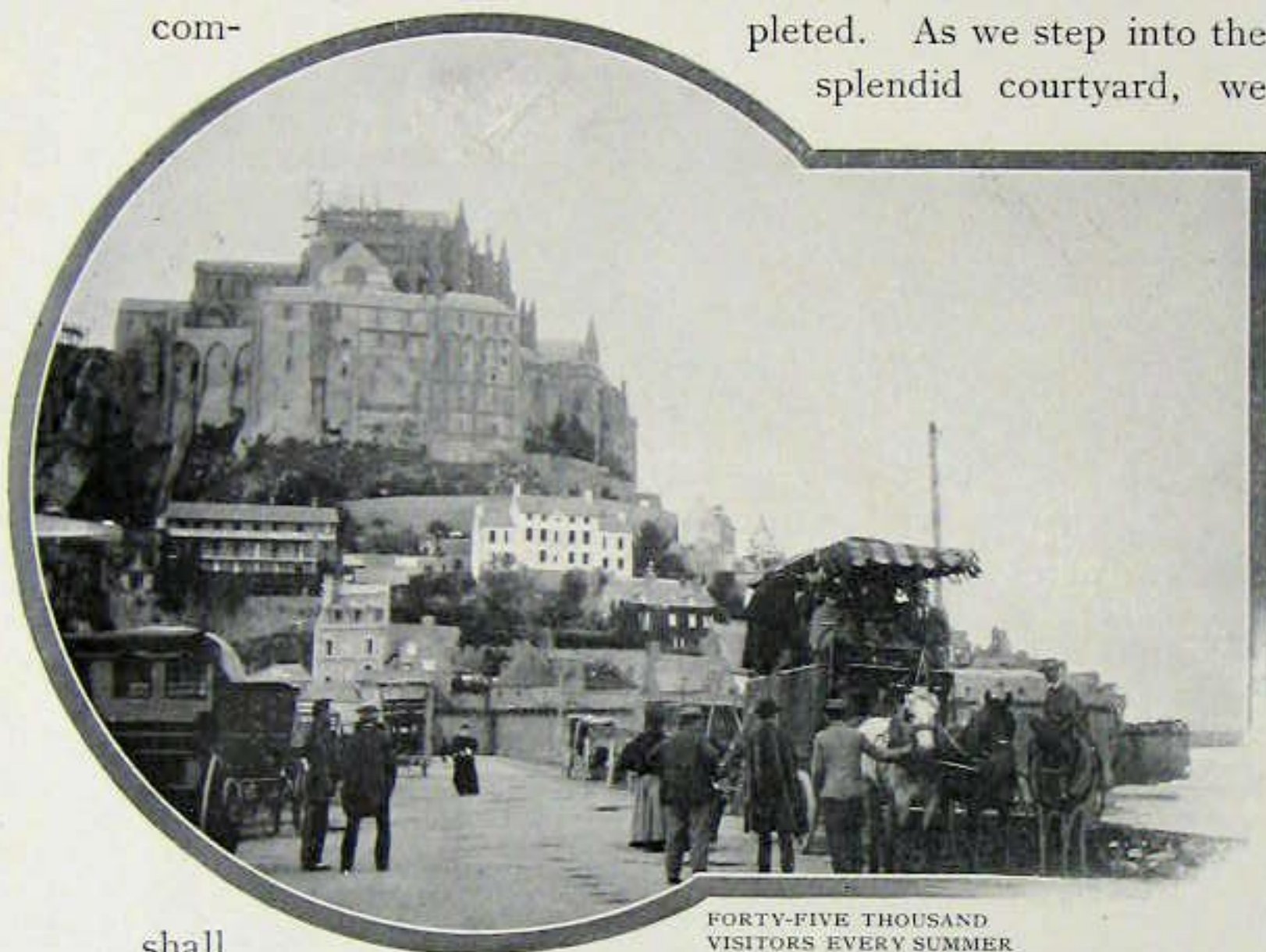


ST. AUBERT'S CHAPEL



Duke of Burgundy. Then, after Pierrefonds had stood two centuries as an ideal expression of medieval dignity and power, Louis XIII ordered the destruction of this "Romance in Stone," fearing to leave intact so formidable a refuge for his enemies. It remained a shattered ruin until 1858, when Napoleon III began the amazing restoration that is now com-

pleted. As we step into the splendid courtyard, we



FORTY-FIVE THOUSAND  
VISITORS EVERY SUMMER

shall

confess that it is indeed an amazing accomplishment,—this bringing into our modern century out of the vanished past one of the noblest of feudal structures, so huge, so formidable, so truly typical of its distant half-forgotten age. The splendid halls, corridors, and chambers have been reproduced in all their impressive elegance of decoration and adornment. We cannot understand why Pierrefonds has been neglected by American travelers; few ever find their way to it. Never for me has the reality of the past, its rudeness and its splendor been more vividly made manifest than here at Pierrefonds.



Left for a moment alone in one of its vast halls, I felt myself put back five hundred years. It seemed as if the castle had been deserted but temporarily by its inhabitants. It seemed as if at any moment the knights would come striding in, fresh from a battle or a tourney, talking in quaint old French of things now history, then only rumors of impending wars or whispered reports of bloody deeds which since have echoed down the centuries.



ARRIVAL AT THE ISLAND

Mounting to the summit of one of the lookout towers, and standing there amid the many turrets and pinnacles of restored Pierrefonds, we ask, to whom is due the credit for this miracle, this magical reconstruction of the castle? To a man whose name is not so widely known as it should be, to a man whose life was devoted to the careful restoration of the neglected reminders of the glorious past of France, to a man who needs no monument other than the grand structures he has recreated—to Eugène Viollet-le-Duc, the restorer of



Notre Dame in Paris and of Pierrefonds, an architect to whom the world owes a great debt of gratitude. Thanks to his exhaustive study of the past, to his wise use of the five million francs furnished by the third Napoleon, Pierrefonds, after centuries of decay and neglect has risen from its ruins and has resumed its primitive appearance.

