

Under French Skies by Elfrida deJaffa
Transcribed by Jane Garver

PERMESSO, SIGNORI, PERMESSO? As one of the so-called “funny” portrayers in Leoncavallo’s tragic opera “I PAGLIACCI” announces himself to his audience as he approaches the footlights before starting his prologue.

PERMESSO, SIGNORI, PERMESSO? I borrow the words from him.

“Thank you, thank you”, I hear you chorusing, “you can go back, we do not wish to have tragedy and sorrow portrayed by another bitterly funny representative of human miseries”

Allow me to interrupt you, dear Audience, allow me to tell you that I am nothing of the sort, I am only stepping out of obscurity for a moment, I only wish to appear in the glare of the limelight for a short while, just to whisper a few preparatory words about what I want to present to you, and then quickly rush back into the peaceful shadows of obscurity, having discovered since long the verity of La Fontaine’s words as he ends his fable of the cricket and the butterfly:-

“Pour vivre heureux, vivons cachés”.

But please, don’t take me for a sulky snail retroceding into its shell at the least approach of life, don’t take me for an ugly worm cowering deeper and deeper into the black earth at the least sound from the outer world. Oh no, I love the golden light of day, I love exhilarating breezes, I love communicating with my fellow-creatures.

This roll I am presenting to you is not an artistic parchment scroll containing some wonderful message left to posterity by a marvelous genius who existed centuries ago and only discovered lately in a secluded spot on classical soil. No. This roll I am presenting to you consists of a bundle of ordinary City foolscap paper typed all over on a busy Remington Machine, containing an agglomeration of reflections serious and gay, put together by myself, an ordinary mortal passing through Eternity in the twentieth century, a mortal who has had a little variety to break the monotony of her everyday life, just a few days enjoyment and excitement, and who imagines it might give a little pleasure if she repeats her experiences to others.

In presenting you with these sheets, I do not wish you to think that I want your praise, or your criticism, or your advice for future betterment, or your opinion as to how these pages should have been written, I only hand them to you thinking it might perhaps interest you to hear how I felt and what I did away from everyday life, and to please

understand that I am a busybody occupied all day working for others, and have therefore had no time to write any better. I have been able to indulge in the caprices of fanciful moods and write only when I felt inclined to, I have had to content myself by snatching a few hours, I should say - the few moments - at my disposal, I have had to tear greedily those luminous sparks from Eternity as they flew past me never to return again.

We hear and read a lot about the originalities, the strangities, the whimsicalities, the idiosyncrasies [sic] of those great writers who have left the fruit of their genius for posterity to enjoy. We hear of Gustave Flaubert writing down his thoughts on a blackboard, sit down, cross his legs, cross his arms, and start contemplating the production of his prolific brain. He likes or he does not like his phrases to-day, perhaps he will find something better tomorrow. We hear of Balzac, who, after making his plan for a novel and gathering the materials, locking himself up in his room, shutting out the light of day, knocking off all communication with the outer world, and in the unobstructed silence of his room, in the company of his study lamp, entering into the fields of literature and emerging only when he wanted or cared to. We hear of Jules Verne writing his marvelous stories in a study perched up in the clouds, or to be less exaggerating, at the top of the tower of his Amiens home, of Rostand who can only produce work at night, of St. Beuve who had to become inspired by the presence of his fluffy, purring pussy-cat, and of another great writer who could only produce work if he had a bushel of apples beside him.

We hear of indomitable will and dogged perseverance of such great men as Tennyson who rewrote one of his works 50 times before it gave him complete satisfaction, of Charles Lamb whose works breathe simplicity, ease, and facility, and yet who took terrible pains in the labour of genius, of La Rochefoucauld who took 15 years to produce a single work.

Ah, fine fellows those geniuses, we must admit, how hard-working, how persevering!

It is therefore almost shame-facedly that I present you with these pages. I have not been able to take the example of these great writers. I have had no time to improve, polish, or embellish these lines of mine. I am forced to resent them to you in their rough state, in their crude creation. This is rather discouraging when you know you might have done better. Enough if I have managed to write down my thoughts and leave them as they are.

But wait, ah, wait, wait, wait, something has just struck me, a thought has just flashed through my mind, it concerns two geniuses who have left us their richly-coloured thoughts simply written down and given to the world without any preparation or correction.

I wish to refer to Madame de Sevigné and to Marie Baschkirtseff. These two gifted representatives of my sex have left us their brilliant thoughts, Madame de Sevigné in the shape of letters, Marie Baschkirtseff in the shape of a journal. They have written down their thoughts but once, without ever changing their sentences, or crossing over their words, or altering anything. And yet, they have both found recognition and appreciation from those who have come after them. Madame de Sevigné has been read and imitated by many of us. Indeed, do we not hear of Horace Walpole, whose brilliant style is admired by all, attributing everything to his reading the letters of Madame de Sevigné? And as to Marie Baschkirtseff, she is constantly being quoted, I have done so myself in these pages, and has not Gladstone himself written an essay to her praise?

Oh yes, these two geniuses are unique in their wonderful individuality, the one so lively, so fascinating, so communicative, the other so deep-thinking, so philosophical, so ingenious.

I am afraid that in my hurried epistle you will not detect any of these qualities. You will read me and come to the conclusion that I am nothing else but a cosmopolitan chatterbox. Well, to be a cosmopolitan chatterbox is always better than to be nothing at all, don't you think so?

I think I had better hurry off before you give me your answer, it might be different to what I expect [sic] and hope it will be.

Elfrida L.A. deJaffa

Wednesday, 22nd April 1913

DIEPPE and PARIS. I have visited these towns, and now listen to my description of them.

"Dieppe and Paris? Why, you almost make us yawn before we start reading your epistle."

"Dieppe? Why Dieppe is but a stepping-stone from the land of the Britons to the land of the Gauls from where you branch out here, there, and everywhere, and as to Paris, why, we modern dwellers of the earth, we all know Paris, we have all read about Paris; we do not want your repetitions. To the man of the world Paris is a second dwelling-place, to the man in the street Paris is a well-known place, to the artisan Paris is no novelty. If you were to give us a description of St. Petersburg, that wonderful erection under northern skies, which one of its rulers, Peter the Great, has called "the window of Europe", or of Lisbon, that picturesque pile at the mouth of the Tagus, of which it has been said that if Art had bestowed its bounties upon it as lavishly as Nature

did, it would be the finest place on the Continent, or of Bucharest, that handsome construction in the Balkan regions which combines the charm and romance of the East with the practical up to date ways of the West, but Paris, Paris..."

This may all be true, but it never was my intention to describe Dieppe and Paris topographically, my idea was and has been of merely describing my thoughts and my feelings during my short sojourn in these towns. We will all admit that autobiographicalities, eventful or uneventful as the case may be, are never devoid of interest, as they have only been experienced by one person, and therefore have not been repeated and never will be repeated in the same way. Besides, the distinction of being the individual writer of one's own experiences is never in any danger of being challenged; so please take me as I am, and listen to what I have to tell you.

My sojourn in Dieppe consists of a week-end visit to a friend's house, and I have described the simple happenings which occurred during those happy hours:- my welcome into a charming home, my delight at Nature's pictures, views of the sea, views of the country, fields, woods, farmhouses and farmyards with cocks and hens and turkeys, and a few pigs thrown in. In looking over these pages to make the inevitable corrections, I was rather surprised to see that I have written 15 pages about pigs and have named piggy and its various synonyms [sic] over 400 times.

"Whatever gave you the idea of writing such a lot about pigs?"

My answer is a simple one. My answer is a natural one.

What gives us the idea of doing anything? What gives us the idea of traveling? What gives us the idea of changing our style of dress? What gives us the idea of collecting? Of reading? I wrote down that I had seen some pigs, then piggy appeared in all its glory in my mind's eye. I began remembering what I knew, what I had heard, what I had read about pigs, and I jotted down my thoughts. If you do not care to read about Piggy's ways and doings, there is a very easy thing left for you to do: just pass over and leave like the autumn wind. You will notice piggy appearing fat and rosy on the scene, then run about, here, there, and everywhere, and gradually make its exit again, its tiny eyes blinking at you and its funny little tail curling neatly as it has always done and will do ever after. Piggy is not such a despicable morsel of Nature's creation as it has the reputation of being: the poets have owned this. Does not Charles Lamb sing his praises to piggy's tender little offspring the sucking pig, which in his opinion consumed with apple sauce, is one of the best dishes to place before the king? And did not that brilliant authoress Mrs. Radcliffe eat raw pork before going to work on a particularly thrilling chapter?

I have however not given the monopoly of my thoughts to pigs. I beg to state; my thoughts have wandered farther afield.

Madame de Sevigné said in the year of grace sixteen hundred and something: "Il faut un peu laisser trotter la plume," and I two hundred and so many years later borrow her words and say:- "Il faut un peu laisser trotter les doigts sur la machine." In this way I

have written also about other things. I have told you what I have seen, read, and heard about eggs, about geese, about turkeys, about bells...

"About bells?"....

Oh yes, about bells. Bells may be discussed, little do we realize the important part they play in our lives. I have also written about beauty, about violets, and about cakes.

"About cakes too?"

Yes, cakes too. Why, don't you like a good piece of cake? I am afraid you will think I am entering the fields of greediness, and yet none of us will deny the charm and fascination Dame Cake has with her bright exterior and tasty interior as she noiselessly and daintily appears on the scene.

Even if you know Paris, even if you have read about Paris, I hope you will not mind reading my contribution. Paris is always Paris, and I have seen and felt much during my sojourn in the ville lumière, as the Parisians so proudly call their universal mecca.

IN DIEPPE

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 12th

to

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16th, 1913

It was nearly eight o'clock.

Spick-and-span, in the best of moods, after having said good-bye and kissed and hugged many times mother and sister, I ran down the stairs, opened the house door, closing it carefully after me, and rushed down the street, up the stone steps, past the little white gate, into North Wembley Station to catch the train which was due in a few minutes.

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"

Off to France, I beg to state.

"For a long stay?"

No, just for the week-end.

Is that all? Then you will think I will not have much to say, and knowing that having a French mother, and being therefore partly, if not half French, I surely must know France well, and will not see much novelty. But this is, however, not the case, besides Paris and its environs, I have never sojourned in France, and therefore this little visit will be a great novelty to me.

So, you will think, just rushing over to France, stopping at an hotel, and back again, and that is all.

No, that is not it, it is a lovely visit in a charming home I am about to describe, it is on the invitation of some dear friends of ours who generally spend the summer in France, the dear Sibley family. It has often been the question of my visiting them over there, but it has only been realized now.

Who is the Sibley family?

Ah, let me tell you that this dear family consists of Dr. Sibley, a famous and learned physician, his darling wife Georgette, a lady of Irish birth and as much as I know a French grandmother, hence her love and admiration for France, their son Roger, a tall, wide-awake young man, who has lived and studied in France long enough to have turned into a French walking encyclopedia, and their daughter Mary, a dear pink-and-white, fair-haired, blue-eyed little dame, who has reached the dignified and important age of five and three quarter years. Now I will tell you no more about them, it would be indiscreet, would it not, to enter into your friends' private affairs, and repeat what you know about them, so just watch me flying off to France, excited and happy.

As you see above, it was Friday, and I would be back on Tuesday.

I jumped into the train, and sang in my mind: "Off to France, off to France." It seemed to me as if the rattling wheels rolling under me were likewise singing "Off to France, off to France." I watched my companions in the compartment, they were no doubt all going to meet their daily tasks. I kept calm and composed, although in my innermost self I felt indeed the contrary.

The train to Newhaven was leaving at 10 o'clock, and I reached Victoria in good time. I found a nice corner in the compartment, and noticed that my fellow travellers were all sweet ones of my own sex. Still, I did not approach them, but buried my nose in that dear little paper "Home Chat" which always contains short, pleasant, reading, and is small enough not to be cumbersome in your bag when moving about.

Streatham Wandsworth, East Croyden, not very interesting places to gaze at; a little later, however, when the snorting monster rushed with us frail mortals into the green country, I noticed really very pretty scenes. Is not the English country renowned for its beauty? I remember once at a Continental Table de Rôte, a foreigner discussing the subject of travel saying that he wondered why English people went so much abroad: "Parce que leur pays est magnifique." This is no doubt true in some ways, the sore point about it all is that the sun seems lazy and stingy towards England; it does not care to

stream through the fog and mist, it prefers to unveil all its glory across the Channel, and this is without the least doubt why English people rush off to the Continent. I too, was rejoicing for fine weather, I knew that even if it would rain, the air would always be clear and bright. I saw some lovely rural scenes from my cozy corner. I saw cows in plenty grazing in lovely fields, I saw a flock of geese, a big family of every size, pushing their way one against the other in the greenest of grass, and the sun shining on the group made it look white and lovely. I saw near Lewes some lovely swans gliding majestically in an iron-coloured river only a few feet from the train. I saw a breezy looking church perching high up on the top of a hill facing some cliffs.

We are approaching the sea, I thought to myself, and a short while after, the snorting monster began to whistle, then to slower, then it stopped. I gathered up my few belongings, and rushed in the direction of the boat. In crossing the gangway, I saw an official with outstretched arm repeating the words: -

"First-class passengers to the left, second-class passengers to the right." I now felt a little strange, as I had honestly promised mamma and sister Erwinia to take first-class on the boat, they assuring me it was no saving in any way to go second, passable and even sometimes comfortable as it is in the train, it was quite unbearable in the boat, as they knew that I am rather inclined to be economical in the wrong place. Mamma once told me that in crossing from Antwerp she went second, and she never got over the nightmare. I however thought that times are changed, and everything is more comfortable nowadays, and as I love to see new things, besides the day being fine, I would make the experiment just to see what it was like, and knowing that the crossing would not have lasted more than 3 ½ hours. So I went in the direction of the second-class deck. I saw no awning over that part of the boat, I saw no deck chairs, it all looked empty but for some bundles of ropes and iron bars. I spied at least in the centre a heap of camp stools and rushed to take one. A sailor approached, and snatching the stool from my hands, said:-

"Bénéfice du marin, bénéfice du marin."

I took no notice, and took up another stool.

"Bénéfice du marin," he repeated.

I now understood, and handing him a few coppers, he politely gave me the stool, and I settled in front, I mean quite near the edge of the boat, in order to be ready to peep over to admire the fish (if necessary) seeing that the accommodation was not very good.

The day, however, was lovely, and as the boat glided away, a delicious breeze sprang up; the sea looked calm and pretty.

I thought of the Channel Tunnel, the construction of which has often been discussed lately. Sarah Bernhardt, who is at present gracing the English Metropolis with her presence says that she rejoiced to come over under the sea rather than on it. She loves the sea to look at, but not to be on it. I like being on it, the Channel Tunnel does

not interest me much, I always feel bright and merry after a sea voyage. In reading an article in a French paper about the Channel Tunnel, it would seem as if both nations were longing to come over "à pied sec" as they say, as the crossing is so horrible. Out of ten persons you will not meet one who has not suffered from sea-sickness when crossing the Channel, from Dover to Calais, from New Haven to Dieppe, from Folkestone to Boulogne, it seems to grasp at the all, the shorter or the longer way, nobody seems to escape it. Today's crossing, however, seemed an exception, as everybody looked calm and happy. I looked around and saw the English speaking to the French in their Anglo-Franco effusions, I saw the French speaking to the English in their Franco-Anglo effusions. I was sitting near an English lady, and we entered into conversation. I like speaking to people when traveling. We are but birds of passage, if we do not like one another, well then, in a short while we separate, and forget, if we do take to one another, well then there is a pleasant souvenir left of humanity at large. My sister Erwinia does not agree with me in this point. She prefers to keep to herself; she prefers to guard her bags and her satchels. This lady was going to Lugano with a party of tourists under the guidance of Lunn, a name one sometimes does hear mentioned, although it does not seem to be so popular as the Politechnic. I have never traveled in this way, except once by boat from Monte Carlo, I mean from Genoa to Monte Carlo, when we were quite free, but this lady seemed to have put all the responsibility into Lunn's hands, and therefore she had to follow the others, and I think share a room with other ladies. Still, for a woman alone, it might be very nice, and no doubt felt more protected in this way. As I spoke to her I watched the light-green trail which the boat left behind it in the water with white froth on either side, this could be seen till it got lost in the horizon, the rest of the sea being quite a different colour.

Towards 3 o'clock, I heard the people shouting, and a little boy exclaimed. "On voit de la côte de France."

I naturally became excited. This was the first time I would land in Dieppe. I have often crossed from England to the Continent and vice versa: Antwerp, Calais, Flushing, the Hook, Hamburg, are all known to me, but I have never touched Dieppe. I was excited too thinking of my little visit. How would it pass? I know Georgette long enough, I have spent ever so many happy hours in her English home, I have however never spent the night under her roof. I know her to be a charming and comfortable hostess, I remember also once, when forgetting it was Bank Holiday, I had bought no bread the day before, so my sister Hedwig and I ran out to find a baker who would supply us with this unpassable necessity of life, but every shop being closed, we suddenly had the thought to rush in to Georgette. It was early in the morning, and our Georgette was scarcely up, she however sent us flying with a good big loaf under my arm amidst our thanks and blessings and her laughter and amusement at our dilemma.

I knew Georgette would have prepared a nice room for me in her pretty flat overlooking the sea. Her real summer home, however, is not in Dieppe, but a charming

villa in Puys, some miles along the shore, where Hedwig once sojourned for ten days, and came back enchanted with the sweetness and snugginess of the house, the beauty of the garden, and the loveliness of the environs. This flat where I was going to has been leased for the benefit of her student son, whose time is too precious to come up several times a day from Puys to Dieppe.

What should I say to the people I would meet, if they asked me what nationality I belonged to? Knowing very well that they would easily have discerned by my appearance and my voice that I was not French. Belonging to many countries, and being in this way a piece of cosmopolitan patchwork, Teutonic, Slavonic, and Latin, and having lived now long enough in England to feel a little anglicized, I would tell them what Miss Ullmann thought to be a very good definition of myself, viz., Une compote européenne!

I once read an article by a lady about visiting, in which she said there existed nothing lovelier in life than going to visit your friends, those you know to be your real friends. They know your caprices and idiosyncrasies, they know, and it is their particular pleasure to make you comfortable and give you a nice time, they remember the little attentions you had for them in your time, it is now their turn to treat you.

These were my thoughts as the boat approached the French shore. I noticed white cliffs similar to those you see when approaching England. Then I noticed the port of Dieppe appearing, at first dim and undistinct [sic], then bright and sunny. I noticed on the left perched on the edge of the cliffs a little church, and quite near it a calvary. I saw a priest moving slowly along with open breviary, and several choristers walking in front of him, I saw people working and moving about, calm and unconcerned, taking no notice of the boat full of excited mortals. The town looked Latin, what do I mean by that? Well, that certain picturesqueness typical to Roman Catholic countries. I said my first and last farewell to the lady who had been my companion during the crossing, then mingled in the crowd as the boat reached the landing place. I saw a fine black cat run across the deck, and I told her that it was a sign of luck in England, but it meant the contrary in France. She answered that she knew about the first fact, but had never heard of the second.

When did this black cat superstition first arise?

At the battle of Waterloo. On the night of the battle, a black cat was seen to rush across the field, the French took it as an ill omen, and the English thought the contrary. They having won the battle, black pussy has since remained the harbinger of good luck. The real luck-bringer, however, I once read, is the black cat with yellow eyes, a white cat with green eyes, instead, is supposed to be the forerunner of bad times; in England alone, mind. Superstitions are all nonsense, no doubt, but it has been my lot in life to have heard and been convinced of them in every country I have happened to sojourn in.

Now watch me at the custom-house, going through the ordeal of every traveler. I was surprised to see among the officials a short, pleasant looking woman, dressed in

black, with a badge bearing the word "DOUANE" round her arm. She scarcely touched my bag, imprinted a sign in chalk on it, and smilingly let me go. I spoke of her to Georgette, who said it is quite natural that a woman should be among the officials, as it often happens that we fair ones of the gentle sex smuggle things round the "private quarters" and the hand of the law has the right to search us, it is therefore correct to have a sweet one of our own sex to witness the unveiling, etc., etc.

I stepped outside and noticed the Paris train waiting for the travelers, I walked higher up and noticed a motley crowd pressing behind a rope. Quite in front I discovered my hostess and her tiny daughter, I rushed towards them, and off we went. Before going home, we stopped at a shop kept by a nice old woman, who sold fruit and butter, fresh Normandy butter, mind you. Before I left Dieppe we visited her shop again, and upon asking her whether she belonged to Dieppe, she pointed to a house opposite in the narrow street, and said that she was born there.

I saw nothing very strange or racial about the people, but one thing that pleased me very much was that all the working women were decently dressed in black, and that one and all had their hair neatly done, giving them a trim, pleasant look. I smiled at the cobbles on the ground, they looked old-fashioned and yet pleasing; I felt the charm of the Continent.

We arrived at our destination, a fine, clean house, which has been rebuilt lately, Georgette's flat was right on the top, so up we went, I have since counted the steps, and there are 57 of them. This sounds unimportant news, but considering how everything is different in England, her charming home in Wembley and our little dwelling having but one flight of steps, this ascension seemed strange to me.

Ellen appeared on the threshold, I asked her whether she had learned French during her sojourn in Dieppe, she smiled and said that something was beginning. Upon Georgette telling her that I had had no food since I left home, she said she would give me an egg for tea, which was ready.

I was conducted to my room, a lofty, pleasant abode, the window was opposite the door, a camp bed against the wall, a chair, a toilet table, some hooks, and a curtain to hang up your things, a few nice pictures, and nothing more. I liked this emptiness, it was reposeful, it was healthy. I made myself comfortable, then inspected this charming pied-à-terre, and admired the little drawing-room, charmingly furnished, with the window overlooking the sea. The view indeed, was lovely, first, below, you see the street, the immense green stretches far beyond, and to the right and to the left, then the esplanade, and then the sea, the lovely waters sparkling in the sun mingling with the sky in the horizon. There is an alcove in this room, typical to French rooms, a large, comfortable seat stretches along the wall, and there you can go and rest, and brood and dream as much as you like.

Georgette's tall student son now appeared on the scene. How French and cheerful he was! He hurried me into the dining room, another charming room, small and

cosy, with windows everywhere, in fact so many windows that Georgette had one closed and placed a very artistic sideboard in front of it. I sent many admiring glances to this piece of furniture, it was dark and fine, and was ornamented with blue and white china.

I noticed that the tea table was daintily laid, and smiled at the long French loaf running across it.

I sat down, feeling very much like everyone feels after a journey. No appetite nor desire for food, yet empty and exhausted. I noticed a little dish in front of me in which nestled a well-prepared egg, un oeuf sur le plat, as we say in French. I was sitting in front of Mary, and Georgette in front of Roger. She poured out the tea, presented me with a cup, and I started to eat. How I was thankful for this egg, I could not have smelt meat or anything else. An egg is always welcome, you can enjoy it at any time of day. You can prepare it in all sorts of ways, it is toothsome in its natural state, it is agreeable when prepared sweetly or the other way. I have eaten eggs in every country, prepared in many, many ways, and I have always enjoyed them. I have, however, never eaten a plover's egg, and I think we cannot all enjoy this expensive privilege. The dear, plain hen's egg triumphs above all others in her usefulness. She graces the table everywhere. I remember one of the nicest ways in which I ever ate an egg was at the Sterns. Although I have partaken of many fine dishes at their hospitable table, I think I never enjoyed anything so much as this egg. It was a dull, cold (London!) November day, and I was served with an immense oblong potato which had baked in its nightdress. The contents of the potato had been half emptied and the hollow filled with an egg. However simple and unpretentious this helping was, it pleased me and I thought it a poetic dish. It made me think of woods and nature, and that I should have liked to bake such a potato at a picnic. Eggs, as we all know, are to be found everywhere, there is however one country which seems to be the country for eggs, and that country is Chili [sic] the land of roses and beauty. I learnt this in reading Lady Brassey's account of her voyage round the world.

Listen to what she says on the subject,-

"I never saw such a country as this is for eggs and chickens. A hen seems never to have a smaller brood than ten, and I have often counted from seventeen to twenty-one chickens with the mother, and more than once, as many as twenty-four. However well you may have breakfasted or dined, the waiters always come at the end of the meal to ask, not whether you will have any eggs, but how you will have them - fried, boiled, poached, or in some sort of omelette. If you refuse altogether, the chances are that two very lightly boiled eggs will be placed by your side, with the suggestion that you should beat them up and drink them. The inhabitants of the country always seem to finish their meals with eggs in some form or another.

In Lombardy, at Easter, there are certain cakes sold all over the place in the shape of birds, and a hard-boiled egg (sometimes also a sugar one) is propped in the centre of the back. These cakes are tasty as well as ornamental, and the eggs are welcome extras.

I remember once seeing at an exhibition in Milan a peculiar piece of needlework made by a woman. It represented a little tree and on the branches were real hen's eggs, these eggs were embroidered all over and it looked like we do crewel work in England. The object of this could only mean patience, it showed no doubt the result of skillful hands, and how to get through the long hours of the average Italian female's life.

I think we all know the thrill of our first discovery of a bird's nest. The beauty of the nest and all the little bluish brown-spotted eggs we find in some secluded place in a hedge or on a tree is one of humanity's first joys. Birds lay their dear little eggs not only in the silence of the wood, but sometimes in more prosaic places. At the beginning of the summer, I enjoyed reading the paper how newly-built nests with dear little eggs had been found in the sleeve of a coat hanging in a shed, in a hat forgotten in the open, and even in a chest of drawers which had been left half-opened in a girl's bedroom.

There is one egg whose story has passed down to history, and this is the egg of Columbus. Long before I knew who Columbus really was, I had heard the story of the egg which he broke on the table to show his companions that he could make it stand. I once saw a picture of this incident, and recognized the subject at once, though nothing was written under it. I used to love seeing such pictures without title, remembering the story depicted as I had heard it or read it.

I remember once sojourning in Bohemia, an egg was given to me, the shape of which was extraordinarily long. I was so glad to possess this curiosity that I promised to myself I would always keep it, destiny however had prepared another fate to this poor egg; I did not pack it carefully, and it broke and in bitter temper I was forced to scatter the broken shell to the wind.

At Easter, in all Christian countries, eggs play an important part, but I think most of all in Germany. There on Easter Day you go and look for them all over the garden, but on that day it is not the hen but the hare which lays them. Other eggs are also distributed. I remember in Italy, an Italian lady making me a charming present of an egg, which was filled with other tiny sugar eggs, and over them all saucily sat a charming pussy-cat, this lady having several fine live ones in her home, and being very fond of them. To possess an ostrich egg used at one time to be rather a rarity in any home, they are perhaps more common now, and this king of eggs need not be so proud nowadays. I saw many ostrich eggs at Hagenbeck's in Hamburg, ostriches being reared and thriving and producing perfectly in that cold climate.

My sister Erwinia once told me that a country woman she had as a patient in Wiesbaden had her own eggs sent up to her from the country. These were magnificent specimens with two separate yolks in each of them. It was rather a revelation to me to

hear that an egg should have two yolks. I was however still more surprised when Once I'm going to buy some eggs in our district which is almost open country, I saw quite tiny eggs on a plate with other eggs, and upon asking the little woman whether they were also hens' eggs, she replied that they were, except that they had no yolk, only the glair having been produced. This occurred, she said, after the hen had laid its first or more sets of eggs, and had become lazy or weak.

I remember once my sister Hedwig presenting us with a basket of eggs, and upon eating them we were surprised to taste that they were quite sweet. She then told us that she bought the basket not at the dairy or at the poulterers, but at the confectioners. They had been skillfully emptied of their natural contents, and filled with a specially deliciously prepared white flair and deep yellow yolks; from the exterior nothing could be discerned to shew this artificial preparation.

I thought of these things as I silently consumed mon oeuf sur le plat and sipped my tea; if I did not talk I hope Georgette understood the reason. Tea over, Georgette, Mary, and I went out. The evening was lovely, and we walked towards the sea. I noticed the ruins of a fine old castle perched on the cliffs, and after visiting the casino, we sat in front of the sea. The sun was sinking slowly, and the scene was pretty. Although the season was over, I noticed many people sitting in our vicinity, and the ladies were all busy with needlework. I noticed a nice looking French couple with their baby sitting near us, and a moment after a big man dressed all in white carrying a tray appeared along the shore, Upon which the baby shouted on the top of its voice: "Guimauve! Guimauve!" the father gave her a copper, and off she ran to the big man. Mary and I quickly followed her example and rushed to him. He was covered with sugar sticks of all sizes and colours. I gave him a 10 cent piece, he handed a stick to Mary and gave me six cents back, I then eagerly told him that I wanted a sugar stick too. The good fellow smiled, took the copper back, and said handing me the stick: "pour un grand bébé.

Twilight began to fall, and we left the sea and walked into the town. I thought it charming. I never knew Dieppe was so pretty, I never knew Dieppe was an emporium for beautiful articles in ivory of which there are many shops in the "Grand Rue". I enjoyed my stroll immensely, it seemed so strange to hear the French language spoken everywhere. only a few hours dividing one country from another, one language from another.

I looked up, the stars were beginning to shine.

"Under French Skies," I thought to myself. I looked at the people. "A different race," I thought to myself.

The language sounded really very pretty, the people seemed to end their phrases with a note, and the street urchins with their high-pitched voices seemed quite musical in their shoutings to one another. There is no doubt that the Latin languages sound prettier than the Teutonic. English and German when well spoken and understood are

very fine in their particular way, but French and Italian, even if you do not understand them, the sounds are soft and musical.

We entered a church, an ancient, quaint place. The benediction was just over, and the people were gliding out like shadows. I noticed the beauty and mysticism characteristic to Roman Catholic churches, the darkness relieved only by the little red lamp burning eternally in front of the altar, a candle here and there illuminating the features of a saint: the odor of incense; the feeling of repose and devotion.

We returned home, I feeling a little tired, but very pleased and happy. I noticed the moon as it shone over the pretty little town, and remembered that the night before, I had rushed home rather late from the city, and as the train flew past the ugly suburbs out into the pretty country, I watched the moon from the carriage window, it seemed as if it were running with the train, and I thought I would see it beaming over France. Last night I was under English skies and tonight under French skies and yet the moon was there, illuminating both scenes, the moon was shining over my home in Wembley, it was shining over the home I was now visiting.

Before supper, I went into the bathroom and found the little daughter of the house sitting in it, she did look so tiny and dolly-like in the immense china bath. When Ellen lifted her out I noticed how nicely shaped her little limbs were, and Robert Louis Stevenson's pretty verses came back to me:

Children, you are very little,
And your bones are very brittle,
If you would grow great and stately,
You must try to walk sedately.

I then went into the drawing room and took up a book. It was Gustave Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*. I started reading it eagerly, having heard so much about this book and never found it anywhere. I was agreeably surprised that the opening scenes were happening in Normandy, just where I was at the moment, and smiled upon reading that Emma's nails were shiny and more polished than the ivory of Dieppe. I was lying comfortably in the big divan and now and then looked at the view of the sea which was getting dark and confused. Only a deep red streak still divided the sky and the water, and this darkened and darkened till it was gone, and only blackness reigned. The lights about the great green space were shining very brightly, and I heard the sounds of the motors as they glided down the street.

Georgette called me into supper. We started with a yellow, well tasting soup. She then told me that it was made with pumpkin like the one I had seen at the little fruiterer Dame. The fish fresh from the *Mare Britannicum* as the ancients called the Channel was delicious. Mother and son and visitor talked and laughed and ate and drank in the best of spirits. The only one missing to complete this happy table was the head of the family. Monsieur le Docteur, however, was unfortunately kept back through his multifarious

duties in London Town and I was very sorry to hear that I would not have seen him during my visit.

Supper over, we retired into the drawing room, waiting for Ellen to bring us tea. It had been my intention to sit and chat comfortably, for the rest of the evening with them, but the sandman reminded me that I had not given him enough of the share due to him the night before, having got up at 5 o'clock in order to avoid hurry and confusion before my departure. So Georgette seeing that I was getting dull and silent, wisely told me to retire, promising me that if I did not enjoy a cup of tea tonight, I would do so tomorrow morning, when Ellen would bring it to me in bed.

So I hurried to my pretty Breezy room, and fell asleep before I knew whether my head was really on the pillow. I know that Georgette entered before retiring herself, she spoke a little, I answered her something, then went to sleep again.

SATURDAY 13th SEPTEMBER

Retiring the night before, I thought I would have slept dans la grasses matinée as the French say. I opened my eyes quite rested and willing to get up. Consulting my watch, I was surprised to see it was only after 5:00. I had luckily slept right through the night, and this had rested me thoroughly.

At half past 6:00, Ellen entered, and I smiled sweetly at her as she handed me a dainty tray with a delicious cup of tea on it. I drank my tea, then threw myself back on the pillow, and thought how lovely it was to be on a visit to friends you love, who sympathized with you, and also the great pleasure of finding myself in another country. As you know, being a traveler, I like every country, it is a lovely feeling to go from one country to another, and pass through different scenes and sensations.

I then got up and ran to the window. I noticed a typical Continental street. rather narrow, with the buildings on both sides towering high, high up into the sky, and a je ne sais quoi in the air which makes you smile and feel alive. Right at the end on the left, I saw stationary boats with white funnels and black rings, in the street I noticed hundreds of women all dressed in black, carrying baskets, and hurrying one and all into a large building just opposite to me. I heard later that this was the tobacco factory, and these women were the various hands. Turning to the right I gave an exclamation of rapture. The sea, the sea, in all its glory, sparkling and mobile, a few picturesque men sauntering along the green space And seagulls flying above. At 7:00 Ellen announced that my bath was ready. I hurried gaily over my toilet and came into breakfast with a clean blouse and great expectations. I knew well that Georgette would have prepared a nice day for me. I felt so gay and lighthearted that I sat down singing a little song which we learned at school in Belgium:

Le soleil brille, l'air est si doux,
Même famille, amusons-nous.

I partook generously of the long fresh loaf stretching itself comfortably across the table, the delicious Normandy butter, Normandy honey, and Normandy pears. Normandy, as you know is a very productive country, and I must not forget to praise the Normandy cider, made out of apples, with which Georgette treated me during my short stay.

After having attended to her household duties, and left Mary and I to enjoy each other's company, Georgette gave me a basket, she took one too, and we hurried off to market. In England I know nothing about markets, I only know that the one at Walham Green never left me with very poetical or picturesque feelings, but a continental market is something to be remembered. There you see the land in its natural garb, there you see the people as nature created them, there you see man and beast, dead and livestock in richness and abundance, the Market Square in Dieppe is charming, with its pretty old houses with shutters and well-stocked little shops, and the fine, ancient Church of St Jacques towering on one side. We moved slowly along, and I enjoyed watching the vendors as they sang out the qualities of their goods. I bought a pot of honey, making this the start to my purchases for home. I saw all sorts of wonders, both for the benefit of the interior and the exterior of humanity. I saw some fine live geese and immense bunches of Michaelmas daisies.

"Michaelmas Goose Michaelmas Daisies" I thought to myself this bird and this flower being typical to September in England, indeed I have heard lately that it is even unlucky if you do not eat goose on Michaelmas Day in England. whether the goose is so much de rigeur in France I do not know, I know however that Saint Michael is an important Saint with the French. As to that dear little flower the Michaelmas daisy, I was breaking my head for its name in French. I might have asked one of the vendors, Georgette thought it was called Marguerite de St Michel. I was rather surprised to see it in France, I thought it was uniquely belonging to the British Isles. Although I do keep my eyes open when I travel, I must admit I never saw Michaelmas daisies anywhere abroad.

I noticed a fine, fat goose, sitting pacifically next to its vendor, who once lifted it up to show us it's generous proportions, and seeing that we passed on she lay the goose down again, and it settled down peacefully not suspecting that it's last hour was approaching, that it's life was hanging at a thread. I wonder why in England it is an insult to be called a goose. It is the same in German. To be called a Schneegans brands poor you or poor me as being good for nothing. In the Latin languages this is however not the case. This idiomatic "compliment" has no sense at all. I remember when first in Italy we started learning the language, our teacher ordered me to write her a letter. Having no idea of the construction of the language, and knowing but a very few words, I took recourse to English and German not knowing that idiomatic expressions cannot be translated so literally. So I wrote her the following words:

“Cara Signorina, io non posso scrivere in italiano perchè io sone une piccola oca.” (Dear Signorina, I cannot write in Italian because I am a little goose.) The teacher read my words, then looked at me strange then said “Ma cara mia, una oca è uno di questi piccoli animali che vanno così!” (But my dear, a goose is one of those little animals which walk like that) at the same time moving her hands from right to left in Imitation of the waddling gait of a goose. She saw no sense in my explanation. In my opinion, I consider the English and Germans very unjust and ungrateful to the goose in bestowing its name as a sign of stupidity on us mortals, considering that from time immemorial the goose has been a constant aid, and invaluable help to all the great literary geniuses of many lands and many tongues, indeed, I fearlessly beg to add, these great men could not have immortalized their great thoughts without the homely, unpretentious, virtuous goose.

Reader, I see you lift up your eyes from these pages and look around to ask some explanation, as you do not understand.

Well, shall I tell you? Before the steel pen was invented, what was that magical wand which the hands of the great thinkers and writers held and guided so dexterously in order to give to unborn generations the fruit of their gifted brains? With what were all these lovely poems, these tragedies, comedies, historical events, great essays and other writings written with? Nothing, nothing else but with a goose quill!

Poor goosie, it is one of the creatures which is teased and abused, which gives all it has, and yet is looked down upon by us, the lords and ladies of creation. The liver of the goose which is so excellent and out of which those delicious patés de foie gras are made, the emporium of which is Strasburg, is only produced by the poor old bird being fattened and fed by hand. I once witnessed such a fattening of a goose. a young country woman was holding the goose tightly between her knees, I could only see the head, and she kept on forcing grain like substance into poor goosie’s beak, she never gave the bird any drink, and in this torture the goose was shaping that extraordinarily large liver which would have been used for making one of those delicious patés de foie gras.

In my mother’s childhood the greatest goose liver pie maker was a certain Monsieur Henri, and she once told me a story which enjoyed a long-lived popularity in Strasburg, and which I will repeat to you, not only because I hope you will like it as much as I did when I first heard it, but to show you, dear Reader, the result of human weakness, the result of prejudice, judgment beforehand, a weakness which we mortals never seem to grow out of, since I notice it at every age of life and in every country. We never seem to wait and see, we will give our opinion, even after experience tells us that we might keep silent, and wait just a little before speaking out so frankly, as we are so fond of doing, we frank, fearless judges. Well, the story is this. Madame Henri, the pretty wife of the Strasburg rich pie maker, had just had the honour of presenting her Lord and Master with a son and heir. The physician, a learned, important, and highly experienced

gentleman, who had come to greet the newcomer, I mean who had come to lend a useful and welcome hand for his reception, after the performance walked steadily back to his carriages, where Monsieur Henri was standing with an immense goose liver pie in his hands, which he presented to the doctor, smiling and bowing.

The learned and important gentlemen first looked at the pie maker incredulously, then, raising himself to his full height, he exclaimed in a loud, imperious and insulting voice:

"Sir, I beg to state that I do not wish to be paid with pies! " Upon which the pie maker keeping his composure, silently beckoned to a servant to bring him a carving knife, and in the presence of all who cared to witness the deed, calmly cut the pie open, extracted from it a large bundle of banknotes, carefully counted those he owed the doctor, handed the exact number to him, put the rest of the notes back into the pie, turned his heel on the doctor, and disappeared into his shop with his precious burden, leaving the doctor stiff with amazement! Had that learned and experienced doctor waited, taken the pie, and opened it at home things would have been different.

I remember once we were spending Eastertide at Bellagio, that ideal spot on the Lake of Como, we walked away from the front, and sneaked into the humbler regions. We found ourselves in a kind of farmyard where many geese were disporting themselves, cackling and waddling away. We soon stepped out of the place, and I heard Mamma give a little cry, I then noticed that one of the geese was nibbling at her leg. We started to laugh, and the good people around laughed too, it was such a funny picture, the goose seemed to enjoy it and followed her as she moved along pulling her stocking all the while.

COCKAIGNE Is the legendary land where fat geese are roasted with knives in them ready for carving, and where burgundy hangs in bottles from the trees. it has been remarked by a critic that that land was obviously invented by a starving man.

I tell you all this to show you that the goose, although it is much more looked down upon than it's aquatic cousins the elegant and majestic swan, and the pretty, cosy duck, plays a much more important role on the world stage. In Greece, the ancients held the goose sacred to Persephone and two Priapus, in Rome to Juno, and they were housed in her temple in the capital. These geese of the capital were held in great honour, especially after the invasion of the Gauls, when they awoke the Romans with their cackling to warn them of the danger before them.

The goose does not lay many eggs. I have once eaten a few, they were not bad, but I like the eggs of the turkey better. The wild goose lives in holy monogamy, but the domestic gentleman indulges in 5 to 10 goose wives. The domestic goose lives very long. Wright informs us that some geese are fruitful up to 40 years of age. A breeder in the province of Schleswig-Holstein had a goose which hatched first in the year 1863, and by the year 1883 had arrived at its 220th successful performance!

The Latin name for goose is ANSER and the forefather of our domestic goose is the wild gray sort which haunts the middle and northern regions of Europe. There are of course many kinds of geese scattered all over the world, but the so-called Schneegans which the Germans use idiomatically as an insult “compliment” inhabits the Arctic Circle of both hemispheres and is snow white, and its flesh is supposed to be delicious. There is another goose, also an inhabitant of the north which is supposed (as the fable runs since the 14th century) not to come out of eggs, but to come out of the bursting buds of a kind of willow tree which grows on the shores of northern countries.

I will end my discussion about the goose by telling you that one of the prosperous goose liver pie makers of Strasburg (whose shop Mamma pointed out to me during our stay in Strasburg) never passed a goose without lifting his hat respectfully and gratefully, since he never forgot that all his money and prosperity came to him wholly and solely through the goose.

Now watch us both, my hostess and I sauntering up and down the market. The sun is shining, and the people are alive and merry. I noticed with interest how very polite the people seemed to each other, I heard no rough voices, I saw no unpleasant sights, they talked and bowed and went on with their business. we, in England, rush to our work, tread on each other's toes, let a hurried “sorry” escape our lips, and escape without giving even a glance around. In France they seem to live just a little bit slower, and yet they were wide awake and merry. I saw a lady walking leisurely through the crowd, her basket hanging on one arm, and an immense pussycat fastened to a leash nestling peacefully under her other arm.

We returned home for lunch and then Georgette asked me to run out, catch the big omnibus which was leaving at 2 o'clock for the country, and secure four seats, she would meet me a little before that hour, and I would keep the seats, as the day being fine, the places would soon be all taken. I did as she bid me to, and the coachman, seeing that I settled comfortably at my place, said he would drive around the town to catch the others who intended to join the party. He drove around many streets, and I enjoyed the sights. It was the hour of the midday meal, and the whole town seemed to be eating. I noticed how much more exposed French life is to English life. In the street, on terraces, on balconies, everywhere, the people were comfortably seated and eating away. I saw through the open windows private home life, the families round the tables, the inevitable long French loaf stretched across the table. In England everything is locked up. We see nothing of each other's doings and movings. The question was once raised of letting the people eat and make merry outside the various restaurants, like it is the custom abroad. It was however then stated that in order to realize the scheme, the buildings would have to be altered completely, the pavements being too narrow for any such thing. I saw that there were awnings everywhere, which could certainly also be done in England, the climate, as we all know making it difficult to arrange matters like abroad.

Georgette now appeared with Mary and Ellen who came a little later, and we soon started, away, away into the country. We passed some lovely spots. The cliffs gradually seemed to move and I noticed the sea appear so sweet and peaceful. A charming oasis was nestling near the shore. It was Pourville, a place I have often heard mentioned. The omnibus stopped, and we were told that a pause of 10 minutes would be made for those who cared to visit the casino and run down to the sea. In spite of my insatiability for the sea, I did not move from my seat, Ellen and Mary rushed down and came back beaming.

Off we drove again, through lovely lanes canopied with immense trees, fields and villages, golden light and fresh breezes all along. I noticed several farm houses. They were long, low buildings whitewashed and crowned with thatched roofs. On the top, right along the roof high leaves were growing, they looked just like the leaves of the gladioli, and the effect was really very pretty. We once passed a lot of turkeys, and Georgette said they were being fattened for the Christmas market. They looked grand and gay, with their black plumage and scarlet heads. I noticed a very few white ones, these are also effective. Why we call this bird turkey in English and dindon in French as if it came from Asia (this latter word meaning something Indian) is rather strange. I always thought that they were wise men of the east, but this is quite erroneous. The turkey is of North American origin, and it came to Europe shortly after the discovery of America. With the English Xmas day and the American Thanksgiving Day the turkey is inseparably connected. It descends from the Mexican turkey (Meleagris Gallipavo) which the lexicon describes as a proud, fine bird. We drove on, and I kept silent, enjoying all the lovely sights as they flew past me. Suddenly, I began to laugh, and then turned to Georgette, who asked me what made me laugh.

"I have seen a pig," I answered.

She then turned to Mary, and said:- "Mipi has seen a pig." I saw a piggy near a heap of manure in a farmyard, it looked pink and fat and rosy. I wanted to see more pigs as they make you feel you are really in the country. I then heard Georgette exclaim "Did you see those two?" "Two what?" I inquired. "Two more pigs!" she answered. I eagerly looked around, but they had passed out of our sights, like everything passes with every moment as we approach eternity.

Oh here's another one I cried out triumphantly. this time piggy was enjoying a grand meal, as its head Seemed half buried in a gigantic dish. this piggy was large and had dark patches about its body

You will no doubt think it's strange that I should attach any importance to this ugly, greedy, repulsive animal, one of the lowest animals in creation, an animal we so-called refined and well-bred human beings should not even favor with the look. Yes, that is all very well to say, we sneer and snub poor piggy, but we do not despise it when it is time to eat it. Leaving apart those who do not care for anything porky, as there are others who do not care for other things, don't we enjoy the delicious bacon which is

placed before us at breakfast on a cold winter morning? Don't we love that plate full of finely roasted pork, the hot slices so white and appetizing with their border of crackling? who does not care for a lovely ham sandwich, that English ham so popular everywhere and about which the foreigners rave? And the pork sausages, and the pork pies, and piggy's internities which are welcome adjuncts to our poorer and humbler fellow creatures?

Poor piggy, it gives itself entirely to us, we devour it, and we despise it. in spite of its generosity towards mankind, poor piggy has been doomed from the day of its creation to ungratefulness and return for generosity.

Where do pigs come from? I think most of us think they must perforce come from England and Ireland, because we know England to be famous for its pork breeding, and one of the first things we hear of in our early days is that about pigs and mud cabins scattered about in Ireland. but this is not the case, however. except Australia, that strange continent where the flora and the fauna are totally different to other parts of the globe, the pig is indigenous everywhere. The great pig race has its home in both hemispheres. The various kinds of course look different, but there still remain the racial characteristics. Like the great English race which is scattered all over its great colonies, the people look different somehow, and yet you recognize the English race. The tall gaunt pale Australian, the tanned, sympathetic anglo-Indians, the cape colonists branded with the mark of untidiness and carelessness, the merry Canadians, so sociable and who cannot exist winter and summer alike without partaking of ice with their drinks, they are all and look all different, and yet you recognize the English race. so it is with the great pig family. In looking up in the lexicon, I read a long and interesting article about the pig, and saw many pictures. They do look different, different in the east and west and south and north, and yet that funny looking head with its tiny eyes, funny round snout, round and heavy body, clumsy feet, and last but not least, that funny little curly tail, all those points are recognizable. where are piggy's various homes, in reading Lady Brassey's account of her voyage round the world, I noticed that she meets piggy everywhere. In the market in Rio de Janeiro amidst the fruit and the flowers, amidst the deer and the monkeys and the cats and the dogs, pigs and guinea pigs appear in profusion. In the daily Brazilian papers among the advertisements for things for sale, piggy appears among slaves, and cows and pianos. The writer also tells us that in the Argentine are a great many peach tree plantations, the fruit of which is used for fattening pigs while the wood serves for roasting them. One day, before sunset the yacht with its bright and interesting occupants passed near the island of Mocha which is said to have been inhabited at one time by herds of wild horses and hogs. What a fine population! In the South Sea Islands she buys two of those excellent little pigs made famous by Captain Cook, those little South Sea Islanders the taste of whose little bodies is unique among pigkind. The presents the islanders display at her feet consisted of coconuts, fruit, poultry, and meat - the latter consisting of the immemorial hog - as she

wittily adds. In the beautiful island of Tahiti they met a fine old man, the chief of Papeete, who placed at their disposal his whole house and garden, where they spent the night, she tells us of a barricade she had constructed overnight to keep the pigs and chickens out of their doorless room. Among the provisions bought in Tahiti mention is made of South Sea pork, sucking-pig appears to be a favourite dish in those sunny regions. In China piggy plays an important role. She speaks of the pork fat market. Outside the city the chinamen with their pig-tails are seen at work all living in dirty little cottages, and surrounded by pigs, ducks, and children. On the return journey, when approaching Aden, the following ocean tragedy took place. To use this charming writer's own words:-

“One of our large pigs took it into his head to jump overboard today. The helm was put round as quickly as possible, but the most anxious spying could not discover any trace of poor piggy's whereabouts; so we proceeded on our original course for a few minutes, when suddenly, to our great astonishment, we saw him alongside, having been nearly run down, but still gallantly swimming along. The dingy was lowered, and two men sent in pursuit. They had, however, no easy task before them, for as soon as they approached, piggy swam away faster than they could row, and bit and fought most furiously when they tried to get him into the boat. It was a good half-hour's work before he was secured, yest when he arrived he did not appear to be in the least exhausted by his long swim, but bit and barked at everybody so furiously that he was condemned to death, to prevent the possibility of further accidents. It is quite clear from the foregoing incident that some pigs can swim, and swim very well too, without cutting their own throats in the process.”

Now let me tell you how piggy has divided its race, and how the family is scattered about all over our planet. You will no doubt think that piggy was one of the inmates which graced the terrestrial paradise. But as much as I can gather from the lexicon, the pig's early fathers were the wild boars, the Latin name for whom is *Sus Scrofa*, and piggy's name is *Sus* alone. Until lately, the wild boar was common all over Europe, it is now still common in the forests of East Prussia. I remember, some years ago reading that Prince Henry of the Netherlands had added some grain to his unpopularity in Holland by introducing some wild boars, which he let loose about the country, to the terror of the inhabitants. I saw some wild boars at Hagenbeck's in Hamburg, and they terrified me behind their bars. These terrible monsters are brown black and have a forbidding look about them, and they show their excitable and cruel temperaments. Owing to the great damage they did about the various countries, all conquering men hunted them, and managed to wipe most of them away from the milder mortals' paths. The boar chase is often referred to in the narratives of long ago, and we know that the wild boars' head has until lately graced the table of the king. They used to

be hunted with spears and pikes, I have sometimes seen pictures depicting these boar hunts. In Germany the hunting term for the boar's flesh is called schwartzwild contrary to the flesh of the stag and deer which is called rotwild, from this terrible animal comes the domestic pig (*Sus Domesticus*) and this same pig is to be found everywhere. As I have already said it does look different in the different climes it inhabits even in Europe, some pigs are supposed to look different from other pigs. I remember once spending a happy evening at Georgette's English home, and meeting there some of her friends. These were the daughters of the Portuguese Consul in London, and one of these girls told me that even when she went over to her native country, having practically lived all her life in England, what struck her most was the look of the pigs, which seemed to her like miniature elephants, so strange and different did they look from the English ones. The pig seems to have been a favorite domestic animal even in the times when the people used to live on the water, in the paludal dwellings, as their bones were found later among the refuse heaped up near those dwellings.

Piggy, in spite of its faults and vices, has always been a favorite domestic animal, being easy to manage and very prolific. As you know fat Mrs. Piggy is the mother of many a kiddy indeed. I read a short time ago that a sow had produced a litter of 21 pigs, 19 of which are living. The Orientals, however, like the Israelites and the Mohammedans, have poor piggy in abhorrence. Piggy is known under various names. There is the wild pig (*Sus indicus*) identical with the one found in the paludo dwellings, the "Pinselschwein" which means paint brush Pig (*Potamochoerus*) an inhabitant of the Indian archipelago, the African Pig dwelling in central Africa, the Babirusa Pig (*Porcus Barbirussa*) a very funny looking pig with four tusks over its snout, the "Halsband" necklace pig of South America, a decent looking pig with a light coloured ring round its neck, the New Guinea pig, the African wart pig, with four tusks on either side of its long snout and a fine wart of protuberance on either cheek near the eyes, the Chinese Pig (*sus chinensis*), the Japanese mask pig (*Sus pliciceps*), this one a dreadfully ugly pig with a face like a nightmare and long ears hanging a good bit lower than the face, the mane pig, the Japanese bearded pig (*sus barbatus*) there also exists a white boar pig on the island of Formosa, the blister pig, etc etc. These latter are all exotic gentlemen, the real European home pig which is such an important member of the market, is the ancient European specimen, consisting of the long-eared and short-eared pig, the direct descendant of the wild boar, and the crispy or courtly fellow of Asiatic origin, descending from the *sus indicus*. This latter specimen is common in Serbia, in Hungary, Galicia, etc. Then there are the English pigs which have an important place, such as the big, white Yorkshire family, the little white Lancaster and the little, black Sussex piggies. English pigs are held in great esteem in many European countries, and these artificially produced kinds have sneaked little by little and invaded the other countries, and are ending by suppressing the indigenous races. There are many interesting facts concerning pig breeding, some are let loose and are fed as they like, and some are

carefully cultivated like plants. Pigs, as you know, are known for their greed, they are despised for their habits, anything dirty, repulsive, abhorrent, is attributed to the pig. To be given the name of pig, we all know what that means. It is bad enough to be called a goose, it means that we are dense at understanding things, it means that we are possessed but of poor brains, it means that we are acting foolishly, but to be called a pig, oh Reader, does it not make you blush for shame!? We use this indication to denote disgust. Ugh, disgusting! just like a pig, ugh, how horrid! only fit for the pigs. and yet, allow me to speak for poor piggy. After it has given us all the various parts of its well tasting body, it is not yet satisfied. It still regales us with its skin and its bristles, these two articles being highly prized everywhere. How many beautiful and useful articles are there not made out of piggy's skin, all those lovely bags and satchels and ornaments. As to piggy's bristles, they all come in useful, they are used for various purposes, but especially for paint brushes. What is that magic wand which those great painters have used since so long to reproduce on their canvas those magnificent scenes depicting the various stages of Life which are continually unrolling on earth? Those scenes of history, love, tragedy, comedy, those lovely landscapes bathed in the golden rays of the sun or the silvery rays of the moon? What did those great geniuses paint the features of their contemporaries with? With what did they reproduce the liniments of their fellow creatures in order to leave them as tokens of admiration and greatness to future generations? What was that instrument which their hands, inspired by the heavenly spark of genius, guided and will still guide on their canvas to portray all these scenes?

Nothing, and nothing else but a stick to which is attached a tiny bundle of bristles extricated from a pig's back!! And yet we despise, we abhor poor piggy. Piggy maybe justly called a bundle of good things. and piggy has not done yet, it still can make itself useful. You have no doubt heard of the truffles of Perigord. You have no doubt eaten and enjoyed these delicacies, and how do these reach our dainty mouths? Who finds them? Who smells them down in the earth? Nobody else but piggy. There in the Perigord, piggy makes himself useful hunting this delicacy a muzzle is put round Piggy's mouth, as owing to its omnivorous propensity, it would forget its mission to mankind, and indulge in the delicacy itself.

Besides the different denominations under which the pig is known, I mean the different kinds, the pig itself is designated by many names, for instance in England we say pig, hog, sow, swine, gruntling, etc. and in German there are even more the baby pig is called "Ferkel" and later the various ladies and gentlemen pigs are called Eber, Hauer, Kämpe, Sau, Kosel, Docke, and those poor piggy dames who are doomed to pass through their career without enjoying the pleasures of motherhood are called Nonne which means nun isn't it funny! As long as a pig is a suckling we call it a sucking pig and the Germans Milchschwein. The sucking pig has a flavor all its own, something like chicken with a spice of porkiness thrown in. I remember once we were keen upon having such a dear little sucking pig for dinner, and I went to the pork butchers to

choose one. Arrived on the spot, my mouth watering at the prospect of the delicious piggy banquet, I gave up the idea at once, the tiny pig did look so much like a baby with its tender little body and dear little head so soft and white; I turned on my heels and rushed home, telling them that I could not bear the sight.

I have given you Piggy's various names in its live state and now let me give those names which belong to it in its eatable state. Pork, rasher, bacon, gammon, ham, lard, etc are all part and parcel of piggy's dear self. This reminds me of a good story my sister Hedwig once told me, and which made me laugh a good deal.

The story was this, that a man bearing the name of Hog had been condemned to death by a judge bearing the name of Bacon. Upon hearing his sentence the doomed fellow remonstrated, telling the judge that he had no right to sentence him to the gallows since they were both related to each other, as his name was Hog and the judge's name was Bacon, therefore they were of the same family, as bacon and hog meant the same thing, this, a pig. Upon which the learned judge after a moment's hesitation wisely answered that though it was quite true that hog and bacon had the same meaning, still, before hog could really and definitely belong to bacon, it first had to be killed. Our man could say no more, and the judge, or better, the law took its course, and Hog was killed, but in this case did not become bacon.

In the animal world, the pig also seems to have so-called relatives, whether they are related to him by blood or only by name, I cannot say, but they have piggy's name attached to theirs, and these animals are the porcupine, the guinea pig, and the water pig. The porcupine is a *Saugetier* like the pig, and is the type of family all its own, and it distinguishes itself through its long round hollow stings or prickles with which its body is covered. They are "gnawers" *Nagetiere* as the Germans say. They are not scattered all over the globe like the pig, but inhabit only warm climes, and they live in hollows. I saw several at Hagenbeck's, and thought them very strange looking. The common kind bearing the Latin name of *Hystrix Cristatus* are indigenous in all Africa from the cape upwards, they also haunt the regions of the Mediterranean. Indeed the Italian consider it a great delicacy, as it can easily be fattened, and many think its flesh superior to the pigs. I have, however, never participated of this dish, although I have lived long enough in Italy to have tasted all the indigenous so-called dainties. Those long protrusions on the body come in very useful in the market they are used as toothpicks, handles for paint brushes, steel pens, etc. Its Asiatic relatives are graced with a peculiar ornamental tail, and in America its relatives form a special family which differ to their old world relatives through climbing on trees.

Another relative, be it only by name, or perhaps a first or second cousin once removed, is the guinea pig. This animal is better known to us, being often a pet with some people. The first guinea pigs I ever saw was at Crystal Palace as a tiny girl. I could see no likeness to the pig, though in all the languages pig is attached to its name, Guinea pig, *Meerschwein*, *cochon d'Inde*, and *porco marino*. However, upon visiting the

Leadenhall Market during lunch-time, it seemed to me that they have some similarity to the pig. Among the crowds of these little creatures, huddled together ready for sale in the various shops I noticed a pinkish one which reminded me of a pig. They seem to make nice pets, since at the places where they are exposed I always notice many messenger and office boys with their pale faces and half grown bodies grouped together eagerly watching the movements of these creatures; they seem to be longing to possess a few. The guinea pig is a "Nagetier" and "Saugetier" its Latin name is *Cavia cobaya*. They have several distinguishing characteristics among which is the three-toed foot, rootless back teeth, and no tail. I remember once watching a dish full disporting themselves in one of the shops, and the salesman approached me and pressed me to buy one. "Only 2/6 per piece, Miss," he said. To which I answered that I had no room for a pussy, and therefore no room for a guinea pig either. He then said the story goes that if you hold a guinea pig by the tail, its eyes will drop out, but then you see guinea pigs have no tail!!!!

The lexicon describes guinea piggy "Als ein munteres, geselliges Haustier." It is generally 20 - 22 cm long and its colour is white, brown, black and yellowish red and patchy, and it eats all sorts of plants while it sits on its back legs. It probably came from South America, where it now however seems to be extinct. It is wonderfully propagatious since it produces yearly three times, four to six babies which in their turn are ready in 6 months for further propagation. Many naturalists have identified the guinea pig with the *aperea* which is found on the Plata River and its flesh is eaten by the Indians.

And then there is the water pig. I say water pig, this being its name in German, *Wasserschwein*, although in the other languages I see it is called tapir. This creature is a South American, and there they call it *capybara*. it is about 1 M long, clumsy and massive, a *Nagetier*. and the zoologists have named it *Wasserschwein* (*hydrochoerus capybara*) probably because it is partly amphibious. The head is heavy, and the snort thick and stumpy, the eyes small, and the ears wide. Its toes are bound together with *SchwimmHaute* which allows it to swim. The tailless body is covered with dark brown bristles. It is described as a *Stumpfainnige* animal and lives near rivers and lakes. It can swim and dive very dexterously.

Its nourishment consists in juicy bank plants, and it is eagerly hunted by the Indians, owing to its oily flesh. I saw several of these water pigs at Hagenbecks at Hamburg. Before knowing their name, I noticed their similarity to the pig, I noticed their bristles, and thought them very ugly animals.

There is still a fourth animal bearing piggy's name, it is called in German *BorschtenFarkle* that is bristly pig (*Aulacoedus Swinderianus*). This animal looks like a rat and is covered with bristles. I have never seen or heard of it before, the first time is through the lexicon.

So we see that Piggy has its different relatives, here, there, and everywhere. Piggy itself, however, reigns supreme in the world's market. The principal markets are of course in England, then in the United States, St Louis and Chicago and Cincinnati. In Europe there are several places where an enormous trade is carried on, such as in the south of France (Bayonne) and at Naples, and then in Westphalia from whence the celebrated Westfälischer Schinken comes. In the south piggy is fed with maize, pumpkins and melons, and in the north piggy revels in acorns and beech nuts. Piggy, through its great use in the market has helped more than one mortal to rise and make his pile. We once came across such a porky millionaire. It was during our sojourn in Genoa. He was traveling across Europe with his wife and niece. In spite of his wealth, this dear fellow remained a simple, unassuming son of nature. He knew he was of humble birth, and had no intentions to rise socially, he enjoyed consuming judiciously his pile and nothing more. He generally went about in a broad-brimmed straw hat, and one day he graced the world in a high, light-gray top hat. He however assured us that he felt uncomfortable and unhappy in that stiff headgear, and was anxious to put his shady, plain hat on again. My sister Erwinia, who is a very genuine person, admired the simplicity of this porky millionaire so much, his unpretentiousness and good nature, that she even called him once "sweet" of course not in our man's face, but I mean when discussing his qualities amongst us.

Has piggy ever figured in song? in art? in literature?

Reader, I see you lift your eyes from this sheet, and look to see whether I am there to ask me whether I have lost my reason in supposing that such an animal as a pig should ever figure in the arts. A swan, a fawn, a swallow, but a pig!

And yet, I can prove it that Piggy has and is still being sung, that it has been chosen as subject for paintings, that it has figured in stories and romances, and that it has even been mentioned in comedy and also in tragedy, however, not on the dramatic stage, but on the forensic stage. Fine word, that word forensic, isn't it? What does it mean? The word forensic means that which belongs to the courts of justice, the law courts. In the comedy piggy caused merriment, in the tragedy the reverse, as you will hear presently.

In what song is piggy mentioned? in a ballad, a validful of Pathos and tragedy. I remember hearing it in my early years, and I bet that upon reading the lines which I am about to repeat for your benefit, you will start by reading them and end by singing them. why, don't you know that pathetic English song which every English speaking mortal must have sung once in his or her lifetime?

Tom, Tom, the Piper's son,
stole a pig and a way he ran,
the pig was eat and Tom was beat
and Tom went roaring down the street

And as for piggy appearing in pictures, I remember having once seen a fine painting in an Italian gallery. It represented the Coliseum in Rome, and in the arena were grouped ever so many pigs. They looked fat and rosy, and the towering edifice made a grand background. These pigs were no doubt on their way to the slaughterhouse, as the artist had chosen as title to his masterpiece the following Latin quotation which we all have read or heard even if we have not learned Latin, and the meaning of which we understand.

AVE CAESAR MORITURI TE SALUTANT!

I have also once seen in an illustrated German magazine, I think it was the Gartenlaube the reproduction of a painting which represented a shabby room, and a shabby old man sitting in front of an easel painting a pig. On the top of the picture was the insignia of a grand pork butcher something like Hudson Brothers or Sainsbury would be in London. The picture bore the title of Verkanntes Genie which no doubt meant that the fates had not allowed this poor artist to make a name in the world, and that he had to content himself by painting pictures for shops. He earned his living in this way, but his genius had to remain unknown, obscure.

As to literature, well, I have often come across piggy in many books. To give a few instances, if you have read *The Jungle* by Upton Sinclair, that book which created such a sensation some years ago, you will have noticed that piggy plays an important part in that story. There we see pigs running down the gallery one behind the other to the slaughterhouse when they get killed amidst the shouts and threatenings of the men, and the shrieks and faintings of the woman. There we see piggy cut to pieces, put into the foundry, minced, melted, consumed; indeed, the author assures us, every everything disappears of piggy, from its all gobbling up mouth to its funny little curly tail, nothing is left out but the squeal!

There we see Ona, the heroine of the story, together with her humble companions trimming hams, those hams which will make their way to every kind of sideboard to be consumed by the hungry of every grade and nation. Poor Ona, the terribly vivid details of whose cruel death causes a mother's eyes to fill with tears and her heart to throb with sorrow and compassion, and causes a maiden to drop her head with shame and horror. indeed, some of us can read no further when we come to that part of the book. I know a lady (Miss B.) who started the book with keen interest and attention, arrived however at the description of Ona's death, she closed the book, turned her head away, and never took it up again. in discussing *The Jungle* with my sister Erwinia, I was greatly surprised at her telling me that she read it till she arrived at Ona's death, she then stopped reading and gave it up. This surprised us all the more, considering that she, in her capacity of hospital nurse, must have seen and heard many

strange things. and yet, she assured me that such horrible reading was more than she cared to indulge in.

Piggy also appears in a very popular English book *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. When the boys break up for the holidays, the stagecoaches thickly packed with England's boyhood meet a herd of pigs on the road, and one of the pigs ends its life by being crushed under one of the wheels.

If I remember right, I think piggy, if it does not actually appear on the scene, is at least mentioned in Charlotte Bronte's masterpiece *Jane Eyre*, that book of which Thackeray said it was one of the best books ever written by a woman. Is it not when Jane, wandering for days in the unknown in search of the man she loves, passes a place where someone is about to throw a dish of something to the pigs, and Jane asks to let her have it?

Piggy has also given its name as title to a very clever book also written by a woman, *pigs in clover*. I have never read it but have heard it to be very fine.

Marguerite Audoux, the simple Paris seamstress, who made a name through her idyllic book *Marie Claire*, makes us assist at the execution of a pig. In simple, expressive words, she tells us how the farmer thrusts a long knife into poor piggy's neck who is lying helpless with bound feet before him. Piggy squeals and grunts, at first loud, then less and less, till it is all over. The farmer's brother, a tender-hearted, quiet man, looks on in terror, he could do no such thing, he could not kill an animal, he could not sell a cheese. Nonsense says the farmer, animals are there to feed us, like trees are there to house us or something like that.

Lady Brassey, in her narrative *A Voyage in the Sunbeam* tells us a lot about those dear little pigs indigenous to the South Sea Islands. she bought two of them, and this is what she says:-

In nearly all accounts of voyages in the South Seas much space is devoted to the description of the purchase, or rather barter, of hogs. We thought we could not do better than follow as far as possible the example of our predecessors, and accordingly bought two little pigs for two shillings each. They were evidently quite pets, lying on the mats outside the huts, and coming when called, just like dogs. The one I first bought appeared to be quite happy and content to be carried under my arm. The natives seemed quite to understand the value of money, and did not hesitate to ask for it in return for the coconuts full of shells which they brought to us.

Now listen to the chronological events of these two piggies lives.

Wednesday, November 29th. We had the bigger of our two little pigs for dinner today, and a welcome change it was from the salt and potted meats. He was most excellent, and fully corroborated Captain Cook's statements as to the superiority of South Sea Island pork to any other - a fact which is doubtless due to the pigs being fed entirely on coconuts and breadfruit. Still it seemed a pity to eat such a tame creature, and I mean to try and preserve the other one's life unless we are much longer than we

expect in reaching Tahiti. He is only about 10 in long, but looks at least a hundred years old, and is all together the most quaint, old-fashioned little object you ever saw. He has taken a great fancy to the dogs, and trots about after me with them everywhere, on the tips of his little toes, even up and down the steep cabin stairs. I call him Agag, because he walks so delicately, whilst others accost him as Beau, not only on account of his elegant manners, but as being the name of his former home.

Sunday, January 28th. it is finer but bitterly cold... Nearing Japan... the little pig from Harp (Bow) Island, and the Hawaiian geese, look very wretched, in spite of all my precautions.

(In Japan) Tuesday, February 20th. the pig from harp island is very well. we have not seen him all the cold weather, as he has been buried in straw in a box, but they say that the cold has stopped his growth.

(In the Mediterranean) Tuesday May 15th. This was a somewhat sad day, many of our pets dying from the effects of the cold wind or from accidents. This evening Beau Brummel the little pig I brought from Bow Island, in the South Pacific, died of a broken spine. A spar must have dropped upon poor piggy accidentally whilst he was running about on deck, though of course no one knows about it. I am very sorry, for though I must confess he was somewhat greedy and pig-like in his habits, he was extremely amusing in his ways. Besides, I do not think anyone else in England could have boasted of a pig given to them by a South Sea Island chief. Probably Beau Brummel was a linear descendant of the pigs Captain Cook took out in the Endeavor.

It does seem a little strange to make a pet out of a pig, and yet this is no novelty. I remember some years ago (I am now about to tell you the details of the forensic comedy) a woman living in the outskirts of Epping Forest (Chingford, I think) was summoned for letting a pig live with her in her cottage. She had made a real pet out of it, it had grown and was living in her room, and was so tame and intelligent that she got the idea of making money out of him. She therefore stuck a poster on her door with the advertisement 6d. TO SEE THE PIG written on it. People begin to flock inside paying the fee and enjoying the pig's performance of eating at table, washing in a bath, and sleeping in a bed. This went on for some little time, and our forest dame was making a comfortable income on her pet. The police however heard of it, and remonstrated. When the stern representatives of the law entered the cottage, they no doubt must have had some difficulty in keeping their risible muscles under control, as the site which met their eyes was indeed funny. the pig which Of course set the whole Court laughing. this description, however, did not help her in any way; she had to give up her pet, and pay a heavy fine.

I also read a short time ago of an inspector reporting at a meeting of a rural council an instance in which a pig was habitually kept in the living room of a house, the housewife admitting that the animals served as pet for the children.

Some years ago, it became the fashion in England of drawing a pig while keeping the eyes closed. I saw the reproduction of many of these pigs drawn by the great men and women of the day. Some were really well drawn, considering that the designer was forced to work with the eyes closed, and again were almost unrecognizable except for the tail which always appeared very twisted and curled.

In reading out of The Shorthand Magazine the other day (such a paper would seem to contain solely severe scholarly and business matters) I read something very amusing, which I cannot refrain from repeating to you, being quite sure that if you do not laugh, you will at least smile on reading it.

A LITERARY POLICEMAN. The following polished report was made by a policeman whose strong point as a schoolboy evidently had been composition. It will be observed that there is a delightful ambiguity about one passage having reference to the pigs and the station-master. Here is the report - at the level crossing at A----, six pigs have paid the penalty of their rashness in passing the barrier, the small gate of which was but half open, and disseminated themselves over the lines, despite the reiterated warnings of the gatekeeper, even when he brandished his flag. Notwithstanding the efforts of the engine driver, who incessantly sounded his whistle with a piercing shrillness, the obdurate animals continued to disport themselves on the permanent way. The express dashing on at full speed, made these rash creatures into rashers! I thereupon informed the authorities of the neighboring district that they were only pigs, as well as the station-master, as I personally stated on reaching the station, in order that they should immediately set out for the scene of the disaster if they desire to take advantage of the misfortune, seeing that the animals were fat and in good condition.

Seeing rashers in my mind's eye, makes me think of a certain Scottish gentleman, a Mr. Alexander, whose acquaintance we made some years ago, and whose story is rather interesting. This man was very religious, and had made a profound study of the Bible. By reading it and thinking over it, he boasted to have made the discovery that the English-speaking race was directly descended from the Israelites, and therefore had no right to eat anything porky. In his ideas he had turned into an Israelite, and forbade himself to partake of anything appertaining to the pig.

His biblical researches were certainly very deep, but how he managed to prove all these things I will not argue about, I was a tiny girl then, and listened to part of his long narrative, but soon tired of it, as was natural in those days. I however clearly remember that when rashers were offered to him at breakfast, he would shake his head sadly saying that he was an Israelite and dared not partake of any. He then went on to say that when he lived in France (his wife was a French woman) he used to rejoice when opportunity presented itself for him to cross over to England to indulge in the excellent English rashers, the delicious English pork, the unique English ham, etc., but since making his discovery, he regretfully had to give up these favorite articles of food.

This man was then 65 years of age, a father and grandfather, and it is interesting to see how far religious views can lead a human being.

The best ham I ever partook of in England was in a lovely house in Staffordshire where I was once sojourning. Besides all the delicacies displayed on the grand sideboard, nothing could surpass this ham which was prepared on the home farm. I remember visiting the pigs there, and many were there to see. One especially stands vivid in my memory. The circumference of its hips and belly were so voluminous, that its legs did not touch the ground; it lay there, a big, rosy bundle, too fat to move, it could only grunt and breathe and look at the spectators through its tiny eyes. The doctor of the village once at lunch noticing that I enjoyed the ham, said that in his opinion ham could be enjoyed at any meal; other articles of food, he went on saying, good as they are, cannot be eaten at every meal, whereas ham you can eat at any time. This is on the whole quite true, you can eat ham at breakfast, you can enjoy it at lunch, a dainty ham sandwich at tea time is sometimes very, and also at supper we can partake of it. brawn, which is also a porky preparation, was likewise excellent there. This seems to me a specially English preparation, I have never found its equivalent abroad, and the French dictionary gives its name in French as fromage de cochon, although I wonder whether it is known in France.

A plate full of ham with the big, rosy slices and wide snow white borders is indeed something delicious and yet like all things when partaken of too much can cause us to turn our heads away. I remember once when my sister Hedwig was feeling out of sorts or bilious, or something like that my sister Erwinia remarked that when she felt like that there existed no greater ordeal for her than to hear people speaking of FETTEN SCHINKEN.

From the gallery of memory, complex and fragmentary, there arises at times a picture many coloured and complete. The first time I ever remember having seen a pig was in an inn in Belgium. The man of the house, a tall lad of 14, was chasing it with a stick, and the pig, a gigantic rosy creation, rushed back into its sty, from once it had escaped.

A pigsty is enough for a pig, but for nothing else, and yet I read a short time ago of a farm laborer who had lived in a pigsty for 2 and 1/2 years, and Dr. Threth, medical officer of health for Essex, said the following in a report to the County Council:- "the happiest set of children I have seen this season we're living in a group of six pigsties, where they had plenty of straw."

If pig sties are good for human beings, they are supposed not to be good enough for the pigs themselves. It was reported a few days ago that the pigs in the district of Balthinglast in Wicklow had been suffering in health from the severe seclusion, and that several had died through the closeness of their sties and, it was added that "probably the darkness produces anemia." Gates and windows for the sties were recommended at

1 pound 10 shillings each; a majority of the counselors were unsympathetic, and the Baltinglast pigs were doomed to continue to suffer from closeness.

Pigs, as you know, do not only suffer from the closeness illness but from other ailments too, indeed the celebrated swine fever has been lately so prevalent, that some 400 pigs had to be destroyed not so long ago at least through an outbreak of swine fever. The farmers are getting shy of pigs, and are afraid to breed them, and in this way piggies are getting fewer and fewer, and bacon will end up becoming a luxury on the British breakfast table. The papers say if things do not alter, bacon will rank with pâté de Foie gras, not to speak of peacock's brains. Prevention is better than cure, and do you know what the wise Dutch people do to keep their pigs healthy? Why they vaccinate them! This treatment has been enforced for 3 years, and in this country, I mean England, we can be justly proud of its piggies races they intend to do the same in order to save piggy's life.

"Ah could eat hog a solid hower," said George Meredith's honest yokel in "Diana of the Crossways."

I cannot imagine the English public refraining from eating hog.

you may take away the tea that the Japanese find insipid, and the beer that the Viennese find so bitter, but you must save our bacon. so spoke a stalwart Britain but a few days ago.

my sister Hedwig who is living very happily in Vienna with her precious peter, seems also interested in haggy morsels. she lately wrote us the following: -

"I hope that you are a happy little party together, and that you are enjoying the country. I am sure Erwinia will like the cows this time, considering that she is able to sit out of doors and look at the cows. She could not do that in Wiesbaden, the only animals she could see there were the two-legged sistercats, sisterfrogs, sistermaikäfer, etc., with an occasional doctorhog and doctorswine thrown in, in order to make the zoo appear a little more attractive.

Fancy, comparing those learned and charming doctors with hogs and swine! and yet, their duties sometimes do force them to do things which might be called somewhat piggish.

Porta and Carus have noticed that we mortals, or better, we refined and cultivated ladies and gentlemen all resemble some animal; the pig of course not excluded. There is no denying that sometimes pork butchers have a porky look about them. If you look inside one of those establishments where sometimes we see poor piggy stretched across the window, its tiny eyes closed forever and its all devouring mouth ironically gagged with a lemon, the proprietor busy inside very often has a piggish look about him. Of course you will sneer at me if I class this honest working man with those I have just nominated refined and cultivated ladies and gentlemen. and yet, piggy seems to have impressed its, if not noble and refined, at least characteristic features on some men, who, in their day sat a good bit higher than the fine gentleman

around them. I have read an interesting article in The Women's Encyclopedia about ugly men, and it is said that his majesty King Henry the 8th and that great political reformer or whatever he was supposed to be, Oliver Cromwell, drew the wonder and admiration of women, although their beauty consisted in nothing more than a pig's head, as ugly were they! Piggy always seems to have been hovering round England, piggy knows it's important in the noble land of the Britons; however, it keeps itself in its right place, it does not take the liberties it permits itself in Bulgaria, where I have heard that pigs run about on their own sweet will in Sophia, its capital.

Some people do not care to eat anything piggish, and piggy knows it. But behind those tiny eyes, in that funny little tail, there is humor, there is enterprise, so piggy thinks. "You don't like to eat me in my natural state, let us try to make you eat me in my artificial state." So piggy trots into the confectioners and has a serious pourparler with him, with the result that it appears again, this time in a sweet state. Why, have you never enjoyed those delicious sweet little pigs, sugar pigs, those delicious little chocolate pigs, the excellent German and Austrian marzipan pigs? Piggy also has a permanent contract at the world famed biscuit factory in Reading, where it appears amongst all the other animals of nature's creation in the make of an excellent biscuit. I remember once being given a pleasantly swollen paper bag containing the so-called Noah's Ark biscuits, as a tiny girl of four or five and I remember how nice piggy tasted in its biscuity state.

Some people do not care for sweet things, and Peggy knows it, and yet he is undaunted. piggy knows better. it now wins its way to the jewelers, where it has a grave séance with closed doors. The master jeweler and the master pig end by making a clever compact together.

Now, stand back, ye mortals, open the doors, and let pass

HIS MAJESTY THE LUCKY PIG!!!!

Piggy now appears made of all sorts of wonderful metals and stones, piggy is sold at high prices, piggy has turned into the harbinger of joy and happiness, and piggy is worn by most of us in the hope of bringing luck. I have seen these lucky pigs worn by many people in many countries. we fair ones wear these lucky pigs in good faith, I have seen them hanging at the elegant long watch chain, I have seen it hanging on a costly bracelet round a woman's white wrist. Some of these pigs are extremely expensive, their tiny bodies all covered with precious stones. and to think that such a little golden pig with its diamond, ruby, or emerald eyes, which has been created solely to satisfy a woman's caprice, sometimes costs more than a whole live one which would be more useful to feed a dozen hungry mouths than the gold one is to dangle lazily on an idle woman's arm!

I wonder who first started these lucky pigs.

I have an idea that it originated in Paris in 1880, as Marie Beachkirtseff writes the following in her journal in the summer of that year:

You know that for the last few days Paris has gone crazy about little pigs. They are called PORTE-VEINE and are made in gold, in enamel, in precious stones, and in everything else. I have been wearing a copper one for two days. They say at the studio that, thanks to the pig, I have done a good piece of painting. Well, poor Casimir has taken away a little pig in remembrance of me.

I myself possess a little lucky pig. a tiny one in mother-of-pearl. It was given to me some years ago by an Italian friend of mine who brought it back from Italy. I love my piggy, and though it may be imagination, still, since it came into my possession, happiness never has forsaken me completely. We have two other lucky pigs in our home, a little Irish pig in bog oak, and a little French pig in metal. The little black pig was given to me by a noble Irish lady, and the little yellow pig was given to Mamman in a restaurant in Paris, piggy having given its body to us as a receptacle for matches. In St Paul's churchyard there is a jeweler who sells all sorts of articles made of New Zealand Greenstone. This stone is supposed to be lucky, and there you can see dishes full of lucky greenstone piggies. Further down the yard, you see lots of lucky pink piggies in every posture with a shamrock in their mouths.

Some people don't believe in anything superstitious, they sneer at these lucky pigs. they don't care to eat piggy in its natural state; they don't care to eat piggy in its sweet state; they don't care to wear piggy for luck's sake.

"You don't care to eat us, you don't care to wear me", says piggy, "wait, I have not come to the end of my resources".

In that funnily ugly head of piggy there is thought, there is reflection. Piggy ponders for a while. Ah, now he has it, now he knows what to do. What is piggy up to now? Well, look about your pretty and dainty homes, and see if piggy has not settled comfortably in your various rooms, piggy has taken a comfortable and important seat on the various tables. Apart from the dining table where piggy knows you do not wish to eat him, he settles on the dressing table, on the writing table, on the smoking table, and even on the mantelpiece!

What does this all mean?

Nothing else but that piggy has rendered itself useful as well as ornamental. Why, have you never noticed on your wife's, sister's, mother's, or daughter's dressing table that dear little silver pig which has given up its back to be used as a pin cushion?

Have you never noticed that fine metal pig on the writing table which has given up its back to be used as a pen wiper?

Have you never noticed in Papa's smoking room those two ducky pink china pigs sitting silently on the ashtray where they have given their backs up to be used as match lighteners? I did see one of these ashtrays the other day and the window of a tobacconist (rather a strange shop window for a demure little Dame like me to look into,

I admit blushing) and noticed that the next day it had disappeared. No doubt it took the fancy of some busy city man, who carried it off to cheer his leisure hours at home.

The ashtray consisted of a China dish with two pink pigs sitting together on one side, a big piggy and a little piggy. on big Piggies back were printed in large, Black characters, the following words:

SCRATCH MY BACK!

and on little piggy's:

ME TOO!

As to the mantelpiece, what business, you will ask, has piggy there? Well, apart from a clock peeping out of piggy's silvery side, is not the mantelpiece the place where piggy, who has now turned its body into a dainty bonbonniere, is placed to be well out of reach of greedy little people's hands? Piggy looks good and tastes good as a well-stacked bonbonniere. I know when Hedwig came over from Austria, she brought us such a rosy piggy, which instead of containing the delectable kidneys, tripe, and other tasty morsels, was filled with excellent bonbons. That piggy was carrying a red mushroom in its mouth, and our cat was highly interested in it, so once on soft, velvet paws it approached the pig, pulled the red mushroom away, and to all we know, it seemed as if it had swallowed it. We however found out that pussy's intention was only to play with the little red object, as we found it later and some dark corner under a piece of furniture. During Erwinia's visit this summer, we once spent the day in the West End, and before going to see Pavlova's exquisite performances, I entered a sweet shop at Piccadilly Circus to get a bag of something sweet. In coming out I saw or Erwinia looking into the window of the shop, and I noticed that her attention was directed to a fine lion looming high above a sea of chocolates, fondants, and marshmallows. I went to the other window and saw another bonbonniere, this time in the shape of a pig, a fine one covered with bristles. I quickly told Erwinia to come and see the pig but she disdainfully turned up her nose, saying she did not want to look at a pig.

"Aimes tous les animaux," she added. "A l'exception des vaches et des cochons, les vaches parce qu'après avoir donner le lait elles ne font rien autre que manger, et les cochons parce qu'ils sont ai sales."

Erwinia is one of the multitude who hates pigs in their live state, and revels over them after they are slaughtered. By the way this reminds me that Erwinia secretly confided to us that in her school days she and her companions nicknamed the nun in whose class she was "le petit cochon" because the dear soul had rather a piggish look about her mortal clay. Erwinia also told me a very strange fact she had read in one of those clever German books which she is so interested in, of the author narrating that he had seen savage women in the wild parts of the world suckle baby pigs with their own babies, indeed the author has often seen such a savage woman with a little pig at each breast. Such a thing would of course not happen in our civilized parts, although baby's bottle is also given to pigs, as I read a short time ago of a farmer who had a litter of 21 pigs which were being fed on the bottle.

If piggy is not exactly dangerous, still it can go in for mischief. a few weeks ago, in perusing my Sunday paper, I noticed in the answers to correspondents that a pig had spoiled a man's coat, in his despair he had written to the paper for advice. He gave the pseudonym of Bacon, and this is what the paper answered to the despairing fellow:-

BACON. I am afraid you cannot claim damages from anyone unless you can prove that it was due to the negligence of the owner of the pig that the latter was able to get at your coat. otherwise, as you wore your best coat for your benefit, it was your business to put it in such a place that no harm could come to it.

If piggy does any harm to humanity, humanity also does harm to piggy. I remember in 1902 during the terrible catastrophe in the West India Isles when the eruptions of Mont Pele caused such ravages in the surrounding islands that man, woman, and child were killed, some under terrific circumstances, the question was raised that if God existed how could he allow such tortures to happen. A lady then wrote to the papers, saying that in her opinion, she took this catastrophe as a just punishment of god. The lady then went on saying that on Good Friday the inhabitants of those parts, whom she considered the most wicked people on earth, killed a pig, crucified it, then acted round it imitating Biblical events, they then pulled the pig down the cross and buried it. On Easter day they disinterred it and carried it triumphantly round the town.

"What a lot you seem to know about pigs," I imagine you exclaiming, "I sincerely hope (in a somewhat severe tone) that you are as well informed in subjects more edifying, more... more...

My dear reader, allow me to interrupt you by saying that I am sure you know just as much about pigs as I do. And taking up any subject under the sun, without being a globetrotter, if you have traveled just a little, without being a bookworm, if you have read just the average amount of books, without being a member of a large social circle, if you have come across just a limited number of human beings, in searching into the past you will be surprised what a lot of matter concerning the subject you are investigating crops up to your mind.

When I think how we abhor and despise the pig in its live state, and enjoy consuming its various parts after it has been slaughtered, I cannot help comparing its fate to that of its higher class fellow animal MAN. How often does it not happen that a great man, be he poet, philosopher, or scientist is despised and unrecognized during his lifetime, but when he is dead, ah, then his great qualities are appreciated, his great works are recognized. The only difference between man and pig is that after the death of man we delight in his mental productions, whereas in piggy's case we delight in his bodily productions.

In the wax work valhalla and Marylebone, I mean at Madame Tussaud's, there is a miscreant represented in the Chamber of Horrors who seemed so little impressed at his fate, that on the day before his execution he asked upon being allowed to choose his food: Pig today with plenty of plum sauce. I remember once in the days I was being

initiated in the mysteries of shorthand, the German lady who taught her language to my English companions entered as we were sitting around the tea table, saying that she had brought something with her to make us laugh. She then sat down, and we eagerly watched her every movement. She pulled an envelope out of her bag, and extricated from it something which looked like crumpled pink tissue paper. I then saw her put part of it to her mouth and begin blowing into it. The crumpled mass now took the shape of a pig, she then placed it on the table and we had the pleasure of having a full-fledged representative of the hog race before us. It was a collapsible pig. The pig stood a while motionless, then it began to move, getting smaller and smaller till it crumpled together and fell on the table a shapeless mass. The lady would then take it up and begin the process over again. This was repeated several times, and each time piggy gave up the ghost, a strange squealy sound would emanate from its body, which would set us all laughing.