Another medieval structure, one that rivals this château in picturesqueness and impressiveness, and at the same time surpasses it in architectural beauty, in the interest of its historical souvenirs, and, above all, in the strangeness of its situation, is the Abbey of Mont Saint-Michel, which rises from its rocky islet in the waters of the Bay of Brittany. Gazing seaward from the Norman coast, we behold a mighty rock, crowned with monasteries, churches, palaces, and towers, outlined against the evening sky. The upper extremity of



TRASH FOR THE TOURISTS

this bay is but a sort of estuary—a vast plain of sand, which every day is twice covered by the sea and twice by it abandoned. The tides are phenomenal. On this bay at Granville a difference between high and low water of over fifty feet is frequently recorded. The tides of March and September have wiped out of existence many a sea-side farm. It is said that at times the sea rushes in across the





MADAME POULARD

sands with such rapidity that the fleetest of horses could not outstrip the waves in the race for life and safety. It has been proved that before this region became a part of the bay, it was a forest, extending far beyond Mont Saint-Michel to other islands, then only hills, which now lie far out from the shore. For centuries the northwest coast of France has been undergoing a gradual subsidence. Recently there was discovered at a depth of ten feet or so beneath these sands a portion of a paved roadway, as well as a human skull and three skulls of a species of wild oxen, the aurochs, an animal which as early as the time of Cæsar had ceased to exist in occidental Gaul. Entire trees perfectly preserved have frequently been found. These facts prove the existence of the antique forest and the profound transformations which this region has passed through. Only Mont Saint-Michel and a few minor islands have still survived, thanks to their rocky bases. From earliest recorded time Mont Saint-Michel has been surmounted



EVERYBODY'S FRIEND





THE HÔTEL POULARD

by a fortress or a temple. The Gauls there founded a school of druidesses, the Romans there raised altars to the Almighty Jupiter, the Franks there consecrated the first Christian oratory. In 708 a holy man, St. Aubert, Bishop of Avranches, dedicated a modest chapel on the rock to the Archangel Michael, thus fixing for future ages the name of Mont Saint-Michel.

There is a legend of St. Michael and the Demon told by the people of lower Nor-

mandy. St. Michael, to protect himself from the machinations of the Devil, built amid the waters this habitation worthy of an archangel. As a further precaution, he spread roundabout it miles of moving sands, far more perfidious than the sea. The Devil lived in a humble cottage on the shore, but possessed marvelously fertile lands. These the saint greatly coveted, for in spite of his fine home the latter was poor as a saint should be. One day he called upon his evil neighbor, saying, "I come to make you a proposition." "Proceed," replies the Devil. "You love repose; I love hard work; cede me all your lands. The labor shall be done by me, and you shall receive one half the harvest."

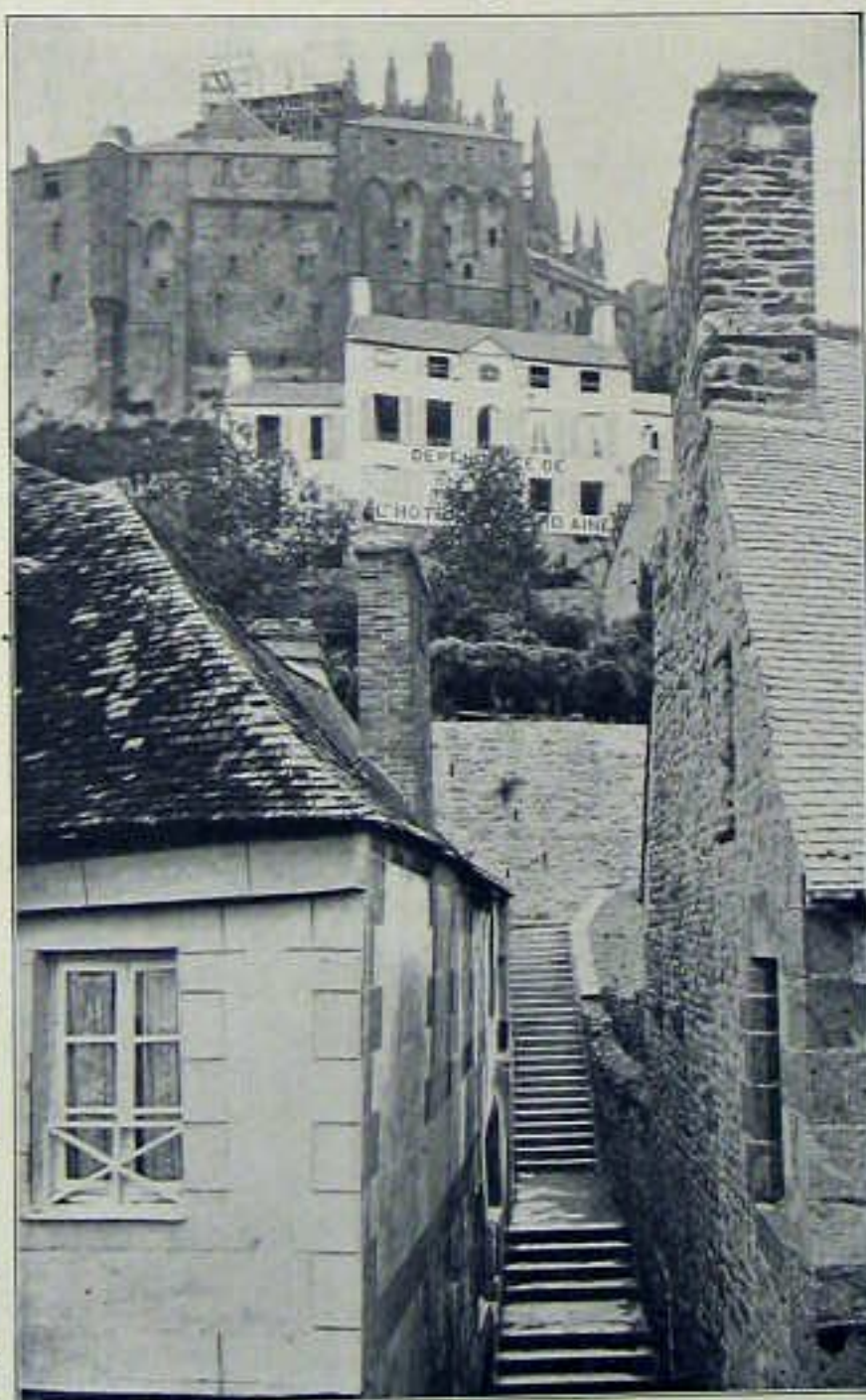


Satan instantly agreed. The saint then offered to let his partner in this farming-enterprise, choose which half of the produce he would take—that which should rise above the soil or that which remained hidden in the fertile ground, and Satan chose the former. A few months later the vast domain brought forth a splendid crop of carrots, radishes, and beets. The Devil, according to the contract, was forced to content himself with the stalks and useless greens.