Apropos of shorthand, to those who are not initiated in the flying art, some outlines have indeed a very funny look sometimes. I remember one day Mr. Wolf dictating a letter to me in which the word "fascinator" appeared, for which the outline is the following **INSERT IMAGE** After having put it down, I said to him: "Isn't this a nice outline, Mr. Wolf?" He looked at it for a moment, and then said: "Why, it looks just like a pigtail!" I did not see this semblance to the tail of a pig, till remembering that he was standing before me, and therefore saw the outline upside down, I turned my notebook round, and saw that he was quite right, it did look just like a pigtail. Look at it, ye keen judges of piggy's various beauty points, isn't piggy's tail quite a fascinator?!

The pig is known to be the most voracious animal in existence, why, it is even known to eat up its own children, and human children too. Indeed, we three Jaffa children had a French governess at one time, whose brother had been given to nurse with a woman whose own child had been eaten up by a pig. It is also an authenticated fact, that in China it used to be the fashion to throw female children to the pigs. Western civilization, I think, must have put an end to this.

So we know that pigs do eat live children. do they eat dead ones too? Reader, I see you this time not only look up from this sheet to see whether I am there, but I see you stretch out your hand to grasp me at the throat with an iron grip, and ask me how I only dare make such an allusion! And yet, dare I repeat to you this gruesome and revolting story, the details of which are based upon fact, since they appeared in the papers of Central Europe, and were repeated by my brother-in-law to my sister, the miscreant had his trial, and was put under lock and key, and I will repeat it to you, not only to show you what the love of gain can lend a mortal to, but to show how the English proverb "Be sure your sins will find you out" is a true one.

I am now about to narrate the forensic tragedy.

The tragedy happened in Hungary, Hungary the land of paprika and patriots, as I once heard that country nominated. Pigs, as you know, play an important part in

Hungarian rural life; indeed, Mr. Wolf told me the other day that for every 100 inhabitants there are 36 pigs.

In a picturesque village in the Carpathians, if I remember right, pigs were being bred by many villagers. They were thriving and growing, the most successful breeder amongst them all was a man who seemed wonderfully lucky with his pigs, as big and fat and rosy did they become under his hand. This man was the grave digger, and the other peasants in the village were wondering why his pigs thrived so much better than theirs. Things went on for a while, and our grave digger was making quite a comfortable income out of his pigs, which he disposed of readily owing to their blooming looks. It however happened one day that a lady while passing the gravedigger's house was amazed to see his little girl playing with a doll which once had belonged to her own daughter, now dead and gone, and which had been buried with the child. Terrified and thinking that the man was such a sacrilegious thief, she reported what she had seen, and put people to watch his movements. At the next child's funeral in the dead of night, the gravedigger was seen to reopen the grave, and not only extract articles from the coffin, but also take the body which he threw to his pigs. He was at once pounced upon, other children's graves were opened, no bodies were found, the coffins were empty ...

Let me just speak a few words more in favor of the pig, I have nearly done, I only want to speak for the lucky pig, which, in my opinion was lucky at the time required, in walking around the city, here and there during these few years in which it has been my lot to spend my days, I have peeped into the windows of those establishments, I mean those havens where as a last resource in tempestuous times some of us unlucky mortals have tried to cling to hope before sinking into the slough of despond. I mean those places surmounted by the three golden balls, those golden balls which shine dimly through the fog and darkness of a miserable London day. Some of these articles look as if they had been washed in the tears of their owners before they parted with them forever.

I was surprised when looking into these windows to see what a lot of lucky pigs were to be found among the unredeemed pledges, their little golden bodies and precious eyes peeping pathetically through the various objects lying around them. These pigs were given for luck. Did this little golden pig bring luck to the one whom it was given to at a moment of radiance and happiness? It hung carelessly and happily at the chain round her neck, it danced merrily on the chain encircling her arm. Happiness and prosperity left her, poverty and wretchedness took hold of her, the little pig was the only resource she had, therefore this little pig did bring luck. It helped her in a moment of distress and despair. I also once noticed a small oil painting representing pigs, pigs at their favorite occupation, i. e. eating, the drawing was good, and there was some strength in the execution, but it looked dark and cloudy, as if the foggy breath of London had stamped it with coldness and sadness. I looked at the little painting and wondered

whence it had come from, what home it had adorned, and who was the despairing one who was forced to depart with it.

"Enough with your pigs!" I hear you exclaiming, "This sounds all very sad and gloomy. "Quite true, I will go back to mirth and happiness. I will go on with my narrative.

Now watch us rolling on and on In the lovely Norman country, flying through the pure air. The country is lovely, we are all silent and blissful. The horses stopped. It was time to get down. We had arrived at a charming little place in front of the sea, Varengeville. I noticed a high, white lighthouse and people about. Instead of sitting down outside the restaurant, we entered a pretty wood, found a snuggy place, and started eating to our hearts' content. Georgette asked me to walk up to the restaurant and get a bottle of mineral water. We enjoyed our little repast, and afterwards loitered about in the shrubbery. Silent and poetic it was. Blissful and contented did I feel. My thoughts went back to my home where Mamma and Erwinia were no doubt thinking of me as they sat working and reading in the garden.

Slowly and contented we wended our way back to humanity, and took our seats in the coach.

The drive back was equally lovely. About halfway, the coach entered a fine avenue, and Georgette then told me that we would stop at the Manoir d'Ango, an ancient castle where lived a grand warrior who fought against the English who invaded the country in the 16th century. The coach stopped in a large, square courtyard, where cocks and hens and turkeys ran about and disported themselves on heaps of manure. The castle rose low and ancient around it. We got down and followed a peasant woman who conducted us up an old flight of steps to the banqueting hall. This room, long and narrow with large openings for windows, was just wide enough for a table to run in the middle and for the noble guests of bygone days to sit round, and enjoy their eternal repast amidst the singing and shouting as was the sign of enjoyment in days of yore. I tried to picture the guests in their strange garbs of long ago, what were their thoughts? What were their discussions? I looked at the rough walls. If those walls could speak, they would have answered my queries. I looked at the lovely clear sky through the wide openings and thought how at that very spot another mortal once stood in days gone by, likewise looked up and thought, and breathed.

We were shown another room, also strange and ancient. We then went downstairs again, and crossed part of the yard to the kitchen. strange, interesting, "verklungen", I thought to myself. The hearth, the chimney made a little room for itself. Two benches were seen in this alcove, one along the wall on either side. There they sat, the humble mortals who served their lord in bygone days, there they sat and talked together, whilst outside the terrific winds blew, the ground was covered with snow, there they discussed in their humble opinions the different events of history as they lived through them through the various generations. There they trembled through the terrors of the revolution; there they fell asleep and dreamt of better days.

It was time to go back to the coach and drive away. I felt sad and yet happy. I love those ancient places, those sights and scenes which remind you of those who have lived and loved and struggled and hoped before it was your turn to thread the earth.

It was nearly dark when we set foot on Dieppe again. Ellen and Mary went home, and Georgette bid me go with them and bring back a jug, as she wanted to buy some cream; she would be waiting for me at the creamery. I found her chatting in the little milk shop in English with the proprietess, a white-haired, pleasant faced woman. She was English and had settled down in Dieppe 36 years ago. We then went walking together, Georgette was not tired, and I was glad to wander about, the scene was animated and the people looked lively and busy. Before going home, we entered an appetizing looking shop, where Georgette ordered several things. She bought a bottle of cider, knowing that I am very fond of that beverage. The shop man, a tall, strong man, with a curly head and wearing the typical French blouse, handed me the bottle smiling pleasantly down at me. I stretched out my hand, smiled too, and sang softly "Vive le cid de la Normandie". We all laughed, said goodnight, and left, I delighted with my burdens., viz, a jug of cream in one hand, a bottle of cider in the other.

Arrived home, I made myself comfortable, and stretched myself on the roomy couch in the drawing room. I enjoyed a pleasant hour reading, whilst from the open window I could see the last rays of light vanishing in the horizon and the sea darken into mystery. Inside the house I could hear the little girl laughing and shouting in her bath, and the others busying themselves around the supper table. The book I was reading was written in English. I laid Madame Bovary aside, Georgia having said I could take it home with me, whereas this English book belonged to "The Times Book Club" and if I wanted to read it, I must hurry. The title was "Where are you going to?" by Elizabeth Robbins. The subject I need not mention, I will only say that the author has a fine pen, and certain passages are beautifully written. Once she says "there is something more expressive in the white of certain eyes than in the iris." She says that when the white of the eye catches the light it responds more sensitively than the ball of colour. I have often noticed this. All those mortals I have encountered and spoken to in the different countries I have sojourned in, some whilst speaking to me left me but an indifferent impression when gazing at me, I would however feel something as the eyes turned away and the rays of the sun or the light of the lamp would shine in the white.

"Mipi" I heard Georgette call, "supper is ready."

"I am coming, I am coming" I answered running to my seat.

We started alone, and Roger came in towards the end. As we sat enjoying our dainty meal in the pretty little dining room, bells began to ring. It did sound so pretty. We listened in silent bliss.

We then left the table, and settled in the drawing room, Georgette stretching herself on the couch, and I nestling at her feet. Ellen brought the tea in, and we sat and chatted, the son with a book in front of him sometimes joining in the conversation.

Towards ten o'clock, we got up and crept to our rooms.
The day was done.
Silence reigned everywhere.

SUNDAY, September 14th.

There is no denying the charm of Continental life. I woke up to the sounds of gaiety and animation. I heard innumerable voices in the street below. singing and laughing and shouting. It was Sunday, a holiday for many. The people were no doubt coming and going. The townspeople off to the country, the country people entering the town. I looked across the room to the window, the light peeping through the gray shutters, the fresh air entering so sweet and lovely. I was however too lazy to get up and look out. The sandman however bade me a brisk farewell for the day after I had enjoyed the welcome cup of tea which Ellen brought me at half past six. After having assured myself that the sole representative of the stronger sex was still safely tucked up between the sheets, I jumped out of bed and rushed to the drawing room to fetch my book so as to enjoy a pleasant hour before my bath. Upon opening my door, a pretty picture caught my eye. My hostess's is room being just opposite mine, and the door being open, I saw the mother lying in bed with some light blue round her neck, and the little girl standing near her in her night dress, her slim little figure and pretty fair hair giving her the look of one of those angels you so often see pictured on the walls of Continental churches. I smiled at them, they smiled at me, I fetched my book, then rushed back to my room without saying a word, save perhaps for an exclamation or two of joy and happiness to which they responded.

We went out. The day was fine. Georgette went to mass, and I went with her. The big church of St. Jacques looked grand and ancient from outside, and very fine inside. The organ was lovely, and the priest who officiated looked pleasant and intelligent. After the service, Georgette took me round to admire the windows and the various chapels. I took great interest in the chapel dedicated to Saint Nicholas, the saint being one of those I have heard about since I came into existence. He is an important person in the Roman Catholic Church and equally, if not more important, one in the Russian church. I remember, how as a little girl, we saw him arrive on his fête day, the 6th of December, with a big basket filled with his own figure made out of cake. We have an icon at home of the saint, it is supposed to be centuries old, and comes of course from Russia. The face is blackened by time, and the silver ornaments around him were lately falling to pieces, so I stuck them together again. A little lamp burns regularly before him, and it is the last light I put out at night. Saint Nicholas is generally represented with a group of babies in a tub near him. Tradition has it that he saved those children who were going to be killed and salted like pigs. He is also represented with three golden balls in his hand. The legend here states that he gave a purse each to three maidens who were too poor

to marry those they loved, this enabling them to affect their hearts desire. Saint Nicholas is almost the most important saint of the Greek church, since he was the first to be canonized. Many people think that he was an Italian gentleman, he being buried in Bari (South Italy). This is however not the case, as he was born in Patara in Lycien, the most southwesternly district in Asia Minor. He became Bishop of Myra in Lycien. During the times of the great persecution under the emperor Diocletian he was imprisoned and only liberated under Constantine, and he fought in Nicea in 325. He was already canonized since several centuries under the Byzantine Empire when some merchants of Bari in the 11th century carried his bones from the church in Myra to Bari. He is a great favorite among little people, indeed, French speaking children have a little song in his favor which starts like this:-

O bon Saint Nicolas patron des écoliers,
Apportez-moi du sucre dans mon petit panier.

In leaving the church, we wandered about, and Georgette told me that when the Church of St. Jacques was built, England sent English workmen over for the work, and France sent French workmen over to build Westminster Abbey. St Jacques is in Old Gothic style, and it dates from the 13th to the 16th century, and it looks very ancient and picturesque. The town itself has a little old world air. Dieppe is famous for its oysters and ivory productions. Sunbathing started in 1822. The season was of course over and the English flocks had all flown away, of which I was very glad, as I prefer to see a place in its ordinary mood. There are many pretty fountains, and five churches, etc. the little river Arques flows into the sea, and there is a very pretty place not far away bearing the name of the river, of which I shall speak presently. A romantic old fortress looms high above town, valley and sea. This fortress was built in 1433, it has four towers and bastions around. It is now used as a barrack, and you can see the funny little French soldiers with their baggy trousers and alert looks peeping in and out. The haven of Dieppe is excellent, being the deepest and safest in the Channel, it can hold 200 ships, and as many fishing smacks. Dieppe is first mentioned in history in the year 1195 when Philip Auguste destroyed it. From the middle of the 14th century it became an important and commercial place. Before The Havre rose out of Mother Earth, Dieppe was considered the most important sea entrepôt in the channel, and it reached its culminating point under Francis I. In 1364 Dieppe sent its boats out to Guinea where a port had been named after it, viz., Little Dieppe. Dieppe played an important part during the Huguenot Wars where the Protestants reigned supreme. The sun began to set over the town with the revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1685), the last rays vanished in 1694. The town was built up again by royal orders, but the spirit of enterprise of its burgesses who had emigrated with the Huguenots could not be called back. In 1870 Dieppe was the first sea-place occupied by the German troops and they remained in the town till part of the war contribution was paid.

I thought of all these happenings as I walked through the streets next to Georgette. The sun was shining, and the lovely September breeze was blowing around us. We then went in to fetch Mary for an airing, and near the house I spoke to two tiny girls each carrying a doll in her arms. They looked up at me, and I noticed how different in colour and expression their dark eyes were compared to the tiny German girls I loved to watch playing on the borders of the Alster in Hamburg. Those little German girls all had clear, light, steady eyes, and these little French girls had smaller eyes, and yet lovely in their way, dark, smiling, and they almost seemed to speak when their tongues did not move.

I said to one of them:- “Ta poupée, comment s’appelle-t-elle?”

“Ivonne,” the little French speck of humanity answered.

“Et la tienne?” turning to the other one.

“Ivonne, aussi”, was the timid reply.

Georgette, Mary, and I now went to the seafront, the two dames taking seats, and the tiny beginner in life fidgeting about with her little pail and shovel. I noticed in front of us a file of men and women, country people who had come up for the day, they were all clothed in black, and were laughing and chatting and consuming their provisions. I noticed the generous proportions of their back views, and we both smiled complacently at them.

We heard the Angelus ring. It did sound so pretty. There is much poetry in Roman Catholic countries by the bells ringing. I also love to hear the bell ringing in the early hours, be it in the terrible darkness of a winter morning just before the sun rises or in summer when rosy lights peep into the bedroom, this bell is rung by the enfant de chœur when the viaticum is being brought to some sick or dying person. Hall Caine in one of his books, I think he says it in his novel “The Woman Thou Gavest Me” describes the sounds of the bells of the Angelus like angels’ voices responding to one another in their chants. During mass, the consecration bell is an edifying sound. All is silent. The silvery bell sends out its pure strains whilst outside the great cathedral the murmuring of the thousands of sounds rising up from the town make you think of the mysteries of life. The silvery bell sends out its pure strains whilst outside the little country church the bleating of the sheep, the singing of the birds, and the sighing of the wind through the trees make you think of the mysteries of nature. You know that the Roman Catholics say to the children that during Lent the bells fly away to Rome, and they come back to the churches at Easter. It is however only their spiritual part which flies away, as their shapes remain visible through the openings in the spires.

Big bells, little bells, hanging bells, handbells, little do we think what an important part they play in our lives. I have read and heard a great deal about bells, and will repeat some facts to you.

When and where were bells first created? Like the mariners compass, like gunpowder, bells seem to have been known in the East before they penetrated to

Europe. In Egypt it is known that the Feast of Osiris was announced by the ringing of bells. In the Bible we read that Aaron and other Jewish high priests wore golden bells attached to their vestments. Under the name of "tintinnabula" or "tintinnabulum" (pardon me I am no Latin scholar, so do not know what gender or declension it means) the Greeks and Romans used bells as ornaments round horses necks and for other decorative purposes, and the Romans announced the hour of bathing and of business by this "tintintintintin." The use of bells has been preserved from generation to generation. In bygone times they were associated in various ways with the ancient ritual of the church and acquired a sacred character. They were founded with religious ceremony, and consecrated by a complete baptismal service, names were given to them, they had sponsors, they were sprinkled with holy water, they were anointed, and finally covered with a white garment, just like baptized infants. They bore pious inscriptions, and were believed to disperse storms and pestilence, drive away enemies and extinguish fires. Indeed, the people even gave up their silver to be mixed with the liquid substance in the foundry, earnestly believing that the silver would make the sounds pure and sweeter. This was however not the case, as fraud lay at the bottom of this, and the money and silver went into the pockets of the thieves or make-believes. The ancient writers mentioned the custom of sending a handbell round the walls of a fortified place to see if the guards were awake. In France we first hear of church bells in the year AD 550. Bells were rung when the Saracens were attacking the Christians in front of the city, and we hear of their being used at Jerusalem at the same time. Some say in early writings that before bells were used, people were summoned to church by the strokes of wooden hammers. Bells were first known in the Greek Church in the year 865 when the Duke of Venice made a present of some bells to Michael the Greek Emperor. England, from the first introduction of bells, has been much addicted to the use of them, so much so that it was termed "The Ringing Isle." Bede is the first English writer to mention bells. It is supposed that they first came into use in England sometime before the year 816. Bells cheer us with the chimes and carillons. These inventions come from the Netherlands. The largest ancient bell in England is Tom of Oxford, so long famous for the 101 strokes rung each evening during term time. I think we all know which is the largest bell in the world. It is in Moscow, and it weighs 193 tons. Madame Le Brun, the celebrated French portrait painter whose memoirs I consider a gem among literary gems, says the following concerning this bell:-

"On me fit voir une cloche d'une dimension colossale, à moitié recouverte de terre, qu'on me dit n'avoir jamais pu être enlevée pour être placée dans le palais ou dans l'église."

The same bell was delivered of the earth which covered it in the year 1835.

Bells, I think ring all over the globe, the Mohammedans however, some say through a spirit of opposition, reject their use, and substitute for them the cry of the imam, or priest, from the top of the mosques.

Some little time ago I read a rather uncanny story attached to an old church in the north of England, which possesses a very fine peal of bells. The story says that over a century ago a wedding was celebrated within its precincts, and as the happy couple were coming out of church and the marriage bells pealed joyously overhead, the young bride was stabbed in the heart by the cowardly hand of the discarded lover. The story goes that she fell while the joy bells rang on in mocking merriment, till the bell ringers became aware of what had happened, and the sounds became jangled out of tune and harsh. then, after a moment's silence, one bell alone tolled out of a solemn requiem, telling how gladness had changed to sorrow. The story goes that on every anniversary of its happening the bells are heard to ring a merry peal which suddenly changes into unmelodious discords, and the one bell alone records the tragedy. The reverberations are never loud and clear, but always sound if as if coming from a great distance, yet, if you approach the church from north, south, east, west, the direction whence come the sounds is always the same, that of the church tower where hang the same bells which were ringing upon the lifeblood of the bride ran out upon the stones. It is said that the present rector has tried many ways of "laying the ghost" or, failing that, of drowning its lamentations, but all have proved of no avail. The rector endeavored to cover the tones of the "shadow bells" by the very real and lusty peeling of his own bell ringers, but many people aver that above the din of the church bells was heard the distinct sounds of those other "ghostly" bells faint and distant, but quite discernible and unmistakable.

I also have once read a strange story of subterranean bells. There was once a flourishing village in Nottinghamshire, which with its church was swallowed up during a tremendous natural evolution, and it is said that still on Christmas Day the bells of the church ring out a welcome to the festival from the unseen gulf into which the community was precipitated. Until lately people used to go to the spot above where the village once stood, and with their ears to the ground, listen to the chimes sounding far below.

As you know, Bells have played their part in history. In Paris, it was the bell of the Church of St Germain 'Auxerrois which, at 2:00 a.m. of August 24th, 1572, gave the first signal for the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew. In English history, ye English and we little foreigners, one of the first things we learn is about William the Conqueror's tyrannical Curfew Bell rung at 8 o'clock, when all, big and small, young and old had to put out the lights and go to sleep. And then we learn, the bells of Bow Church singing out to Dick Whittington that he would be thrice Lord Mayor of London. Upon going up the monument this summer, the custodian pointed out to me the church in the City where Whittington lies buried, adding at the same time that on the tombstone there is distinctly written that Whittington was not only three times but four times Lord Mayor of London. We all know the nursery rhyme in which the lines appear:

Oranges and lemons,
The bells of St. Clements.

Also French speaking children have their nursery rhyme about Bells which they often sing in chorus.

Frere Jacques (bis)

Dormez-vous?

Sonnez les mattines

Bim, bam, boum!

To The foreigner who first comes to England the bells have certainly a peculiar sound. I remember as a tiny girl how I used to listen to the church bells on Sunday, and how I thought they sounded differently to those abroad. For a good while they rang ding-dong-ding-dell, ding-dong-ding-dell, then began the slow and solemn plwang, plwang, plwang. And the muffin bell in the afternoon, a sound all its own, I remember the man carrying the tray covered with green on his head and ringing that bell; it almost gave a little poetry to the dark and prosaic London streets. this bell has had its day, this bell will apparently nevermore be heard. Times change, customs vanish to make place for new ideas.

Dickens, Longfellow and Schiller have written beautifully about bells. The first in prose, the two others in poetry. Some bells (we seldom think about this and yet it is part of our lives) are very welcome to our ears, like others are terribly unpleasant. Starting a mortal's day, the waking-up bell is never a welcome sound. Be it at 6 o'clock or at 8 o'clock, the getting up bell is never a pleasant sound. I once read an article wherein it was stated that there is one thing we mortals never can get used to, and that is, getting up in the morning. In our early days the school bell is one of our tormentors. We seldom enjoy the sound of the school bell. Be it through the antipathy which exists between pupils and teachers, be it through being forced to work on subjects for which we have neither taste nor interest, be it that our brains are still too unformed to enjoy work, the fact remains that the school bell is an unwelcome sound. There is one bell which we hear rung for our fellow creatures, but which we will not hear rung for ourselves. It is the passing bell; it is the toll of the death bell. The last time I heard the knell rung was for Captain Scott. I was sitting quietly working at the typewriter, when the sad, tragic toll was rung from St Paul's. There is a still more tragic bell which only touches those unfortunate mortals who (in my opinion) more owing to circumstances than to actual natural forces are doomed to hear regularly its hideous, cruel sound till deliberation or merciful death ends their earthly sufferings. It is the prison bell. if you have visited the wax emporium at Madame Tussaud's and not omitted to inspect that uncanny retreat, the Chamber of Horrors, you will have noticed among the repulsive curiosities hung round the walls a frame encircling a drawing representing a large bell. On this bell there is a poem written by a man condemned to death. The way this poem is worded and expressed, I consider, for a being of that class wonderfully well done. He dreams and sees the beauty of nature and flowers and love and thinks they are all for him, he is

awakened by that cruel sound of the prison bell. He hopes and thinks he is once more free and happy, his hopes are shattered and broken by that cruel sound of the prison bell.

Amidst the revelings in the lovely fairy stories and sweet legendary narratives which our budding brains so much enjoy in our early years, there are some books, which, if more serious, are nonetheless interesting, and which we remember ever after. Among the first books of this kind I remember reading was a book written in French "Le Petit Voleur" translated from the Spanish (El Ladronillo). This was the first story of a boy, the son of the sacristan of one of the great churches of Spain, who owing to his thievish instincts ran away from home and was caught by bandits in a wood with whom he lived for some years. In that story bells play an important part. The chief of the bandits trained him to become an expert thief by making him pick objects from a figure covered with bells, when he succeeded to extract an article without the bells ringing he was compensated, if the bells sounded he was punished. As he grew older he became an expert at his craft, and knowing where his father kept the keys of the vaults containing the valuables of the church, he helped them to steal them. One night, passing by the church, he went up the belfry and looking down upon the square he saw to his amazement a stake erected in the middle, a great crowd around, and his own father put to death, the people being in the firm belief that he had stolen the valuables. The son then repented, and with a hatchet near at hand cut off his right hand. He became a monk, and in the dead of night would go up the belfry and ring the bell, the exalted superstitious peasants around finally believing the bell to be rung by the dead sacristan. It is however not only in the Latin countries that such ideas exist. In England ghostly bells also exist. I remember that when Hedwig was in Cornwall, a strange and sad story was narrated to her concerning a little chapel built of wood facing the sea. It had been constructed out of the driftwood of a ship which had been wrecked near that spot. The bell hanging in the top of the chapel had once been that glad and cheerful object which called merrily the passengers in-to meal times. During the dead of night this bell would sometimes reverberate, no doubt caused by the land and sea winds passing, but which the villagers earnestly believed to be rung by the ghosts of the drowned.

This sounds sad and discouraging, you will think, but bells have their mission on earth, sad and gay. And to think how they can be musical. I remember in Hamburg how they sang and played sweetly all sorts of German Lieder on the night of the arrival of the emperor. I also remember once at a pantomime at the Crystal Palace, during the harlequinade the clown gave a charming rendering of a song which they produced with bells. Bells were attached to their heads, their arms, their legs, and the effect was lovely.

There is one bell especially liked by little beginners in life, and that is the village shop bell, the dear little shop exhaling an odor of coffee and sweets, and where little girls go to buy dollies and sugar sticks, and little boys fishing tackle and pen knives. The last time I heard the village shop bell was two years ago at Blankenese, that lovely spot

perching high above over the Elbe near Hamburg. I did enter there to buy some sticks, only they were not sugar sticks, but vanilla sticks.

Apart from bells hanging to church spires and other towers, they hang in other places too and cheer the world as the objects to which they are attached move along. We see and hear the bells as they merrily jangle and dingle hanging around sledges as they rush past us in the snow, and see and hear the bell as it hangs around pussy's neck, we hear but do not see the bells as they hang round maiden's legs. This sounds very strange, does it not? and yet, I remember quite well of reading about a wedding in London at which the sweet bridesmaids had all been presented with garters to which were attached a little silver bell; so, as the maids glided up the church, the little bells danced and made merry.

There is one bell whose mission in life is to gladden our hearts, and that is the meal-bell. "Ugh!" I hear you exclaim, "thinking of food, how material, how prosaic!" and yet, I beg to state, if you are possessed of the two greatest gifts which nature can bestow upon us frail mortals during our brief span of life, id. est., a healthy body and a contented mind, ah, my dear fellow creature don't you come and tell me that you are indifferent to the cheerful and comforting sound of the breakfast bell, the brisk and wide awake sound of the lunch bell, the elegant and exalted sound of the dinner bell!

"And the tea bell?" Have you nothing to say about the tea bell?

The tea bell? Ah, Dame Tea-Bell needs no advertising. Dame Tea-Bell knows the important and lovely part she plays in our lives. Dame Tea-Bell Rejoices in the cheerful voices and happy faces which gather around her shrine, Dame Tea-Bell is modest and unassuming, as she is part and parcel of ourselves.

There is one bell, strange and mystic is her mission: it is the diving bell. We have read and seen the divers as they go down in the dark regions of the ocean. There is a charming story existing written by an English woman entitled "The Diving Bell". I have lately heard that in England we have now a diving woman, the only one of her sex who has chosen this career. She seems to take great interest in her work. The only thing I can add is that I admire but could not imitate.

Chatter, clatter, dingy-dangly as all bells are, sometimes they seem to sing something into our ears like it happened to Dick Whittington, there is however one bell which moves to and fro, and yet is forever silent. Which bell is that? It is the dumbbells. We have one in each hand, we push them up and down, we shout, but they remain, silent. And other bells are silent too. They waft about in the wind, they smile at us, they cheer our hearts, but they remain silent. These are the bluebells, those dear little flowers, which bloom and die, silent and odorless. There is one bell held in immense esteem by German-speaking children. It is called "Das Christkindchen". It rings punctually at 6 o'clock on Christmas Eve, when the doors of the mystic chamber are thrown open, and the little people (big people too, mind you!) flock in and behold the Christmas tree ablaze and gloriously surrounded by a thousand and one presents.

As to the ringing of bells, I remember during my sojourn in Italy, we were living in the country, and the peasants were pulling at the rope in the village church. Rather proud of my arm full of strength, I took up one of the ropes with the intention to pull the bell. They however snatched it angrily from me assuring me in warning and terrified tones that never would a woman dare pull any bell, and adding that a woman once did try and that the forces of the bell pulled her up so quickly that she knocked her head against a protrusion, injuring herself severely. This does not however seem to be the case in England, where there are women bell ringers. Indeed, I read some little time ago of a woman church bell ringer who rings the treble, or second, in bob minor (six bells) and bob doubles, the weights being 6 1/2 cwt, and 7 1/2 cwt, also of two other women who took part in a peal of grandsire triples, rung by eight women. I have also heard of a woman at a lighthouse ringing the bell for 7 hours. It is said there is no finer exercise for chest development than bell ringing. Quite between ourselves (I mean we of the petticoat realm) however reluctant and unwilling we would be to start bell ringing, we would not mind doing it if we were sure it really is an age to enhance our beauty.

Marie Baschkirtseff writes the following in that unique journal of hers:-

"We climbed up to the top of the belfry by a wretched ladder, and began to ring the fire alarm (with her father and cousin Paul in Russia). I pulled with all my might. I had never been so near the bells before. When you try to speak while they are vibrating, you feel at first a kind of terror, for the words seem to die away on your lips as in a nightmare." While living in Paris she writes May 16th 1883 "one hears the railway whistle and the church bell of the Rue Brémontier. It is very poetic. "

The curfew bell seems to be still in usage in some parts of England, as there has just died a man whose duty it was to ring the curfew bell for 50 years. Fancy ringing the bells for so many years. There is one man in Hampshire who has served as ringer and chimer under five rectors, and lived under seven, and his family who had the same occupation for generations have lived in the same house for over 120 years. I like to hear the bells ring from an old monastery on the Continent, they sound so sweetly on a summer evening when the shadows begin to lengthen, the peasants slowly turn in after their long days labor, and the rooks caw in majestic elms. There is then a particular charm in hearing the deep-toned bells chime away the fleeting hours.

If you have visited Switzerland, you will no doubt have noticed the cows wearing those peculiarly shaped bells hanging around their necks. The striker inside is nothing but a big folded nail, and the sound is sweet and primitive in its kind. I remember once reading about these Swiss cows and their bells, it was stated that only certain ones were allowed these bells, and that the others envied them so much that it sometimes happened that they died through grief. I have such a Swiss cowbell at home, and take pleasure in ringing it when we have friends for tea.

One of the first wonders in physics which is drummed into our budding minds is about the reverberation of bells which cause those invisible rounds in the air, like that

which is caused by a stone being thrown in the water causing those innumerable rounds in the liquid.

I have lately been reading some French historical facts, and noticed how, as I have already said, bells played a prominent part. When Louis XII took Mary of England as his third wife, the young wife was so entirely upset at his old fashioned ways - forcing him to dine at 12:00, instead of 8:00 a.m., and go to bed at midnight, instead of 6:00 p.m. - that she caused his death in a few months. The "crieurs du corps" rang their bells round the building in which the dead king lay, and cried lamentably: - "Le bon roi Louis, père du peuple, est mort!"

"Let those bells of yours die too ", I imagine I hear you exclaiming, "take us back to ordinary life, tell us what you did and not what other people did centuries ago."

Well, letting poetry of bygone days and historical facts alone, I will tell you that the next thing we did upon leaving the shore was to go home and enjoy an excellent dinner. Afterwards, as we were resting in the drawing room, a gigantically tall young man entered the room. The son of the house is of a fair size, but this one seemed taller still. He turned out to be the son of a friend of Georgette who spends her summers in Puys, where Georgette has her villa, and which we were going to visit that very afternoon. He sat down, and began to tell us of two pigs belonging to the house adjoining theirs, and which had settled comfortably in a hole in their garden and did not seem inclined to leave it. Georgette asked him to supper in the evening, and dismissed him saying she would call on his family this afternoon. I sat for a while reading before we went out, and now and then would look up from my book down on the lovely scene below. The immense grassy space stretching out to the sea was dotted with all kinds of people, and the scene looked gay and pleasant. I once noticed in the distance what seemed to me like a flock of black birds, they nearly seemed to touch the sea, and here and there what seemed to be seagulls, their size being larger and they looked more conspicuous. Upon scrutinizing the picture more carefully, I saw that what I took to be a flock of black birds and seagulls was nothing else but a convent of the Sisters of Charity, the children all of the same height wore black, and the white linen headgear of the sisters was what I took to be the seagulls.

Now we are off to Puys, right across the country, Georgette on one side, I on the other, and little Mary in the middle. I was carrying a basket which was going to be filled with the products of the garden of the villa. We walked along some lovely meadows, the cows were grazing, and the birds singing. We passed several villas, and Georgette pointed out to me a villa belonging to Lord Salisbury, and another one wherein Gounod had lived and where he wrote his "Faust." Mary invited me to run up some steps from whence you had a lovely view. I gaily followed as her tiny legs stepped higher and higher, arrived on the top of the hill we shouted down to the mother, our voices re-echoing several times in the air. We came down another way, no steps this time, and the earth was rather slippery, Mary was walking in front of me, I laughed and sang with

her, although in my innermost self I felt rather nervous lest I should slip and fall on the top of her. I felt relieved and happy when we were walking again quietly beside Georgette.

“This is SANS SOUCI!” she exclaimed, as we stopped in front of a red gate. Through the trees I could discern a charming chalet-like house. We entered the garden, and I instantly recognized the spot where she and Hedwig had been photographed with the rest of the little party staying with them. A lovely garden, trees everywhere, and lifting your eyes, again fruit trees everywhere. Nature everywhere. In the distance on the left I saw a grassy elevation with a kind of wooden fence on the top, Georgette told me it was the cliffs, the sea being quite near. I turned and looked at the house, it looked a little bit like a house I once copied out of one of my fairy books illustrating the story of Beauty and the Beast, when Beauty leaves her home with her father, the doorway was just the same, steps on either side leading to the entrance. The shutters were all up. We entered. I saw charming, simple rooms, a lovely kitchen, simple and comfortable furniture. We went upstairs, I saw the room where Hedwig had slept during her sojourn there. I felt sad in thinking that Georgette intended disposing of this charming retreat which she had enjoyed for many years. I looked out of the windows. pictures in themselves. I saw the sky darken. Rain began to fall heavily, lightning and thunder followed; we were prisoners in this fairy-like retreat. We waited and went from room to room. Seeing that the weather did not change, Georgette went out into the garden to gather some potatoes which she knew were kept in a little outhouse. She filled my basket with them. She then asked me would I go and pluck some roses and cover the basket with them. I cut several, the lovely rosy and creamy petals bathed in the rain, many lay scattered at my feet. A feeling of sadness and regret crept over me. All was silent, the rain falling in painful and moaning sounds saddened me still more. I was glad when Georgette sang out in a loud and busy voice to go and meet the omnibus with Mary whilst she popped in to see her friend, she would be standing in front of that lady's house on the passing of the omnibus. So I took Mary by the hand, the little dear leading me, she knowing quite well where to meet the bus; she knew where it started. As to me, I was a stranger in a strange place, I looked up to the mournful sky, I looked down upon the muddy road. Suddenly, the little girl said something about arriving at the place where the omnibus started. I looked up, a lovely sight presented itself to my gaze. It was the sea, the ever lovely, ever romantic, ever inspiring sea. It looked just like a picture with cliffs on either side, and strange misty tints everywhere. I thought of Turner's pictures, I thought how happy those artists are who have time and talent to reproduce these lovely scenes. The two maidens jumped into the omnibus, which was already partly filled with country women in their black garb. I regretfully watched the romantic sea picture vanish before my eyes. The omnibus rolled down the road, and we saw Georgette waiting nearby. She jumped in the vehicle and we were fairly off. The drive back to Dieppe was lovely. The rain stopped, and as evening came, the setting sun

began to shine gloriously in the horizon, flooding the whole country with its red lights and lovely tints of burnished gold. All the little cottages strewn about had their windows illuminated by the sun, making the whole scene look exalted and almost supernatural. Pierre Loti in his novel "Les Désenchantées" describes the scene of the closing eye of day so beautifully, as he tells us how the setting sun shining over the buildings around the Sea of Marmora make you think that the houses are on fire inside, the windows seeming all ablaze. I looked at the scene, now feeling happy and exalted. All the women sitting opposite to us then turned round also to gaze at the scene, their homely, countryside faces now looking almost beautiful with the glorious tints shining upon them, and the white of their eyes gleaming like some strange and unearthly metal.

8:30 p.m. We sat merrily round the supper table, the two men joking, and we two laughing and listening. We consumed an excellent fowl and relished the mushrooms, so fresh and juicy. After the usual happy hour in the drawing room over the teacups I went to my room tired and happy.

MONDAY, September 15th

Only one day more, I thought to myself as I opened my eyes in the cool and silent room. This last day would be a memorable one for me, as tomorrow I was to return to England, tomorrow I would have to bid farewell to my hostess, and vanish across the channel, leaving it to destiny whether I would ever visit Dieppe again.

Before breakfast I jumped about with Mary in the drawing room, we played at horses, I was the courageous four footer and sat on a tiny stool imitating the horses trot, and Mary was standing on the armchair pretending to be the coachman on the box. horse and cart went off to the country, then stopped at an inn to feed and drink, the coachman getting down and bringing the horse a dolly dish with buttons, pebbles, and I think bits of wool, these things taking the place of the gee-gee's real food. Like a good, hungry, and respectful horse, I pretended to gobble down the good things, still I was very grateful when it was time to stop this game and go into the dining room to have a real, tasty, human feed.

During the morning, Georgette bid me go to the station to inquire about the train leaving in the afternoon for Arques-la-Bataille, a lovely place where there is a fine forest, and where we were going to have a picnic.

I willingly went out, being glad to wander for a time alone. The station is right at the other end of the harbor, and I enjoyed walking free and unconcerned. Sailors and fishermen, little old women in black gossiping in groups of twos and threes, Dark eyed little French specimens were about. I passed the covered fish market, promising myself to walk through it upon my return. The little newsboys approached me, singing in their fresh, Latin voices:- "DELLY MELL, DELLY MELL, NOO YUK HERALD, NOO YUK HERALD," and presenting me with the Daily Mail and the New York Herald, I however

moved on and took no notice. I inquired at the station then walked back, passing majestically through the fish market, looking right and left. The odor of the sea was fresh and exhilarating, fish of all sorts and shapes were lying about, mountains of oysters were displayed everywhere, and the fisherwomen alive and busy were calling out to me to buy their goods. I went home and presently walked out again with Georgette, back to the fish market, where she bought some excellent marine specimens, which we were to enjoy at supper.

The train started about 2:00, and we arrived at Arques-la-Bataille in the best of moods. It is not very far from Dieppe, and in the distance Georgette pointed out to me the lovely forest so green and fresh. We each carried our little burden for the picnic, and the little girl was sweetly dressed all in green, making her look like a tiny wood fairy. We winded our way higher and higher, and met a peasant on the road with his wife who was carrying a baby. The newcomer into the world looked deliciously pink and healthy. It was fast asleep, and the parents, brown and rough, and pleasant, told us that it was just 3 weeks old.

"Elle a l'air comme une poupée!" I said, and Georgette praised her to the parents, who seemed proud and happy. They vanished one way, we the other. We entered the forest. Lovely, lovely, a feast of green tints to the eyes; alone with nature; I looked all around, but saw nobody. Georgette proposed to find a spot where we might enjoy our picnic undisturbed by the "Guarde Champêtre", and we moved on and on till we came to a pleasant opening where heaps of cut wood lay bundled here and there. We sat down, and Ellen placed the spirit lamp between two large stones, and prepared tea. We laughed and chatted, the rays of the sun peeping through the trees. I was terribly thirsty, and Ellen's tea seemed a veritable nectar to my parched lips and dried up throat. We enjoyed life for some time, although it did rain for a while, then Georgette thought it better to pack up our things if we intended to return by another way which she said was lovely and along which we might pick some blackberries. On our return walk, we went deep into the wood, and right at the end of the path I could discern a luminous opening. it looked brilliant and meteoric; it was the sun shining unobstructedly. We picked the little black fruit wherever we could find it, the sharpest of us all being Ellen, who seemed quite fearless to jump over ditches. I attempted it too, but did not prove as adept at this accomplishment. I preferred to look up and feast my eyes at the canopy of green. It reminded me of our wanderings in the woods around Wiesbaden last year. Was the aspect different here in France than it was over there in Germany? Yes, it did seem different in many ways. I saw no firs, and the trees seemed shorter and bushier, but quite as lovely in their way. Once we had to jump over several trees lying dead and senseless before us. We all climbed over them like clever monkeys, the game was good exercise; still, we were all glad when the path was clear again.

We arrived tired out at the station and I looked with vivid interest at the ruins of the old castle looming over our heads. It was the castle of Arques, and Georgette told

me that William the Conqueror had once sojourned there, also that under this castle there existed a tunnel 25/28 miles long which led to the castle of Eu, where the beautiful Gabrielle d'Estrées lived and through which Henry IV passed to visit her.

Arrived back in Dieppe, a scene of intense animation and picturesqueness greeted our eyes. Twilight was falling. the quay was scattered all over with a motley crowd, they were all chatting and laughing to their hearts' content. I saw the harbor filled with ships, the white funnels with their black painted rings rising high above the water here, there, and everywhere. In the distance I saw a row of houses, so Continental with their innumerable windows with shutters, and above the roofs, calm, luminous, and majestic, the moon was rising round and beaming. "September moon, the Harvest Moon", I thought to myself. you know the moon shines its brightest, or if Mrs. Moon likes her beauty to be praised, the moon, I say, is at its best in September, probably because the days are shorter and the atmosphere still clear and summer-like.

We entered the quiet street leading to the home, and in one of the shops I saw several conspicuous heads exposed to view. on the top was written: "Quelques grands hommes de France." I noticed Victor Hugo, Balzac, Alfred de Musset, etc. I stopped to look at Balzac, and remembered the shock I had the first time I saw his portrait. I could not believe that such an ugly fellow could have written such magnificent works. In my mind's eye I saw a long, thin, finely chiseled face, and at the sight of those clumsy features which looked as if they had been shaped out of a big potato, I felt sorely disappointed. And yet, now being used to him, I consider this head very characteristic in its particular way. Arrived home, the weather broke down, and Georgette showed some anxiety in regard to Roger, who had left early in the morning for a long excursion on his motorbicycle. The mother had pointed her son out to me from the window as he was starting for his escapade, he was wrapped in a waterproof suit which covered him from head to foot, his face being barely visible. He vanished from our sight, and Georgette knew he would have many roads to pass. 8 o'clock rang, and he was not yet there. We waited for supper, and to our joy we heard at last his steps and voice at the door. He was dripping but merry and animated. We sat down to supper, all enjoying with relish the excellent fish, so fresh and juicy. The evening was sweet and calm round the teacups in the drawing room, and for the last time I sat snuggily at Georgette's feet, as she rested on the big couch. It was with a rather sad heart that I got up at 10 to go to my room, as tomorrow my happy sojourn in France under Georgette's hospitable roof would come to an end.

TUESDAY, September 16, 1913

Dawn was rising around me in France. In but a few hours twilight would fall round me in England. I would be leaving France today at 1 o'clock. There was not much more time left but to get up, enjoy my last breakfast, pack up my things, go out and do my

longed-for shopping, come in, take lunch, and then off to the harbor, and away to England.

I thought of Mamma and Erwinia, they no doubt were counting the hours till my return. I had told them not to trouble to write to me as the separation would only last 4 days, and yet I missed their news, I began to feel anxious about them, and felt cross in my innermost self at their having neglected me.

I thoroughly enjoyed my last cup of tea in bed, my last reading snugly packed between the sheets, my last bath in the charming little bathroom with the skylight showing a square bit of French sky, my last delicious breakfast with the solitary French loaf stretched comfortably across the table and the bright faces around it, and my last pleasant breakfast-table chat with my hostess. The professor at the breakfast table! I did not feel very learned or wise, I only remember that I ate and drank and tried to make merry, but the inevitable feeling of separation was palling over me.

I soon started on my shopping expedition. The weather was fine, I smelt the sea breezes as they wafted over the dear little town. Some fisher-women with baskets hanging on either side of them were singing the qualities of their shrimps, and I sauntered about entering the various shops wherever fancy invited me. Needless to say, the confectioner got a great share of my attention, I bought all those French dainties dear to such a very French heart like Mammias, and my net became fuller and fuller and heavier and heavier, till at last seeing it could contain no more and having no intention of carrying extra packages besides my other bag, I slowly went home looking regretfully down the streets I was about to leave.

After carrying my sweet burden home, I went out again, this time with Georgette and Mary. We strolled about for a while, and Georgette's present to Mamma consisted of a dear little brown pot filled with fresh Normandy butter.

The parting meal was a mixture of sadness and gaiety, Roger would accompany me to the boat, and Georgette and Mary promised to wave their handkerchiefs from the window as the boat would be gliding from the French to the English shore. I got up to put on my hat whilst they were still at table, then entered the dining room for the last farewell.

"Mipi is going, Mother," the little girl exclaimed. Georgette who was at that moment in the drawing room approached, and we embraced and exchanged a few parting words. No tears allowed. We would soon meet again in London. I now turned to little Mary. She put her arms around my neck and began kissing me. Will you agree with me when I say that nobody in the world knows so well how to inflict kisses as the little girl? In every country her kisses are the same. She starts pecking at your cheek, and these pecks are continued, multifarious and uniform, light, very light, dainty, and sweet. The kiss of love, of friendship, of affection, of consolation, they all have their meaning and special character, but the tiny girl's set of freshly imparted pecks surpasses them all!

Now watch me settling down on the boat, Roger, tall and strong had acted as a fine cavalier, and was still with me, although his mission was completed, and the weather being wet and disagreeable, I urged him to leave me. He implored me to go first class, but I refused saying I did not mind the weather, adoring the sea with its roughness, and having no intention to go downstairs. The train from Paris was not in yet, it was however due, and then we would be off. He pointed it out to me in the distance. As you know, the station is right at the other end of the quay, and the train passes through the station, and then rolls along the quay right to the boat. I had never seen a train moving in the streets. I noticed that it went very slowly, and that a big, strong man in a uniform with a red cap was walking steadily next to the engine, on the lookout that the train does not run over any of those little groups of little old Dieppe dames gossiping and knitting together.

To those who take interest in humanity, the site of a train full of travelers is also interesting. You can easily discern the novice at traveling, and the blasé traveler. The former are anxiously, eagerly looking out of the windows, everything is new to them, they are thinking of their luggage, their berths on the boat, they look around with wonder at the new picture unfolding itself before them. The latter knows everything, they linger on their seats to the last moment, they gather up their belongings slowly, nothing seems new to them under the sun. I saw two pleasant looking nuns among the crowd. I saw bearded men, and whole families grouped together. Roger now bid me farewell, and vanished.

Now we are sailing. It was raining hard, but I stood firm, I was not afraid of catching cold, knowing that if such a thing happened, I soon get well again, and besides my insatiable love for the sea was keeping up my spirits, and this is already a prevention. The boat was going fast, and the French shore was looking like a picture in the distance. I tried to discern the home I had just left, but could not make it out, the view was too unfamiliar from the sea. In my imagination I fancied mother and daughter waving their handkerchiefs, as they could well discern the boat from their window. I felt sad, I remembered that lovely poem "Les Adieux de Marie Stuart" which starts with the words

Adieux, charmant pays de France,
Que je dois tant chérir,
Berceau de mon heureuse enfance,
Adieu, te quitter c'est mourir!

The rain came down in torrents, the wind sighed and whistled round me. I looked at the few persons who also remained on deck, I saw none of my sex, just a few tall specimens of the stronger sex. They were all English, they are more used to roughing the weather. Once I ventured down below to look after my belongings which I had left under the care of the stewardess, a neat, polite person, who showed her surprise at my

remaining on deck, as she knew there was no awning. I looked around, every place seemed besieged by members of the gentler sex, upon looking into the dining room I noticed a lot of Frenchmen eating away. The only marked difference I noticed in these places between first and second class was in this second room where the tables did not look fresh and well served like in the first class, the lying-down room seem to me a clean, well-kept room, and not at all so horrid as it seems to have been the case on steamers some years ago.

Back on deck, I wiled the time away watching the waves drinking the tears dropped by the clouds. the coast of France had now disappeared. Sky and water alone were visible. After an hour or more, the rain stopped, the sky cleared, the wind vanished, and people, men, women, and children began to saunter about the deck. Many of them were French. I looked and watched them, and wondered who they all were. We think we are connoisseurs of mankind, we think so, but are we really so? Over and over again I have come to the conclusion that you cannot judge by appearance. You cannot, you cannot, I repeat with emphasis. How often does it not happen that owing to particular circumstances or through being forced at the time to live in uncongenial surroundings, people appear to us totally different to what they really are. I remember once while sojourning in a little village in Bohemia, I came across a girl, a short, stumpy, coarse looking person, whose particular niche in life was to serve behind the counter of a cornchandler's shop. To my mind it seemed to me that the only learning this girl could possibly have were the rudiments of arithmetic and a knowledge of the various kinds of rice, flour, and haricot beans. She seemed to me not worth noticing. One day upon approaching her, I was amazed at discovering her extraordinary deep knowledge of literature. During the long years this person had spent behind the counter attending to her humble customers and occupying herself with needlework, she had gone through the whole glorious literature of the Teutonic countries. All the great German geniuses, writers, poets, historians, essayists, she had read them all, she could discuss them all, she could quote them all. Aided by this vast literary equipment, her conversation was naturally coloured and poetic in the extreme. During the long hours in her silent shop in the rustic village, the silence only being broken by the chimes in the church tower singing out the fleeting hours rolling one by one into Eternity, she had lived in her delightful literary world. A few days before my departure I presented her with a design in pen and ink illustrating a quotation of one of her poets. She was delighted with her little present, but pointed out modestly to me that I had left several words out, at the same time mentioning them. Upon taking up the book I saw that she was quite right; in my hurry I had missed these words.

I also remember once in Vienna, I visited an exhibition of an art school, and among the various attempts at art, I noticed a small watercolour sketch. The execution only indicated the beginner at painting, it was the subject which struck me as wonderful. It represented a tiny peasant's room in a poor cottage, a man was lying in bed, on the

floor a group of little children were playing merrily. Before the bed stood a woman with a dish of food in her hand. She was looking down on the man. In this low-born, ignorant peasant woman's face, ah, there lay the tragedy, the terrible tragedy which had just passed while she went to get the food for the sick man. In the terrific look of her eyes, in her mouth drawn and stiff, it was easy to see that she was looking at a corpse. Her husband, her supporter, the father of her children had passed away. The great tragedy of life, that tragedy which is repeated every day, almost every hour, which spares neither the palace nor the cottage was depicted on her features. In the rustic country lane, in this humble cottage, death had left her a lonely mortal. Behind this woman a kind of vision seemed to be rising. It looked like a luminous cross with darts jutting out round it. I stood in great admiration at this marvelous work, art, tragedy, poetry, all combined. The rays of the evening sun were playing over the bed of the departed one. I turned round to one of the attendants and asked who had done the work. A moment later, a pleasant, rather nice looking boy of about 16 or 17 stood before me. He spoke in natural, unassuming tones, and I thought him a very nice chap; still, I could detect nothing whatsoever in the expression of his eyes nor in the shape of his hands which could have shown the great genius shaping itself in him. And so it happens over and over in the world, we mortals do not always appear to be what we really are.

The cliffs of England were now visible. Some ladies grouped together admiring the luminous rainbow appearing before them. I thought of the empress Elizabeth of Austria, who, as the Countess Larisch tells us in her book "My Past" thought it lucky to perceive the rainbow.

Now we are landing. Horrid, till you have crushed your way through the gangway, horrid till you have shown the interior of your bags, horrid till you have found a safe place in the train.

Now we are off flying across the country. New Haven and the sea are left behind. Twilight is slowly beginning to fall. The hours pass. We are approaching Victoria. London voices, bustle and confusion. Now watch me hurrying across the platform, a rather heavy weight hanging at either hand. Off to the underground. Now over the road to Broad Street. Now flying past those busy warehouses and factories, past those ugly suburbs. Now comes the change of train at Willesdon. Now I am gliding off in the direction of my lovely little home at North Wembley. The view is changing, entering the country, fields on either side of the train. North Wembley. I jumped out of the train. It was a little past 8 o'clock. I hurried out of the station, walked over the bridge, the stars were shining and the moon was beaming, past the little white gate, down the stone steps, as fast as my burdens would allow me, down the little street. In the distance I could discern our windows luminous and shiny. I arrived at the door, put down one of my bags, and pushed my hand in the letterbox, making it clap. I heard Mamma's and Erwinia's voices respond loudly and merrily, then I heard Erwinia rush down the stairs, and open the door. We shouted and kissed and made a great noise. I made

myself comfortable, took a hot bath, then sat down at the supper table, where I relished the delicious soup, piping hot and exquisite of taste which Mamma had prepared for me. They kept me company by indulging in one of the many goodies I had brought from France. It was a tart, for which the French have a good name, I watched them eat it with interest, and rejoiced for them, but would not take any of it myself, as you know how you feel after having traveled; anything but sweet-tasty at that time. Then I began telling them how I had spent these few days, and they listened with attention. They displayed all my purchases about, and liked everything.

It was getting late, and I felt tired and sleepy. We got up, crept into bed, put out the light, and went to sleep.

IN PARIS

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 21st, 1913

To

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3rd, 1914.

CHAPTER 1

(Sunday, December 21st, 1913)

It is night.

The stars are gleaming in the French skies.

We are approaching Paris.

The terrific monster is foaming, spouting, whistling, and shaking, as it rushes through the silent country, its body boiling, its great nostril emanating smoke and sparks, its flaming mouth ever devouring, ever consuming the black food, its long, long, winding tail ever following, filled with so many palpitating human hearts, so many excited, anxious, and expectant minds!

I wonder why we never give a single thought to the engine driver, the only being around us who can control and guide the monster. We sit comfortably in the train, we watch the various scenes as they fly past us, sometimes blinded by the thick smoke of the engine, sometimes hidden by walls and tunnels, we enjoy it all and never think of

our leader. This is probably because we never see him. Sometimes a dark, besmirched face and greasy coat does appear over the engine, we turn our heads away, we do not want to look at him. On board ship, his majesty the captain is a welcome sight. In his fine nautical uniform of blue and gold braid we love to see him appear among us, a word here, a look there, we feel glad when he approaches us. But the engine driver, that unkempt, low-born, ignorant mortal, he is ignored, he is despised...

I got up from my seat in the compartment and went into the corridor. I took my place at one of the large windows, and looked out. Above, the stars looked so bright and cheery, they all had tiny rays emanating round, they seemed to welcome me to French soil. The country was black, I could discern nothing. I turned to the right, and saw volumes of smoke blowing towards me, the flames of the engine made them look like clouds of gold; I felt quite exalted. I looked in front of me. The lights of the train were illuminating the ground and the hedges and walls, and I could see the shadow of the train neatly designed, my own shadow looking gigantic as it rushed past, although at the same time it looked motionless only moving whenever I moved. I felt happy and expectant. Christmas in Paris! Whatever was going to pass during this fortnight? What would we all see, and hear, and enjoy?

I began moving my feet in my boots, a lovely new pair, so soft and pliable...

"Ugh, get along with your new boots!" I imagine I hear you saying. "We do not want to know what your toes did inside your boots, tell us something new, something interesting."

Well, I cannot tell you anything before it has happened. I can only start narrating when it is passed.

The train flew past a little country station. I noticed a clock which pointed to 3 minutes to 6 o'clock, exactly 24 hours since we left home. I shall not repeat what happened during these 24 hours, since we went exactly the same way I went in September last; still, I will repeat just a few incidents which might be worth mentioning.

When we left home the evening before, as we went up the stone steps leading to the station, a dear little old man approached me, offering to carry my Japanese basket to the gate. As I spoke to him, I saw Mamma looking at me rather surprised. I then told her that I knew this Father Christmas ever since we came to Wembley. He worked in the fields, and often saw me trot off to the City in the early morning, and always wished me good speed and other blessings. "One of my rustic acquaintances," I added to calm her curiosity.

Arrived at Victoria Station, we took a hackney, and the coachman when letting us down at the place where we were to pass the night (tomorrow being Sunday and the trains from Wembley not fitting with the Paris train) said in a sad voice: - "I am glad you came, ladies, I have been waiting since 12 o'clock." He was glad to give his horse a run, and himself a supper!

I could not go to sleep, I felt so excited. Late at night I heard a chorus singing. I jumped up, and moving the curtains of the window behind the bed, saw a group of men and women just in front of the house. In the centre was a little girl playing a sort of harmonium. They sang very sweetly their carols, and I was quite sorry when they disappeared.

We had a pleasant crossing, although the wind was fierce at times. We remained on deck the whole time. After leaving Dieppe, I proposed we should have a meal in the train. So we entered the dining car, and they served us a dish of cold meats and coffee. The cups were blue, immense in size, quite round, they looked like balloons with the top blown off. Instead of teaspoons I smiled at the big dessert spoons with which I sipped the comforting beverage. English people who are so rigorous would not only have laughed at this breach of table etiquette, but they would have sneered at the ignorance of the foreigners. However, when the train began to shake and rock, and I found it rather difficult to eat and drink, I soon understood what this meant. The French are practical people, they don't want you to spill your coffee on the table or on your clothes; a good large spoon and a big round cup with only a small opening are the exact implements wanted under such circumstances.

6:30 p.m.

The train now began to slow. We have reached Paris. It is the Gare St. Lazare. Past the usual unpleasant quart d'heure, our deferential porter stretches out his hand, looks into it, bows, vanishes, and we give the address to the cabman of the place we want him to drive us to:- CERCLE AMICITIA, 12, Rue du Parc Royal, 3me arrondissement. This name of CERCLE AMICITIA sounds rather strange, does it not? What does it mean? It is the name given to an establishment reserved wholly and solely for the beauties of my sex. We chose to live there, having often read and heard of it, indeed, a friend of ours to whom we recommended the place without ever having been there ourselves sojourned there for some days, and seemed delighted with it. Such a place is of course not as entertaining as a hotel or a pension where you meet men and women of all grades and nationalities, but it is a safe place to go to, and as we knew we would be out all day, it mattered little what kind of women we would have met, as we knew there would not have been much opportunity of mixing with them. I shall therefore call this place the farmyard (minus the cock) which we have chosen as our pied-à-terre, although when I participated my intention to the gentlemen of the office, one of them politely suggested that such a place would seem to him to be more fitted to be called a menagerie than a farmyard, because not only hens might be expected to live there, but vipers, vicious and creepy, cats, sly and false, and tigers, powerful and cruel. I laughed at this and told him that this did not discourage me, seeing that I would not be forced to mingle with them. Some years ago, when I first came to London, before we had started our home I lived in such a female establishment for some months, and I enjoyed it quite well on the whole. The hens got on very well together, and I liked reading their faces

and their hands, and besides, being free to come and go, it was not an unpleasant place to live in. I remember one day Hedwig and her friend Elvire once (Hedwig was living in the house for a few days and Elvire came to see her) had dinner there, and Elvire thought it terrible, saying that she could not have existed in that atmosphere of femininity, surrounded by all those petticoats. Hedwig did not seem to like it much either. We females are not so anxious for each other's company. Men, I think, are on the whole different. I once read an article on the subject in an Italian book, wherein it was said that all over the world whenever men came together, however different their caste and upbringing might be, they always found something to discuss together, they always entertained one another, whereas women, what did women do when they met? Stare at each other, and nothing more. In an English book I once read that when men were together, they laughed and joked, they discussed the latest topics of the day, they talked politics, agriculture, machines, etc. Women, what did they talk about? Slander and gossip, gossip and slander. Perhaps dresses and cooking in between.

We were now rolling along the Paris streets. I noticed English names and firms everywhere. You could have imagined yourself in London, except for the people who were laughing and gesticulating in a fashion not seen in the London streets. This is not my first visit to Paris. I know Paris, but like in every large town, there is always something new, there are always new places and streets to discover. You can live 20 or 30 years in London and never have had the opportunity of seeing Highgate Woods or Hampstead Heath. You can visit London ever so many times and never find the opportunity of seeing the Thames at Putney or those charming old houses at the back of the great shops around St Paul's Churchyard. It is the same in Paris. The quarter we were now going to live in was quite unknown to me. Rue du Parc Royal is situated in a part called Le Marais, near the Seine, the most historic part of Paris, of which I will speak again, as you must know that for some weeks before leaving London I read many books about the gay city, and this part most of all appeared very interesting, and I eagerly looked forward to the time when I would be walking in those streets associated with so many scenes of the past.

The cab now entered the Rue du Parc Royal. How narrow, how old-fashioned, how strange it looked compared with the great boulevards in the west of the Paris. During our last visit some years ago we lived in a street quite near the Arc de Triomphe, and naturally kept to those parts, so this street looked quite provincial and different.

We stopped in front of an immense porte cochère. I noticed a few windows over it, and on the wall on the left side a great marble slab for the Insignia in large blue capitals:-

CERCLE
AMICITIA

A man and a woman appeared from either side of the carriage, met face to face and indulged in a loud kiss. They then exchanged a few words and vanished. I smiled. This little incident made a pretty picture. Three young women were standing under the porte-cochère watching us. I jumped out and ran to the porter's lodge.

"Sont-ce les dames de Jaffa?" a pleasant-looking woman asked us.

"Oui," I answered.

She then said that her husband the porter would carry our things to our respective rooms. A typical French working man with mustache and pointed beard and blue apron now appeared on the scene, took up our trunk and told us to follow him.

We now entered a large court with houses all round. One side of the ground floor consisted of window panes, I mean a large window, which I afterwards saw was the farmyard's dining room. Next to this glass wall a fine entrance which you reached by a flight of steps was reached, and we entered the house, fine and lofty. I was rather surprised to see that the Cercle consisted of the whole house, as you know that generally abroad, however large establishments are, they are mostly included in a flat. We reached the first floor, and our man opened the door of room No. 2, which was Mamma's pied-à-terre. he then bid me go up a floor higher, and landed me in room No. 11, my pen at the farmyard. He then disappeared. All was silent around me. A terrible feeling of loneliness crept over me. I looked around and noticed that the room was not large but very nice and comfortable. The bed was placed on the left as you entered the door, an immense French window opposite, against the wall on the right a good sized wardrobe with a looking glass, against the other wall a night table and a kind of what-not, in the corner a washing basin built in the wall with a col and two chairs and a table in the middle. I opened the wardrobe and noticed a sheet of printed paper stuck inside the door. "Ugh, horrible, horrid", I thought, as I read a list of rules for the benefit of the fluffy inhabitants of the farmyard. Each hen was expected to make her own bed, no water was to be left after use in the basins, the electric light would be regularly cut off at 10:30 p.m., no loud talk or noise to be heard after that hour, etc., etc.

Why did we ever come to live in such a place? By taking rooms in an hotel things would be different. Was it to economize? Yes, it was, the prices were indeed very moderate, and in this way you could spend freely outside. Besides having only come to Paris for a fortnight and being out all day, it was quite useless to inhabit a fine hotel with grand salons and lounges. A comfortable bed, a morning and evening repast was just what we wanted. So there was no reason to complain. Besides, we must all admit that no establishment in the world without rules and principles of some sort is ever a happy place. So I took off my hat and cloak and rushed down to Mamma. I found her looking rather miserable, she no doubt feeling the same as I did. She then proposed to go down and meet Madame la Directrice to show her that we had arrived and make her acquaintance. So we went downstairs, and I heard voices coming from the different rooms. I was however surprised to hear nothing else but French spoken, not a word, not

a sound of another language. I had imagined the farmyard an international place, where hens of every colouring and description and countries came and went. This was however not the case as you will hear later.

We entered a fine, square room. a subdued light was burning, green velvet seats were placed around the walls, and an immense Christmas tree was placed in a corner. I noticed a lady with spectacles and a prominent nose standing with her hat on, and seeing that we were strangers she looked wonderingly at us. Another lady was sitting at a table reading. She lifted her head, then dropped it again, went on with her reading and took no further notice of us. We asked for the manageress. The lady standing answered in French that she was at dinner but would arrive in a while. We then spoke to this lady, and I joked with her saying that the place made me think of a farmyard minus the cock, upon which the lady answered that there was however a cock in the place, it was the porter, really the only male in the whole establishment.

An elderly lady now entered the room followed by a younger one. they both exclaimed:- "Je suppose les dames de Jaffa?" We then entered into conversation. It was Madame La Directrice and her niece who acted as her secretary. We told her that we liked the house, the only disappointment was that we could not have a room together, upon which the ladies answered that there were but few double bedded rooms in the place, the house not being as I had imagined it, a kind of pied-à-terre for ladies visiting Paris, like Mrs. D's house was for ladies visiting London, but that it was a real boarding-house for single ladies studying or having permanent employment or otherwise in Paris, and that rooms were only let when these ladies were away or when a room happened to be vacated. This establishment had been founded about 15 years ago by a rich lady who desired not to disclose herself. She bequeathed the house for the benefit of the lonely, and it was the first establishment of the kind in Paris. It had already been imitated by another establishment much larger and grander. Still, this charming house was the foundation, and I think it was a great act of kindness and reason on this unknown lady's part. The house had been built in the 16th century, no doubt many alterations will have been made since then, still, the large stairs and certain little dark hidden corridors here and there reminded me of bygone days, houses are no more built in this way nowadays.

After having said good night to the two ladies, I helped Mamma to unpack our box, carried my own belongings to my pen, then went in search of the hot water tap. A long, long corridor with doors on either side and windows over them to admit the light, each door being a bedroom, and right at the end, turning to the left you came to the hot water tap and the distilled water tap and on the right to the bathroom and other human blessings. I bid Mamma good night and crept up to my room. To my surprise I entered a charming room all red and artistically draped exhaling a strong odor of perfume. I had entered the wrong room, but luckily the fluffy inhabitant was not in it. I went to the hot water tap for my own account and looked at the window. It faced the dining room and a

very pretty scene met my eye. Many sweet ones of my sex were still at dinner, they looked very nice, with coloured blouses, and neat maids in cap and apron serving at the different tables. I wondered would I make friends with any of them. Arrived back in my room, I locked the door, opened the window and pulled down the blind, which seemed terribly heavy and difficult to manage. whilst enjoying my well-earned ablutions. I heard steps and laughter and voices outside. The hens were no doubt going to their pens for the night. Then I heard in the room next to mine a voice begin to sing. Not very fine, but still, I could hear that the owner was well disposed and happy. She sang on and on, then stopped. One thing struck me. It was the extraordinary silence which reigned outside. I had been told that Paris was even more noisy than London. I heard no sounds of wheels or motor horns, nothing. It seemed to me to be shut up in a convent in the country. I felt strange and tried to sleep, but could not help fidgeting and tossing from one side to the other. I noticed that the bed was very comfortable and began to wonder who were the females who had slept in it since it began its career. As you know, a lonely woman always seems to have an interrogation sign behind her name, as I once read the opinion of an Italian, who said that a man alone is an indifferent being, whereas a woman alone is a mystery.

CHAPTER II

(Monday, December 22nd, 1913.)

A bell rang at 7 o'clock. I was surprised to hear a piano start playing at the same time. I jumped out of bed after a rather disturbed night, slipped on my dressing gown and slippers, and flew downstairs to fetch hot water for Mamma, knowing quite well that this would have been unpleasant for her. A disheveled, sleepy woman joined me at the tap, then seeing that I was a stranger, she turned round as if to hide herself. I laughed and told her that it was still very dark and that I would not look at her and hoped she would neither look at me, but that I should be pleased to see her at breakfast fresh and smart. She laughed too. Still, I never recognized her face, and this shows how we fair ones can improve ourselves with all our little adornments and embellishments.

I looked out of the window. It was icy cold. I was now back in my room. everything looked white, as if snow had fallen. It was frost. The scene was lovely. I noticed what a fine, large garden was attached to the house, it was long and large, and the walls around were not like in London three or four feet high, but towering yards and yards, forming the walls of the houses, with creepers climbing right along them. Opposite other fine houses irregularly shaped rose about, not that ugly uniformity of London houses, but picturesque and artistic. Many, many windows with shutters, in some the lights were burning, and the whole scene pleased me immensely. Although the cold air cut me like a knife, I could not tear myself away. Why is London so uniformly built? The houses one like the other, all the roofs of the same height. The little French

dickies were singing cheerfully. I closed the window, hurried over my toilet, and was surprised to find Mamma at my door anxious to go down.

It was 8 o'clock when we entered the dining room. Only very few hens were pecking at their breakfast. There were several tables, and at the end of the room behind another table covered with cups and saucers, cream coloured with dark blue rings, sat a quiet looking woman dressed in black, who had the control of the coffee pot. On one side, were big baskets filled to overflowing with several kinds of little loaves and crescents, excellent bread like you only find it in France. The arrangement was excellent. In your weekly payment you are entitled to one cup of coffee and one loaf and the next thing you pay extra. So you can be economical or indulge in a lot of food at your own desire. We found a Postcard from Georgette and another from Peter among the group of postal missives scattered and one corner of the table. I noticed that as the hens entered, the first thing they did was to bend over this group, and eagerly grasp at the right missive. I saw only about half a dozen enter, they looked nice and trim, but none interested me, perhaps because I was so anxious to get out and see Paris.

I was surprised to find myself unconsciously breaking my bread and drop it into the coffee consume my portion, and desire nothing more. just fancy doing such a thing in England! why, you could not get over your breakfast without a plate of bacon and eggs, or some fish, or the like, and who would dream of Dipping one's bread in the tea! and yet, verily, verily, I say unto you, do you ever so conservative, do you ever so staunch in your ideas, when you go and live in a different country you will gradually find yourself adapting their ways and doings, you will end by sharing their views and opinions, you will Ascent to their assertions, you will live like they do. possessing four different languages, and having lived in the country's appertaining to them, it is quite natural that my ideas and opinions should be quadripartite, and that I can easily adapt myself to any place, perhaps quicker than those who have only lived in the same country, or those belonging to only one nation. in Italy I would never dream of taking anything else but a small cup of black coffee in the morning, in Germany I could not consume my early morning past without a generous helping of honey, and in France and England you know what is to be done.

At 9:00 we found ourselves stepping out of the farmyard on our first Parisian outing. The first street I read was Rue de Sévigné. I at once remembered that in this street was the Musée Carnavalet, a highly interesting place, not only for all the marvels it contained but also for its having been the home of the famous Madame de Sévigné during the last 19 years of her life. This museum being gratis on Sundays, we naturally postponed our visit for that day. I was very very anxious to see the Place des Vosges, having read so much about this place, and knowing that our street was in its vicinity. Just as we were leisurely moving along I saw some arcades, lifted my eyes, and shouted:- Place des Vosges! A thrill of joy and excitement came over me. If you have never seen nor heard of the square, let me tell you that it has a history all its own. In the

days of yore there stood a palace on the spot which was inhabited by royalty during several generations, it stood in a large park, and was called Palais or Chateau de Tournelles. In later days King Henri IV had the square built, and it was finished during the reign of Louis XIII. In one of the houses Madame de Sévigné was born (an insignia is attached to the house) in another house Cardinal Richelieu lived for a time, in still another house Marion Delorme lived and in that same house Victor Hugo also lived for 15 years. The famous actress Rachel lived also in one of these houses, and many beaux esprit had their salons in the same square, Corneil chose it as the scene of one of his masterpieces. With all this in my head, we walked right around the square. There are lovely old arcades all round. I noticed that the porte cochère were fine and grand, that the courts inside were large and handsome, that the houses round these courts were picturesque in the extreme, that the fronts facing the square were grand, that the gabled roofs were picturesque and of different heights preventing uniformity. We stepped into the garden in the centre. A statue of Louis XIII on horseback graces the centre, I noticed several fountains around, the water was frozen, and large blocks of ice lay about. The museum Victor Hugo also had to be left for next Sunday, as you know that in Paris land all the museums are closed on Monday for the cleaning but they are all open on Sundays, which I think quite correct, considering that so many people are only free that day.

We reluctantly left this interesting place to go to the Place de la Bastille, where we intended to take the tram to the Madeleine, the churches being all open and the drive being long, we could see all the principal boulevards. What seemed to me a labyrinth the first two or three days till we reached the Place de la Bastille, I could have found with my eyes closed during the rest of our stay. How easy a thing is once you know it!

The Place de la Bastille with its Colonne de Juillet and the golden figure of Liberty on the top is a grand square. Victor Hugo calls this column nothing else but a chimney-pot, in some ways he is right; still, it does look conspicuous. And to think that on this very square there stood the prison of the Bastille, the name of which alone brought terror into human hearts for several centuries! I always remember the story which was told me when I was a child, of the old man who was found in a cachot in the underground of the prison when it was destroyed. This old man was a nobleman who had been imprisoned in the Bastille for over half a century. When discovered he had a long white flowing beard and his soul occupation was playing with rats. He found the world so changed and all his friends dead and gone, that he ardently wished to be locked up again. There is a little chamber at Madame Tussaud's illustrating this old man with the rats.

The weather had now turned horrible. It was terribly cold and foggy, and we sat silent and not very happy in the tram. We passed the Place de la République. I noticed Dame Republic looming grand and black through the fog in the centre of the square,

hundreds of Christmas trees lay scattered about, and a lot of people were shouting and gesticulating. We entered the church of the Madeleine. It was a little after 10:00. Seeing from the guidebook that the inspection of the church was only allowed after two, we soon left it, and walked to the Place de la Concorde. Now you must know that this place is THE place par excellence of the gay city. It is supposed to be the finest place in Europe. When we reached it, the fog and mist were so thick that we could hardly discern the Obelisk of Luxor, sister monolith to Cleopatra's Needle. We could not discern the great statues representing the chief towns of France around the square. These towns are Lyons famed for its silky productions, Marseille famous for its grand port and its fish soup flavored with garlic which the Provençals called bouillabaisse, Bordeaux famous for its delicious wines, Nantes for its wonderful sardines, Rouen for its cathedral and its associations with Jeanne d'Arc, Brest for its grand naval station, Lille for its fortress and linen and cotton industry, and Strasburg for its wonderful goose liver pies and for its being Mamma's birthplace. Strasburg is now of course German, it should therefore have been replaced by another statue, but the French do not seem to wish to part with their Strasburg as you will see presently.

We tried to cross over in order to reach the centre and walk around these statues and the grand fountains, but at each step there dashed a motor out of the fog. We felt cross and excited. A workman seeing our difficulty helped us over. We found ourselves landed in front of a statue covered with black wreaths on which were inscribed:- Alsace Lorraine, quand meme, quand meme! It was the statue of Strasburg. I have heard since that this statue was permanently kept in mourning. I thought it so strange. Mamma saw nothing strange about it. Being an Alsatian, she naturally felt for her country. We stood there, not knowing what to do next. It was impossible to go on, we would have lost our way, the museums were all closed, the cold was such that it froze the marrow in your bones. For vanity's sake I would not put on my big caracol cloak because I thought it did not make me look slim enough, but chose to wear a thin blue surge coat and skirt, for vanity's sake I would not put on my thickly lined gloves thinking they made my hands look too large but chose to wear a pair of thin kid gloves. I was surprised to hear Mamma complain of the terrible cold although she was huddled up in a big fur cloak. So you can imagine how I felt. With difficulty we crossed over to the street again and began to wander aimlessly.

"Horrible, horrible," I thought to myself. I began looking about. I saw people hurry along with their mouths and noses hidden by scarves and shawls, you could only see their eyes, I have never seen this in London. I noticed some baggy blue trousers hurry past, some soldiers grinning under their red caps. I looked into the shops but could discern only a display of ugly, exaggerated hats with plumes sticking out from everywhere. How shabby the trams and omnibuses look in Paris compared to the spic and span vehicles in London. How unsmart the policeman look compared to the fine blue giants in London. They were pelerines and casquettes. I like the casquettes for the

running man, I mean the porters and the postmen, but the law must look grand and dignified, the law must wear the helmet, like the dark ones in London, like the golden ones in Hamburg.

"You don't seem very pleased with what you see in Paris," I imagine I hear you exclaiming.

No. I hate everything. I hate everybody. my body is frozen, my soul is frozen, my mind is gone.

What is going to happen now? Where shall we go to? What shall we do? It is not yet 11 o'clock, and we can come to no decision. Mamma all of a sudden had an idea. She proposed to go to Dufayel.

"What is that?" I asked. She then told me that Dufayel was a large establishment like Selfridge's or Harrod's in London, there would be much to see and hear, the place would be warm and cheerful, and we could spend several hours there. I jumped at the idea. Upon inquiring about the way to get there, we were told that it was very far from where we were happening to be standing, that we should have to go by underground etc. Now, what we call the underground, no I am mistaking, what we call the tube in London, they call "Le Métro" in Paris. It looks very much like the tubes in London, only that you reach it by a flight of steps, there are no lifts, this shows that it is not built so deep down like the tube is in London.

We reached the great stores in good time, and I proposed to enter the lift and go right to the top and then gradually walk down and inspect each floor.

Upon stepping out of the lift at the top of the gigantic building, a dapper young man in a uniform appeared before me and began to explain several things to us. I was highly interested. What an easy and intelligent flow of language these Latins have. "Now, Mesdames, " he said "please look over the balustrade. " I nearly gave a shriek. The abyss down which we looked made me quite giddy. He then said that the building had nine floors, and below the ground floor were three more floors. "Look at the wall opposite," he said further, pointing across. I looked, and saw 4 clocks, a very large one in the centre, one on each side, and one on the top. Upon further observation and listening to the explanation, I saw that the large clock in the centre was an ordinary timekeeper, that the clock on the right was a barometer, that the clock on the left consisted of moons, and that the clock on the top had several hands; this was the most interesting one. It worked the days of the week, the days of the month, and the months of the year, so that at a glance you could see what day it was. "The needle showing the months of course only moves once every month," he said. I looked and saw that the various needles pointed to Monday, the 22nd of December. This was really very fine, such a clock should be in every home.

We wended our way gradually down the different floors. It was terribly hot all over the place. I could easily feel that no fresh air passed through the place. In England, be it ever so heated, an opening is always there to let fresh air enter. I noticed signs of a fine

cinematographer but was told it would only begin at 2 o'clock. I noticed a large platform with a harp and several other instruments, but was told it would likewise only start at 2. The chairs in the auditorium were barred off till that hour, and I could find no seats about. I asked to enter the writing-room but again was told that nothing starts in the establishment before two. The Parisian ladies do not go out in the morning, which is on the whole quite natural, having enough to do at home. We felt cross and tired. It was only 12:00. Mamma especially could not suffer the stuffiness of the place. So we decided to leave, and return to the Place de la Bastille to be nearer the farmyard in case we could do nothing further that day.

Arrived at the Place, we entered one of the boulevards near it, and found a lovely patisserie where we indulged in a very tasty meal. We were served with a delicious pie, then pastries, then boiling coffee, three French specialties. Our good spirits returned, we felt gay and comfortable, and left the polite little manageress all smiles and graces.

What shall we do now? It was towards 3:00, and we had walked a good deal for the first day. Let's look at the shops. We entered the Rue S. Antoine, which drops into the Rue de Rivoli, and flattened our noses at every window. I stopped before a shop teeming with sausages, and began to laugh. In the middle of the window three fat, smoked pigs sat round a table smoking and playing at cards.

However, laughable pigs at the charcuteries, beautiful flowers at the florists, delicious looking heaps of marron glassés and petit fours at the confiseurs, funny looking hats and bonnets at the milliners only attracted our attention up to a certain point. In spite of the hot lunch, we both felt that if we did not go in, the marrow in our bones would turn to ice. So we looked up the Rue de Turenne, as I remembered that we had turned into it in the morning from the Rue de Parc Royal. Now, you must know that when I am in Paris I call every mortal Monsieur and Madame, having once read in an English book that if you call the people by that title you are sure of getting a ready answer, as you know, the French glory in their Republic, so they want to be all alike. Every, everywhere you read the insignia:- Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité. So it is flattering to hear them called that way. Mamma did not at all approve of my calling every porter and every loafer Monsieur, still, she had to admit that they answered more promptly and anxiously than when I simply said "vous." Also the policeman, whenever I wanted to know the way, I would call politely: - "Monsieur l'agent, s'il vous plait," and Monsieur l'agent would touch his hat, and say:- "Madame?" Just fancy calling a policeman in London Mr. Policeman! It sounds like those funny stories in the joking papers of the street urchins calling Mr *Perliceman*. Wouldn't our blue man wonder at us, till he found out that we are foreigners! So a Monsieur L'agent directed us to the Rue Turenne. This street is famous for having once been inhabited by the great Turenne and by Madame de Maintenon. We sneaked into the farmyard, and Mamma took a bath, whilst I indulged in ablutions in my room. I noticed that an additional comfort was a vessel which looked

like a magnified doll's bath, and which came in very useful, the washing basin being built in the wall.

The next thing we did, was to go downstairs into the drawing room, where we sat for a while. I reading aloud passages from an excellent book on Paris, which Georgette had lent to me and which I had studied a good deal before leaving London. This book, written by Augustus J. Hare, an English clergyman, is really wonderful. It is more interesting than a guidebook; it is an entertaining story-book. He describes every inch of Paris in such an easy way that you feel you want to peep into every corner and not miss anything. I also had Cook's guide book with me, and this I carried in my hand every day. Hare's book being rather too heavy, I only took the next day with me to the Louvre, still, I read out of it every evening, so as not to miss anything. We think we can see and find everything by ourselves. This is however a great mistake. Nothing makes me more cross than when it is all over and you read about it and you see you have missed this and that. Even if you keep your eyes and your ears wide open, some things will escape you if you have not been prepared to look for it, and why is this? simply because some sights, however grand and historic they may be, they do not strike the eye, and also because absorbed in one thing we often pass the next thing, or do not think of it. but such a book keeps you on the alert. It happened so when we went to visit the Pantheon. I eagerly returned to see the lovely frescoes on the walls and found them grander than ever. I however never thought of looking in the corner at the left, and only noticed the extraordinary fresco upon going another time, since Hare makes a remark about it which I will mention at the right time.

Sitting in the drawing room, we watched Madame le Directrice and her niece unpacking boxes and boxes of toys, and ranging them in lines. They then told us that on Christmas Day there would be a feast for the poor children of the neighborhood in that room. I wanted to assist, and rejoiced to see the French children enjoying themselves. Later on we went upstairs again, and at 7 o'clock the dinner bell rang.

We were almost the first in the dining room, and I thought to myself:- "Now, at last I shall see something of the hens.a" In fact, they crowded into the room. They entered in twos and threes. They did look funny. Blue and shivering, they were nearly all wrapped in shawls, mufflers and jackets, but I could easily see that they were women of the world, I mean to say, women used to seeing a lot of people, used to living in the town. They hardly took any notice of us, it was no novelty to see us; they were used to seeing ever-changing faces. I too, during my sojourn in the farmyard, it seemed to me to always see fresh faces at table. I only got used to five or six faces, they kept changing every evening. I heard a few days later that the dining room was at the same time a restaurant, so that fair ones from outside could drop in for their meals, pick at the dishes, and drop out again. I also noticed later on the right side of the porte cochere a "mosaiquy" inscription of the place being a restaurant for ladies. There were so indeed many hens about me, some wore their hats on with wonderful feathers of every hue.

One sweet one had three large edelweiss on her headgear. Near the door, sat an old lady at a small table. She was the sister of the Directrice, and a dear old soul, jolly and pleasant. Upon entering she handed you a handful of coins, on each of these coins was the price of a dish up to one franc, the price of the dinner. The meal over, the maid took your coins away, if you had eaten of a dish less, she paid you back the amount of the coins, if you had consumed more, you had to pay her the extra. A very good arrangement indeed. Our extras generally consisted in beer the first day and wine the remaining days, France being the country for this beverage, and sometimes a further piece of bread, as the first piece was contained in the franc.

Dinner over, we rushed upstairs, kissed good night, and dropped to sleep in our respective rooms.

CHAPTER III

(Tuesday, 23rd December 1913)

7 o'clock. The bell rang, the piano started playing, and I jumped up. I had slept right through the night, and felt happy and excited at the prospect of the day before us. I was glad to see the sun shining, and hurried over my toilet.

At 9 o'clock we left the farmyard and soon found ourselves on the pretty Place des Vosges. We walked under the dear old arches, funny little shops are to be found there, I wanted to linger about, so interested did I feel, but Mamma reminded me that we still had several days to inspect the square, and as we wanted to spend the day in the Louvre we had better hurry on. The first thing we did arrived at the Place de la Bastille was to take the tram to Cook's Office at the Place de l'Opera to get some French money. This done, we wended our way to the Louvre. I love that long, long walk, likewise under arches, running on the other side of the Louvre, filled with such brilliant shops. Monsieur l'agent had told us that the entrance to the Louvre was opposite the church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois. I was rather anxious to look up at the tower from whence emanated the sounds of the famous bell as a signal for the massacre of Saint Bartholomew on the right side of the river, like the bell in the tour de l'Horloge sounded on the left bank. I remember the story told me in my childhood of Admiral Coligny being the first to be murdered.

I never forgot that name, not because it was the name of an important historical person, but because a little girl at school bore the name of Colignon, very similar to Coligny, so I could at once remember the name when it was asked. A little before we reached the church, we came upon a fine monument, big and glaring, standing in a little garden. It was Coligny. I looked and dreamt over it, then passed on. We next entered the church of St Germain l'Auxerrois. To speak frankly, nothing struck me inside, the outside is picturesque, and we both agreed during our whole visit to Paris we found all the churches very ancient and artistic outside, but not much inside. Indeed, some of

them look wonderfully old and poetic, you would think of standing somewhere in the distant province.

Before entering the Louvre we bought a bag of cakes to keep up our strength during our long inspection. The confiserie did not tempt us at that hour, but next to it there is an open window, where a neat looking woman constantly disposes of all sorts of brioche, etc., and humanity rushes past, throws a sou or two on the counter, snatches a brioche, and runs off. This happens all over Paris, and they are so practical, under the big trays containing these pastries there is always a heater, so the cakes never get cold, they are always hot and fresh.

Now we entered the great art emporium. Are you going to be shocked with me if I tell you that I stood quite cold and indifferent before the world famed Venus de Milo? I stood for a while before her, then walked around her, then sat down before her, and felt nothing. Why do artists love her so? Because it is their duty to do so. Will you be disgusted with me if I tell you that I felt nothing at the sight of Raphael's La Belle Jardinière? Will you be horrified if I tell you that I hardly noticed his Saint Michael and the Dragon, that marvelous picture of whom it is said that when Milton's sight was quenched the "Winged saint" revisited him in darkness? Only upon reading standing before the picture the details of this masterpiece did it come home to me that the angel's face is lovely, "that his form is a model of grace and majesty, that he fills the whole space - fills the eye - fills the soul - with its victorious beauty" - to quote a certain enraptured critic!! Will you be crossed with me if I tell you that I did not admire David's masterpiece of the beautiful Madame Récamier? Will you be surprised at my telling you that I nearly went into fits of laughter at Paul Veronese's 30 ft wide painting of the Feast of Cana? Why did I laugh? Because the painter introduced upon his canvas all the celebrities of his time, they are sitting at table, Eleanor Queen of France, King Francis I, Maria Queen of England, Soliman emperor of the Turks, they are all there, they have all been invited, and one fine lady is working at the inside of her royal mouth with a toothpick. Funny, funny, funny. This was in the famous "Salon Carré" from which two years ago the famous portrait of Mona Lisa, "La Gioconda," was stolen. We all know that Mona has been found again, and before leaving London I read that next week it would be back in Paris. Still, I gave no hope of seeing the picture before the end of our stay, as no doubt it would have been placed back in the Louvre and we had no time to come a second time. But, as we frail mortals all know, the world famed proverb "Man proposes and God disposes" is a very true one, as you will hear later.