The next season the Devil, remembering how he had been outwitted, reversed his choice, saying that he would take the portion of the crop that remained hidden below the surface. But the Devil found himself in no better luck when the crop was harvested, for the wily saint this time planted grain, and gave the Father of Lies only the withered and useless roots.

The advantages of being a saint are obvious.

It is in a lumbering omnibus that travelers make the journey of ten kilometers from Pontorson, the railway terminus, to the portals of the island. A broad dike or causeway half a mile in length curves seaward from shore. Comparatively few Americans visit this most wonderful place, but



EVERYTHING IS UPSTAIRS





FROM THE STEPS

forty-five thousand European tourists come annually. Arriving under the shadow of the grim fortifications, the omnibus is taken by assault by an army of Amazons from the hotels, even scaling ladders being brought into use by eager serving-maids. Of course we intend to patronize the "Hôtel Poulard," an establishment as famous as the Mount itself; but each servant shouts the name of a different Poulard!—"Poulard Aîné," "Poulard Jeune," or "*La Veuve Poulard*;" for the entire Poulard tribe has gone to keeping inns upon the island. Thus it is in a state of doubt and uncertainty that we hasten through the gate into a narrow street, and there we are greeted by a smiling dame who in a sweet but authoritative voice remarks, "*Je suis Mme. Poulard*;" and without question we accept her as the mistress of the *original* Hôtel Poulard. She is unique, a landlady unparalleled in the annals of innkeeping. I defy the world to produce a traveler who, having visited the Mount, does



not carry away with him or her (for Madame Poulard is equally popular with those of her own sex), an enthusiastic admiration for the hostess. I wish that I could show the thousand charming expressions of her face, her smiles of greeting, her half-sad way of "speeding the parting guest." Had all my snap-shots succeeded, you might have had to listen to a lecture on Mont Saint-Michel entirely illustrated with portraits of Madame Poulard. The Hôtel Poulard is the dominating feature of the one and only thoroughfare, and that no one may be left in doubt, two sign-boards tell the arriving traveler that this is "the place of the Renown of the Omelette, the Hôtel of Poulard the Elder," or, rather the nucleus of the hotel, for the establishment comprises many buildings, some in the narrow village street, some perched on the rocky slope a hundred feet above. Madame's system of management is unique. When after a sojourn of several days, I asked for the accounts of a party of three, Madam smiled and said, "Sit down and tell me what you have had.



THE "LITTLE BREAKFAST"





THE MAKING OF THE OMELETTE

things; my guests are always honest." Naturally through fear of abusing the confidence of this trustful hostess we paid for extras that we had never had.

One hundred steps lead from the street to our apartments. But how interesting is the climb! we have not time to think of the fatigue, for Madame herself accompanies the ladies, charming them into forgetfulness of their effort, shortening, with many words of encouragement, the weary

Let me see, four days—three people—that makes twelve dinners, twelve *déjeuners*, twelve early cups of coffee,—what else, now, do you remember? I really have not time to bother about these little



M. POULARD ET SES POULETS



way. Far below we see the village, and beyond, the great plain of shifting sand which within an hour will become a glittering expanse of sea. The Norman coast lies low along the horizon. At night this ascent to our abode is a fantastic experience, for every guest is furnished with a lighted paper lantern, and when these flickering lights are slowly moving skyward, the scene suggests an evening picture in Japan. Upon the terrace every morning we are served with the



POULARD ENTERPRISES

French "little breakfast," a cup of coffee and a roll. Unfortunately, luncheons and dinners are not served at this altitude, and twice a day we must make the toilsome journey to the lower town, or else be content to live on fresh air and lovely vistas.

From the terrace one could almost drop into the street below. We seem to be living at one and the same time upon a mountain-top, on shipboard, and among the clouds in a balloon. In fact, we are upon a mountain, the sea is round about us, and at times the clouds and mists of Brittany



envelop us. At midday from the depths of the village there comes clanging up the precipice the sound of the luncheon-bell, announcing that all hands must now descend for *déjeuner*. With a zeal like that of fervent pilgrims, we rush down to the modern shrine of Mont Saint-Michel, the Poulard kitchen, to witness the modern miracle,—the making of the omelette, performed by the patron saint of the isle, Madame Poulard. The open fireplace is the altar before which crowds of hungry tourists gather every day to watch with reverence and awe a high priestess of the culinary art, preparing with a skill born of long practice an omelette worthy the table of the gods. Upon this altar have been sacrificed in one day as many as seventy dozen eggs; for Madame is tireless, and from eleven to one o'clock may be found gracefully turning out omelette after omelette, each



OYSTERS OF CANCALE

more perfect than the last, which was perfection. Of her omelettes I dare not attempt to "make the eulogy," as the French would say; they are the standard omelettes of the universe. It has been asserted by some probably dyspeptic traveler that the famed "omelette" is nothing more than the "plain scrambled eggs of com-



merce." Forty-five thousand annual omelette-eaters stand ready to brand this flippant statement as a malicious libel.

But the fame of the Poulard *cuisine* rests not only upon the delicious, unsubstantial omelette, for, behold, before the fire are a dozen delicious chickens serenely turning on automatic spits. They are dripping with a savory gravy; they are moist and juicy; they are tender; they are, in a word, worthy to receive their browning in company with Madame Poulard's omelette. Success invites competition. The words



JUST BOYS!