We moved on, and came to a painting which I ardently wanted to see. This was the full length portrait of King Charles I of England with his horse. I remained a long time before this picture, which was purchased by the notorious Madame Du Barry, she kept it in her boudoir and would often ask the king to look at the portrait of Charles who had bent before his parliament when she saw that Louis was so uncertain about his own parliament, to quote Madame Campan's narrative. and as to Louis XVI, he was often

seen gazing at this picture, having some sort of presentiment that he was doomed like King Charles. I imagined myself to be Du Barry, Louis XV, Louis XVI, I imagined myself King Charles himself, I imagined myself the painter VanDyke, how different all those persons felt associated with that picture. It seemed to me to be looking out of the artist's eyes as he copied Charles's picturesque personality, a moment after I was looking out of Charles's eyes as he posed there so calm and composed, little did he know the fate in store of that handsome head of his which VanDyke was painting so carefully and minutiously. I looked through Du Barry's eyes as she gazed at the picture, little knowing herself at the time that her fate would be exactly the same as King Charles's, to breathe her last, her head separated from her lovely body! and what were Louis XV's thoughts as he gazed at King Charles? Fate was lenient to this loose monarch. his followers' fate should have been his.

We are of course all free to give our opinions on art without being connoisseurs. Some pictures strike us as lovely and leave a deep impression on the mind, other pictures leave us quite indifferent till we hear the praises of others and by adopting their views, because we think it is a duty to art to repeat clever connoisseur's views. There is one picture in the Louvre which left an ineffaceable impression on my mind since I first saw it. I eagerly looked it up, and admired it all the more. You have probably seen it, if not the original, perhaps a copy or a photograph. It is Delaroche's (or Delacroix, I don't remember the real record) painting of a girl martyr whose body floats on the Tiber. The scene is dark, and the lovely figure gleams pure and saintly with her hands tied, her halo floating near her. It is really a lovely picture, subject, execution and all. I also admire immensely that painting of Ingres's "La Source". It represents a maiden in Nature's garb with an earthen pot on one shoulder out of which water flows. How fresh, how lovely, how natural that picture is!

I stood a long while gazing at the series of huge canvases by Rubens depicting the life story of Maria de Medici, second queen of Henry IV. I liked best the painting portraying her education, where she sits learning out of a book held by a godlike figure. Also the Majority of her son, Louis XIII, is beautiful. The lovely youth seems to be floating in the air, his figure is so grand.

What a difference there is between this gorgeous talent of Rubens and the simple, idyllic talent of Millet! And yet, I felt something at the sight of those sweet, poetic landscapes. The last time I went to the Louvre Chauchard had not yet given his collection to the nation. It was now the first time I would see the original of that well-known painting "l'Angelus". Copies of it are seen everywhere, I also once had a sort of little carpet with the Angelus worked on it. It is just its simplicity and unpretentiousness which is so lovely. There are also several other pictures of Millet to be seen there, equally lovely. La fileuse is sweet.

I must not forget to mention the works of Madame Lebrun, that clever lady who has left so many lovely works in different countries of Europe. The best known painting

of hers at the Louvre is of course the one where she holds her little girl in her arms, and I need not say more about it, we all know what a sweet picture it is. Both mother and daughter seem to be alive, she speaks about the picture in her memoirs. It is so sad to think that whilst the mother had such a brilliant career, the daughter had such a pitiful destiny and short life.

I am not going to tell you anymore about my views and opinions, as I do not wish to be tedious. I will only add that we did as much as we could to have a glimpse at every picture till our legs could carry us no farther. We left the Louvre at 3:30, body and brain rather exhausted. From poetry we rushed eagerly to prose in the shape of a dainty meal tea in the patisserie de St. Germain's l'Auxerrois, just opposite the Louvre, and stayed a good while there, recuperating our bodily and mental strength. What lovely pastry there is in Paris, so delicate, tasteful, and choice.

Seeing that we had quite got over our fatigue when we left the patisserie, we decided to walk to the Avenue de l'Opéra, where we made some purchases. Twilight was now falling, and the scenes in the streets were grand and animated. You felt you were in the great city. The shops looked brilliant and gorgeous, and the people bright and animated. I watched humanity as it came and went. I noticed some nice looking women walking with charming children at their sides. I saw others glide past me, alone, or in twos and threes, beautifully dressed, the white of their eyes gleaming terrific and mysterious out of the black frame of their painted eyelashes.

Arrived in front of the opera, the evening being fine and pleasant, we decided to have a look at the Place de la Concorde, it being the duty of every visitor to Paris to see this grand place at night.

" Monsieur l'agent, Monsieur l'agent!" I could not remember the way since I was last in Paris, and besides, everything looks different at night. The polite Parisian protector of mankind pointed out the way to us. Now there we stood in the great square, that same square which witnessed the terrible calamity at the marriage of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette when over 1,000 persons met their deaths through a panic, that same square which witnessed some years later the execution of the royal couple and of over 2,000 of their subjects!

As you know, the great Space is illuminated by thousands - I should say millions - of incandescent jets of gas, all at the same level. I looked up to the sky which was jet black, and through my veil these brilliant lights looked like so many stars with tiny rays all round, just as if they had fallen from above and were lingering halfway down, not knowing whether they should drop or rise up again.

We reluctantly left this lovely scene, and wended our way to the Pont de la Concorde, the first bridge we were crossing since our arrival in Paris. We were thinking of walking back to the farmyard, we however soon remembered that such a distance was out of the question after our day's labor. so we asked someone on the bridge how

to get to the Place de la Bastille, and were told that after crossing the bridge we would find a tram just on the left which went straight there.

The tram glided down the quai d'Orsay, Malaquais, Conti, etc. then crossed a bridge. It was the Pont de Sully. cutting its shape faintly in the starless and moonless sky, I could discern Notre-Dame. It looked pretty and picturesque, and I rejoiced to visit it, having read and heard so much about it since I last graced it with my presence.

We got down at the Place de la Bastille, not so elegant and grand as the place de la Concorde, but fine in its way, so busy, so alive, so bright. It is the junction of many trams, and I should say many people; there you see the lower mortals moving about. It is also well lit up. "La Vie Lumière," I thought to myself. I still had some difficulty to find the right boulevard which led us to our quarters. It is the Boulevard Beaumarchais, which leads you into the Rue Pas-de-la-mule. Here life changes its aspect. The busy boulevard is left behind, and we enter into a space which changes our feelings. Everything is quiet and peaceful. You start thinking of long ago. This street leads you straight into the Place des Vosges, and here you not only think but feel in another century. What a great difference this place is compared with the Place de la Bastille, and again with the Place de la Concorde. La Concorde immense, stately, stylish, the Bastille, vulgar, work-a-day, thronged, the Vosges silent, romantic, breathing the long ago. At the Place des Vosges I love especially those cloisters which run right round the place, I love the great porte cochère leading into spacious courts surrounded by such big, old houses, and then the gabled roofs. In the faint lights about me I imagined the dainty dames of long ago sauntering under the arches, I thought of all the celebrities who lived and died under the arches within those walls. It was Sully, Henri IVth's factotum who imagined the construction of the place, and it was then christened the Place Royale. I imagined Madame de Sévigné as a tiny tot running in the garden in the centre, little knowing that that tiny brain of hers would bring forth fruit which would give such pleasure to those born after her.

Sitting that same evening at dinner, I started ardently criticizing the hens around me. They seemed quite happy together, they laughed and chatted, but I could easily see that if we did not start they would never approach us. They were used to being together, and in the evening some spent the last hours of the day in the drawing room or in one another's rooms. We who came to the farm yard so to say only to sleep, felt very little inclined after a long day in the open to sit in the drawing room and enter into conversation. We were but birds of passage at the farmyard, so I regretted a little that I would have no opportunity of making friends with any of them, but it was really not worthwhile. Sitting and thinking this over, I heard someone near me ask me to pass her the salt. It was a very small person, not bad looking, with a mass of lovely wavy reddish hair. I at once seized the opportunity of asking her whether she was French, "Autrichienne," she answered. We then started talking to her. She was doing the same work as I, and had been 1 ½ years in London. She seemed to like London much

better than Paris, and could not understand why we had come to Paris for Christmas, this feast being to her mind so much nicer in England than in France. She did not seem very enthusiastic over her life in France. She said she loved England, she liked so much English home life, "in France," she added "there is no home life." This made me think of a French lady who visits us and who seems to deplore English life, "En France," she once said "c'est la vraie vie de famille". Now what do you think of that? Two totally different opinions of the same countries! I say, as I have said over and over again, we cannot, we may not generalize. We are of course free to give our opinion, but we all judge countries and places by the circumstances under which we live. Now this little Austrian girl had the luck when in England to find a happy home to live in, she probably found no suitable home for herself in Paris, contenting herself to live at the farmyard, which clean and comfortable as it was, was however not a home. So she judged simply as she saw it. The French lady had her destiny reversed in England and did not find it as she wanted, and judged the country as she saw it.

CHAPTER IV

(Wednesday, 24th December, Christmas Eve)

Is this the Paris of Balzac?

Is this the Paris of Eugene Sue, of Victor Hugo, of Zola, of Daudet, those great men who have lived and worked and hoped in the great city, who have left to posterity the fruit of their prolific brains?

Is this the Paris of Marie Baschkirtseff, that learned, philosophical, artistic maiden of the Ukraine, who spent the last six years of her brief span of life, working, hoping, and wishing for fame in this Paris in which so many have done the same before and after her?

Balzac, Sue, Victor Hugo, and all those other great men have written volumes and volumes depicting the life led in Paris by so many, many, mortals, Marie Baschkirtseff has written one single book depicting her own life as it glided away day after day. She has left us two things which will interest humanity ever after; her journal and her well-known painting "Le Meeting" which has its permanent abode at the Luxembourg. I am rather ashamed to admit that when I visited this gallery some years ago, I never noticed her famous picture, but in those days I did not know who Marie Baschkirtseff was, I had probably never heard her name. Besides, I think you will not disagree with me when I say that a subject representing a group of ragged street urchins in the act of discussing a piece of string would not impress you so much as a historic, tragic, mythological, or romantic subject. We see many pictures, we may be deeply or superficially impressed, but after having read how the artist has struggled day after day to achieve his or her ambition, when almost every stroke of the brush is described, when you hear the criticism of others, you long to see the work, you long to

notice the points described and discussed, you long to give your own opinion about it. I was therefore very, very anxious to go to the Luxembourg and have a long examination of this well-known work.

Our intention this morning was to go round the town in one of Cook's omnibuses, although rather expensive it was worthwhile, since there is always a learned guide who accompanies the omnibus and who describes everything accurately, and we should no doubt have seen many things which perhaps alone we would never have reached.

When we arrived at the Place de l'Opéra where Cook have their chief office, we were still too early, so we walked around the Opera house, and admired the great building. The streets were wet and covered with blackened snow, and it was bitterly cold. We entered the office and waited till nearly 10:00, then went outside to take our seats in the big motor. We were the only ones, then came a man, we waited and waited, the rain began to fall heavily, and the driver appeared saying that he regretted but the drive would have to be abandoned owing to the bad weather, would we book for the afternoon? No we would rather not, maybe it would be the same thing then. So we entered back into the office, our money was restituted, and we walked off half cross, half undecided what to do.

Let us go to the Luxembourg! oh, yes, just the place to spend the day in such weather, lovely rooms, beautiful pictures, warm and fine, we no doubt would love it. We took the bus, and were soon in the vicinity feeling rather faint and cold owing to the weather, we entered a baker's which had excellent looking pastries in the window. The baker's madam, a dear and cheerful French woman regretted that she could give us no coffee, but she added eagerly "si j'étais vous, Mesdames, je prendrai mes pâtisseries et j'irais les manger vis-à-vis dans le café." We thanked her for her practical suggestion and carrying our precious paper bag tenderly across the road, we entered one of those funny Parisian drinking houses, totally different from what we have in London. They are not public houses, and yet wines and liquors are sold, people of all sorts enter, drink something, discuss something, and disappear again. There are seats and tables all over the place. These places are of course not exactly the kind of place we would choose to enter, but sitting quietly at your table sipping the delicious hot beverage, nobody will take any notice of you, and we were grateful to have found the place, there being nothing better at hand.

Now cheerful and anxious, we entered the Luxembourg. You know this great building was built by Marie de Medici, second wife of Henry IV, it is now the Palace of the Senate, it was one of the prisons during the Reign of Terror, what is meant by the gallery or rather Museum of the Luxembourg is a modern building close by. I however see, in reading out of Hare's book, that the collection is in the palace itself. From the outside I noticed a fine building, but these buildings are real labyrinths, it would take several weeks to know everything accurately, so I will only speak of what I really saw. The first room you enter, everything looks deliciously white and classical, magnificent

statuary and groups of marble. You then move into the picture gallery which contains to my mind some of the loveliest pictures I ever saw. I was so glad to find there a painting by Bastien LePage which Marie Baschkirtseff praises so much. How natural, rural, true it is! The man lying with his hat over his head in the hay, the peasant woman sitting up staring into emptiness. The painting is called "Les FOINS" and I remained long gazing at it. There are other pictures by Bastien, but this one impressed me most. "Au Crépuscle" by Paul Chapat (or something like that) is another lovely picture, one of those paintings before which you could sit and dream the hours away. "Portrait d'un Graveur" by another artist is a wonderful work, the engraver seems to be alive. There are works of many artists mentioned by Marie Baschkirtseff, people whom she knew personally and which have not escaped her criticism. Carolus Durant, the one she says to be full of self-satisfaction is portrayed there, also a work of his, still I felt most impressed by a painting by her master Robert Fleury. It is an immense canvas representing "Les derniers jours de Corinth" a magnificent work. Charles Cottet "Au pays de la Mer" is beautiful. It is divided into three parts. - "Ceux qui partent," "L'Adieu", and "Celles qui restent," I need not explain the pictures, you can understand by the titles, the loveliest and saddest is the last one "Celles qui restent ", the brave fisherman have not come back, they are gone forever. When we see such magnificent works which make us dream and sigh, which exalt and edify our minds, which touch and delight our senses, do we ever think of the feelings which these great artists must have had when working at these marvelous creations? How happy, how strange they must feel, their privileged souls must float far above the level of vulgar, insignificant humanity. And yet, artists are not always in favor with the rest of the world. I once read a dialogue in a French novel wherein one of the characters said to another: - "oh, I hate artists, they are always so conceited, and they never seem to have any other topic of conversation but that which concerns their art!"

I noticed a charming painting, some people were standing in a bark praying with their heads bent; twilight was softly falling. It was entitled "The 'L' Angelus" Jean Larouze the painter. It is just as sweet as Millet's "Angelus", the one depicting the scene on the water, the other in the fields. It is a poetic moment when the Angelus rings in those countries, it makes you think, it makes you dream, the silvery sounds of the evening bell touches you deeply. I like to hear it at 12, but it impresses me most when twilight is falling. "Noces en Bretagne" (a peasant's wedding) is a wonderful piece of work. "Nuit d'août" by Ernest Hareux, is very fine too. "La Plage" painted by a woman, Virginia Denout-Breton, is very pretty, the scorching sun is shining on lovely children. I could go on a long way, but perhaps this does not interest you much. I will only add that William Bouguereau's "Vierge Consolatrice" the reproduction of which is seen everywhere is more than lovely, it is magnificent, the dead child at the feet of the Virgin, and the lonely mother falling in tears against the Virgin's knees are marvelously painted. In looking up to examine the picture in the higher regions, my eye caught a group of ragged little

street urchins almost life-size. Ah, at last! It was what I was looking for. "The Meeting" of Marie Baschkirtseff. I stood a long time before it. It is really excellent. A woman's work, despite being sometimes exceedingly clever, I am afraid always has a suspicion of weakness. In Marie Baschkirtseff's brush, no! It is strength, power, fearlessness. It looks like the work of an experienced man. And to think it has been done by a tender girl of 2 and 20! I thought of all she says in her journal about it, that her master said that the little ragged fellow standing with his back to Humanity's view is so powerfully done that he could see the legs inside the trousers. The faces too, are quite alive. Why that genius should have had such a brief span of life! It is cruel in life, when you come to think of it, how when such a magnificent talent dies it cannot be transferred to those who remain.

When we left this glorious temple of art, we wended our steps to the Jardins du Luxembourg, famous for their beauty, their statuary, and their grand style. I have read and heard a lot about these gardens, the season however was not congenial to the surroundings. No flowers, no beauty in colour was to be expected. The air was pure, and the sun was shining, most parts were covered with snow, so we had to make the best of it and admire it as it was. It is indeed interesting to read the different impressions of a place. Victor Hugo gives us a magnificent description of these Gardens in *Les Misérables* whilst Balzac in his "Esquisses Parisienne" says horrid things about the same gardens, he seemed to notice only sad and decrepit veterans, screaming youngsters, scolding nurses, etc., etc., and yet those descriptions are all very natural, it shows us how the same places are seen under a different aspect.

Looking down one of the avenues, I saw the Panthéon rising grand and fine. We at once decided to visit it. We however first entered a charming establishment to recuperate our tired bodies and poetically disposed brains, the lovely pictures being ineffaceable. I consumed a tasty dish of strangely prepared rice, it was sweet and very French.

The day was beginning to darken when we entered the Panthéon. Still, I did enjoy it. It is a strange, grand place. It has a strange history. Till Louis XV laid the first stone, the church on its site went through many phases and witnessed many scenes. This present building is unique in its way. Some of the frescoes are very fine. I give the crown to that idyllic fresco of Jeanne d'Arc with the transparent angel whispering to her through the tree. It is one of those pictures you always love to see again. St Geneviève plays an important part on the walls, the life of the patroness of Paris is illustrated in full. Wandering about the immense edifice, I suddenly heard a man's voice shouting in such a way that you could hear it all over the place. I then saw a custodian rush across the place followed by a group of people, it just looked like a hare being chased by a pack of hounds. Catching his words: "On va visiter les caveaux", we joined the group and entered into the vaults. In clear grand tones, the custodian pointed out to us the various parts where the illustrious French lie buried. Mirabeau was the first, Zola the last to be interred there. He spoke of Berthelot as we stood before his vault, that his wife dying on

the same day was buried with him and is therefore the only woman sleeping in the Panthéon. When we came to Voltaire's vault, I eagerly scrutinized his statue, Desbarolles, the great French master on palmistry speaking of Voltaire's gigantic thumbs a sign of evenly balanced qualities, and I saw that they were immense, almost as long as his fingers. What a pity that they surmount those fine sarcophagi with those hideous beady garlands, they are sold everywhere in Paris, and you see them everywhere. We sneer at the English having so little taste, then what about the French renowned for their good taste? Carnot's tomb especially was smothered with these cheap and ugly crowns. Also Victor Hugo had a supply too.

Returning above ground, we still lingered about, and I remained long before the fresco representing Charlemagne crowned at Rome Christmas Day 800.

Dark shadows were now falling around us, and we glided out of the building. I noticed a peculiarly built, very ancient looking church on the left of the Panthéon. Only when we had left those parts did I remember that it was the church of Saint Etienne Dumont, a church famous for its beauty and history, and which I was very anxious to visit. It was however too late to go back and it had to be left for another day.

Looking on Cook's map of Paris, I know now that we were in the vicinity of another famous church, Saint Sulpice, and we at once looked it up. The fair Anne of Austria laid the foundation stone of this church, and these walls have also witnessed strange scenes. Fancy, to think that a great banquet was given here to Napoleon on his return from Egypt!

Although it is a fine church, all these Parisian churches to my mind are handsome and picturesque from the outside, but the inside left me but little impression. Were it not for the guidebook which tells you to notice this and to notice that, I think I would have left many things unnoticed. We are told to look on the stones on the ground for the line of copper, marking the meridian of Paris. I searched minutiously for it in the dimly lighted edifice, and found it, and stood triumphantly upon it, this line cuts the town of Paris in two. Hare says that Saint Sulpice is especially frequented on New Year's Eve. It was Christmas Eve, I expected to hear some lovely music, but I heard no sound. The outside is remarkable for its two towers which are of a different design and height. Upon leaving the church we stood for a while before the fountain of Saint Sulpice, which is adorned with statues of the four greatest French preachers, Bossuet, Fénelon, Massillon, and Fléchier. The pale rays of the dying sun were shining over the basin round these figures, making the water rosy-hued, the scene looked poetic and made me think of long ago. I noticed some miserable looking men dragging themselves about, they had no feelings of poetry. This made me feel more than ever that it is not the place but the circumstances which produce our feelings. Out for a holiday, with no worry on the brain, it was quite natural that I should be pleased with everything.

We found ourselves now in the Rue Bonaparte, which I knew led to the river, and from thence we could easily find our way to the Place de la Bastille. I have heard Paris called

La ville des grands événements et des grands oublis,

To my mind It seems there is no other town where the past is so consistently before you. The statues and pictures of those who have left their mark, the names of the streets, I think I almost dare add that in every second shop window you see a picture of some person or another who has played his or her part in France. Scenes of the life of Louis the XIVth are seen here and there, Marie-Antoinette appears mysteriously here and there as if she wanted to remind the French of their cruel injustice towards her. The great Napoleon with his keen eyes and conspicuous hat seems to be haunting us at every street corner; Louis Philippe, Charles X, they neither want to be forgotten. But of the 3rd Napoleon, that man whom Baron Hausmann called "Le grand méconnu" do you think there is something to be seen of him too? No! nothing, nothing, nothing. During my whole stay in Paris I have not seen a single picture or anything mentioning his name, with the exception of a small engraving in the Musée Carnavalet depicting Napoleon III at Sedan. The emperor is seen hiding in a dark corner whilst a soldier with a bayonet is hovering in his vicinity.

I saw it was Christmas Eve. The shops were ablaze with Etrennes of all sorts. Little "Pères Noël" smiled at you through the shop windows, and everywhere I could read about the réveillon which would be held during the night. I was surprised to see so very much holly and mistletoe strewn everywhere, the mistletoe especially was grand, it hung about not from little twigs like we see it in England, but from thick branches of trees, this parasite having but cut off with the branch against which it grew. It did look so fine, some branches were as thick as my arm.

We walked all the way home, a jolly good distance. It was 5 o'clock when I locked the door of my room, put out the light, and started upon my ablutions. After so many hours walking about like the wandering Jew, a good washing and changing of clothes brings you back to life. I saw that that outside blind was a very difficult thing to manage, and although I knew that Mother Eve exposed her personal charms to the inhabitants of the Garden of Eden, also that lovely Venus presented herself in Nature's costume to the four winds when she came out of the waves, still, I was not very inclined to expose my private belongings to the Parisians, so I put out the light, there being just enough light coming from outside to find my way. I noticed one single star gleaming through the curtain. It did look lovely and romantic.

The toilet over, spick-and-span I went down to Mamma's room and read to her out of Hare's Paris book. There was still much to see. Feeling hungry, I ran down the corridor to the tap of hot water, there being a window near from which I could see down opposite into the dining room, and I saw Madame la Directrice, her sister, the dear old

cashier, and her niece enjoying their evening meal. I was rather surprised that they did not eat with all the inmates of the farmyard. I remember that Mrs. D's of London farmyard memory used to eat with us, she sat at the head of the table, and we laughed and made merry, and felt quite a jolly little party. Mamma however thought this method much better. Nobody presiding at the table, the hens were free to enter, eat their morsels, and leave again without the least constraint or rule, and for busy people she thought this much better. The bell rang at last, and we went down. I was surprised to see so few hens tonight, probably the missing ones were spending Christmas Eve with their friends.

As I slowly consumed my portion, I watched the hens and tried to read their characters and thoughts. I also tried to read their features. I wonder why beauty is so little prevalent among us precious females. It must of course be taken into consideration that these women by whom I was at the moment surrounded were mostly earning their living. Such lives very often mean nothing, nothing else but worry, torment, and anxiety. This disagreeable trinity is certainly not conducive to give beauty. If I were to peep into the grand hotels, elegant pensions, and dainty salons of Paris, I would no doubt be dazzled at the sight of all those lovely dames glittering and shining like stars and diamonds. and yet, nobody will deny the fact that beauty in such quarters is sometimes of a very meretricious character. taking away the beautiful and artistic coiffure, which we all know has the magic power of changing plainness into beauty, the glorious jewels and marvelous dressing, beauty would soon pale down and become insignificant, as I once read in an English magazine that several maids assured the writer that some of the greatest society beauties looked perfect frights before leaving their dressing-rooms.

There is much to be said about beauty. Mind you, I have not said that there is much to say *for* beauty nor have I said that there is much to say *against* beauty, but I have simply said that there is much to say *about* beauty. Beauty is supposed to be a matter of taste. I have always thought this rather strange, as nobody can deny beauty when it is really there. You know that the French have a saying which runs: - "Pour être belle il faut souffrir". If this is true, then real natural beauty, just as It is molded in Mother Nature's hands cannot really exist. It is perhaps because it is so very rare that it is looked for everywhere. Features, colouring, and expression, this perfect trio, without the least artificial help is no doubt very seldom found. When we consider this subject carefully we will find that grace and charm very often count for beauty, as analyzing such persons we would probably be surprised that their beauty is far from perfect. The first thing we inquire about our sex is about her exterior. We do not think of talent, we do not think of virtue, but we always think of the exterior. Those among us who are kind-hearted and generous ask loud and anxiously - those who are mean and envious ask low and reluctantly but they still ask:- " Is she pretty?" and this question is raised in every country and in every grade of society.

I remember once in Italy, a beauty competition was about to be held at Naples, and Sarah Bernhardt was going to be judge. Mathilde Serao, the celebrated Italian novelist then wrote about this competition wherein she said that those females going in for it were to her mind to be pitied more than others, for when once their beauty was gone, the only thing which caused their interest in life caused them to become totally disillusioned. She then added that some women were beautiful only for two years, for one year, and that she did not see that there were pretty or ugly women about her, but that there were women.

Madame de Stäel, who seemed to possess almost every mental quality which Nature can bestow upon a human being seemed to think differently, as she had been heard to say more than once that she would willingly have all these things up in order to possess the sole gift which nature had denied her, i. e., beauty.

We certainly hear a lot about beauty ever victorious, about beauty winning over mental qualities, and yet sometimes beauty is not bestowed by Nature in the right place. It often happens in the lower classes that beauty is more of an obstruction than a favor, beauty in such cases is only the cause of disaster, whereas in the higher classes it sometimes happens that the only handicap in a woman's life is that she possesses no beauty. Those who are born in high circles, who are constantly in the public eye, but who have no looks whatever to be improved upon by personal adornment are sometimes to be pitied. I remember once while living in Italy, I was discussing with an Italian lady the beauty subject, and I mentioned a royal lady, who through the peculiarity of her position, a very difficult one, was continually before the public eye. She no doubt was a capable and tactful woman, the only deplorable fact about her was that she was totally devoid of physical attractions, had she been beautiful the world would have thought her a perfection. The lady then answered that it was not even as much as beauty which was wanted in such cases, a little prettiness was quite enough. "It is so easy", she added, "to make a pretty woman look beautiful." I thought this judgment extremely good, and I think you will agree to it too. Another royal lady then appeared in my mind's eye, her face and her figure were neat and nice, and yet I have seen a portrait of her gloriously adorned with her crown and royal robes, making her look quite a goddess of beauty. By divesting that same person of those adornments, putting her plainly in black and collar and cuffs and making her serve behind the counter, her beauty might have barely passed as prettiness.

Do you know what brother Balzac says of us? that we cherish nothing more on Earth than our face when we are pleased with it. Now this is a point to discuss. Some of us are pleased, some not, but one thing is certain and that is that we all long for beauty. We think perhaps that those who possess real beauty worry far less than those who possess none, and yet this is not always the case, as the more we have the more we wish to have. If you have read the Countess Larisch's interesting book "My Past" you will perhaps have been surprised to read that the Empress Elizabeth in spite of her

great beauty, was a perfect martyr to it. She is supposed to have regularly taken a terrible concoction prepared out of white of egg and salt, she slept quite flat in bed on a specially made iron bed which she carried with her wherever she went, she wore leather against her skin instead of soft linen, no doubt for beauty's preservation, etc.

The French say that beauty is seldom accompanied by brains or spirit, beauty is often "Une belle bête" they say. I do not agree in this point. My experience of my sex has shown me that where Nature has given beauty she generally has added spirit. I cannot hardly remember a case of a female who possessed beauty and did not at the same time know how to make use of her wits, or brains, or spirit, or savoir faire, as you like it; nothing gives a woman more self-possession and desire to act well than when she looks well. You will yourself quietly admit that those days on which you have known best how to behave and make use of the little spirit you possess have almost invariably been those days on which you felt and looked your best. This question was also raised lately in the paper, and a stockbroker who boasted of coming much in contact with femininity in and out of business noticed also that he never came across beauty without intelligence or liveliness; ugliness, he added was mostly accompanied by dullness and stupidity. Besides, if you look into history, you will see that all those lovely women who figure in its pages were always intelligent and high-spirited. Agnes Sorel, Gabrielle d'Estrés, Madame de Pompadour, Madame Récamier, were all known to have had brains and spirit besides beauty. I have only heard of two cases in history where this was not the case, and this was in the case of the Duchess de Fontanges who possessed beauty but no brains, and Madame de Maintenon who possessed brains but no beauty. In the case of the Duchess of Fontanges whom Madame de Montespan said (in spite of Fontanges being her rival) "God never created anything more beautiful", this lack of spirit must have been remarkable. I have never read about this beauty without this being noticed. One of the great men of the age said of her: "Elle est belle comme un ange, mais sotte comme un panier". Madame de Sévigné wrote of her: - "Elle est d'une beauté singulière, avec le meilleur caractère du monde, mais pas plus d'esprit qu'un petit chat." Even the lexicon says of her: "von beschrenktem Geist aber schön". I have read this in many books. I cannot help thinking that when it is a man who writes about her, he says this to console us less fortunate ones that Nature even if she lavishes her gifts upon us never grants perfection and when it is a woman who writes, that she is glad that at least some defect was to be found in her. The first time I read about this great beauty was in my flapper days. I read her life story in a book entitled "Les amoraux des quatre filles d'honneur" how she came to the court of Louis XIV as maid of honour at the age of 17, how she captivated the king through her extraordinary beauty, and how she died 3 years later from poison, some say administered by the hand of Madame de Montespan. I had already read and heard about La Vallière, Montespan, and Maintenon, but I had never heard of this Mademoiselle de Fontanges. I was therefore under the impression that she was only a fictitious character, and was quite

surprised in later years to discover that she is really a historical character. I had not seen her portrait at Versailles when I visited the palace some years ago, and was very anxious to see it this time, as no doubt such a beauty must have been immortalized, there having been so many good artists in her time. Her name was Marie-Angelique d'Escorailles and the king created her Duchess de Fontanges, she received the royal patent one morning when still in bed, rather an unpleasant time of the day, methinks, even for the greatest beauty on earth, as when we are about to jump out of Morpheus's arms none of us look our best, as we all know. Her height surpassed the average woman's, and her mane was inclined to red. These points, however, the books tell us, far from spoiling her, made her beauty all the more conspicuous. When the deadly poison claimed her, her great beauty disappeared completely, the king cried at her bedside, and she died saying:- "Je meurs en paix, j'ai vu mon prince me pleurer."

Those who are not beautiful think that to be it means happiness, it is however strange that beauty does not give happiness. When I read a case of breach of promise I am always rather surprised to find that the plaintiff should have been forsaken in spite of her beauty, you generally read that she is good looking, or of prepossessing appearance, or charmingly pretty and that such sadness should come into those lives shows that beauty has not eternal power. The Italians say that beauty is the greatest gift a woman can possess.

Health, happiness, artistic dressing, and immaculate neatness, are of course great beautifiers. The first two, however cannot be forced, and although the latter two can be acquired, many of us never seem to understand it. I once read in that precious little home paper "Home Chat" something which I have noticed not only in every country but in every grade of society, and that is the peculiarity that pretty women generally understand the secret of dressing, they generally know what suits them, it is the less favored ones who never seem to know how to improve upon themselves. Dress, as we know, has immensely to do with our appearance, it can make and spoil us. Madame Vigée Le Brun, whose judgment was not that of a narrow-minded, envious woman, but of a judicious, reasonable, and truly artistic mind, tells us about the notorious Lady Hamilton whose portrait she painted several times, who in spite of her gorgeous beauty could look quite different when dressed in certain ways. She painted her with some drapery around her which made her look so beautiful, that some ladies she invited to her sittings were simply dazzled by her beauty. When she appeared some hours later at dinner dressed in her vulgar, ignorant way, she seemed so changed to her disadvantage "que ces dames eurent presque toutes les peines du monde à la reconnaître."

I remember sometime ago a lady discussing her daughter's prettiness and saying that if she were a married woman with jewels she would be quite beautiful. At first I thought it rather strange that she should have said such a thing, reflecting however over her words sometime after, I came to the conclusion that she was quite right, she knew

her world, she had seen enough of her sex to understand how much a woman can be improved upon by personal adornment. To know how to make the most of oneself, as we say in English, means much. I remember Mamma telling us of a friend of hers who had just an ordinary figure, no colouring, no features to speak of, and yet who always presented a wonderfully attractive appearance, and why was that? simply, because she had the knack of knowing how to make the most of herself. Her idea of adornment was not in the cost of the materials or jewels, but she put on anything as long as it was becoming. This was artistic sense, as money does not always mean the right choice of things. She would say when she saw an insignificant or plain woman. "Give her to me, I will make a beauty out of her." Beauty is looked for everywhere, it is expected everywhere. Woe to the artist who does not portray beauty, woe to the novelist who leaves his heroine devoid of beauty. I once read in a book that beauty was only despised by those who do not possess it. This may or may not be true, but one thing is certain, and that is that those who do possess beauty are glad to possess it and do not despise it, and they generally like to show it at its best advantage. This is even historical, for do we not read of Marguerite de Valois who used to sleep habitually in a bed with black satin sheets, in order to give greater effect to the whiteness of her skin? And of a daughter of Charles I who would not let her children kiss her for fear of spoiling her lovely complexion? Dickens says:- "cheerfulness and content are great beautifiers, and are famous preservers of good looks!" judging by what I once read in a French novel, those possessed of beauty should always be in a happy mood, as they are supposed to smile continuously. The phrase ran:- "Il est à remarquer que les jolies figures sont presque toujours souriantes, tandis que les laides sont rarement accompagnées d'un sourire." These words had been underlined with pencil. I have often wondered whose hand it was to underline them, no doubt a woman, but was she pretty or plain? I remember once reading of a man, I think this happened in the reign of Louis XV, who had been accused of slandering women, and the judge left it to the ladies who were present at his conviction to ill treat him as much as they liked. The man, however, knowing the female heart, asked leave for one favor before the attack, it was granted to him, and our man commanded in a loud, calm voice that the ugliest woman in the room should throw the first stone at him. They stared at each other for a moment, then one after the other sneaked out, none would admit that she was the ugliest.

There is a saying in French, and you will admit that this is correct, it is that even the most insignificant and plain faces sometimes look nice. The French say: "Avoir son beau jour", faces can be transformed, be it through joy or excitement or the like; we all have days when we look nice.

In my opinion, I have always thought that those women who have had the greatest success with their appearance have been those who, although not possessed of actual beauty, had a nice appearance accompanied by a magnificent talent. Let us take Adelina Patti for instance. The portraits I have seen of her were very nice, but you

could not classify her features with beauty. And yet owing to her beautiful voice, every inch of her was admired and cherished. She even once said herself:- "I have no beauty whatever, but being graceful I pass as good looking." Sarah Bernhardt in the zenith of her power did certainly not owe her success through her features, and yet so great was her talent that Victor Hugo once said of her: "Reine de talent et reine de beauté". I once read a critic's opinion of Ellen Terry when this wonderful lady first made her bow to the public, and he said that her hair was of an undecided sandy tint, that her skin was pink all over, that her eyes were small and greenish, and yet owing to her marvelous grace and fascination she appeared a goddess of delight to her admiring on lookers. And Marie Tempest whom the Americans have called the prettiest of ugly women. I remember last summer when I assisted at a performance of Anna Pavlova, I watched every movement with rapture and admiration, to my eyes she fluttered about the stage a phantom of beauty and delight, and yet looking at her portrait, apart from her talent I think you would almost pass her unnoticed in the street.

Now, have I written enough about Beauty? I might go on, but I will drop the subject, and let you think your part over it.

We left the table, and soon retired to our rooms. When I put out the light I was so tired after our long day's march, that if the Parisians had invited me to their world famed reveillon, even if they had promised me everything obtainable, I think I would have refused. I fell asleep, but woke up I know not at what time through the hens running up to their rooms laughing, chatting and running. I suppose they kept a kind of reveillon downstairs. It was a funny sensation to wake up and hear all those feminine voices, for the moment I could not think where I was, till I remembered that I was sojourning in a farmyard inhabited by cackling hens!

CHAPTER IV

(Thursday, 25th December 1913)

Christmas Day. I did not hear the bell ring. I got up, then rushed downstairs thinking breakfast might be over. The dining room however was quite empty, the pretty cups and saucers were neatly laid out, and I was wondering what had happened. I might have remembered that it being Christmas Day, the hens would not have been rung out of their pens at the usual hour. I peeped through the glass doors of the drawing room, and saw Madame la Directrice sitting at the piano, and behind her set several girls in rows singing hymns. At first I thought they were the ladies, but upon closer observation I saw it was the servants. I now understood why the piano was always heard in the morning, no doubt they started the day by singing hymns every morning. I could not help noticing what fine hair and nice backs these working girls had. I remembered my observations at table the evening before, and thought to myself that beauty is but "ein Spiel der Natur" as the Germans say, it is only the circumstances of

life which makes for the cultivation and improving of beauty. If these girls had been cultured and refined, they might have been quite beautiful.

Now, how shall we spend Christmas day in Paris? Let us have a long walk, we no doubt would see all sorts of things. Let us first of all visit Notre-Dame.

We walked to the Place de la Bastille, and I noticed a rosy winter sun pushing its way through the mist. I imagined the great prison still standing there, terrible and awe-inspiring, and the wretched prisoners peering through the narrow openings in the thick walls at the same sun which shone on so many Christmas Days, inspiring perhaps a ray of hope to those incarcerated perhaps for the rest of their lives within those terrible walls. We then followed the boulevard Henri IV which leads to the Pont de Sully. This bridge touches the Ile de St. Louis, and this island is connected with the adjacent Ile de la Cité by a little bridge, the Pont de St. Louis. These two islands in the centre of the river have bridges on either side connecting with the mainland, and these islands are real gems, the first so quiet and distinguished with its silent streets and high houses, and the other so grand with its wonderful structures. Indeed, I may call the Ile de la Cité a dish full of gems. It carries the lovely cathedral, the fine square with the equestrian group of Charlemagne, the immense Palais de Justice which used to be the dwelling of the old French kings, the Sainte Chapelle, which can be called a jewel box. Towards the end of the island it is traversed by the Pont Neuf, the oldest bridge in Paris, and it ends in a pointed piece of land covered with trees. This point looks like the pointed end of a ship. This island is the cradle of Paris. Here the great city's first stone was laid. Caesar called it Lutetia, and the French still call it Lutèce.

We entered the Cathedral at 11 o'clock. It was lit up by thousands of candles, and the organ was singing beautifully. Mass was being celebrated, so we did not go around the church. We remained for a while, and I noticed a crèche in one of the chapels. It did look so pretty with the different figures scattered about, and straw everywhere. We then crossed the Parvis Notre-Dame, and wended our way towards the Palais de Justice. I noticed the north side, of which Balzac gives us such a lovely description. The three round towers so dark and mysterious give a wonderful air of antiquity and romance to this part of Paris. You begin to wonder where you really are. Everything in these parts is so totally different from the fresh and modern look of the Boulevard Hausmann and the Etoile. I also noticed at the end of the building the Tour de l'Horloge which gave the signal of the Barthélemy. This grand building, I should say this agglomeration of buildings, containing the Sainte Chapelle, and the Place Dauphine, maybe called the heart of Paris, Balzac says it represents especially the period of St. Louis. The Conciergerie is also attached to this immense building. It being feast day, we could not visit one nor the other. We walked around the Sainte Chapelle, and I promised myself to come again as I wanted to see the interior which is very peculiar consisting of two floors instead of the usual transept and aisle.

We now touched the Pont Neuf, and I deliberately walked up and down it to see whether the Parisian saying is true. This saying is that you cannot cross the Pont Neuf without meeting a soldier, a priest, and a white horse. So you can imagine how wide open I kept my eyes. We had scarcely stepped on to the bridge when I saw two soldiers walk in front of me, I then saw a carriage drawn by a white horse with black spots rush past me, then another carriage pulled by a purely white horse. I laughed and felt happy. I now looked for the priest. Many many people were coming and going, still, I could discern no priest among the crowd. I can honestly assure you that the many times I again crossed the Pont Neuf during the rest of my stay, I never missed the soldier nor the white horse, but the priest would not turn up.

In moving about the streets, I was astonished to see the shops open and the people working busily. We walked to the Halles Centrales, and on our way past the Hotel de Ville, and the Place du Catelet. The Hotel de Ville looks fine. The square in front used to be in days of yore the Place Grève, and I have read much about its terrible historic associations. Many mortals were forced to their death on the square by the hand of the executioner. In one strange case the executioner was a pig. This sounds strange. I do not wish to repeat historical facts which probably you know all about yourself, but this one of the pig I only read lately out of Hare's book. He tells us that a pig ran between the legs of the horse which the young King Philippe (son of Louis Gros) was riding, and caused the fall of which he died the next day, (1131), in consequence of which it was forbidden to anyone to let his pigs wander in the streets, those of the Abbey of Saint Antoine only being excepted, out of respect to their patron saint. I have read and heard many things, but I never knew that piggy had its patron saint. In narrating this historical case about the pig to Mamma, she said she knew about St Antony being piggy's patron saint, she then told me of a nun who told her that her patron saint was Saint Antony, but adding with vehemence: "Mais Saint Antoine de Padoue, pas Saint Antoine des cochons!"

Reaching the Place du Châtelet today, I noticed the Fontaine de la Victoire commemorating the first victories of the great Napoleon. Some people call this fountain ugly, it certainly looks a bit gaudy with its golden ornaments, but I rather like it. I noticed Sarah Bernhardt's theater on one side of the square and another theater on the other side. A little further down you see the Tour St. Jacques. It does look strange, you wonder why it is there, without reflecting that it is the remnant of a church. Under the canopy which is cut inside the tower I saw the statue of Pascal. I only saw the back of it, and did not feel inclined to walk around to have a look at this learned gentleman. Among the great thoughts which this fine Frenchman has left to posterity, there is one which sounds rather, well, what shall I say? What did Pascal say? Don't you know it? No? Well, Pascal once said that if we knew what our friends say of us behind our backs, we would not have four friends! Horrid, go on with your narration. Well, Pascal was quite human, that is all.

We now reached the Halles Centrales. this place is said to have been from time immemorial a place of provisions and sepulture. sounds a bit strange, does it not? As I approached the great emporium I paid attention to what Zola says of this place, of its eternal great voice, or as Hare describes these sounds, like the continuous roar of voices like a storm at sea. It is really wonderful to listen to this continuous murmur, the sounds are pretty, as you must remember that the Latin languages nearly always sound pretty even in the lower quarters. When we arrived, the great work was over, most of the goods had been purchased and carried away, still the site was interesting. I saw one part filled with cheeses, I have never seen such enormous ones. They looked like round tables. You could smell the odor of the different goods, at first all cheese, then all fish, then all flowers. As I moved along, I noticed the “dames de les Halles” look at me with curiosity and sing out:- “Que désire la petite dame?” to which I would answer sweetly: “Je me promène seulement autour” , “Comme cela a l’air bon!” They liked to have their goods praised. I noticed several big men carrying leisurely heavy cases on their backs, these were the world famed “forts de la halls”. I looked at those women, and wondered did they know that their ancestors played such a terrible part in the Reign of Terror, when they insulted Marie-Antoinette. I saw a pleasant old “poissard” sitting at her desk watching me, her pussy cat near her. I stroked the pussy, praising its pretty fur, to which she smiled benevolently. We stepped outside, many booths with Christmas goodies were to be found there. Mamma wanted to buy a certain pair of old-fashioned warm boots, and the vendor told her to come back on Saturday, he would be there. When we returned on that day, however, our little man had not kept his word; he was nowhere to be found. Under the Halles there are no less than 1200 cellars, this vast place is never closed, what a world of its own it is!