"Poulard" and "omelette" have long been synonyms for success. Behold how they are repeated over and over by the signs that greet us as we stroll through the King's Gateway into the little street. First the "Hôtel Poulard Junior" flaunts its sign high above our heads. With commendable originality it proclaims the "Renown of the Omelette Soufflée," thereby honestly avoiding a direct claim on the "Renown of the old Original Omelette." Then comes the inn of *La Veuve* Poulard, the Widow, whose place appears more modest and more picturesque; beyond the Widow's inn are others still more modest, where the peasant pilgrims are fed and lodged "at prices very moderate."

I dropped in one evening to try the Omelette Soufflée, and so greatly pleased was the family of Poulard Junior to have a guest of *the* Poulard sit at their table that I was not allowed to pay a penny for the generous portion



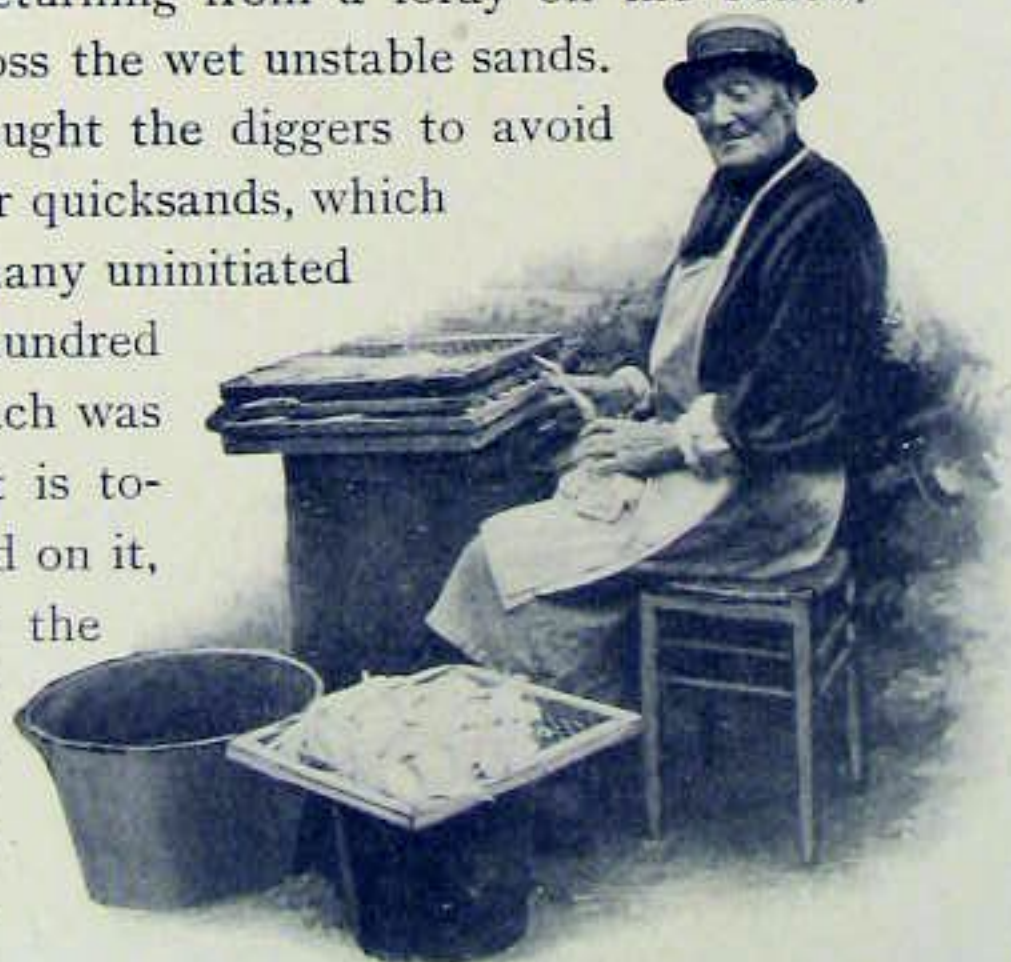


UNE VIEILLE

called the *cogue*, which at low tide they dig from the sand with their sturdy fingers. Thus everybody works at Mont Saint-Michel, and absolute poverty is unknown. Even the grandmothers never outlive their usefulness. We often see quaint ancient dames returning from a foray on the beach, having been far out across the wet unstable sands. Long experience has taught the diggers to avoid the treacherous *lises*, or quicksands, which have swallowed up so many uninitiated roamers. About one hundred years ago, when the beach was even less secure than it is to-day, a ship was stranded on it, and, being forsaken by the tide, it sank so quickly into the yielding mass that the tips of its masts were lost to view within

of the fluffy delicacy of which I had partaken. Can I now do aught but praise it?

The famous oysters of Cancale are opened and sold at the village gate. The products of the sea are naturally the chief resources of the inhabitants. They catch fine salmon of exquisite flavor renowned along the coast, as well as flounders, soles, and shrimps. The family of a fisherman, wife, sons, and daughters, meantime devote themselves to gathering a species of bivalve



CLEAN SOLES



twenty-four hours. In 1780, as an experiment, a pyramidal block of stone, weighing only three hundred pounds, was placed upon the surface, and during the space of one night sank so far that the end of a forty-foot rope attached to it could not be found. With a good guide I ventured to make the tour round the island at low tide. I found that it was not safe to stand too long in admiration of the rock, for constant walking is the price of remaining on the surface. In places the walking was decidedly wet.



A GUIDE INDISPENSABLE

and I found the guide indispensable. He would carry me on his back over the dampest places, and then return to rescue the camera. The legs of the tripod would meantime have settled into the sand to a depth of two or three feet.