Leaving the market, we stepped into the Church of Saint Eustache. The music there is supposed to be grand, when we entered, the service was over. So we were at liberty to walk round. The church is very important historically and architecturally. It looks peculiar and grand outside; inside nothing struck me as fine or strange.

The Fontaine des Innocents is in the vicinity. A simple work of the Renaissance; we sat for a while in the little square where it is placed. The celebrated sculptures by Jean Goujon, I must admit, left me very little impression.

We walked on, and found ourselves in the Rue du Louvre. It was now 1 o’clock, and we were beginning to feel tired and hungry, so we stepped into a fine patisserie, but I could see that the busy bodies inside were not over glad to see us. They seemed to be working at high speed. Packets, parcels, bundles, the whole shop seemed to be selling out. People rushed in, rushed out; confusion and pressure all over the place. We asked for some hot coffee, to which a busy, portly dame answered: - “Un autre jour tout ce que vous voulez, Mesdames, mais aujourd’hui c’est impossible.” Just fancy such a thing in London on Christmas day! They were too busy to prepare two cups of coffee; all their hands were at work, and the cashier was counting aloud. We were then asked would

we content ourselves with wine, to which we assented. We were then served with an excellent cold pie and the wine was first-rate, so was the pastry. When we got up to leave, the portly sugar dame asked us did we like the pie, to which we eagerly answered in the affirmative. She then said the establishment was famous for its pies, and began counting on her fingers the various delicacies which were contained in these pies:- "Noix de veau, noix de jambon," etc. Now, you know that the French word "noix" means nut, but in this case it means the very best part of a piece. This is of course an idiomatic expression, and if translated would make us laugh. Just fancy saying in English "Nut of veal, nut of ham." I have looked this up in the dictionary, and must admit that the English equivalent is totally new to me, in this sense of meat you call it "POPE'S EYE!" You may laugh at my surprise if you already know this expression, but I am not ashamed to own my ignorance; you never cease learning.

You know what is meant by "THE PARSON'S NOSE"? It is that funny little cartilaginous fatty morsel at the end of a fowl's body, whose mission in life is to carry the fowl's long feathers. I must admit that in this case the expression was known to me in English but not in French. In looking it up in the dictionary, I find that the French equivalent is "SOT-L'Y-LAISSE". The parson's nose is however not such a toothsome morsel as the Pope's Eye. Georgette tells me that the Pope's Eye is really that delicious round piece right at the end and near the bone of a leg of mutton, I know we all love that part, whereas the parson's nose is generally eaten in the sense of "faute de mieux".

The weather was fine and sunny, but very cold, so we continued our peregrinations with firm step and straight back. We arrived at the Place du Carrousel, that magnificent square which looks so effective when seen from the windows of the Louvre. Crossing it, I thought of the equestrian ball given in the square by the great Louis in 1662. Just fancy, if those fair ladies and gallant men who are now but skulls and crossbones were to come to life again, what would they say at all those motors flying across the square? What would they think at the aeroplanes flying above their heads?

We now arrived at the river, just in front of the Pont du Carrousel, we did not cross it however, I wanted to cross the famous Pont des Arts, a little higher up. How light, and fragile, and small this bridge looks. It is only for pedestrians, you first go up a flight of steps, then walk along it, then down a flight of steps back to the land, facing the Institut de France. This building should inspire awe and respect; it is here where the 40 immortals of France sit and discuss upon the improvements "de la belle langue française." In front there is an ugly statue of The Republic, how insignificant it looks! I like the statues of Voltaire and Condorcet on either side of the building.

Walking down the quai, we arrived at the park St. Michel, I noticed a grand fountain just at the beginning of the Boulevard St. Michel. I love this fountain, it looks so grand and good. Saint Michael stands there under a Roman triumphal arch so immense and alive as he overcomes the dragon, and the water flowing at his feet does look

lovely. We stood for a while before the fountain, then remembering that the Panthéon was not very far, I decided to visit the church of Saint Etienne Dumont, having missed it the other day. Just as we were turning into the boulevard, we both exclaimed in warm tones of surprise and delight: - OH DES GAUFRES! Imagine a covered booth with a neat, pleasant-looking woman inside baking dozens and dozens of those delicious cakes! Mamma is not such a greedy body as I am, but I know she loves these gaufres, which in English you call waffle, and sometimes honeycomb, through its honeycombed look. These delicious rectangular cakes, which have to be eaten ready-made, I mean hot from the oven, are of Dutch origin. Mamma remembers eating them at the fair in Hamburg, when they were baked by so many little Dutch women clad in their picturesque national attire. This little French woman seemed pleased at the way we enjoyed her productions, and she told us that she was there on Feast Days, otherwise she had her little establishment elsewhere. Walking down the Boulevard Saint Michel, I noticed a very ancient looking, castellated building, parts of it looked like ruins; I could not remember ever having seen it. Upon inquiring from a girl nearby, she said it was the Musée de Cluny. I have read about this museum, and noted it for another day. It is really astonishing how many ancient places there are in Paris. To the ordinary visitor, Paris means the grand boulevards, the Opéra, the Bois, the Louvre, and I think this gives a general impression of grandness, freshness, and modernity. But going about, a strange feeling of long ago creeps over you, you begin dreaming of the middle ages, of still further days, you drop your head and see in your mind's eye scenes as you have read them of centuries long passed. Suddenly, you lift up your head, motors, trams, noisy people passing right and left, and you think:- "Why, where am I?" It is Paris, gay, modern Paris, the scenes of the past vanish, you are yourself again, plodding on and on, thinking how many days are left for you to enjoy the sights, looking at your dress to see if it is all right, touching your hair at the back to feel if it is in order, drawing yourself up not to get into the bad and ugly habit of stooping, looking to see if your companion is there. I watched Mamma walking firm and erect, she is a marvelous walker, she tries to forget that she is getting tired, as you must remember that we were walking continuously, facing the inclemency of the weather, feeling sometimes terribly cold and worried. It was december, not May, it was a time when sweet little dames preferred sitting comfortably in front of the fire than marching on and on facing an icy cold wind.

I now saw the Panthéon in the distance and spied the lovely, ancient church of Saint Etienne Dumont. I must tell you in parentheses that before reaching this church, we visited the regions of the Sorbonne, and stayed for a while in the church of that name which contains the Tomb of Richelieu. I noticed that many, many people were also visiting churches, and all these people gave life and interest to the scene. The church of Saint Etienne Dumont, famous for its picturesque appearance outside, its wonderful spiral staircases round the pillars inside, its first stone having been laid by Marguerite, first wife of Henry IV., it's being the privileged church containing the shrine

of St. Genevieve, patroness of Paris, and for its having been the scene of the murder of an archbishop in 1857, lies snugly at the back of the Panthéon on the left, and it is the most picturesque looking of all the artistic looking churches of Paris. I eagerly looked up the north porch which Hare has sketched so neatly in his book, and was simply delighted with the look of it, with its many steps, quaint old porch, and gabled stories. We stepped inside, and soon came to the famous shrine of brass, elaborately carved of the shepherdess saint. Although it is empty, the bones of the saint having been burnt by the mob in 1801, devotees still pray in masses round the shrine, which seemed all ablaze with tapers. Walking further down the church, we came to a crush, I noticed three dear little boys and a tiny girl kneeling devoutly in front of it. The young mother was standing behind. When they got up she said to them:-

“Avez-vous prié?”

“Oui, Mamman.”

“Avez-vous remercié?”

“Oui, Mamman.”

“Maintenant, envoyez des baisers à la crèche.”

Upon which they all blew kisses in the direction of the crèche. I watched the little girl, and I think I never saw anything so sweetly fervent, graceful, and believing, as she kissed her palm and then flung her hand away from her. She was no doubt grateful for all the pretty dollies and sweeties which had been sent to her during the night.

Many people were about.

It was now nearly 3 o'clock, and we were feeling cold and exhausted. We stepped into the Café du Vieux Paris, a little place just in front of the church, and were served with coffee. I noticed how very silent everything was in this part, the establishment faced the Panthéon, and the square looked quite deserted. I also noticed that the “Patrons” both seemed familiar with languages. The man spoke easily in English to some Americans sitting nearby, and the woman, small and pretty, seemed as familiar with German as with French. Upon asking them of what nationality they were, she answered that they came from the Duchy of Luxembourg, and that her husband was one of Cook's interpreters. Seeing that we were interested, she also spoke of the silence of these parts. “On ne croirait pas être à Paris du tout, n'est-ce pas?” she laughingly said “Et pourtant nous sommes dans un quartier des plus parisiens.” This little coffee house was not a first-class establishment, but I like seeing a little bit of everything, you hear and see all sorts, and there is more variety than if you stick to orthodox places. I watched a little dog sitting on a chair between lady and gentleman, peacefully drinking tea out of a saucer placed on the table. I know that pussy-cats partake of tea, but I never knew a dog to do so before.

Upon leaving this place, we crossed in front of the Panthéon, and I noticed some nice-looking men grouped together. I heard one of them say:- “Marie-Antoinette, oh oui, la Reine Marie-Antoinette.” A little further down we passed some other men, and I

heard:- “Vous savez, c’était au temps de Henri IV.” I liked to hear this, I saw that these men had their thoughts not only wrapped in business and money making, but that they also found time to remember the romance of the past.

I asked Mamma to enter once more the Panthéon, having read the evening before in Hare’s book that in the chapel on the left upon entering there is a fresco of the martyrdom of Saint Denis; he calls it a terrific picture. You know that Saint Denis, the patron saint of Paris after his decapitation, so the legend runs, stooped down, picked up his head, and walked around Paris with it under his arm. The Rue Saint Denis is said to have been first marked out by the track of the saint’s footsteps, hence the crookedness of this street, as it could not be expected that a headless man should walk straight. We entered the edifice, and soon found the so-called terrific picture. I think there exists nothing like it. The saint is in the act of picking up his head, on the right there is another headless body with the sweet head of a young saint surrounded by a halo lying nearby. But the worst of all is the headless body on the left, here no head is to be seen at all, and the impression of that headless neck makes you turn your head away.

We rushed out in the open, away, away, glad to be alive and well.

Let us look at the shops, let us look at the cheerful people streaming past right and left. The shops in Paris are lovely, they were nearly all open. To my mind the loveliest shops are the shops of antiquities, the patisseries, and the florists. The antiquities are so interesting that you cannot tear yourself away when you are once in front of such a window. The patisseries with their dainty heaps of pastries, cakes, sweets, and marrons glacés, looks so delicious, that you wonder how the girls inside are not tempted. Mamma once told me that it was the custom in France when a girl entered a patissier’s service, he allowed her the monopoly of the place. She was quite at liberty to pick, and nibble, and munch, and gobble to her heart’s content, till one rosy morning found her so entirely satiated with all the goodies that she could not look at them anymore and became an excellent seller. The florists are beautiful. What a pleasure it is on a cold winter day to look at all those glorious masses of roses, lilies, and other flowers. I saw some lovely deep yellow roses, turning to a golden brown. I saw hundreds of stately Madonna lilies, so pure and lovely. I saw immense groups of carnations of a deep, dark red. Grand and quaint assortments of orchids stared at me out of their peculiar shapes and colours. Mamma is not interested in orchids. I know nothing about them myself, I have only heard once that they were an acquired taste; when once you begin with them you love them, you always want more of them.

And the violets! The millions of bundles of those tiny, modest, sweet smelling flowers! I have never seen such a place for violets as Paris. The little bunch is seen everywhere. They are grouped together in the flower shops below the other pompous representatives of the floral world, they are heaped up in the booths in the streets, they are worn by everyone, they find their last resting place on tombstones, some poised reverently, some thrown haphazard in the guarded enclosures. Violets are of course

seen in London too, but I think not in such abundance as in Paris. Not only do they come from the Riviera, but it must be remembered that there are innumerable violet farms around Paris. In England we call them violet gardens and violet nurseries, as we must remember that the English are positive, they are not inclined to exaggeration like the Latins. Which is the real home of the violet? We hear of English violets, Riviera violets, Parma violets, Russian violets. I know but little about these varieties, I only know that they are poetic, deliciously odorous, and that they are always welcome. Young and old, rich and poor, high and low, we all love them, we all wear them. In its simplicity and smallness, that stiff little bunch of blue flowers encircled in its own leaves has a charm all its own. We all know the secret feeling of pride and joy as the keen eyes and strong hand approach us tending the fragrant little bundle. I remember once during my sojourn in Vienna walking leisurely down the Ring with an Italian gentleman, when a pleasant-faced old woman approached us carrying a large wicker tray with the tiny, fragrant bunches heaped upon it. I well remember how she watched me with her pale blue, Teutonic eyes, smiling gently, as he with his right handed me the sweet blooms whilst with his left he handed her the meager sum which might have helped her to live a few hours longer in this world of clay. Poetry sometimes does enter among the prose of life. I also remember once during my early days in the city, one of the men entering my room and presenting me with a bunch of violets. I naturally accepted it smiling and blushing. I was however rather surprised at this act, as I know that although it has been my share to have always met nice and considerate men in the offices where I chanced to be, still once they enter business shrines, they leave courting and romance outside.

Violets have played their little parts in their quiet way in many scenes of life. You know that Alexandre Dumas has immortalized a woman whom he called "La Dame aux Camelias". She might have been a real or a fictitious person. But I think we do not all know that there existed a real person in Paris who was known as "La dame Violettes". She was the Contesse de Loynes, and Arthur Meyer (editor of "La Gaulois") says a great deal about her in his book "Forty Years of Parisian Society". she kept a salon and had all the celebrities of the day around her. She invariably wore a bunch of violets, and her portrait was painted by Amaury Duval with the inevitable bunch of violets fastened to her corsage. "See, " she said to Arthur Meyer holding out an envelope, "in this is all that remains of the little bunch of violets Amaury Duval pinned on my bodice. Put it in remembrance of me in M. Jules Lemaitre's book." Meyer then says in his book: "I had taken from Monsieur Jules Lemaitre's book in which I had been keeping it, all that remains of the little bunch of violets she had given me. I buried it in the ground, so that something she had treasured might be joined to her remains."

Violet Fane, the poetess, in the autumn of her days, as Lady Currie, became ambassadress at Constantinople. The story runs of a malicious bon mot of an attaché who turned her nom de plume of Violet Fane into "Violet Fanée" faded violet. The violet gives its name to many English ladies; in other countries I do not remember ever having

heard it. The violet is the emblem of modesty, probably because it hides its sweet little head under its leaves. We generally think of the violet as being the colour of its name, but there are various tints, and these have also a meaning. The blue violet means faithfulness, the dog violet watchfulness, the white violet innocence, the yellow violet rural happiness. It is the simple wood violet whose symbol is modesty.

I remember the first time I went to gather the simple wood violet was on my 7th birthday. We were in Belgium, and in the early morning Papa and I stepped out of the "Hotel d'Allemagne" in search of them. Arrived at the spot where they could be found I clearly remember that I told him I could see no flowers, only leaves. He then told me to move the leaves, and so saying he moved some with his foot, and the dear little flowers peeped out here and there. Madame de Genlis writes so sweetly about violets in one of her charming books for children, it was one of the first books I ever read "Delphine, ou l'heureuse geurison," I read with interest the German doctor's wife preaching to Delphine of the simple joys of life "Why do we love Violet so?" she said, "simply because we have to look for them, if the fields were covered with violets we would walk upon them, we would not notice them. "

Madame de Levallière was sometimes designated as a violet, because in spite of her triumphs, she always remained modest and sweet. She never abused of her privileges.

Seeing all these bunches of violets as I walked through Paris, I remembered a tragedy of life which happened in Paris during last summer, in which violets played their part, revealing in one sad moment much of the pathos and misery that exist unnoticed in the streets of great cities. For many months and old man, crippled and feeble used to sit at the corner of the Pont des Arts selling violets. One day, in the glorious sunshine of a day in June, his plaintive voice was calling: " Violettes, violettes, deux sous le bouquet." For hours he proffered his little bunches of blue flowers. Passers by hurried on without looking at him. At last, with a sudden sob of despair, the old man flung down his tray, scattering the pitiful little nosegays. He dropped his crutches and, clambering painfully with his crippled limbs over the parapet of the bridge, dropped into the Seine. For one second his struggling body rose to the surface, and then the lame beggar of the Pont des Arts disappeared forever.

I also remembered some years ago the case of two maternity nurses, whose terrible fate it was to end their lives by capital punishment. After the execution, when the authorities came to claim the bodies for the inquest, they were found lying side by side, a fragrant bunch of violets resting peacefully on each lifeless bosom. The question was then raised who put the violets there, nobody but the governor's wife could have reached the silent chamber, as it was thought that nobody else but a woman could have had the idea.

So we see that violets appear in every scene of life, sad and gay, they have their little mission. They once appeared as a beautiful, fragrant reunion at a royal wedding. I

heard of it as a child. It was at the wedding of an English princess, one of the ambassadors appeared in a gown composed entirely of violets, and as she moved along the delicious odor exhaled from her caused wonder and admiration. I cannot imagine how this dress could ever have looked graceful, and yet it was said that the wearer having a pretty head and a nice figure looked adorable. In those days I had heard that violets could be eaten, but I never would believe it, although Mamma assured me this was the case, and that these "violettes confites" tasted deliciously, till one fair day a handful was given me, and how I enjoyed those sweet tasting violets! In my delight I called them: "Bonbons poétiques."

Napoleon loved the sweet, unpretentious violet. It was his favorite flower. Rather a modest taste for such a pompous gentleman.

I remembered during my sojourn in that pretty country house I mentioned in former pages, where the pigs were so big and the ham so good, that one evening the daughter of the house, a dear little girl always dressed in white with long flowing hair, sang to me a little song which was new to me then, but which I have often heard since: "Every morning I bring thee violets." Although I must reluctantly admit that none of us females during our "little years" can ever sing as sweetly as the stronger sex in their "little years", still, I was delighted on hearing this simple, poetic song, and only a few days after coincidentally I read of the demise of an American lady, the composer of this very song. Thinking of America, this reminds me once I entered a room somewhere in Central Europe (where was that room? Central Europe is very large!) I noticed on the writing table the photograph of a lovely girl. Upon making inquiries I was told that it was an American, and hearing more about her was told that besides having such wonderful beauty she also had a sweet smelling breath, I was emphatically assured that her breath smelled of violets, and that her mother had the same odor. Now, as generous as Nature sometimes can be towards us, gentle products of her skillful hands, it is enough if she gives us beauty, but a violet smelling breath is wonderful; it is good enough to have no smell at all. We certainly will not deny the fact that many of us will eat pastilles tasting of violet in order to produce the agreeable odor, like many of us use cosmetics in order to produce beauty. As a perfume, the violet is I think the sweetest, violet soap, violet powder, violet sachets, these are all favored by many of us. The odor of the violet is so lovely that nature when she created the little flower seems to have had some of the perfume left over, which she gave to the root of the iris, which we know smells exactly like the violet. In the German there is also a stone to be found which is called the "Veilchenstein". This stone has a keen odor of violets which is caused through a kind of thread like, twiggy substance growing over it and called "Veilchenmoos." When in a damp condition, it is said that the odor is wonderfully penetrating and delicious, exactly like the odor of violets. You know that the pansies are direct descendants of the violets. It was the unison of the *Viola Altaica* with the *Viola Tricolour* which produced the pansy family. But here we see again that nature, although kind and generous, gives to

one and takes from the other. The pansy has often glorious colourings, but it does not possess the perfume of the violet. I like especially that big, very black pansy, bearing the funny name of Dr. Faust. The violet seems also to have innumerable names, I could however not well distinguish which is which, Marie Louise, Viola Mirabilis, Viola Odorata, (which the Germans call Märsvielchen and which is common all over Europe and Asia), the Czar, the Queen, and the Victoria Regina, the largest in existence. I only know that that little, fragrant bunch with its subdued colouring is always a welcome arrival, I never look at the kind, whether the flowers are big or small, or the colour light or dark, I am only very glad to pin it on my corsage, and I think we all feel the same. Those fine, pompous, odoriferous bouquets, fine and grand as they are, very often are only in our way, we are sometimes forced to carry them when we would prefer not to attract so much attention, whereas the tiny, demure little bunch of violets is never out of place, at any time of the day, at any function we wear and love it. The violet's likeness also pictures sweetly. In painting, in needlework, in chinaware, the little flower figures happily in our homes. Some time ago we received a charming tea set with violets scattered in profusion over the cups and saucers and plates from our dear friend Betty Moxon, and since then we have added to the collection and have now ever so many articles, even the teapot and the other articles dear to the female heart at 5 o'clock bear the dear little flowers. During the summer my sister Erwinia worked a dainty tea cloth with violets nestling in the corners, and I copied some of the flowers on the cups on two pieces of raw silk, over which she worked the colours and turned it into a cosy. I once met a lady who told me she had made two counterpanes for her little nieces, one being called Rose had rose petals worked all over it, and the other being called Violet had violets scattered all over the white surface.

I am now going to leave this atmosphere of violets and go on with my story. Christmas Day 1913 was drawing to a close, and we were still plodding along. We were beginning to feel rather heavy on our legs, the cold air and the exposure were beginning to tell, so we wended our steps towards home, that would be towards the river, crossing the Pont Sully, looking admiringly at the two islands, and passing along the Boulevard Henri IV and landing so to say on the Place de la Bastille. Here everybody and everything was very much alive. It seemed to me as if every inch of space was filled with life, I lifted my eyes up to the Colonne de Juillet, and saw a group of people moving round the enclosure. I looked about me, and was surprised at all the people sitting comfortably in the open air in front of the cafes. There were of course awnings over these places, still I could not understand how all these people could sit out so comfortably in the cold which was very strong at this hour. Mamma then told me to notice the immense stoves scattered about the enclosures, burning brightly and keeping the people warm and comfortable. Have you ever seen anything nicer? After a long day locked up in the office or the home, to come and enjoy life in the open, sip excellent coffee, talk and laugh and read, breathing fresh air, and yet warm and protected against

the inclemency of the weather! These are indeed the charming points of Continental life, these happy moments are debarred to London life; or you have to go and spend in a grand place which cannot be reached by every purse, or you have to stick in a shut-up place, and yawn for the time to leave again.

When we arrived at the farmyard, I peeped through the glass doors of the drawing room, and beheld a charming scene. The Christmas tree for the poor children of the neighborhood was in full swing. I had forgotten all about it, I had intended to assist at the distribution of the gifts. However, tired and worn as I felt at the moment, I did not enter. The room was lit up, the Christmas tree looked lovely, in the centre of the room I saw many, many little heads belonging to both sexes of Parisian lower quarters. Some of the faces of the children were very sweet, I noticed some very nice little girls' heads peeping out of the crowd, the little boys looked attentive and interested, round the room I noticed a frame of adults' heads, mostly women, life- and weather-beaten faces were they. I saw a little girl in pink with tinsel in her hair reciting merrily whilst behind her on the platform I recognized several faces belonging to the house.

Instead of participating in this little feast, I thought it wiser to lock myself up in my room, put out the light and indulge in healthy ablutions which would wake me up for the rest of the evening. After being out long in summer you feel hot and perspiring, but the feeling after a long outing in winter is even worse. your limbs are dumb with cold, and your face seems made out of stone, you can hardly move your lips. We went down to dinner, both feeling pleased with our day. I must admit I was a little surprised at the plainness of the fare for such a day, there was no difference from the other days, it even seemed less! Still, it did not harm us to participate in this frugality; you appreciate your home all the better when it is over.

Upon retiring for the night, we decided to spend the day at Versailles tomorrow, and I went to sleep rejoicing for the coming excursion.

CHAPTER V

(Friday, 26th December, 1913)

The last time we visited Versailles, we decided to do the place without a guide, and upon entering and starting our inspection, we heard the officials shouting:- "Mesdames, prenez un guide, prenez un guide, vous vous perdrez, vous vous perdrez!" We however took no notice of these warnings, and pluckily went on our way, enjoying our liberty and glad we had no extra expenses but the journey. This went on quite well for a while, till little by little we lost sight of the others in our vicinity and found ourselves stranded somewhere in a vestibule in which we did not know how we had entered and did not know how to escape. We looked around, we went here, there and everywhere, but could find no outlet. I only remember all those white-eyed statues looking at us in silence. It was only with some difficulty that we found our way in the end, and left the

palace half frozen with cold and hunger and exhaustion, promising ourselves not to repeat this imprudence again. However, this time although we did take a guide, when it was all over Mamma did not seem very pleased with what she had seen; in her opinion we saw more when we guided ourselves. It is true the man did not show us Marie-Antoinette's private apartments, he simply flew through the vast domain, no doubt hoping to catch other people during the day, and thus fill his pockets a little more. Still, it was a grand sight, and I did enjoy it all the same.

We left the farmyard at 9:00 as usual, then arriving at the Place de la Bastille, we could not decide for the moment which way to go to Versailles as you can go by tram from the Louvre, or by train from other places. We were then told to enter the metro on the place, and would then be told what to do. I explained to the attendant at the booking office that we wanted to go to Versailles, so she told us to get out at the Porte Versailles, and I understood that this would lead us to the palace. The Parisian metro, I now understand is not, as I first thought, a tube like we have in London, but it is a railway like the metropolitan, which you neither enter by a lift. At first it looked so much like the tubes in London, that I thought it was the same, minus the lift, but the train runs underground and over ground, just like the train does in London. We got out at the Porte Versailles, and the moment we were in the street, I went to the officials at the gate and asked for the Palace of Versailles. at first they wanted to laugh, then they calmly said that the Porte Versailles did not mean that we were in the vicinity of the Palace of Versailles, they did not even know which way to direct us, Versailles is a little town right out of Paris, miles away from the spot we were standing. I now recollected that I had not asked tickets for the Palace of Versailles, but simply for Versailles, and this showed me that Dame Experience is ever fighting with mortals, we never possess her, we always have to run after her. I left the officials and approached a group of country people among whom was a man in uniform. I asked for the palace, they smiled and said we were at the other end of Paris, or something like that. I politely asked the man in the uniform, he shrugged his shoulders and seemed to know nothing. The people looked at me derisively, and I walked slowly away, you know that step we take, dragging and unsteady, when we feel hurt and cross. I felt a little bit like the little country dame, who upon leaving for the first time her native village, asked the guard of the train to put her down at London, such a stranger did I feel in these parts. Mamma looked cross too, and we were wondering what to do, when a pleasant looking young woman approached us, and seeing the plight we were in, she told us to go back to the metro, book to Montparnasse, get out there, and enter the station opposite which was the line for the Palace of Versailles.

We soon forgot this disagreeable contre-temps once we were sitting in the train which was to carry us to Versailles. I noticed that the trains had covered seats on the top, I had never seen this anywhere, and seeing that Mamma did not mind, we climbed the steps leading to these seats, and waited for the train to go off. I remember having

sometimes thought whilst traveling how nice it would be to sit on the top of the train, and why they never had such seats on trains. I however soon discovered that this is not very practicable when the train has to pass through tunnels. It was indeed lovely to have fresh air all around you and see the country fly past so well, till a tunnel was passed. Although it was only a bridge, it was terrible to get all the smoke in your face and everywhere; it was like a nightmare. I would not have cared to pass through another such few seconds which seemed like long minutes.

The train flew through the wintry landscape, grey and bare, I saw a few cabbage patches, and some neat little houses, then high walls of earth on either side, then suddenly, as if by magic, as if nature had pushed the earth away, a lovely scene appeared just like in a dream. It was not yet Versailles, but Meudon, looking romantically pretty as it lay close to the river, its dainty spires rising here and there, and a ray of sun illuminating the whole picture as if freshly painted!

When we arrived at Versailles, I noticed some people open their eyes as they saw us creeping down our perches; they no doubt saw that we were strangers and wanted to go through the experiment. It might be quite pleasant in summer, but on a cold winter day I would not care to repeat it.

The road leading to the palace, as you know, is called Boulevard de Paris. I felt rather exalted as the great building towered in front of us. the home of the three Louises! How often have I read about all the different scenes enacted within its walls. Louis XIV, Louis XV, and Louis XVI, there they lived, there the years rolled by, there the immortal happenings, picture after picture, scene after scene were played. Do I exaggerate when I say that most of us know more about these three reigns than of any other reign? It might be, that I being partly French, know more about these reigns than about other reigns in other countries. Before hearing or learning anything else, I clearly remember having heard about these three kings, the first person I ever heard mentioned was Marie-Antoinette. I was then 8 years old, and as the years rolled on ever and anon have I heard of these three reigns.

In my opinion, there are two reasons why the reigns of the three Louises get so impressed upon everybody, and I think you will agree with me on these points. The first is that no reigns have been so much written about as these three reigns. How many, many histories, essays, romances and novels have not been written about these periods? The second reason is, that apart from the dry, historical facts which happen invariably in every reign, these reigns have been conspicuous by the many women who have played so many parts in the various scenes of these periods.

Who has not heard or read about the sweet and modest Lavallière? the gay and spirited Montespan? the beautiful but insipid Fontanges? the wise and prudent Maintenon?

Who has not heard or read about the brilliant and accomplished Pompadour? The handsome and childish Dubarry? Who, when she saw the cruel blade of steel

looming above her implored as a last ray of hope:- “Monsieur le Bourreau, encore un moment!”

Who has not heard or read about those heroic women of the Revolution, the princess de Lamballe whose fate is recorded as worse than any martyr crowned a saint, Mademoiselle de Sombreuil who was forced to drink a glass of her fellow creatures' blood, and Charlotte Corday, and Madame Roland, and the hapless Queen Marie-Antoinette herself?

I think I cannot remember anywhere I have been staying where I did not open a book containing some passage about the French Revolution. In the busy town, in the silence of the wood, on board ship, up the mountains, scenes of the Revolution have ever appeared before me.

My mind filled with these thoughts, we entered the great court with the colossal statue of Louis XIV on horseback in the middle, and all the French celebrities above life-size perched round the low wall and circling the court. An old man now appeared on the scenes, and showing us his badge, offered to bring us around the building. He first walked with us around the garden, and pointed out the various points of interest, the stables which used to contain 500 horses, the building housing 2,000 servants, the lakes upon which 200 gondolas used to glide, and the 800 statues ornamenting the grounds. In the distance he pointed out the forest of Saint Cyr. He had guided people about since the year 1878.

We next entered the building, and passed through several galleries filled with statues of the Kings and Queens of France. What different men the various Louises were, and what strange names they bore; Louis le Gros, Louis le Lion, St. Louis, Louis le père de peuple, Louis XI, the bad and ugly king, who is always represented wearing a funny looking hat, Louis XIII I think called le Juste, and then the three famous Louises, Louis le Grand, Louis le Bienaimé, and what did they call the third Louis? I think some call him Louis le Martyr.

Entering the endless flight of rooms which in their time used to be inhabited by the noble ladies and gentlemen of the court, a strange feeling crept over me. You know that these rooms are now filled with paintings and turned into a museum under Louis-Philippe, a very good idea. Here you see all the portraits of those who lived in these three famous reigns. You see grand portraits of Louis XIV, which make you think of the famous Roi Soleil surrounded by his brilliant satellites, you pass in your mind the endless years through which he reigns, and gradually you enter the reign of Louis XV, you think of the frivolities and gaities for which these years were famous, you see the lovely rococo dames gliding around you, and then you enter the reign of Louis XVI, that reign which I once read so well described as a beautiful summer day ending in a terrific storm. I stood for a long while before the paintings of Marie-Antoinette by Madam Vigée Lebrun, and I thought about what she tells us about the queen in her memoirs. To speak frankly, I cannot say I admire much that famous picture of the queen with her children.

The faces are good, but I don't like the colouring. The solemn and stiff little Madame Royale looks sweet with her face turned up to the queen. It is rather strange how she escaped the guillotine, although she was but little more than a child during the Terror, some girls of her age must have died with their parents, as I remember once reading an Englishman's account of his being in the street when the char funèbre past in front of him, and amongst the doomed crowd he noticed two little girls praying aloud with their eyes rolled up to the sky.

I like that portrait of Marie-Antoinette which we all know, where she holds a rose in her hand. Madame Lebrun speaks of her hand as beautifully shaped. What strange lines must have been printed in her palm! Of course you like nearly everybody do not believe in palmistry, but as I am very interested in occult sciences, I can imagine what her lines must have been like. The line of Fate cutting straight through the hand ending on the middle finger, a sign of a brilliant life ending tragically, the line of head broken in both hands, a sign of violent death. I remember so well the first time I ever heard this queen mentioned, was by a French lady who repeated the queen's words, who asked when the people shouted under her balcony that they were hungry why they did not eat cake. The same balcony where she stood pronouncing those words was pointed out to us by our guide.

Louis XIV, in spite of his grand and imposing look, had we all know to use artificial help to his appearance, he started the fashion of wigs because he was becoming quite bald, and I noticed his high, square heels which he wore to augment his inches, his natural size no doubt not satisfying his vanity. I stood before the portrait of Madame de Lavallière, but did not admire her. Madame de Sevigné tells us that her beauty "surprant tout le monde", she no doubt had many charms when you approached her, but in the strict sense of beauty she did not strike me at all. On the other hand, Madame de Maintenon who is known to be of very homely appearance please me immensely; I think it is a charming face. I did not care either for Madame de Montespan. I eagerly turned to the guide and asked him if there were any portraits of the beautiful Fontanges. He seemed never to have heard her name. It is rather strange that this great beauty is nowhere to be found, as there were so many good artists in those days. It must of course be remembered that she died just at the time she might have started to leave her mark, when she might have woken up and acted in such a way so as to leave remembrances of her to posterity more than mere beauty.

Louis XV, the gay and frivolous monarch, unique in all the annals of time, seems to have had a nice face and fine eyes. I looked at the portraits of his unhappy Queen Maria Leszcynska, she was 7 years older than her royal spouse, and bore him 10 children of which only four daughters survived her. I noticed the portraits of three of them, Mesdame Adelaide, Victoire, and Sophie, the first were fine ladies, Sophie the youngest was slightly deformed and became a nun, but I did not see the portrait of Madame Louise, the one before last. I began to laugh, I will tell you why. Madame

Campan, who was in her time reader to these princesses and then became first woman to Marie-Antoinette, speaks of this Madame Louise as being “d’une rare laideur”, of a terribly morose and sulky nature; her ugliness was all the more conspicuous through this sullen temperament.

She was, besides, so dreadfully shy that in order to avoid meeting people’s eyes, she had taken the strange habit of looking through the corner of her eyes. And yet, old Campan need not speak, as her portrait which graces the frontispiece of her valuable memoirs shows her as the funniest “witchy” looking specimen of femininity, with her eyes rolled in one corner exactly as she depicts Madame Louise’s royal eyes.

Louis XVI and Marie-Antoinette appear here and there. The king looks distinguished and quiet, the grand portrait of the queen by Madame Lebrun where she stands alone with her immense “paniers” shows her regal and handsome. I stood before her a good while, and thought of all the things I had heard of her. I remember Erwinia (who was always a book worm) telling me of Mozart as a little boy slipping on the parquet floor at the royal palace in Vienna, and little Arch-duchess Marie-Antoinette running up to him to help him on to his feet again. I liked this little story, little people love hearing what other little people have done, like big people like to hear what big people have done, although not with so much interest, as they are so much wrapped up in themselves that they prefer when things are said about them than the other way. Mamma added to this story of Mozart that if Marie-Antoinette had married him, she might perhaps have been happier than in marrying a king. I also remembered what one of her Austrian contemporaries said of her once he came to visit her at Versailles:- “Sie kam wie auf den Wolken”, so light and grand was her walk. Madame Lebrun also corroborates this, in her book she tells us “c’était la femme de France qui marchait le mieux.” The first time she ever saw Marie-Antoinette was one morning at Marly, the queen was walking about with her ladies. “Toutes étaient en robes blanches, et si jaunes, et si jolies, qu’elles me firent l’effet d’une apparition.” The last time she saw her was at the last ball given at Versailles in the salle de spectacle. She noticed how terribly agitated the queen was, inviting the young people to dance, and they all refused, so that most of the contredances could not be arranged. The behavior of these gentlemen struck the artist, and she tells us that their refusal seemed to her a kind of revolt, preluding to greater revolts. The Revolution was approaching; it broke out the following year.

I reluctantly moved on, our guide seemed anxious to lead us further, I was deeply wrapped up in my thoughts, my head bent, silent and absorbed. I felt something reminding me that I was missing many things if I did not look up, we were passing through these endless suites of rooms filled with so many reminiscences of bygone days, and who knows would we ever go through them again? Fancy all those rooms, one the same shape as the other, scores and scores of them, each of them with the windows looking over the park, each with the doors at the same places, each of them

once inhabited for so and so many years alternately by so many men and women who have lived, breathed, hoped, slept and died within those walls! The trees in the park were like so many dark skeletons with patches of snow here and there; away in the horizon the forest of St. Cyr looked like a dark cloud. I saw a beautiful painting of Louis XV as a boy, already king, already breathing supremacy, in one hand he holds the golden staff, the other arm is stretched out, and the (torn page) hand is beautifully shaped.

We came to the portrait of a nice-looking woman; it was Mme de Sévigné. Her eyes and her hands are very good. If she had known what she was forming for posterity when writing all those easy, sparkling, pleasant epistles of hers! She died in 1696, almost a century before the Terror, (torn page "tle) did she dream in her time that such a catastrophe would have (torn page) her beloved country.

"Venez ici, Mesdames," our old guide sang out, and we followed him. Napoleon now made his appearance. I noticed him everywhere. France is grateful to the great Corsican. I noticed in the middle of one of (torn page) a marvelous statue made by an Italian (Vola). It represented Napoleon in his last hours. Sitting in an armchair, the emperor looks wonderful. On his knees he has a chart, his face is deep and grand, and the eyes, ah, how is it possible to give expression to stone? The eyes are living, thinking, penetrating. Of what are those geniuses made of who produce such work out of a piece of stone? They are made of dust like we are, and they will return to dust like we will, only in their case the lamp of memory, of genius, of work will keep on burning through the centuries. As I stood there, before that very stone, I thought to myself how many other persons had stood at that very spot, kings and queens, ladies and gentlemen, men and women, and lower and lower, down the ladder of life, down into Eternity, until of one and all there is nothing, nothing left, but dust!

The sun was shining into the windows of the great palace, and we continued our wanderings, following our old Mentor. His language was not very clear, had I not known French and most of the things about, it would have been difficult to follow him. I asked him how he managed when he had foreigners to conduct about the place, he muttered something I did not catch.

"Regardez, Mesdames, voici l'escalier par lequel la reine Marie-Antoinette a fui!" There we were looking down that historical flight of steps, that same flight which Madame Campan writes about, when the mob forced its way into the queen's room, and she had to fly from her bed in her night attire!

We entered the chapel, that same royal chapel I have read so much about. It is indeed a strange feeling to see those scenes which in your mind's eye you have pictured as you were sitting comfortably in your little room at home. Fancy all those grand people who have attended mass in their day in that little chapel, fancy all those eyes turned to the altar, fancy all those heads bent over their missals!

In one room, our guide told us, the body of Louis XIV lay in state for some days, "on en avait fait une chapelle ardente" he said. In that room, if I remember right, there is a profile of the king at the age of 68. I like his features; Louis le Grand, le Roi Soleil, his reign was indeed unique in its kind. Fancy all those great men who figured round him, Racine, Corneille, Molière, Boileau, Fénelon, Bossuet, Vatel...

"Stop, stop, stop," I hear you exclaiming, "Why, Vatel was a COOK!" You surely are not going to classify a cook among the great men of his day?

And why should I not? Does not the stomach rule the world? Was not Vatel a great artist in his culinary work? Do you think the great King Louis could have worked and acted and done what he did if his cook Vatel had not always done his duty to his royal master? So keen, so anxious, so careful, so great was Vatel in his work, that he preferred to commit suicide rather than to disappoint the royal guests because the fish had not arrived. This culinary artist pierced a sword through his breast just at the moment "que la marée rentrait de tous les ports de France" as Madame Sévigné tells us. We all know that a destiny may depend on a meal, this sounds exaggeration; still, Vatel left his mark as a clever cook and conscientious worker.

Mansard and Linôtre, the one who built the palace and the one who laid out the gardens also appear on the scene. How clever they were in their particular ways.

One picture left me a deep impression; Napoleon visiting the good monks on Mount Saint Bernhard. It is a lovely picture, and the monks look sweet.

"L'Appel des dernières victimes de la Terreur." What a tableau! The last of them called to their doom! The end of the reign of terror, 1794. The men and women are all livid and terror-stricken. The poet André Chenier sitting in the foreground is pointed out to us by our Mentor. Chenier, the young poet well-known for having played his part in the world's ineffaceable drama, has left us some lovely lyrics. "La jeune captive" met her doom with him. He has left us his thoughts on Versailles:

O Versailles, ô bois, ô portiques,
Marbres vivants, berceaux antiques,
Par les dieux et les rois Elysée embelli,
A ton aspect, dans ma pensée,
Comme sur l'herbe aride une fraîche rosée,
Coule un peu de calme et d'oubli.

This reminds me of the beautiful opera "André Chenier" by Giordano which I heard at the Scala in Milan. I wonder why this magnificent opera is never given at Covent Garden. The music is lovely, and there you see many scenes illustrating the reign of Terror. André Chenier's part is grand and pathetic, I remember a song he sings alone standing on the right of the stage about "una notte di maggio" so suave and idyllic was the rendering, you could imagine he felt keenly the saintly resignation to his fate; you felt the murmuring of the Revolution around you. The opera ends with the words

“Viva La Morte” and Chenier and Mademoiselle de Coigny (La jeune captive) ascend the char funèbre, and are driven away to their doom.

Many, many tableaux depicting the life of Napoleon followed. I once read about him where it was said it might be it might not be luck which drove that man to his strange destiny, the real thing however was, that he was the right man at the right place, at the right time. If he happened to have been born in our times, he would not have been able to accomplish what he did.

La salle des glaces, 75 meters long, is the hall where they had the great feasts and balls, that is where the various noble generations assembled for pleasure with beating hearts and excited minds; many scenes have been immortalized as having been enacted round those mirrors.

La salle batailles, 120 meters long, where the walls are covered with immense pictures depicting the various French battle scenes. What a grand place, you feel strange and odd looking around you.

Quelle vastité! Quelle immensité! Quelle grandiosité! I thought to myself as we glided about those immense halls and rooms. a feeling of grandeur and nobility comes over you. Fancy those mortals who always lived in these halls, away, away from vulgarity, poverty, and triviality of life, how elevated and different they must have felt from those born to move among life's coarseness and baseness. Desbarolles in his wonderful book about palmistry and other occult sciences notices on this point how humanity changes in appearance according to the surroundings in which it lives, how those living in palaces and castles, surrounded by beauty and art gradually take the expression of nobility and end by looking like the pictures that surround them. And yet, we who hover around those places where those who have existed before us have lived and acted, we only think of the comfort and the grandeur in which they moved, we do not think that in the palace like the cottage everyday materialism always did and will exist, just as much hatred, disappointment, and envy dwelt in the heaving breasts of those females who passed through the centuries inhabiting these noble walls, as well today in the breasts of those everyday females who pass to and fro before us as we go through life.

“Mesdames, regardez comme cette robe de matin est bien peinte,” said our old guide. A wonderful picture! A lady in a white satin dress so “terribly” well painted, that the folds seemed to move and play in the light! I have never seen anything so realistic. It is the portrait of Boucher's wife, painted by the famous artist himself. Why, oh why, when such a genius lies down to enter eternal sleep, why can he not give his talent over to another mortal to let him enjoy the pleasures of genius, to give him work and bread, to prevent him falling into the abyss of wretchedness and emptiness? But no, Nature will not allow it, Destiny has the power to give or not to give, man has to go his way with what is allowed in each case, and nothing more.

We noticed a colossal canvas "La distribution des récompenses à l'exposition de 1889." You can see the people depicted so wonderfully, men of all nations, some are carrying banners. These banners are so marvelously painted that they seem to move. Being seated opposite, Mamma for a moment thought they were really of stuff, we got up and almost flattened our noses against the canvas to make sure that it was painted and not real. Henri Gervex I think is the name of the artist, what a hand, what an eye, what a brain, and, and, what was that tool with which he immortalized his idea? A stick to which is attached a bundle of bristles extricated from a low-born pig's back!

I saw a portrait of Gustave Flaubert, the author of that famous book, *Madame Bovary*. What a very ugly face it is, round and fat, with two little eyes sloping down the right and down the left of his face. Have you ever noticed how literary men are sometimes ugly? Poets not, the real poet generally has a bumped nose and an air of romance; but those men who write realism, who describe life as it is, are remarkable in their strange ugliness, Voltaire, Balzac, Zola, and this Flaubert have an almost repulsive ugliness. And yet, it is just this ugliness which gives them their great individuality, such faces are not repeated by Nature, their peculiar ugliness is unique and depicts their cleverness and originality. There are many, many thoughts which crop up in your mind as you wander around these vast halls, these silent chambers. This same Versailles was once the most brilliant royal residence in Europe, voices and footsteps were ever and anon heard, music and laughter echoed through these walls. Now everything is silent, now only whispering voices of travelers reading the various titles under the pictures, and giving their original or borrowed opinion are heard at intervals. But these travelers are also interesting. They come from every country, from every grade of society; they pass like birds of passage, halt for a while, then spread their wings and fly away.

In the end of the 16th century Versailles was a tiny village in a wood, where the king of Navarre who became Henri IV used to shoot. His son Louis XIII built a shooting box, then enlarged the place to a little country house. In 1660 Louis XIV, tired of living in St Germain, had the idea of turning the place into a residential castle, and in 1672 it became his permanent abode. From this year start the many scenes which have been so well portrayed by the various people who took part in them. Madame Campan seems to have escaped the guillotine just to write her excellent memoirs. "Zofe Campan" as that erudite writer Dr. Thomas Scherr calls her, has left us memoirs which nobody but a person living so near the queen could ever have written. During the Revolution Versailles was left to devastation and ruin. Napoleon restored it. Louis XVIII made important changes, and Louis Philippe turned it into what it is now, a most interesting museum. The building is a quarter mile long. Our guide pointed to the windows saying that Louis Phillipe spoilt the style by having big panes put in, the little panes being far more appropriate to the style of the place. I have never seen Versailles in summer, it is only then that it is supposed to be at its best, with the fountains playing and the trees

fresh and green. In 1870 the German army were about the palace, and in 1871 in the famous salle de glaces the German Empire was proclaimed.

In walking about the rooms, I sometimes felt a rather strange, uncanny feeling in noticing the eyes of the men and women on the portraits, they seemed to be following me as I passed from one end of the rooms to the other, they seemed as if they knew all about me, as if they were going to speak. How marvelous art is! If art did not exist, we would never know how those who existed before us were like. "History in painting," as Mamma calls it; art is sacred; art is wonderful. One of Louis XIVth's portraits especially put me ill at ease, those eyes seemed to move with me. I began to laugh and thinking how Mamma when she was a tot was afraid of Louis XIV with his big wig, and of Napoleon whom she thought was called Lapoleon. She often told me about these two monarchs, she had their portraits in her home, and the one with his wig and the other with his eagle eyes are quite enough to terrify a little soul. Louis XIV reigned 72 years, Louis XV 59 years, and Louis XVI 18 years, these 149 years have marked an era in the history of the world which will remain unique in the annals of time. Not everybody knows that Louis XIV in spite of his greatness has been accused of having committed a murder. I have read about this more than once. He is supposed to have caused the death of Louvoir, his minister of war.

It was 2:30 when we stepped out of the palace. I was feeling tired and deeply impressed. Now let us turn back to everyday life. Let us recuperate our weakened bodies and minds. Now watch us entering one of the many French patisseries, and watch us consuming our lunch consisting of cold meats, bread and butter, tea, and a generous supply of pastries.

At 3:00 we took the tram back to Paris. The terminus was at the Louvre, and the drive lasted 2 hours. I saw nothing very picturesque on route, but it must of course be remembered that at this season of the year when everything is bare and cold, the country seldom looks well. We then walked home, and arrived at the farmyard tired and worn. We decided to take a bath, and although the water was not very warm, we felt refreshed and strengthened, and enjoyed our evening repast sitting among the chattering hands. I almost dropped to sleep while consuming the last morsel, and after having seen Mamma comfortably tucked in for the night, I crept to my pen and was soon in the land of dreams.

I woke up feeling rested and with my throat rather dry, I must have given a concert to the walls. I wanted to turn on the electric light to see what time it was, I however remembered that the light is out off after 10 o'clock, and we never thought of buying candles, all the "pensionnaires" in the establishment having their own little lamps which they can use when they like after the electric light is no more available.

All was silent in and out, just a faint light streamed into the room from the high French window. My thoughts naturally went back to Versailles. Oh, I know what I'll do, I thought to myself, let us go on a nocturnal visit to Versailles...

Alone, alone with my shadow, I am gliding along the silent halls. Will I be able to find my way alone in this vastness, this immensity, this labyrinth the home of kings, this abracadabra called the Palace of Versailles?

In the silence of the night methinks I hear footsteps behind me. It is no doubt the echo of my own footsteps. but no, listen, it is not the sound of my honest, 20th century, suburban rubber heels, it is a light, sharp, hollow sound; it is the sound of a pair of Louis Quinze heels. I hear a stronger footstep followed by something metallic being dragged along the floor. It is not the sound of the metal tip of my useful, serviceable, City umbrella, no; it is the sound of a sword, the sword of a monarch; his footstep is slow and sure; his footstep is firm and majestic. I hear the rustling of a woman's dress. It is not the sound of my simple, blue serge coat and skirt made by a hard-working hand in a dingy back room in the Fulham Road, no; it is the rustling of silk and satin, it is the sound of long ago, it is the sound of bygone lives. In the faint light streaming through the noble windows I see a shadow near me. It is not my narrow, obscure shadow, busily following me, attentive and anxious, no; it is a mysterious, transparent shadow, the shadow of someone who once has been, the shape of something which does not belong to life. I hear murmuring, I hear sighing, I hear a voice, it is not the murmuring of the wind sighing through the trees, it is not a voice that lives, it is the sound of a soul now passed into eternity.

It seems to me as if the place was being gradually lit up, the light is bright and cheerful. I recognize the various pictures before which I was meditating but a few hours ago. Look at the kings and queens, look at the various exalted persons, their eyes do not only follow me, their eyes are moving, their lips are parting, their hands seem to be gesticulating, the silks and satins of their clothes are taking different lights and folds, watch them stepping out of their frames, watch them begin to walk, watch them gliding along the halls.

What do I see? Louis XIV, Le Roi Soleil moving majestically about those rooms, those halls, he who erected these walls, he who lived so long and graced so many scenes enacted within these walls. He looks around him, he sees the motley crowd moving to and fro. Some faces he knows well, some faces he knows not. Those who have lived with him know him, those who have lived after him know him by sight, but he knows them not, they know his features, they know all about him, but he knows nothing about them. Near him he notices two men, both have crowns on their heads, one looks gay and careless, it is Louis XV, the other looks sad and painfully touches his crown, it is Louis XVI. He sees standing suddenly before him, a man with deep, penetrating eyes, he has also a crown on his head, it is not a royal crown, it is an imperial crown; it is Napoleon. The emperor knows who the king is, the king knows not who the emperor is.

Look at all those lovely dames in their peculiar costumes of different times gliding along. I recognize many faces. I recognize the queens among the ladies. I see the three queens who have played their parts in their time, I see Marie-Thérèse d'Espagne, I see Marie Leszczyńska, I see Marie-Antoinette; the Spanish princess, the Polish princess, the Austrian princess. I see a dainty woman with a dress which seems covered with tiny nosegays; it is the Pompadour. I see in the distance a charming, vivacious woman, her lips are moving, but I cannot reach her; it is Madame de Sévigné. Madame de Maintenon, Madame de Montespan, Madame de Lavallière, who have all three lived and loved within these walls, are moving about. I feel inclined to approach Madame de Maintenon and ask her whether she remembers in those days before she came to inhabit this sumptuous home, when she was the obscure wife of the poet Scarron, how in order to hide her poverty she made his little dinners so entertaining that her simple servant would whisper in her ear:- "Madame, encore une histoire, nous n'avons pas le roti."

I feel inclined to approach Marie-Antoinette and ask her would she ever have thought that her name would have been attached to so much tragedy, that many have read and many will read her life story through a veil of tears, that her name would be known to every civilized person through the centuries, some mortals who have not had time nor opportunity to learn much would ignore many names, that other names would escape the memory of many busy and anxious brains, but hers never, never.

I move on. I am not noticed. If I were interrogated by any of these celebrities, I would answer simply and honestly: "an obscure mortal passing through Eternity in the twentieth century."

I am now in the Salle des Glaces. You know the trick looking-glasses have when placed face to face of repeating each other over and over and over again. I see these endless repetitions, but in each repetition I see another scene. Right at the end I see a ball with the dancers dressed in the period of Louis XIV, I see the king approaching a tall, red-haired maiden, I cannot distinguish her face, but I feel it is la belle Fantaghes. I see Madame de Sévigné who has described so well these scenes. Nearer I see Louis XV looking admiringly at the lovely dames scattered about the ballroom. Nearer again I see Marie-Antoinette agitated and anxiously speaking to the dancers, I notice in a box the charming and artistic head of Madame Vigée Lebrun who has described this last scene in her memoirs. Still nearer I see the Emperor Napoleon and the men and women dressed so differently to those who have gone before. I see in turn more vivid and more alive the various courts of Louis XVIII, Charles X, and Louis Philippe. I see Napoleon III and his empress walking majestically along the looking-glasses with Queen Victoria at their side. I feel an atmosphere of later times. It is the year 1871. I see many people, some look French, some look German. I see the well-known face of King William of Prussia who is being proclaimed Emperor of Germany.

The scene now changes, the lights are darkening; my mind is floating away; silence reigns over the place. Suddenly I hear a bell. I open my eyes, why, where am I? Get up, get up, it is past 7 o'clock, breakfast in the farmyard will soon be ready, slip on your dressing-gown, run out and fetch your hot water, dress quickly, and do not lose a moment, your sojourn in Paris is not so very long, and there is still so much to see. Has this all been a dream? Did I see all these scenes in my sleep? Everything is but a dream, this life in Paris which is being so vividly gone through, in a few days will itself be but a dream, memory alone will help me to think of those hours which are flying past me.

CHAPTER VI

(Saturday, 27th December 1913)

It is pouring. Whatever shall we do with ourselves today? We have forgotten all about our intention to visit the Musée de Cluny. So we shall visit it today.

The first thing we did on leaving the house was to rush to the Halles Centrales and see if the little man had kept his word and prepared the shoes for Mamma. He was not to be found. Off we go again. Now in the direction of the musée. The weather being so bad, we take the bus.

We arrived on the scene at 10:30, but were told the doors would only be opened at 11:00. So we sat down in the square in front of this charming, ancient building, and consoled ourselves eating toothsome pastries under our umbrella. The weather becoming a little less furious, I proposed to walk up once more to the Church of Etienne du Mont, many things about which I have since read in Hare's book having escaped my observation. These parts, you know, are the quartier latin; it was Balzac who gave it this name. The exterior of the church is really sweet, but although I looked conscientiously around me inside, I must say that I was not struck in any way. I vainly looked up at the windows where it is said such an interesting legend of the year 1290 is portrayed, but I could discern nothing. I however noticed the tablet with the name of Pascal and the one with Racine's inscribed upon. I also read a long story cut in the marble high up against the wall of a catastrophe which happened in this church in the year 16 and something, of the balustrade on the gallery giving way, people falling, and not a single person hurt.

Outside the church I looked around, knowing I would not come up these parts again, and once more admired at the corner of the Rue Clovis that beautiful, picturesque old tower, peeping strangely out of that plain, modern, low building. I forgot to tell you that the first time we came here I eagerly inquired what it was, and a lady told me that the plain building was the lycée Henri IV, and that that peculiar out of place tower was the Tower of the destroyed Church of St Genevieve. Some things do strike the eye of the observer, this tower most of all struck me as very strange. It looks as if it had been stuck into the building by mistake.

As we walked back to the musée de Cluny, I eagerly looked about the quartier latin to see whether any of those celebrated, romantic inhabitants would appear on the scene, but I saw no one. It was still early.

If you have never visited this museum, let me tell you that this building looks the most ancient edifice you could wish to see. You hardly realize you are in Paris. It makes you think of days of yore. To use Victor Hugo's words: - "L'hôtel de Cluny, qui subsiste encore pour la consolation de l'artiste." It used to be an ancient Roman palace with baths, and the present building was erected by the monks at the close of the 15th century. The ruins of the baths are immensely interesting, although Mamma who has been in Rome and seen grander things, was not so excited over them as I was. I simply adore the building, the convent, the rooms are nice too, but the exterior is the thing. In the days of the monks it was called The Abbey of Cluny, later it bore the name of Hôtel de Cluny, it is now an honest and interesting museum. Priests, royalty, actors, nuns, have all lived in their turn within these ancient walls, so I enjoyed visiting it if only to picture all these kaleidoscopic processions passing to and fro. I liked wandering about the rooms, I liked gliding up the old fashioned stairs, and the little chapel supported only by a single pillar made me feel quite strange. I am not going to describe all the wonders contained in that museum, it is enough if I mentioned some very fine old stone chimneys with biblical scenes carved in the stone. I noticed some wonderful pottery, lovely tapestries, many chaises à porteurs. Among the minor articles I noticed a pair of garters blue in colour and bearing the following inscription in faded gold:- "Cherisses l'amour, vous lui devez le jour. " I lingered at the spot and thought how the one who fastened these garters on herself was now but a heap of dust.

What they call the palais de Thermes which you reach through a glass door is the most interesting of all. It is hardly credible that once this place was full of life and movement and vigor, how strange it looks, how very strange. AD 300 is supposed to be the year of its erection. We also went round the gardens and noticed all the old architectural fragments. I remained reflection sunk before the oldest existing monument of Paris, a mutilated Roman altar; time and tide have swept the faces away.

The weather was clearing up when we left this most interesting of Parisian sites. We enjoyed our lunch, then looked at the shops on the Boulevard St Michel, then stood in admiration before the fountain of the guardian angel. It was past 4 o'clock, and as we found ourselves on the Seine, I proposed to walk along the quais in the direction of Pont de Sully which was the way home. I enjoyed immensely the rows and rows of boxes filled with books and which stretch such a long way along the river. From box to box we went, Mamma chose a Spanish book, I decided for nothing that day, I just wanted to look about. On and on we went, the sky was darkening, and the lights of Paris were becoming visible. Mamma then noticed that the way seemed very long, was I really going in the right direction? I meekly approached a Monsieur l'Agent and was amazed at his telling me that we were turning our backs to the Pont de Sully, we would have

over an hour to walk. Pride comes before the fall. I was beginning to boast of my knowledge of Paris, and made the disagreeable discovery that I knew but little about it. Too tired to go any further, and not having the spirit of mind to remember that the tram would be passing in a minute before us, we jumped into a taxi and drove home. I noticed the luminous inscription "La Belle Jardiniere " that immense drapery, as we drove past. Our man did not seem to know his way well in the regions of the Marais, he went here and there, and at last entered the pretty street of the Parc Royal.

I flattened my nose against the glass window of the porter's den and noticed a letter for me in a familiar writing. It came from an Italian lady who upon hearing that we were spending Christmas in Paris wrote a very pleasant epistle about her sojourn in the ville lumière, which she said seemed to her like a lovely dream. She seemed to have a delightful remembrance of the Bois de Boulogne, which gave me the desire to visit it again, although at this season I knew it would not have been in all its glory.

At dinner we conversed across the table with the little Austrian who seemed surprised to hear that we remained out right through the day. She was surprised that we did not look at all tired, upon which I told her that directly we came in, we indulged in generous ablutions and rested a while, and thus regained strength and calm.

I went to sleep as soon as I put out the light, but was awakened by the cackling of the hens who made a terrible noise as they went to their rooms. It was Saturday night, and they no doubt went to bed later, it being Sunday the next day, and they would not have to get up so early. I must mention en passant, that every morning I heard several alarm clocks ring the waking hour, the hens were at work while I was having my holidays, they had to get up early, as work starts early in Paris.

CHAPTER VII

(Sunday, 28th December 1913)

Today being Sunday, I was anxious to visit the Musée Carnavalet and the Musée Victor Hugo, as they were gratis, and I would also have seen many people, which would also interest me. Plodding about the streets and rainy, wintry weather, was of course not the time to see the Parisians at their best, in fact, we only met very rough-looking, uninteresting people, French ladies, I am sure, do not rough the weather like they do in England because in England you cannot help the weather and therefore you must make the best of it.

When we left the farmyard it was snowing like in the Arctic regions. Your feet deepened in the white mass, the sky was of a deep gray, and yet I liked it, it was real wintry weather, and it made you feel bright and merry. I noticed two little boys looking out of the windows from the house near the Amicitia, they were watching us as we moved with difficulty in the thickly covered ground. How very French these two little faces were, how very different from the English race.

The Musée Carnavalet is in the Rue de Sévigné, and this street juts out almost in front of the farmyard, so we had no difficulty in finding it. This was the home of Madame de Sévigné during the last 19 years of her life, and for this reason alone it is highly interesting. All those immortalized people, Madame, her daughter, her son, and the Abbé de Çoulanges “Le Bien Bon” lived there for some time.

When you enter, a feeling of long ago creeps over you at the sight of all those Roman tombs and fragments connected with the history of Paris. I noticed a row of skulls, the owners had existed during the 7th and 8th centuries. One of these especially impressed me, it had one long, solitary tooth, just in front. "How strange," I thought to myself, and turned my head away. That tooth was shining clearly out of the dull and decayed colouring of the skull. I looked through the window, and noticed a charming courtyard with a well in a corner, ivy was growing over it, and the snow falling over it made the whole scene look very picturesque. I did not enjoy much moving about these ruins of long ago; an uncanny sight was a woolen shroud found in a sarcophagus of the VIth century. I eagerly went upstairs, up those same steps where the charming dame had so often glided up and down, and examined with keen interest all those rooms where she lived and where she wrote her immortal letters. The salon Sévigné, the marquise's reception-room, is a simple room but distinguished in its simplicity. In these rooms are exposed mostly portraits and relics connected with the French Revolution, and they are of course immensely interesting. There you see Louis XVI's death warrant, there you see the picture of the hapless monarch standing in front of the guillotine. Robespierre appears on a canvas. I remember the first time I was introduced to this terrible celebrity was in a children's book, one of Mamma's school prizes, you know those books dear to the tiny girl's heart with a white cover embossed gold. A grandmother was telling the story to her grandchildren of her family who barely escaped Robespierre. Then one of the little French girlies said: “GrandMamman, qui était Robespierre?” then the gentle dame tells her. I saw the famous “tasse de la guillotine”. This is a cup and saucer with a guillotine designed in black. You see the body stretched across the board, and the executioner showing the streaming head to the people. Whoever could have enjoyed drinking out of that cup? And yet, who knows the feeling of those who did. I remember once my sister Hedwig discussing the cause of the French Revolution saying that the people must have known what they were about. We read lovely stories and romances of the reigns of the three Louises, we see beautiful paintings depicting the lovely and poetic scenes of those days, but has anybody ever written about the sufferings of the low people in those days? Does anybody know of their obscure tortures through which those unhappy, defenseless mortals had to pass? No; we know nothing about it, nobody took up their cause, they revolted on their own will.

My grandpa, Mamma's illustrious artist father used to say that fate ordered that the hapless Louis XVI had to expiate the sins of the two other Louises, and he was

right. Louis XIV and Louis XV had many women and children, these were of course all provided for, they were given titles, fortunes, jewels, and beautiful homes, whilst the helpless mortals in the lower regions had to suffer in silence.

Among the many, many pictures I have seen in my earthly wanderings depicting scenes during the French Revolution, there is one painting which has remained vividly in my mind. It represented a company at table, fine men and lovely women, beautifully garbed in the picturesque style of the day eating, drinking, laughing; musical instruments in the hands of some of them. I remember one handsome man (torn paper) on one side stretching forward a sturdy well-shaped calf, the picture of elegant nonchalance. Above this scene of joy, richness, carelessness, and elegance there loomed a cloud, dark and threatening, and in the centre of this cloud was inscribed in luminous letters

1793

With this picture in mind I wandered about the rooms, when I came to a kind of enclosure barred off by a thick red velvet cord. I noticed several objects in this enclosure, and upon lifting my head saw the painting of a woman with an oval face, ferrish white hair, clothed in black, with some black round her head. it bore the inscription

LA VEUVE CAPET

Marie-Antoinette! I exclaimed, is that really her! I noticed an inscription underneath the painting, and the sky being dark, there was not enough light to read this inscription. Now, you know, it is forbidden under pain of death to trespass any guarded-off enclosure in any public place. My curiosity was however too great. So I looked in the direction of the custodian of this room, and seeing that he had his head turned away, I sneaked under the cord, and approaching the painting, I read that it was a sketch of Marie-Antoinette taken in the Conciergerie by Prieur. The name of the donor to the museum was also given, and a few other remarks. I neatly passed again under the velvet rope then stood before the picture in deep reflection. I thought of the very strange destiny this woman had. It was her destiny and nothing else which caused all those things to happen. On that fatal day, the second of November in the year 1755 when nature was opening painfully the imperial portal of generation in Austria in order to let the tiny archduchess pass to start her earthly career, at the very same moment nature was playing terrible havoc in another European country; in Portugal. It was the earthquake of Lisbon. Marie-Antoinette was not superstitious, and yet the books tell us that when the terrible hand of misfortune took hold of her, she mentioned this fact saying it was a sign of destiny. It is rather strange when you come to think of it, how when a family disperses what different destinies await its different members.

Marie-Antoinette was the 5th of Maria Theresa's six daughters. The eldest became an Abbes at Prague, the second, Marie Christine, the favorite child, became the Duchess of Sachsen and Teschen, the third Abbes in Innsbrook, the fourth wife of the Duke of Parma, and the two youngest both became queens, and both have left a strong mark in history, the youngest being Queen Caroline Marie of Naples, who, although she did not suffer the terrible destiny of her elder sister, she however suffered in a different way, as we all know. Of Maria Theresa's four sons, two became emperors, one Duke of Modena, and the fourth Archbishop of Cologne.

I remember when we visited the castle of Schönbrunn near Vienna, we stood before a painting, I think it represented the imperial family at the opera. The custodian pointed to a tiny girl sitting on the right, and in a deep, sonorous voice said: - Marie-Antoinette. We did what I think every interested visitor of any nation must have done and will do, we echoed after him half surprised, half pathetically: - Marie-Antoinette.

I stood there thinking of all these things; how many persons had not stood at that very spot, gazing at this picture and thinking of what they had heard and read about this hapless queen? And we do not think of all the unborn generations who will come after us, and who will read her life story in the different languages of the different countries to which these mortals will belong, who will wonder how this queen came to her death without help from the other countries who were powerless to come to her rescue. As I watched the black garb in which the queen was portrayed, for the last time on earth, I thought of Le Concourt's words in his history of Marie-Antoinette, wherein he says "La reine n'a plus que deux robes, qu'elle met de deux jours l'un: sa pauvre robe noire, sa pauvre robe blanche, pourries toutes deux par l'humidité de sa chambre."

Is that the same woman of whom Madame Le Brun wrote:- "Je vis la reine dans la plus grande parure, couverte de diamants, et comme un magnifique soleil l'éclairait, elle me parut vraiment éblouissante."

And you English, listen to Edmund Burke's words, which this great orator has left to posterity:-

"It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles, and surely never alighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in- glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy;

Oh, what a Revolution! And what a heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall!

Little did I dream, when she added the titles of veneration to that enthusiasm, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be so obliged to carry the sharp antidote against the disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I

thought ten thousand swords must have leapt from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult.

But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever.

Never, nevermore shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the honours of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost its evil by losing all its grossness."

In her case, Giacosa's lovely words are appropriate:-

OGGI TI CHIAMI AURORA E DOMANI TRAMONTO

Turning my head to the right, I saw the velvet coat of a little boy, and stretching my neck read that it was the last garment worn by the Dauphin in the Temple. Some more was written, but the atmosphere being too dark, I could not decipher it, so I turned once more in the direction of the custodian, and seeing that he had his eyes closed and his head bent on his chest, I sneaked once more under the red velvet rope and started reading the inscription. Suddenly, a voice, oh, my goodness, Stentor in the Trojan camp, Lucifer in the nether regions could not have shouted more powerfully exclaimed: "Non, non, non, Madame, il n'est pas permis de passer par-là!!!!!"

My heart stopped beating.

Lucifer, his face ablaze, his eyes protruding, was standing before me. The custodian, a giant in height and build stood there, his mouth just opening...

Now, now, now, in such moments in life, when your life hangs at a thread, when your destiny might alter, do not show you are afraid, keep cool, don't get excited, don't laugh, don't cry, don't even smile, because this shows you are a little afraid, but do just what I did.

"And what is it you did, pray?"

Well, do you know what I did? Slowly, calmly, and composedly, (everything beating terribly inside, mind) I bent, came out of the enclosure, and said in quiet, gentle tones: _

"Pardon, Monsieur, mais il fait trop obscur pour déchiffrer cette inscription, et tout est tellement, t-e-l-l-e-m-e-n-t intéressant, que je ne voudrais pas perdre la moindre chose."

The custodian looked at me for a moment, his blazing face changed expression, he crept under the velvet rope, and read aloud what I wanted to know. Now, here you must again use your wisdom, and put on a special highly interested face, and listen very, very attentively. For your guidance, should such a thing ever happen to you, I will tell you exactly what this special face is to be like. You point your mouth, you press your nose down, you knit your brows as tight as ever you can, you stretch your neck in the direction of the one in whose power you are, and listen in a highly, attentive, interested, absorbed, clever, and judicious way. This done, you say in a calm, composed, and polite tone:-

“Merci beaucoup, Monsieur, c-o-m-m-e c’est intéressant!!!!”

The game is not over yet, mind, I have enough experience of this little world of ours to know that if I had vanished he might have suspected me, so I wisely kept quite near him, consulting my book, and giving gentle exclamations of wonder and admiration. I now noticed that another custodian had appeared on the scene, and I saw, as one can see so many things without looking, to use Florence Warden’s words in that strangely fascinating book of hers “The House on the Marsh” that these two men began to discuss gravely together, sending glances of suspicion at me. Still, I kept calm, and I noticed that they shook their heads, shrugged their shoulders, and separated. I suppose they did not think it worthwhile to fuss over this little incident, seeing that I was a harmless everyday visitor. And yet, who knows, if I had shown my fright, if I had run away,

SAPRISTI!!!!

Whatever would have become of me!

They might have thought that I had some thieveish intentions, MAGARI, to use the expressive Italian word, perhaps even an accomplice of Perugia who stole The Gioconda, they might have run after me and imposed a heavy fine. I was now anxious to see the model of the Old Bastille made from a block of stone taken from the fortress. With light, sweeping step, I once more approached the gigantic custodian and told him how anxious I was to look this curiosity up.

“Par ici, Madame,” the now polite and deferential fellow said, he conducted us to another room, and on a table in the centre there stood the model looking like a big toy. He then pointed to a painting and told us to examine it. I opened my eyes. It represented a man about to scale the wall of the Bastille with a ladder made of rope and pieces of wood. This was Latude, a man whom Madame de Pompadour caused to be imprisoned in the Bastille where he remained for 35 years. During this period, those who were admitted to see him brought him the pieces of rope and wood with which he fashioned his means of escape. A big portion of these ropes ingeniously worked into an endless ladder were seen on a table under the portrait, and I stood a long while before it.

I read in one room that Mme. de Sévigné's daughter lived in it because she did not like to live in the same room with her mother, feeling herself "TROP COUSUE." This shows that intimacy will end by breeding contempt; such a charming personality as Mme de Sévigné could also end by tiring those who were always near her.

I saw a plan of Paris in the year 1739. How very, very different it looks to what it is now. The two islands with Notre-Dame are there, almost as they are now.

I was very interested in a quaint-looking armchair. Voltaire died in this chair. Reading the life of this genius in my beloved lexicon the other day, I found that his greatest work was done during the last 20 years of his life, that is, from 60 to 80. Voltaire was practically hugged to death by the Parisians, so great was their enthusiasm when he came up from his country seat to see them.

I saw a portrait of the "Bien Bon" with a mask in his hand, and a poem underneath which began with the words:

Francis mi diè il natale
Strana veste de Roma il
Carnavele, etc.

"Zamore! Zamore!" I exclaimed with surprise when I read the name under a medallion representing a smart-looking negro. If you have never heard the name of Zamore, let me tell you that he was a little negro boy who betrayed and denounced Madame Dubarry and caused her to be arrested and sentenced to death. Zamore is often mentioned in the memoirs of the period for having been overloaded with favours by Madame Dubarry and Louis XV. If I remember right, it must have been in one of the London galleries that I first saw a portrait of Madame Dubarry with a little negro boy holding a beautiful transparent shell. So delighted was I at the picture of this little black boy, the first one I had ever seen portrayed, that I made up my mind to marry a negro, this fantastical early dream of mine, thank goodness, never was verified. I saw another medallion of Zamore further on; here in the museum we see him grown-up with a gaudy turban round his cruel head.

I saw an inkstand which belonged to J.J. Rousseau, "l'homme de la vérité." An ugly little bottle surrounded by a spongy ring as pen-wiper, a most unappetizing looking object. And to think that so many beautiful thoughts were written out of it!

"Voltaire dans son cabinet e travail," the old savant is holding his goose-quill with which he immortalized the fruit of his genius, that quill extricated from the despised, rejected, humble goose!

Napoleon's "nécessaire de camp" in gold, is also an interesting object.

"Balzac sur son lit de mort." The great writer breathing his last. His ugly features looking strangely idealized, it is him with the reflection of something unknown cast over him.

I saw a sheet, the last order of Louis XVI written upon it. "Le dernier ordre de Louis XVI." It is an order not to approach the Bastille.

There are many portraits of celebrities of the Revolution. Robespierre does not look at all so ugly as the books tell us. Murat dead is an impressionable piece of work.

The cradle of the Prince Imperial given by the empress Eugénie was the last object before which we stood. Mamma was more impressed by it than I was, because she lived in those days, she as a tiny girl participated in patriotic feelings, although I know that she is more royalist than Napoleonic in her views.

It was past 2 o'clock when we left the Musée Carnavalet. I felt reluctant to leave the place. I should have liked to begin it all over again. We had however still to see the Musée Victor Hugo, and the day would soon be over, these being the shortest days of the year.

Now let us first go back to actual life, and have a good feed. No restaurant being near, we entered a little baker shop and regaled ourselves with an ample supply of apple tarts, then went into a people's cafe and drank coffee. The next step was towards the romantic Place des Vosges, to Victor Hugo's house.

This lovely ancient house is filled from top to bottom with relics of the great poet. His face appears I will not say 100, but a thousand times all over the place. prints, photographs, drawings, paintings, sculptures, Victor Hugo looks continuously at you, he watches your every movement, he listens to what you have to say about him, he haunts you from the moment you enter his home till the moment you leave it. One of the first things I noticed was a sheet of paper in a glass case, upon which were fastened six well worn looking goose-quills. Underneath the inscription red: Plume des Misérables. Ah, here were the implements with which this great man immortalized his gigantic work "Les Misérables. Once more the humble, low-born, despised goose had given part of herself to help Genius in producing its life's mission!

As you know, Victor Hugo was a staunch republican. I noticed a strange picture representing the guillotine, there was no body on the rack, and instead of a head dropping there was a royal crown in a stream of blood. The inscription was in a slavonic language, I could not decipher it, still, it was an understandable subject.

A cast of the poet's hands was marvelous, what an extraordinary looking hand it is.

The various periods of the poet's life are illustrated all over the place, as well as all his works. I liked especially the pictures of "La Esmeralda" in "Notre-Dame."

Standing at one of the windows, I had an excellent view of the Place des Vosges. A red winter sun was shining over the snow-clad square, and the windows of the gabled roofs were reflecting its dying rays; a picture of extreme beauty and romance. I thought to myself how at this very window a different person, now dead and gone, during the various generations since this house existed, looked down in turn upon this scene. Some will have lived here, some will have been but birds of passage. "She" perhaps saw King Henri IV walking about the square with his factotum Sully, perhaps King Louis XIII when the square was officially opened.

"Voyez cet astre élatant, il n'y a pas son pareil," is written under a portrait of Victor Hugo showing his forehead bulging out all round with darts and rays, "par se prose et ses vers, il répand la lumière" the verse continues. His house in Guernsey looks simple and sweet, with a cactus growing in the middle of the green.

"La Conscience" I consider one of the most impressive drawings. It represents a man, and behind him in emptiness one big, solitary eye is watching him.

In one room I found what I was looking for. It is a desk in each corner of which there is an ink pot once used by Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, Georges Sand, and Lamartine. There is a manuscript under each. Lamartine has written: "Offert par Lamartine au maître de la plume." Under Dumas ink pot there is written that the 15 to 20 last volumes were written by him out of this little pot. But I am not going to write more about this, you probably have seen it and know all about it, and besides I do not wish to turn these pages into a guidebook, as I fear the end of it will be that you will turn your head away and throw them into the waste-paper basket, you expected to read something fresh, something new, and I am only repeating old stories over again. So just let me add that I was delighted with it all, and stepped out of this historic, romantic, and poetic house feeling somewhat cleverer than when I entered it. The last picture I noticed was "La Cloche" or as the poet calls it "le chant du crépuscule."

It is now half past three, it is too early to go in, and yet our legs are dreadfully tired, our eyes see dimly, what shall we do? A happy thought crossed my mind. Let us have a drive on the top of one of those steam trams of which there are so many coming and going from the Place de la Bastille. Aussitôt dit, aussitôt fait. We were soon driving away along the river enjoying the cold, pure air, and watching the Ville Lumière beginning to light up. These trams go to the Porte Rapp, they are steam trams, do not look elegant, but it did not matter.

We returned to the farmyard feeling very hungry, and quite ready to consume the plain, somewhat cloisterly fare which I now saw was the invariable rule for us, plump, lively, cackling hens, I was just going to add, of many lands and many tongues, but at least during our stay, apart from the little Austrian and one or two Germans, they were all French.

As I put out the light, I thought it was just a week since we had arrived in Paris. The second and last week was starting tomorrow, and I was anxious and excited to see how it would pass.

CHAPTER VIII

(Monday, 29th December 1913)

Fancy, being a whole week in Paris and not having been to the Boulevard Hausmann, not having seen the Arc de Triomphe, the Avenue Friedland, our haunts of former days. Let us go there this morning.

The weather was bad. We meekly walked under our umbrellas to the Bastille, took the motor to the Opera, and stepped into the Boulevard Hausmann. What an interminable, grand road it is, even if it is no novelty, even on a wet, cheerless day, with snow melting into black, horrible masses, turning your feet into blocks of ice as you try your best to escape them and just step into them, leaving you cross and uncomfortable; still, who can walk down that regular, wide, grand walk without admiring it, with the Arc de Triomphe in the distance beckoning to you, and forcing you to walk on and on in its direction thinking you will be there in a moment, and the hours passing and the triumphal arch still so far, still out of your reach, and you still plodding on and on, looking to your right, looking to your left, admiring the grand buildings, the lovely shops, the air of vastness, grandeur, of exultation. We came to the Chapelle Expiatoire erected by Louis XVII to Louis XVI, Marie-Antoinette and the Swiss guards. We were asked a fee, were surprised at this demand, turned on our heels, and walked on. At this very spot, the royal bodies lay till they were transferred to Saint Denis. I would have preferred to see Saint Denis, but this could not be done during our present stay in Paris, it would have to be left for another season. We reached the Avenue Friedland, which you know is the continuation of the Boulevard Hausmann, and were soon standing in front of the Arc de Triomphe. What a glorious place this place de l'étoile is with all those avenues spreading away from it. I should like to see it from an aeroplane, the view must then be at its best. Our intention was now to go to the Bois de Boulogne. so we took the métro on the place de l'étoile and drove to the Porte Dauphine, the train I knew running under the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne.

We stepped into a taxi and told the driver to go around the bois. If you have not been in this world-famed retreat, you will no doubt have read about it. It is generally visited during the summer when everything is green and lovely, I flatter myself that I am the only one who is about to describe it in its wintry garb.

Silence was over the place. A pure white mantle spread over it. The lakes a mass of ice. Groups of aquatic birds nestling together on the borders. The trees rising out of the earth like weird black phantoms, silent, motionless, they do not even sway when the arctic breeze sighs through them. And yet they are not dead, a strange look these trees have. The oaks are not devoid of their leaves, no the leaves have stuck to them, these leaves are all brown and stiff, and yet so strong, so faithful are they, that they have not fallen off; strong and firm they have resisted to the blasts of winter and remained clinging to the oaks which have given them birth. The other trees are all bare, with however a strange, mystic exception. Just fancy, high up in the air, immense bunches of light, cold greens sprinkled all over with white spots. These spots are not snow, these big green bunches do not belong to the trees themselves, and yet they cling to them, they are growing out of them. It is the mistletoe, that strange parasite which has no home of its own but grows wherever it finds a retreat. Doubt still has it how this plant to which is attached much romance of the past, and which still cheers our

homes and yuletide, how this plant gets to grow on the different trees. Some think it is the wind which blows the seeds onto the branches, some think it is the birds who drop the seeds on the trees. Reading the French paper on the day of my departure from Paris, I was surprised to find a letter from a well-meaning Parisian exhorting his fellow creatures to revolt against the mistletoe being left to grow in such quantities in the Bois de Boulogne. "This poisonous parasite" as he called it was gradually killing the fine trees of the bois. Be this as it may, for my part, I thought these immense light green bunches with the millions of little white berries looked simply lovely, they looked just as if nature had carried them off from some blooming, sunny island, and thrown them on the trees to console us shivering mortals for the winter during which everything is devoid of green and warmth. The effect of these green bouquets scattered on the black, lifeless branches towering out of the snow-white earth was quite unique in its kind.

These trees, which in summer no doubt are glorious, are not very high nor ancient, this is attributed to the fact that during the siege of 1870 the wood suffered in many ways. All the pavilions so frequented in summer were closed. I saw no carriages, I saw no equestrians; only a few lonely mortals moving slowly in the snow.

You will no doubt call this description of mine a very dreary and desolate one, after all the beautiful narratives which others have left us; a kaleidoscope of beauty, fashion, movement, gaiety, colour, and what not. Mark Twain in his "Innocents Abroad" makes a charming description of it. He says, "I will not attempt to describe the Bois de Boulogne. I cannot do it. It is simply a beautiful, cultivated, endless, wonderful wilderness. It is an enchanting place." Others have written even more vehemently. In my case, remember, we were in winter, and I have told you what I saw, there was nothing more to see, but just this simple snow carpet, these mistletoe bunches nestling irregularly on the nude branches, this silence, this strangety; just this cold winter scene had its charm, it was nature itself, nothing to disturb one's thoughts amidst this picture of desolateness and silence. No mortals rushing about who make you think and excite your mind to make out who they are, where they come from; nothing to make you envy and pity humanity.

Nature alone, and nothing more.

"Is that all you have to tell us of the world-famed Bois de Boulogne?"

That is all.

This is all.

THis pure, silent, winter scene, has impressed itself deeply on my mind. If I have been unable to impress it in turn on your mind, I regret I can write no further.

The morning swept away, and we left the bois, and vanished.

Back at the Arc de Triomphe, the weather clearing, we decided to walk down the Avenue des Champs Elysées, to the Place de la Concorde. As we all know, this is THE promenade of Paris, who has not read or heard of it? It could of course not be expected to meet the elegant world of Paris on such a day, had we been indigenous to the Ville

Lumière we would also not have been wandering about in the snow and wet, but would have remained snugly within doors. The only thing which struck my eye down this vast, grand avenue was a gay-looking specimen of femininity with a lot of bright cherry colour about her, she was leading a little dog, and she lifted her dainty skirt so high, that you could discern a lot of plump, red, à jour leg. This moving red affair gave brilliancy to the scene, and I should have liked to see some more of these brightly coloured Parisian morsels. We passed on our right the Grand Palais and the Petit Palais, the first is an artistic place, where art exhibitions are held, and the other one is the dwelling of Monsieur Le Président.

The Place de la Concorde covered with snow! Under any aspect the great square looks fine. We crossed it and entered the Jardins des Tuileries. A lot of bare trees, statues covered with snow, a few beings wandering about, thoughts of the past rising to your mind, and you go on further, you watch the hundreds of footsteps which have blackened the snow stretching out in front of you. You feel sad, you feel cold, you feel tired. It is two o'clock. Why do we feel worn out and low-spirited? Why, it is only caused by the human machine which needs the solitary oiling. "Monsieur L'Agent! Monsieur L'Agent!" Let's ask him the way to the shops, we feel the want of food. Now watch us hurrying up into the Rue de Rivoli, we walk on and on till we arrive at the world famed théâtre Français. It is in the famous Palais Royal, and looks upon a charming square, very busy and alive, and one of the shops is luckily a first-rate patisserie! Thank goodness. Let us enter, we can eat and watch life at the same time. We sat down at a little round table next to a heap of marrons glacés, and were served with the proverbial excellent French pie and very good coffee. These cups were reasonable for two hungry and thirsty wolves. They were not of that small, dainty sort, out of which you sip "avec une petite, petite bouche," No, indeed, they were very large, they looked more like flower pots than anything else, and the pattern on the them was a pink rose with two little leaves repeating itself all over the cups, and the saucers too, if you care to go into details! No Parisian lunch without pastries. These came in for their share, and well fed, well rested, we jumped up, feeling hot and beaming, and went in the direction of the Palais Royal. This immense and magnificent building built by Richelieu in 1629 has seen many, many different people inhabit its walls. The clever cardinal first breathed in it, he gave it to his royal master Louis XIII, and then we hear of Anne of Austria inhabiting it with her two royal boys, and the generation of the Orléans family, who by their excesses gave a shaky reputation to this magnificent building. It was no doubt inside that building that that certain pillow fight which I once saw on a picture between little King Louis XIV and his brother the Duke d'Orléans was enacted. It was from one of those windows that Philippe Egalité watched quite unconcerned the head of the hapless princess de Lamballe his sister-in-law carried on a pike, that same head about which so much has been written. It was only lately that I learned that the Princess de Lamballe was a descendant of Louis XIV, his father being the son of the Duc de Penthièvre, son

of the Comte de Toulouse, son of Louis XIV and Madame de Montespan. One never ends learning, as the Germans say:- "Man wir alt wie eine Kuh und lernt immer noch dazu!" I thought of all this as we wandered blissfully under the magnificent arcades full of handsome shops surrounding a court, immense and grand. We walked all around, the great green and the centre being covered with snow, and I noticed a statue of Victor Hugo sitting on a rock in Nature's costume. We did not attempt to enter the building, we preferred the view from outside. I liked this great court so much that I would not leave it. I noticed at the end of this court the statue of a man resting or bending over a chair, another chair turned down was near him. It was Camille Desmoulins, one of the instigators of the Revolution. I think it was at that very spot where on July 13th 1789 he held a long speech to the people and enticed them to the uproar. This statue is very good in my opinion, he looks so natural.

Round the green there are other statues, pastoral ones. I noticed a fan, a boyish, graceful figure sitting and holding one arm up with a little snake in his hand. I saw how The Sparrows one by one settled upon him, one on each shoulder, one on his head, one on each knee, till he seemed covered with birdies, and yet he remained motionless as he has been since that day so many decades ago when he was hewn out of stone and placed there, and where he will remain through the centuries, through eternity!

We stayed there for a while resting against the iron railing encircling the green. I saw some more birdies in the snow, they were grouped around a piece of bread, and seemed to be discussing the value of it in their sweet twittering language. This group reminded me of Marie Bashkirtseff's little street Arabs discussing the value of that famous bit of string. These sparrows were also street urchins, free as air, they could fly and wonder wherever they liked. With the setting sun shining red and gorgeous around us, and the lovely snow stretching out everywhere, and the grand building rising dark and pompous around us, I felt I was I knew not where. Was this Paris, the land of fashion and frivolity? It seemed to me to be living centuries ago, I could just discern faintly the murmur of the great city. I only came back to myself upon seeing some men and women walk under the arcades, their garb of the present day reminding me I was passing through eternity in the year 1913, the same year which was now drawing to a close, which was about to drop into eternity like so many, many others, to make room for the next year to start its brief career of 365 days.