The line of the seaward horizon is broken by the Isle of Tombelaine, a miniature Saint-Michel, but now forsaken by all, its monasteries and chapels having long since disappeared. Re-entering the village we secure the portraits of a picturesque pair, a peasant woman and her little girl, the latter dressed as soberly as if she boasted sixty years instead of six. Both wear the neat white caps characteristic of this region,





THREE KINDS OF CAPS

one cap being of wonderful design, — a design which might well be adopted for theater-wear; for while the hat is not restricted as to size, it has two loopholes admirably adapted for observation of the stage. Just beside the wall in the illustration are situated the two old cannon known as the "Michelettes," left on the beach by the English host of twenty thousand, which attacked the Mount in 1434, but was driven back to shore by the

six score of valiant Gallic knights into whose charge the abbey and the fortress had been confided by the monks.



THE PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARE



These historic cannon called "bombards," which now lie useless in the village street, were among the first ever fired in European warfare. The Artillery Museum of Paris has made strenuous but unsuccessful efforts to secure these relics. In the unique street leading from the King's Gate up to the Abbey are crowded the little houses which shelter a population of about two hundred, in-

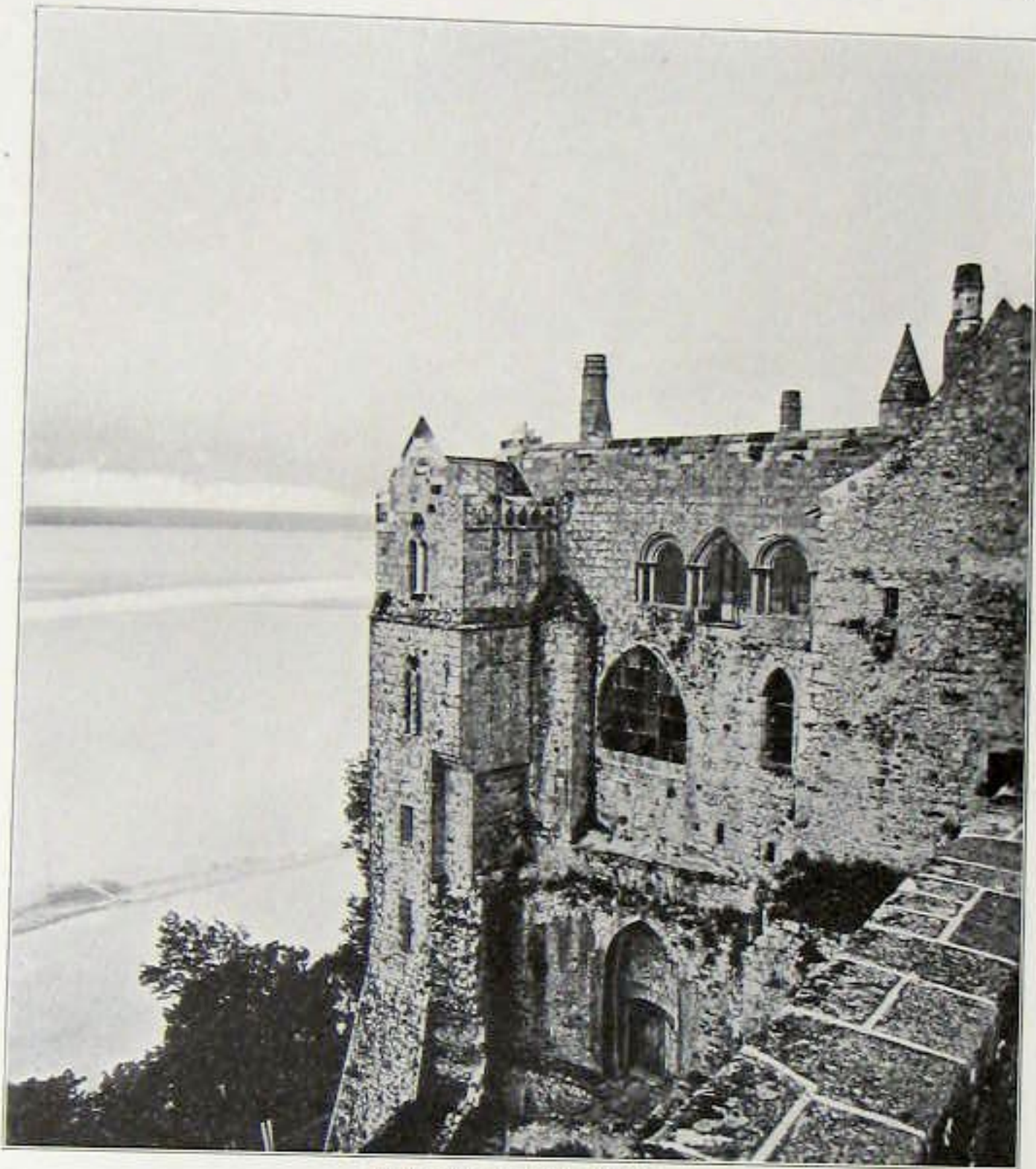


MEDIÆVAL MASONRY

cluding fishermen, innkeepers, and dealers in souvenirs both sacred and profane. In this street the valiant warrior Bertrand du Guesclin and his beautiful spouse once made their abode.

Steeper and steeper becomes the way as we advance, bringing us finally to the thirteenth-century ramparts just at the moment of the inrushing of the mighty tide. Swiftly, resistlessly, the blue waters gain on the yellow sands; foot by foot, yard by yard, the delicate line of foam advances

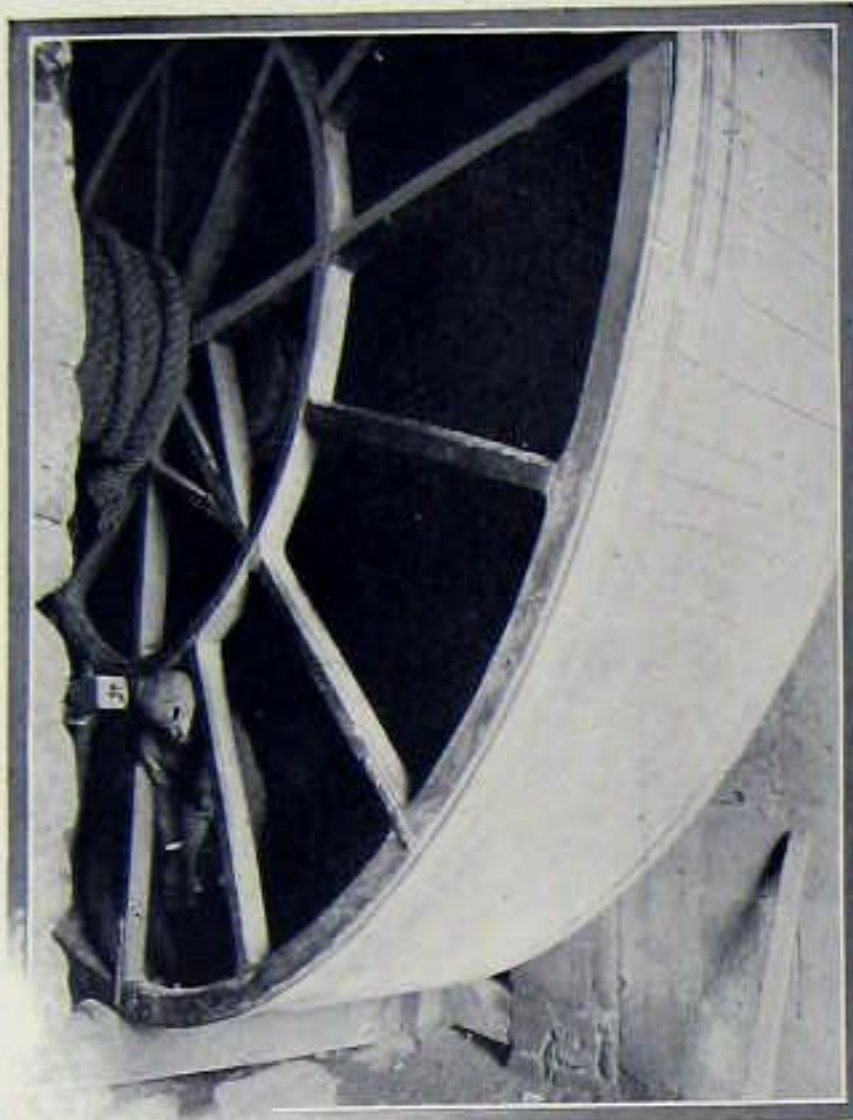




AN ANGLE OF THE ABBEY

Among the guests who have been entertained by the religious guardians of the Abbey we read the names of Childebert the Second, Charlemagne, Saint Louis, Louis the Eleventh (who was not a saint), and Francis the First. Hundreds of the prisoners filled the dungeons of the rock during the reigns of Louis the Fourteenth and of Louis the Fifteenth; then the prisoners of the Revolution, among them the three hundred priests who had refused to take the civic oath. These times witnessed the desecration of the Abbey, the





THE HOISTING-WHEEL

mutilation of its carvings, the destruction of its splendid windows, the obstruction of its magnificent apartments by crude partitions. Only in 1874 was the splendid remnant confided to the Commission of Historic Monuments to assure its preservation.

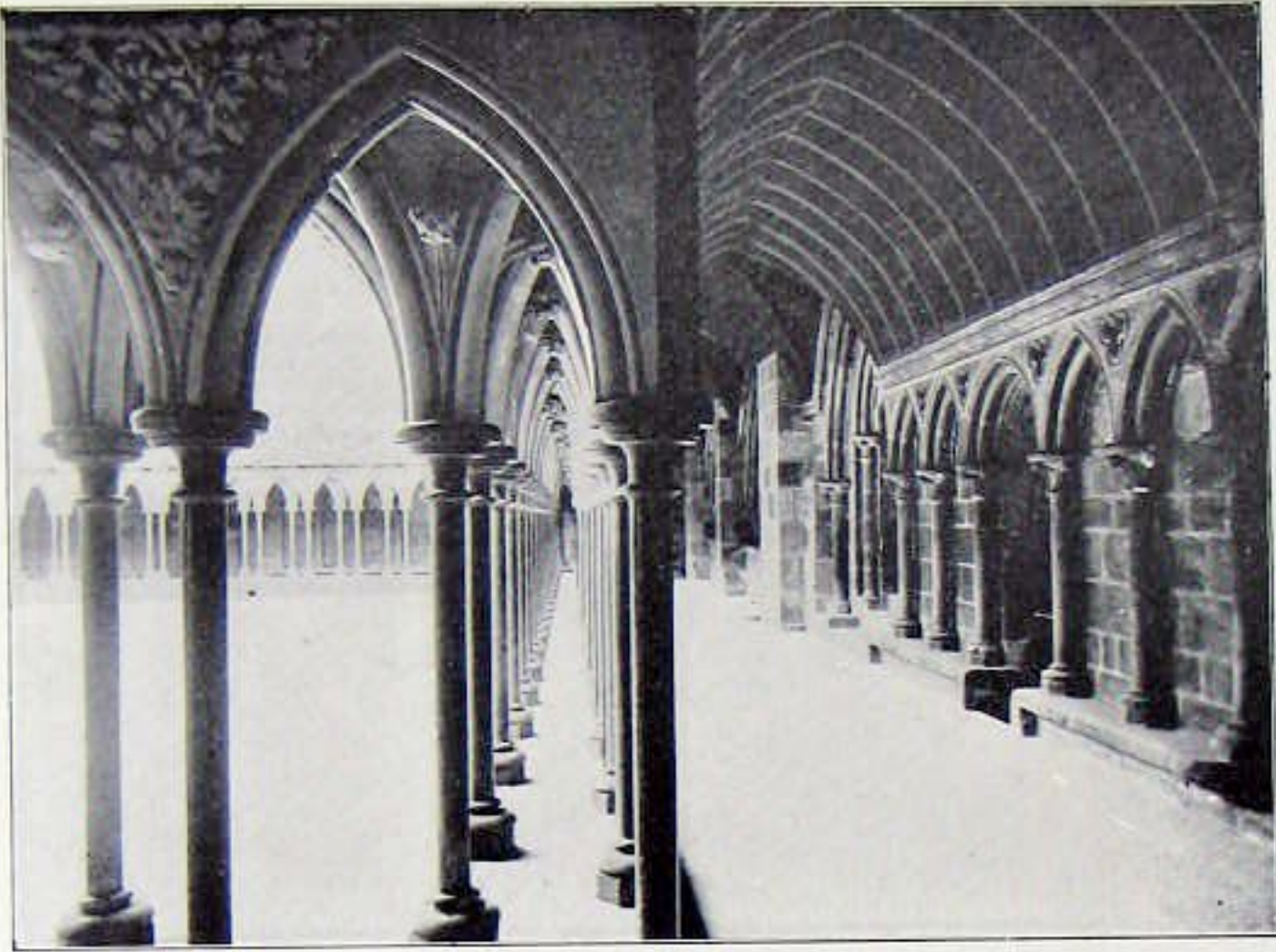
Small wonder that the Mount was never taken by the English, for in those days the

art of defense was developed far beyond that of attack. Five score of men could hold a medieval stronghold against an army of as many thousands. Treason alone could prevail against a fortress such as this. Yet even treason failed here, the traitor losing heart and confessing his crime before his clever plan for admitting the enemy had been put in execution. It was in 1591. An inmate of the Abbey, Goupigny, by name, agreed with the Lord Montgomery, a leader of the Protestants, to assure the secret introduction of a band of armed men under the command of the



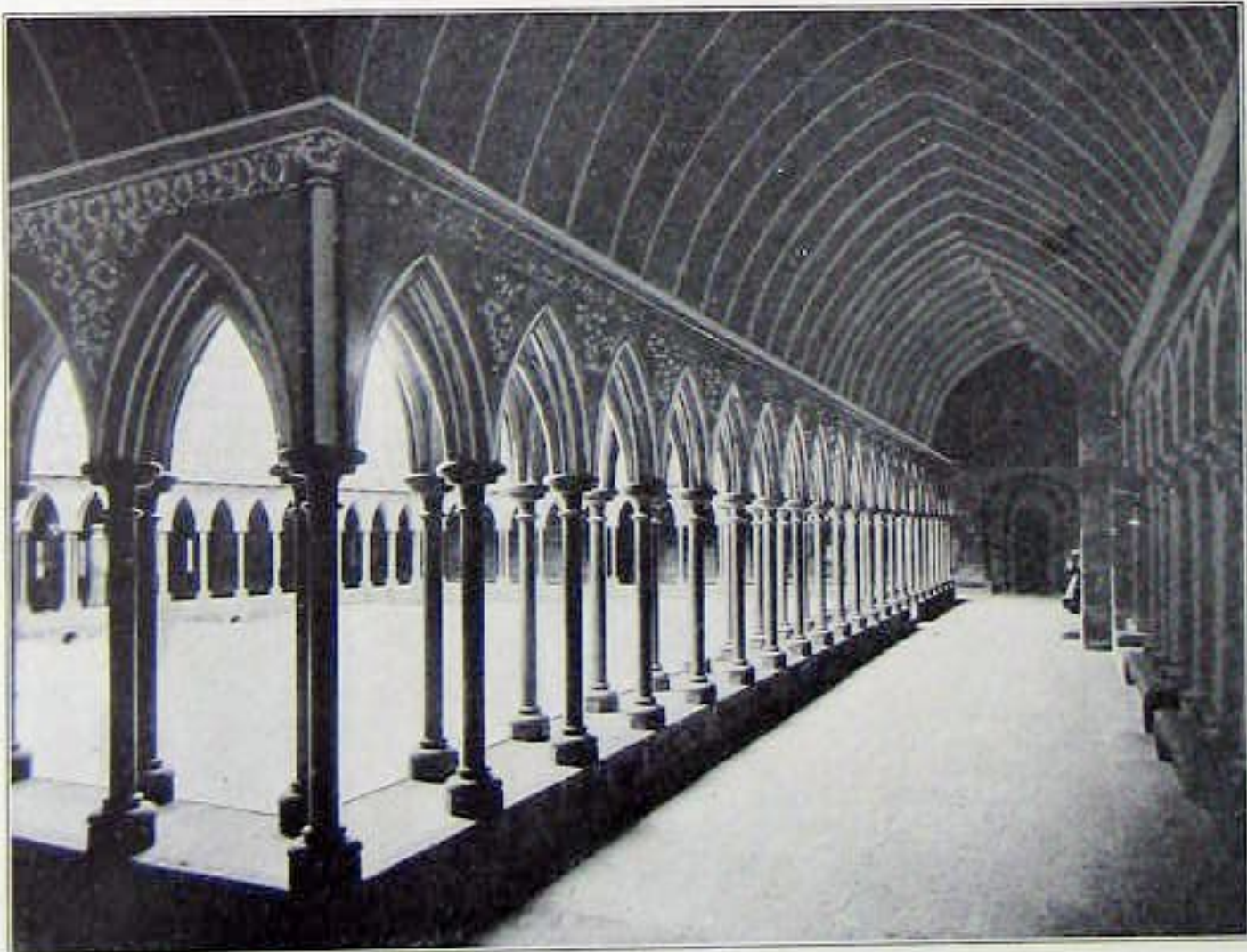
IN DAYS OF OLD





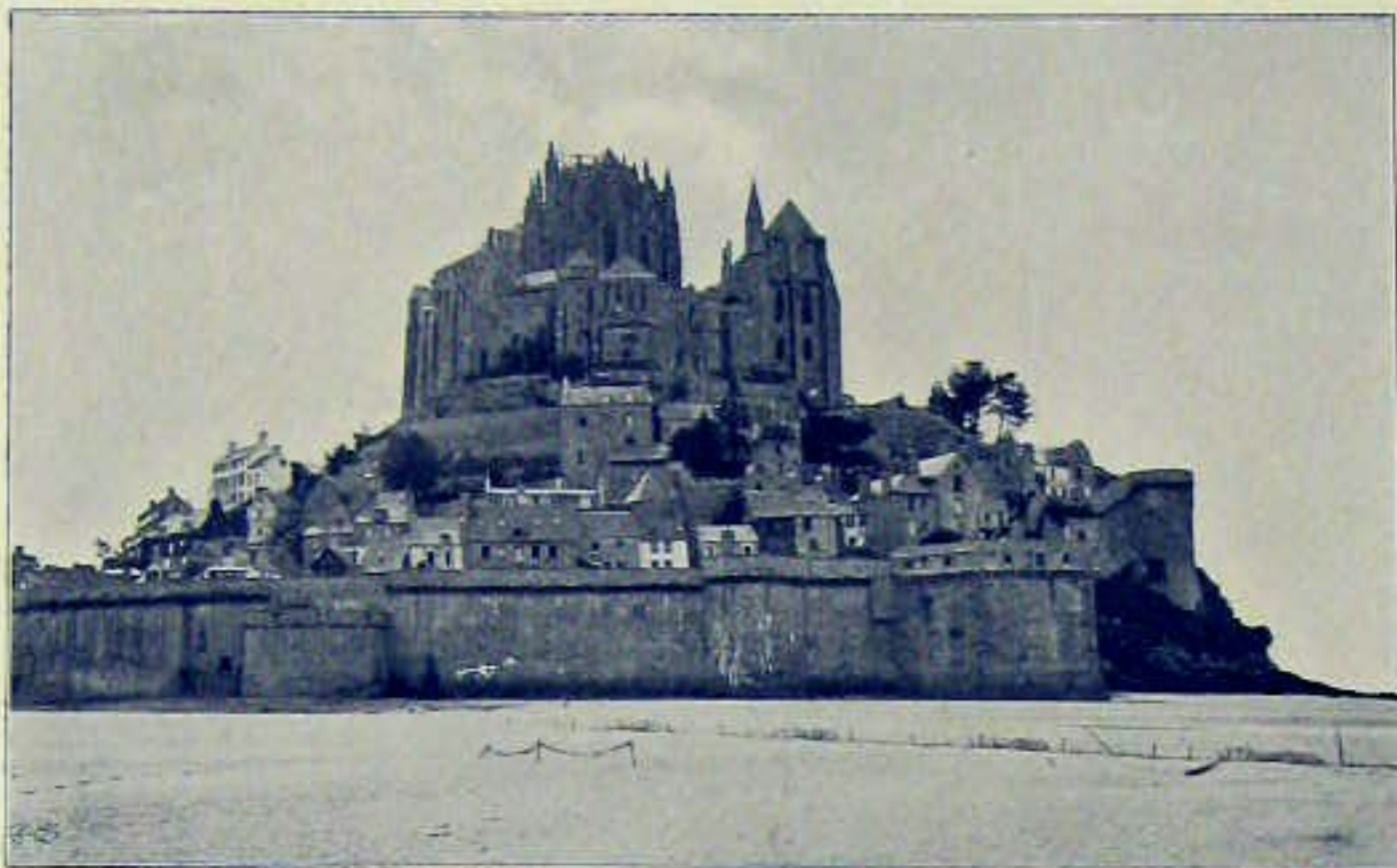
WHERE THE ABBOTS TROD

latter. These men were to be drawn up the perpendicular cliff by means of the great windlass and ropes



A CLOISTER AMID THE CLOUDS





AN OBJECT-LESSON IN HISTORY

used for hoisting supplies, provisions, and ammunition from the shore to this high-perched citadel. But, as the chronicler tells us, God did not permit this thing to be done. Goupigny confessed his plan ; and when one night, according to agreement, Montgomery and two hundred men appeared at the base of the sea-girt cliffs, the double traitor gave the signal that all was well ; the Protestant soldiers, in little companies of eight or ten, were silently hauled up by means of the great wheel and its stout ropes ; but as each squad with breathless eagerness crept into the dark corridors to await the coming of the remainder of the force, the Abbey's knights and monks fell on them furiously and killed them, sparing none until the officer below, alarmed by the unlooked-for tumult, refused to send up more men until assured that all was well. At this the governor bade his knights spare one of the Protestants, who was offered life and liberty if he would shout the words of betrayal to those below. But, being a true man and faithful, the tempted soldier shouted instead a warning to his comrades. This act of courage touched the governor's heart, and he who would



not even for life betray his friends was pardoned, while those whose lives he had so nobly saved fled from the island, their hearts bleeding for the four-score of their companions left dead in the dungeons of the Abbey. We are shown the mighty hoisting-wheel itself, hung in a window of the Abbey cellar,—a cellar which is hundreds of feet above the garrets of the village houses. The wheel was turned by gangs of prisoners shut up in it as in a giant treadmill.

The Abbey as an architectural monument defies description. Lacking ground space, the builders of this Wonder in Masonry piled their churches, cloisters, dormitories, and almonries one upon another, thus creating a mountain of sculptured stone unique among the religious edifices of the world. The cloister is of surprising daintiness in contrast to the somber heaviness of the interiors on the floors below. All is grace and lightness, elegance and beauty, combined with strength and durability. The variety of sculptured design is astonishing; there is no repetition, no monotony. The columns are arranged in groups of three, thus giving great stability while retaining the delicacy of the colonnade.



ADIEU, MONT SAINT-MICHEL!



one of the finest specimens of claustral construction in the world. It is indeed worthy to be classed among the marvels of the world, this unique pile of architectural glories. And France, at last awake to the value of this proud old pile, has already undertaken not only to preserve, but to restore it, to make it as magnificent as when its abbots ruled like feudal lords. The outer ramparts, portions of which have fallen under the weight of ages, are to be rebuilt; the turrets topped, as of yore, with peaked roofs;—and all the parapets and battlements are to be raised again. In a word, Mont Saint-Michel, like Pierrefonds, is to be made a glorious object-lesson in French history—another proof that Paris is *not* all of France.

Yet gladly we shall now return to Paris; for while the nation with care and forethought is restoring these medieval monuments, Paris the capital is rearing the gorgeous modern palaces of the Exposition Universelle, which is to mark the close of the glorious and never-to-be-forgotten nineteenth century.



THE PLACE BLANCHE BY NIGHT