The day is not over yet. We are going to walk home. Back into the Rue de Rivoli, we came in sight of the Grands Magasins du Louvre, and entered it. We took the lift right to the top like we did at Dufayel's, and then gradually worked our way down again. I looked over the parapet down below, it was of course not half so deep as Dufayel's, but the sight was wonderful. Humanity moving about on the ground floor was a sight, I will not say for the gods, but a sight for those who care to see this strange mixture, those colored spots, indeed, it made me think of an immense cauldron in which a savoury mixture was being boiled, and the mixture kept on bubbling and moving and

moving and bubbling, and this savoury mixture consisted of so many human bodies, so many beating hearts, so many active brains, so many mortals living the different lives which Destiny had distributed to them! The whole place was ablaze with electricity, music was playing, and the various departments seemed to be doing a roaring trade. Les étrennes pour le nouvel an, that was what they were all about. Our purchases consisted in a sweet little basket whose mission in the Jaffa home would be to carry fruit or cake, and a pair of comfortable cloth house boots bearing the name of "Moscovite" Mamma's own choice. I looked about, but nothing tempted me, fancy not even a blouse, I who generally buy one as a useful souvenir. We moved on one behind the other among the sea of humanity promising each other that if one lost the other, the stray sheep would find her way to the entrance of this vast emporium and wait patiently till the other sheep appeared to claim the lost one. We were glad to get out again, the air being rather heavy with all these people and stuffs and lights. The Louvre shops under the arcades were well laid out, the crowds were immense. Although as I moved on I found time to look at everybody, I must admit that I saw nothing very fine, it is true that crowds generally bewilder the eye; the only thing I thought admirable was the lovely French which these thousands of babbling mortals spoke; un gazouillement léger et gracieux, un bavardage élégant et insouciant. The Rue de Rivoli leads to the Tour de St. Jacques, the theatre of the famous Sarah and the place de Grève where the Hôtel de Ville is situated. Here the scene was extraordinarily animated, shops on one side, booths on the other, things of every description and conception were being sold, I like especially the little women selling their humble wares such as dollies and reels of colored cotton carefully laid out in an open umbrella, they could not afford to have a booth, so they took refuge in their umbrella, a very useful and practical idea, since the objects could not fly away inside that basin, the umbrellas were open and the point put on the floor, and they kept hold of the handle with the open umbrella at their feet. I saw a little man selling hundreds of devilish looking objects and singing out:- "Messieurs, mesdames, voici le diable rayonnant, à 3 centimes seulement!"

We did not buy any of these little nightmares, but carried home a long roll of "nonnettes" which we bought in one of these booths. The roll gleamed with golden designs on the paper to make it all the more tempting to the purchaser I suppose. Marrons glacés were being sold in little bags, big bags, and handfuls outside the grocers, the big, flawless ones came to well Fcs.4.- per pound, the broken and spoiled ones to Fcs.2.50 and less, and yet the good looking ones and the ugly ones all had their share of purchasers; many humble purses do not mind so much the exterior, they are glad to gobble down the delicious interior.

The Rue de Rivoli let us into the Rue St. Antoine, Monsieur l'agent wherever we asked him always stretched out his powerful arm to the right saying:- "Toujours en avant, mesdames," till we found ourselves safely landed on the Place de la Bastille. Eyes and legs had had enough for today, we sneaked silently into the lovely Place des

Vosges, with its air, its breath of long ago; something “Verklungen” about it as the Germans say!

At dinner, I noticed the little Austrian lady sitting next to a stranger, and this lady spoke a strange language with her. Upon my enquiring what it was, she said it was Polish. What a pity we Jaffas have no knowledge of this language, although I think Mamma did learn it partly with Papa in her early married life. Your language ought to be enough, still, to know a slavonic language would make our equipment still more complete.

CHAPTER IX

(Tuesday, 30th December 1913)

Today a long walk along the river to have a look at all the bridges. Let us walk right along the Seine to the Invalides, and then visit the tomb of Napoleon.

We started on our march at 9 a.m. The sun was shining, but the weather was bitterly cold, a sharp wind blowing right in our faces. Still, we kept to our resolution, this walk having been my intention since long. I remember we once did the bridges in London, from London Bridge to Chelsea, and I never regretted this walk; it is wonderful how much you can see and get to know in such a way.

We started with the Pont Sully, being the first bridge to pass when coming from the Bastille, looked admiringly at the romantic island of St. Louis, and landed on the south side of the river, where our march really begun. How very light and small these Parisian bridges are compared to the heavy masses stretched across the Thames! I noticed the little bridge of St. Louis which is in the middle of the river and which connects the two islands together, as you know there are several bridges which connect the two islands on both sides to the mainland, north and south, but this little bridge in the middle of the water has “un petit cachet” all its own. The Pont d’Arcole, Pont au Change, Pont Notre Dame, and others, all form those dainty gangways from the islands to the mainland. We read with interest the various inscriptions on the bridges, when and how they were constructed. And now we came to the famous Pont Neuf, which stretches itself out right at the end of the Ile de la Cité, leaving just a pointed piece of earth like the end of a vessel, carrying a bouquet of trees on its back, as it juts out into the water. I have a picture postcard before me showing this bridge with the picturesque buildings of the island towering on one side of it, and the bushy tongue of earth stretching out on the other side. It is the oldest bridge in Paris, and it triumphantly carries its founder Henri IV in the centre of its back. There are several traditions attached to the Pont Neuf, the one which interested me the most was the tradition of the soldier, the white horse, and the priest. I looked, I stretched my neck, the soldier and the white horse soon became visible, but also Monsieur le Curé, this comfortable

gentleman, I suppose did not care to cross the river during those cold, snowy days during which we were in Paris.

The book stalls were nearly all closed, they start work later in the day, so we continued our march, and the next bridge we passed was the Pont des Arts. This little bridge which I have read as graceful, elegant, romantic, etc., in my opinion grows upon you. At first I thought it so small and insignificant, but seeing it several times, it has a dainty look about it; perhaps because no carriages ever passing it, it looks select and private. The pont du Carousel, Pont Royal, Pont Solférino came next, and I must not forget the fine houses towering on the left, our heads being mostly turned to the right, gazing at the river. The traffic does not look half as important as in London, but I noticed that steamers with passengers floated continuously up and down, giving a look of animation and life to the scene. The Institut de France, the Ecole des Beaux Arts, the Gare d'Orléans; a very handsome building once the home of Madame de Stäel, the house of Commons, etc., are all on the embankment, and to see all these celebrated buildings was indeed very enjoyable. We forgot the icy wind penetrating through our clothes and occasionally wetting our dainty noses, and walked on and on, looking to the right and to the left. We were now in front of the Pont de la Concorde. This bridge leads to the grand Place de la Concorde, and in the distance you see the obelisk and further on the Madeleine. Such deep, deep outlooks, stretching out so far and wide I think you can only see in Paris. The Pont Alexandre III came next. The view here is lovely. On one side of the river you see the two palais, that is, those we saw yesterday, the Palais where the art exhibitions are held, and the other Palais, which is the Elysée, where the pompous gentleman, the representative of the French nation, has his home during his term of office. This same house used to be inhabited by the famous Pompadour, had she been told in her time of these representatives of the French Republic who would have lived there in those days to come, she would no doubt have thought it rather strange. On the other side of this memorable bridge, that is the side we were standing on, you see the Esplanade des Invalides, and at the end of it the great building of the Invalides with its shining dome. This bridge the first stone of which was laid by the Imperial Russian ruler looks very conspicuous with its bronze and gold ornaments. It has only one arch, and it looks fresh and well kept. The next bridge was the Pont des Invalides, then a good way farther down the Pont de l'Alma, the Pont Debilly, then the Pont d'Iena. Twelve o'clock was ringing, as we stood almost out of breath before this bridge with the historic name, the Palais du Trocadéro stretching out its horseshoe shape on one side, the Eiffel Tower rising sleek and brilliant on the other side. We had walked some four miles, and were beginning to feel it. And yet I wanted some more. I wanted to see the Statue of Liberty, a reproduction of the one in New York which is perched on the Pont de Grenelle, there was only one bridge more to pass before reaching it, the Pont de Passy, and we bravely set our strength to reach it. We however could not manage it; we had to abandon the idea. So we meekly turned back, crept into

a coffee house somewhere near the Eiffel Tower, and indulged in a good rest and a good feed. This feed, however, was of a very modest nature, still, there being nothing better available, we gladly consumed the Madeleines, those typical little French caky bits, which were picked out of a glass cylinder for us, and drank our coffee in silent bliss. Rested and refreshed, our intention was now to walk back and visit the Invalides. This walk back was more agreeable, the wind having set, and the air felt warmer. We passed a kind of picture Palace over the entrance of which was written in large letters of gold:-
VENEZ RIRE.

Indeed, I thought to myself, many will enter that place to laugh. It will however not be the happy ones, I imagine the place will be more favored by those who want some laughter. Do you know the French idiom: "Se pincer pour rire?" How many wretched mortals, discouraged and disillusioned will pay their last sous at the styles in order to forget their present condition, and how they will laugh! Why, does not Balzac, that great authority on humanity, does he not say:- "Les plus malheureux sont souvent ceux qui rient le plus haut." Many voices laughing will be heard within those walls, and they will come out perhaps feeling the better, as Madame de Genlis very appropriately says:- "Le rire vaut souvent mieux que les médicaments." I did not want to enter; I felt happy enough; I was glad to go on my way in blissful silence.

Now we are entering the Invalides.

As you know, this vast place consists of the Hôtel des Invalides founded by Louis XIV in 1670 for decayed veterans, like Chelsea Hospital is in London. It has its little church which is a different thing to the sparkling dome shining on humanity from a great distance and under which the sarcophagus containing the ashes of the great Napoleon are laid. There is also a fine museum consisting of endless rooms containing all sorts of historical and armorial objects. We visited them all.

You first enter an immense court with frescoes on the walls, and this leads to the dome. The crypt containing the Imperial ashes is most impressive. We looked over and silently gazed at the great sarcophagus as it rises from the mosaic pavement representing a wreath of laurels. I could not help thinking that if Louis XIV were to come to life again, what would he think of this all? What extraordinary changes have happened in France since he stepped off the throne to walk into eternity! What would he think of that man, that Corsican lawyer's son who sat on his turn as emperor on the throne which was his for nearly a century? That man whose ashes were now lying for evermore in that building the first stone of which he laid? Indeed, the king of France would think his own, he would say, he would wonder, he would ask himself why his race should have ended in such a disastrous way, why this race of plebeians should have invaded his throne; but they in turn were pushed off too, and why did all this happen? Those are the mysteries of life, those are the mysteries of fate, which we mortals will never manage to unveil.

I was anxious to read the words of Napoleon which I read with interest last time:

“Je désire que mes cendres reposent
Sur les bords de la Seine,
Au milieu de ce peuple français que j’ai tant aimé.

I was however not allowed to go down into the crypt, the workmen being busy making repairs. So we walked around the building, and stood for a while before the tomb of Turenne. I noted the following words pronounced by the great warrior:-

In ne faut pas qu’il y ait un homme de coeur qui repose en France,
Tant qu’il y aura (blurred) allemand en Alsace. (TURENNE. 1675)

I took the words down in my notebook, and was surprised at seeing a man standing near me doing the same thing.

Leaving the dome we visited the chapel placed at the back of this building, and then wandered about the gigantic building. We then visited the different museums, what I thought the most interesting was a suite of rooms, one going into the other, and containing the whole life story of Napoleon, from his early days, to the day he breathed his last at St. Helena. I also saw his horse (stuffed), a light, elegant animal, bearing the name of “Vizir”, I should have preferred if it had been his horse “Jaffa” as I know he had one bearing my namesake at one time. I was surprised at the cast of his hand taken after death. the shape seemed very insignificant for such an extraordinary person, still, it is a known fact that we do change after dissolution, that same hand, I am sure must have had more strength and character during life. When I think of the marvelous hand of Victor Hugo, but was the cast taken during life or after death?

I am not going into further details of all the wonders and closed in these walls, suffice it to say that my brain was well garnished when we slowly walked back into the great courtyard, through the high porch, and continued our homeward pilgrimage. After having seen so many histories, objects, portraits, and things, you read about them later on with eager interest. Things we were forced to learn out of our schoolbooks we simply hated, and promised never to think of them again, but things we see traveling make us think, create interest in our minds, and we seldom forgot them. Georgette once told me that her father, himself a great traveler, always used to say that six months traveling meant more than three years at school. He was indeed right, nothing wakes you up more than traveling. I have also always noticed that people who have traveled, even if they have little or no education, were mostly extremely interesting people, their conversation, fresh and varied. When I come across a very learned body, I seldom enjoy his or her conversation. When those people start with their Greek and Latin quotations, their mathematical problems, their scientific researches, oh, my goodness, let me gather my dainty serge or cotton or silk skirt as the case may be, and let me take to my heels; I understand nothing; I feel ill at ease; I feel I don't know what. When the

traveler comes up, there I listen and enjoy. They have seen much, they can tell you much, they do not expect you to know and to have seen what they have, they know that they alone have gone through such and such an experience, they alone have witnessed such and such a scene, they take pride in your listening and enjoying their narratives.

The day was getting on, and we were beginning to feel cold and tired. at the Pont de la Concorde we found the tram, and were glad to get home again. I watched the hens at dinner, and was rather surprised to see how little they ate. Many seemed to be complete vegetarians, they took a poached egg, something sweet, and nothing more. I wonder were they confirmed vegetarians, or might have taken a dislike to this plain, everyday fare. We are something of vegetarians, but not in the strict sense of the word. I have heard and read a lot on the subject. In the case of Sir Isaac Pitman, he became a vegetarian through having once helped his cook to kill a hen, he clumsily chopped the head off, and was so terrified at seeing the headless birds start flying about after its execution that our pitmanic celebrity from that hour vowed he would become a vegetarian. He declared in later years that since then he never, never was unwell, never had any more trouble with his digestion, and worked ever so much better. And yet, we are not all alike. I read some time ago that Herbert Spencer also took to vegetarianism for some time, but had not only to give it up, but was forced to destroy all his work created during that period, as he considered it weak and worthless.

CHAPTER X

(Wednesday, 31st December, 1913)

“Sic transit gloria mundi!” I thought to myself, as, upon looking out of my bedroom window before going down to breakfast, I noticed the Christmas tree thrown carelessly on the ground in the garden. So this was the end of that lovely tree, which, but a few days ago shone resplendent and glorious in the farmyard, cheering many humble hearts and giving new hope to many discouraged ones. It was the last day of the year 1913. The sun shone brightly over the house tops, the birds sang, and yet a feeling of extreme sadness and melancholy crept over me. Arrived downstairs, I went towards the housekeeper, that silent, pleasant dame, invariably clothed in sombre black, who every morning kept vigilance over the regiment of coffee cups and the three or four deep baskets filled with various kinds of loaves and crescents, and told her we would soon be leaving the farmyard, that our Parisian joys would soon be over, and that I would keep a pleasant memory of the days spent at the farmyard. She smiled and asked why we did not stay longer, to which I gave her my reasons. She watched us consume our “petit déjeuner” as the French call it; one thing, however, I thought rather strange for such a large establishment, and this was that once the coffee and the milk up from the kitchen, they never did anything to keep it warm, especially knowing that the hens never came in all at the same time, they never thought of putting the pots under a tiny flame, but left

them to cool in that large room, the result was that the coffee was never hot, an essential thing during this season.

The first thing we did on leaving the farmyard was to walk to the cemetery of Père-Lachaise. It was not our intention however to remain there long, we only went to inspect the monument to the dead, or as its real name is "Aux morts qui n'ont pas de sépulture." This monument has been much spoken about and Erwinia wrote from Wiesbaden not to forget to go and see it. Seeing from the Paris plan that the cemetery was at the end of the Rue de la Roquette which you enter from the Place de la Bastille, we were both willing to walk it. The name of the Rue de la Roquette makes you shudder, as we all know that there is a prison there in front of which, or somewhere near it, public executions used to be held. I never saw such a funny street as this street, the thousand and one shops in which you can buy from a pin to, to, to, I was going to say to a husband, as you say in English, but all this in a very dirty and rather repulsive fashion. This street is rather narrow and very, very long. We saw the prison with its round towers and dark look, we hurried on, the feeling we both secretly had walking down the street was not very edifying. In one shop we saw dozens of one subject, very pretty and artistic, it represented Saint Anthony holding a candlestick, the figure was brown and good to look at, just what we would have liked for our table at home. I eagerly entered to enquire the price, being prepared to buy a pair. When the assistant however told me they were 10 francs a piece, I sneaked out again; that was rather more than we cared to pay.

We now entered Père Lachaise. I remember the last time we visited it, before entering, we thought it wise to eat something, and we chose a slice of something which was meant to be an imitation of plum pudding. The effect it produced on our chests was that of a bomb lying inside it, and we seemed never to get through it, it seemed never to slip down, so this time we thought differently, and besides we only wanted to stay there for a short while, the place is so large that you can easily lose your way and spend the whole day there to your vexation.

Walking up slowly, we saw the monument rising in front of us. I saw the name of Rossini in large letters on one grave, and higher up I read on a grave the name of Felix Faure. the late president is lying on his grave with objects round him depicting the high office he held in his time. I noticed that his grave is often visited, as little bunches of violets, some quite fresh, some dead and dried up, lay scattered about. I touched one bunch, the flowers and leaves were quite hard and frozen, although the colours were fresh and sweet.

We now turned to the monument. As you know, it is designated to the poor who have no burial. To speak frankly, I was not at all struck by it. However, let me add at once, that upon examining it, upon understanding what it really means, it does impress you, it does make you think, it does make you sad. It is just a wall on an elevated base, in this wall there is a dark hole, two figures, representing husband and wife are entering

it, and they are followed by a crowd of wretched-looking mortals. Below, there is another hole, there you see the couple lying side by side. What I think the most pathetic, the most impressive, the most deeply thought out, is an infant lying on its face stretched across the bodies of the parents. At first you are disgusted at the ugliness and scragginess of the limbs of all these people, but in thinking that the sculptor meant to portray poverty and want, you feel he has done his work justly and faithfully. There is a fence separating the monument from the public, and I noticed several bunches of violets in the enclosure, these violets had no doubt been thrown there for some reason. I thought the monument looked shabby, yes, but it is meant to portray poverty and want, so I have nothing more to say. Go and see it, and think for yourself.

We slowly walked away, looked up the tomb of Abélard and Héloïse, then left Père Lachaise. We next took the tram to the Louvre, alighted there, and walked in the direction of the Ile de la Cité, as we wanted to visit the Palais de Justice, see as much of the interior as possible, and assist at one of the courts. Here again, you are simply awed at the immensity of Parisian buildings, this labyrinth if you have not visited it, I refrain from describing it, I will only tell you what impressed me most. We saw the old salle des Pas-Perdus, which is known to be one of the largest in the world, being 80 metres long by 30 wide. And yet we were not struck by it, other halls I have seen, no doubt much smaller left me a far wider impression, this is no doubt due to the fact that a row of supporting pillars runs across the place which of course takes away the idea of such vastness. The new salle des Pas-Perdus though smaller leaves a better impression, there being no such pillars. We told some of the officials that we wanted to assist at a sitting of the court, they told us to go one way, and when we arrived there, we were told to go another way, and this was repeated several times, yet we never managed to enter one of the courts. At last we were told to enter a certain room, and there a wonderful spectacle presented itself to us. I saw no prisoners, but a good many learned, important, wise gentlemen, dressed in the strange French costume of Justice, with long gowns and peculiar velvet caps on their learned heads. They were sitting in an oblong room, some at desks, some in arm-chairs, and one important-looking gentleman was holding a speech, standing with his back to us. All the others seemed to be hanging to his lips, and I tried to do the same, but I must tell you honestly that although I naturally understood every word, I could not make out the sense of his discourse. "Clever, clever, clever," I thought to myself as I watched the little man with open eyes, open ears, and no doubt open mouth too. Whatever was he discussing? Ah, forensic knowledge does not appertain to my box of accomplishments. I silently, on tiptoe, crept to the window, the view was lovely, you could see the Seine sparkling in the sunshine, the Parisians moving hastily about, and the buildings looking grand and imposing. I went back to the judges, as the visitors stand level with them being only separated by a kind of counter, and I thought to myself who were all the people they had judged and

condemned. What do they feel when they pronounce judgement? They feel no doubt totally different when they are in the courts than when they are in their homes.

We crept silently out as we had crept silently in, and wandered again round the endless corridors. Custodians in uniform, lawyers in gowns, and visitors were likewise walking about. On the benches against the walls I noticed strange-looking specimens of humanity, these no doubt were persons wishing to see their companions brought from the prisons during their trials. We also noticed a large group of these horrible people in front of an entrance guarded by a soldier. We were told that a trial was being held, and the doors would open in a short time, so we joined this group in the hope of finding room inside. They stared at us with total indifference, they looked as if coming out of the Chamber of Horrors at Mme Tussaud's; some faces quite frightened me. One thing I must however remark, and that is that in spite of these men and women being of the lowest class, I did not hear one ugly word, they kept all quiet and only became excited when it was time to enter, they nearly upset the powerful soldier, and when they had passed we wanted to enter too, but the soldier politely told us that there was no room for us, perhaps because he knew it was something too low for ladies to assist. All the same, I felt cross and vexed, I should so much have liked to watch a case. Seeing that there was no hope for satisfying our curiosity, we slowly walked away out of this forensic atmosphere. In one of the great halls of this vast edifice, I mean just in the *salle des pas perdus*, I was shown an immense bas-relief depicting Louis XVI being visited on the morning of his death by Malesherbes, his sole defender, the only man who ventured to protect the king. Malesherbes was then an old man, and he suffered death by the guillotine.

As we stepped out of the building into the open air, we noticed a row of ugly, shabby, dark vehicles in front of the river. Seeing that a man was putting a nose-bag round one of the horse's heads, I ventured to ask him what these vehicles were. They were BLACK MARIAS! Or as you call this gloomy vehicle in French: LE PANIER A SALADE. I might have guessed this, seeing that they were just in front of the court of justice. The men then said that the prisoners had just been deposited in the building and that if we liked we could enter one of these vehicles to inspect the interior. We jumped at the idea. "Attendez un instant, mesdames, jusqu'à ce que j'aie donné à manger aux chevaux," he said.

Now watch mother and daughter climbing into one of these terrible conveyances. Inside I noticed that there were 10 little rooms with no light, 5 on each side, a seat in each compartment. My heart sank within me. I noticed that something was written in blue pencil on one of the doors, and started reading it, my feelings however reminded me not to go on further. When I think of it now, I wonder why I did not sit down in one of these divisions and have the door closed against me, just to feel what it is like to be sitting squeezed in total darkness, quite a thing I should have liked to go through. I told our man that it made me feel unhappy, upon which he laughed, saying: "C'est encore

trop bon pour la crapule qu'on y met." And yet, I thought to myself, all those wretches, those delinquents who come and go in these boxes before being sent out to their doom, it is more destiny than anything else. Do you remember a few years ago when Sir William Treloar was being paraded around the city as Lord Mayor of London, he noticed a man in rags, like the man in rags might have happened to become Lord Mayor. There were no doubt some people watching us two ladies creeping into this vehicle of the doomed ones, and they no doubt were wondering what pleasure we could ever have in inspecting such an object. And I am glad I saw it, it impressed me deeply. I must however notice that the Black Marias of London (of course I admit I never entered one, so cannot describe my feelings) look much nicer, so clean, so polished, so well-kept, whilst these Parisian panniers à salade make your heart sink, they make you feel sad and discouraged at the thought of all this human misery.

We thanked our man, and walked to the Sainte Chapelle, which is situated close to the courts. We found it open, and it was an edifying feeling which took the place of that depressed feeling I had but a while ago. If you have never visited this chapel, let me tell you that it is quite unique in its style. The chapel consists of two floors, I should call them two rooms, as there are no naves, no transepts; I have never seen the like anywhere. I am not going to describe this sacred casket, this marvellous jewel-box, suffice it to say that it is a real wonder. The chapel on the ground floor is only an avant-propos, a preparation for what is coming next. Simple and unpretentious, it soothes your feelings as you enter it from the noisy world outside. You then go up a peculiar, stony, winding staircase and land in a dream chamber. The stained glass windows running right round the little place, the stone tracery, the pillars, the surface in polychrome, and the great rose window, the whole atmosphere breathing the minutious workmanship of bygone days filled me with wonder and admiration. Built by S. Louis in the 13th century, it suffered the ravages of the Revolution, but it has been repaired so quietly and modestly that you scarcely feel that more recent hands have touched it. I went on the little terrace overlooking the silent square surrounded by the buildings of the Palais de Justice, and felt strange. Is this Paris, the centre of frivolity, riot, and fashion? Methinks I am living in days of yore, I am not myself, I am dust come back to life to wander once more among the shrines of antiquity, to gaze in wonder at the people around me, all so different as when I used to live, to listen to those sounds unknown in my time, the sounds of modern life, of busy present mankind. I hear a bell ringing, it is the same sound as hundreds of years ago, is it dream or reality? Silently we descend the narrow, winding staircase, silently we return to the river. Look at the endless file of motor-cars and motor-buses, look at humanity, prosaic and matter of fact rushing along; move on, move on with the times, we live but once, and life is so short.

Looking over the parapet of the river, we were wondering where to go next. I now remembered something I was exceedingly anxious to see. The monument to Pasteur in the Avenue de Breteuil. Now, how to get there? "Monsieur l'agent, monsieur

l'agent, où est l'Avenue de Breteuil?" and Monsieur l'agent answers: "Vous en êtes très loin, Mesdames, c'est derrière les Invalides." My goodness, we were there yesterday, why did we not think of it? The fact is, that we did not know where this avenue was; had we known yesterday, we would naturally have gone there. Well, there is plenty of time. So, we jump into a motor-bus, and fly in the direction of the Invalides.

We got down near the Pont Alexandre III, and went in the direction indicated. Funny, to be walking the same path we walked upon yesterday, I had imagined I would never have come back this way, at least during our present visit to Paris. We now found ourselves at the back of the soldiers' labyrinth, and we walked down the immense, grand, and airy Avenue de Breteuil. What magnificent trees there are on either side, it seems a very healthy quarter of the gay city, and right at the end there is an expansion which is called the Place de Breteuil, and here you come to the famous monument. His Medical and Scientific Majesty King Louis Pasteur, is seen seated in a long robe, before him stands a mother bringing him her daughter whose life he has saved. Right round the monument you can see all sorts of animals, and a figure of Death, Death vanquished, complete this very strange and interesting monument. There are other statues of Pasteur in Paris, but after having seen this one, I did not wish to see another; the group remains deeply encrusted in one's mind. I walked round and round; it is a grand work of art.

The sharp air was pricking our faces, and our feet were beginning to drag, so we looked on either side of the fine avenue, and entered a baker's shop. We were offered brioche and pain d'épice, and the coffee was wonderfully good for such a simple establishment, I think it tasted the best we had in Paris. After the simple yet satisfactory "collation", the two wanderers resumed their march. Back to the river, right along the quais as we went the day before, we reached the Rue du Bac, at the beginning of which I noticed a monument. A man is standing, whilst something like a railway signal is towering above him, something depicting electricity. This must be Chappe, I thought to myself. It was, in fact, Chappe. I have read in the lexicon was the discoverer of telegraphic electricity, or some such great affair, he did a great deal for mankind, but seeing that the world would not admit him as the first discoverer of the real thing, he committed suicide by jumping into a well.

The Rue du Bac is well known to me, I have often visited these parts. We entered a tempting-looking grocer's and bought a good portion of pain d'épice. Then we went to visit the Bon Marché. Again up to the ceiling in the lift, again slowly walking down step by step; the animation, the babel of language, the brilliant scene like at the Louvre. We bought some Eau de Cologne, the firm's make. When we came out again, it was quite dark. A lovely crescent moon was visible, and we walked back to the river in the best of moods. There we took the tram to the Bastille, and were glad to get back to the farmyard.

I thought for a moment of sitting up for the New Year, as I saw many hens enter the drawing-room after dinner, I suppose there was going to be some sort of réveillon like there would be all over the city that night, but I felt so very tired and sleepy, that I knew I would have suffered more than I would have enjoyed myself. Sleep is a strange thing, some can fight it, some need it but little. I have heard of several great men who wanted but very little sleep. Peter the Great only slept 6 hours, Napoleon only five. Wellington attributed his success in life through his never having turned twice in his bed. Sir Walter Scott gave the reason of his having produced such an enormous amount of work that winter and summer found him at his desk punctually at six o'clock in the morning. I thought of these facts, as I gratefully crept into bed, and remembered nothing more. The year 1913 was over for evermore.

CHAPTER XI

(Thursday, January 1st, 1914)

The new year was dawning into the room as I opened my eyes. I had slept right through the night.

1913 over! Many, many people have been anxious throughout this year owing to its carrying the figure 13. Of course only those so-called "foolish" people who are superstitious had such feelings during this last year which has just dropped into eternity. I don't exactly like to be called foolish, but I must admit that I am rather superstitious. It is said that as a community actors and sailors are the most superstitious. I have never associated with either the theatrical or with the nautical community; wherever I picked up superstition is a question to be discussed. Do we come to life with inborn ideas, or do we take them according to the circle in which we grow? I had rather not discuss this point, I will only say that I have looked up among my precious volumes to see what is written about this fatal number, and in a very clever book wherein much is said about figures I find that nowhere can be found the source which has led people through the centuries to believe number 13 to be unlucky. The deepest researches have never found the causes of the fatal indication attributed to this number. St. Martin (who was the saintly gentleman?) is said not to have examined it on this point. according to Agrippa, number 13 marks the mystery of the apparition of Christ to the nations, because on the 13th day after his birth, it was declared by the miraculous star which led the wise men of the East to that manger. In the card game of tarot, that strange pack of cards which witches and sorcerers have used since remote antiquity, number 13 is not ominous, it means renaissance and immortality. The strange fact however remains that this number is disliked in every country, by the superstitious only, BIEN ENTENDU, as you know there are superstitions which only belong to one country or another, still, this one of number 13 I have heard it in every country and everywhere. We, in England, think it very ominous if 13 people sit at table. I have heard so many fatal results in this

case, that I can hardly doubt it. I will, however, drop the subject about number 13 for fear that if you do not believe in it you might end by doing so. When Mamma entered my room before going down to breakfast she asked me did I hear the noise and revelry downstairs last night. For hours and hours the farmyard was in a state of merriment and feasting, judging by the playing and dancing and singing and shouting. I had heard nothing; nothing, I had slept so soundly! She said it was something terribly joyful, they must have had a grand time.

I wonder were there any cock-a-doodle-doo's present? I am sure there must have been. This place was not a convent, and besides, during our short stay I often saw a polite-looking cock coming to the farmyard and have a neat chat with a hen in the drawing-room.

We went downstairs to wish a Happy New Year to Madame La Directrice, her dear old sister, and her nice little niece. We found them in the drawing-room surrounded by the maids kissing and hugging one another and all singing out BONNE ANNÉE! BON ANNÉE!

We entered the dining-room, no hen was pecking at her breakfast; it was quite natural that after the revelry of the night before they should all be still fast asleep in their respective pens.

How were we going to spend this first day of the year? We had already made our plans the day before. We would go to St cloud, St Cloud where in days of your there used to be the palace of kings, where Marie-Antoinette lived in her early days, where Napoleon in his time used to enjoy life, where Blücher had his headquarters in 1815, and where later the whole town was destroyed (1870), and where there now remains but the parc, the royal palace being swept away, no ruins even being left.

We went to the Louvre and from there took the tram. We arrived in St. Cloud towards 11 o'clock, and at once asked for the park. We soon found the entrance. snow, pure white snow, a spotless mantle spread over the immense stretch, whilst the black trees, and the gray, shabby statues rose out of the earth like the ghosts of those who once had been alive and radiant, the image of their downfall the silent trees and statues seem to me. The walks led you higher and higher, the air was lovely, the ground rose terrace-like, and we walked slowly, slowly, up and up, alone with silence, alone with a few birds fluttering around us. I looked up at these figures of stone, and thought how they had witnessed all those scenes of glory, of happiness, of decadence, of tears. Still, I did not feel in a sad mood, on the contrary, I liked this walk in the pure, lovely, hard snow. Mamma I think was enjoying it too, still she was beginning to feel the fatigue of these many days wandering, we had certainly walked a good many miles since we came to Paris. Higher, and higher we went, till we perceived some dark spots moving swiftly from right to left, we were wondering what those spots were, till upon reaching the top we saw a large lake and people blissfully skating on the ice. We were now on the plateau. I looked in the distance, and saw the horizon stretching far away, the wintry

weather however did not allow the famous view over Paris to appear very clear, still, The picture was fine with the sun flowing below, and we stayed awhile watching the skaters disporting themselves. We did not venture to walk any farther, as it would have been dangerous to sit down had we felt tired, the snow covered seats looked clean and tempting, still, the consequences might not have been very pleasant. So we slowly walked back. I saw some lovely flights of birds overhead, I saw a very few people pass us, the whirring sound of an occasional motor caused us to step quickly aside, and watch the big vehicle fly past us with its huddled-up load of humanity inside. Upon leaving the park, we inspected the little town. it did not look very pretty. It must of course be remembered that such places are not at their best in winter when everything is bare and shut up. we went to visit the church, not very interesting, I noticed a bust of Genoud on the little square in front. Some streets slopped deeply down to the river, we glided carefully down one of them, entered a shop to buy one of those boxes of biscuits with which the windows was ornamented, went to make enquiries at the pier about the boat with which we wanted to go back to Paris, then climbed up one of the streets again to the top, and entered a snuggy-looking patisserie to recuperate frail mortality. I noticed in the window a cake which looked just like a cheese, one slice had been cut out, it had been put on the top of the cake and a neat brown sugar mouse was nibbling at it. as we sat comfortably in the pleasant little shop while they were preparing our little meal I noticed that this cake attracted much attention from the passer's by. I saw a group of little people in front of it, and I could read the words they pronounced in the way they shaped their lips: "Regardez quel drôle de gâteau, la souris est en sucre, aimerais-tu la manger?" these phrases I could plainly read from the movement of their lips. Mamma and I were laughing about the cake too, this gave her the idea of enquiring about a cake which was very popular in her time, but which she could see nowhere in the windows of these toothsome establishments, she meant le gâteau des trois rois, what we call in England the Twelfth-night Cake, she said it was a simple, wholesome cake, and that the top represented a design of lozenges. Upon enquiring from the sugar dame, she told us it was quite out of fashion, one never saw it now in France. Times change, people change, tastes change.

You will perhaps think me greedy if I take up the subject of cake, but in my opinion this subject is on the whole interesting. Having travelled about, I can tell you much about cake. Dame Cake is a very international lady, and a welcome guest everywhere. She adapts herself to the different tastes and ideas of the various countries, and she tactfully assumes the shape and taste as the various countries desire her to do. I have eaten her in many different shapes and tastes, and have always found her palatable and adaptable to my "internal views." I shall not give preference to any cake, my views being naturally too cosmopolitan, Mamma however seems to have given the palm to a certain cake she once ate in Hamburg, the like of which she never found equalled. This cake was called "der Hammankuchen," the Hamman Cake. It is a

Jewish specialty, and is supposed to be eaten on the Feast of Esther. She said it consisted of a kind of very delicate puffpaste which was completely imbibed in maraschino liquor, and when you ate it the mouthful you bit off the slice was kept into electrical communication with the slice by a kind of hairy substance, no doubt caused by the liquor which had become syrupy. This sounds a rather funny description, and yet through the years Mamma never seems to have found a cake good enough to compare with this Biblical marvel. There are some very nice cakes in Belgium, I remember one I thought delicious as a tiny girl, perhaps it would not appeal to me so much now, as we all seem ravenous over sweet things in our early years. It had a light paste and the top consisted of a thick sugar cover, between this cover and the paste was a coating of some "jammy" substance. I cannot remember the home of this cake, but I have never forgotten the taste. Oh yes, cake plays an important part in our early years. Have you never gone through that caky episode when you offered a bite off your slice of cake to another little body, and tremblingly pulled it away in fear that little mouth would take too large a bite?

"Oh, no, I would never be so greedy!"

Well, then, turning it round, have you never opened your tiny jaws as wide as possible when another little body offered you a bite from his or her slice?

"Oh, no, I would never be so greedy!"

Ah, my dear reader, I will tell you frankly that I have gone through both these sensations, and they are still quite vivid in my mind.

In England we have many, many cakes. The plum cake, the seed cake, the sponge cake, the Madeira cake, the soda cake, etc. Scotland, however, should have more cakes than England, Scotland being called the land of cakes, and yet I only seem to know the Scotch scone, and although good enough in its wholesomeness, there is nothing to rave about it. I remember during my short flight to Scotland taking tea in a charming country house, the table there was indeed worthy of the land of cakes, and yet, in spite of the abundance of cakes on that table, nothing really impressed me as typical and original.

Dame Cake plays her various roles right through our lives. She starts with our birth, then she calls herself Birthday Cake. We all know Dame Birthday Cake as she appears in our honour on the table carrying so many candles, those rosy candles which are there to represent the years during which we have lit the world with our luminous presence. The wedding cake is an important dame, she is distributed far and wide, she graciously lets herself be cut up and mutilated, and suffers herself to be placed under our pillow to sleep and dream upon. This custom of sleeping with a piece of wedding cake under the pillow methinks is only in England; I have never heard of this abroad.

The Italians have many excellent cakes, although strangely they do not seem to have a proper word for cake, they say mostly "un dolce" which means a sweet, or perhaps "una focaccia," but these words do not give the real meaning of cake in my

opinion. In Milan there is a national cake, it is called “panettone,” a very light paste and very little flavour, but pleasant and palatable in its simplicity. At Christmas especially this cake is eaten everywhere. One baker told us that he regularly sent a gigantic such panettone every week to South America, and in order to keep it fresh he had to cover it with a very thick coating of chocolate. This cake went no doubt into the home of some Milanese who had made his pile “nell ‘America latina” as the Italians call South America, and this cake’s mission was to keep up a link with the mother country.

The Germans have their typical cake too. “Pfefferkuchen” a kind of gingerbread plays an important part. The “Kugelhupf” to my mind is their best cake. It is baked in a shape with a hole in the centre, and is light and excellent. In the North they have the “Baumkuchen,” tree cake, and this is a funny cake. It is sometimes 6 feet high to represent a tree, with pieces protruding at irregular places to indicate the branches, whilst the inside is baked in such a way that it looks just like a tree when cut down and you can count the many years the tree has been growing.

Russian Granny used to tell Mamma that she also made such a kind of high cake in Russia, for which she naturally had a special oven, and in the making of which she had to use 60 eggs. It was called Baba Cake.

The Angel Cake, I think, hails from America. I only ate it once, and though it looked lovely and pure white, it seemed to me to have something chemical in the taste. I once read the recipe of this cake, and all the ingredients used were pure white, which turned it into this snowflaky whole.

I remember once having tea in one of the few offices wherein I worked before I landed in my present haven of joy and bliss, we were eating cake, and one of the office boys said of me:- “Oh, Miss, my mother can make such lovely cakes!” To which I answered vehemently:- “And so can mine!” Oh, yes, Mamma can make excellent cakes.

There is still another mother who can make wonderful cakes, and this mother bears the name of Mother Nature.

“Now, now, now, what are you up to now?”

Well, listen, you will see that I’m not joking, I am only giving an airing to my geography, the knowledge of which I am rather proud. I have made this “caky discovery,” and you will agree with me that it is quite true; only that in the case of Mother Nature her little cakes which are made out of the rest of the ingredients with which she makes her big cakes seem far more delicious than the little cakes of Mother Jaffa who does not give much importance to these little cakes, which she says she just shapes out of the fallings of the big cakes so as not to waste anything.

If you will take the trouble to put the map of the world before you and follow my indications, it will perhaps interest you to see what I really mean with these big and little cakes. Let us start with England. This lovely country with its green meadows and beautiful trees is the big cake, Nature made it with cool, moist hands. Her cake named England done, she had some ingredients left, and she made an exquisite little cake out

of them. It is the Isle of Wight. I have read and heard much of this lovely island. Mamma liked her sojourn on it immensely, and Madame Vigée Lebrun who seems to have travelled almost all over Europe gives us a delightful account of her impressions of this little cake of Nature. She says:- “Le paysage était si ravissant, que j’aurais voulu passer me vie dans ce beau lieu. L’île de Wight et l’île d’Ischia, près de Naples, ont pu seules me faire éprouver ce désir.”

And now look at the next cake, Nature here has shown a delightfully capricious temper. She has made a rich, wonderful cake, she even had the caprice of giving this big cake the shape of a boot, not omitting the heel, mind! Ah, you easily see that this big cake is called ITALY. And now look at the little cake nestling at the foot of the big cake. Nature has not been satisfied with flavouring this excellent little cake with orange and lemon peel, no; hundreds of whole oranges and whole lemons are scattered all over it. It is the island of Sicily. Those who know the island consider it far lovelier than Italy; in fact, some consider it the loveliest place in Europe.

And now we come to the next cake. An immense cake, a gigantic cake, a wonderful cake; during the greater part of the year it is covered with a thick coating of icing sugar. It is Russia, the largest cake in Europe. Nature must have had much work in making this enormous cake, and yet she did not exhaust all her ingredients, for she had enough left to make an exquisite little cake which you will find nestling snugly at the feet of the big cake. This little cake is called The Crimea. I have been assured that The Crimea is unique in point of beauty and climate. A Russian gentleman once described it to me, with its strange tints, its mysterious charms, its healthy and salubrious air. If you look at it, you will see it is not quite detached from the mother cake; Nature seems to have enjoyed so much making this little cake that it wanted to tear some dough away from the big cake to make it more complete.

Now, let us venture farther afield. We are in Asia, the cradle of the world. Here Mother Nature has made a big cake, always piping hot, highly coloured and highly flavoured. It is India. With these deft and experienced hands of hers, after baking this delicious hot cake, she ended her day’s work by making a little cake, and so proud was she of her work, that she joyfully flung it into the sea, where it went right down, fastened itself with the chains of time to the hooks of Eternity, and appeared to the surface in all its glory. Nature here has been wasteful. Not content with covering this little cake with exquisite spices and fragrance, she overshowered it with pearls and precious stones. Awake, ye mortals, awake to the sound of the Indian gong, it is the island, the beautiful island of Ceylon! I need not say more; the fortunate mortals who have passed through Ceylon assure us that it is divine. You smell the delicious odours of spices and flowers in the distance; some say it was the Garden of Eden, the terrestrial paradise.

Nature has made another cake, a very, very big one. It is Australia. Mother Nature must have been hungry when she made it, as she ate a big piece out of it, this piece has been called by us mortals the “Great Australian Bight.” To make up for this

bite which she stole to the world, she made a dear little cake, which she placed neatly at the foot of the big cake Australia. This little cake is Tasmania, sometimes called Van Diemen's Land. I have read about this island, the beauty and sweetness of which is, also, known but to few people. The lovely valleys and adorable climate make it one of the loveliest spots on our planet.

One cake more, only one more, and this time not of the tastiest, Nature here seems to have become moody and tired. The big cake here is divided into different parts, and therefore has different tastes, it is South America, and the little cake nestling at its feet is not very good. It is called Tierra del Fuego. It has not very good taste, Dame Nature is quite natural, she is quite human, she cannot always do every perfectly, she sometimes gets tired of her work, she sometimes produces that which is not worthy of her. Tierra del Fuego produces nothing good, and I need not speak of its inhabitants.

Our little sugar dame now brought us our lunch, and we enjoyed it to our heart's content. As a sweet tooth she gave us some chocolate pastries which she called "petites religieuses" and then came "petit chinois." Asking her about the place, she said that her shop was built on the site of the old church of St. Cloud, and that in the cellar the ancient pillars were still visible.

It was 1:30 when we entered the boat for Paris. The impression St. Cloud left me could of course not be very deep at this time of the year. Such a place seen in spring or summer or autumn with the lovely foliage and verdure leaves a different impression. Still, I was glad to have seen it, it is so much more interesting to hear and read about a place once you have seen it. Very few people were on the boat with us, and they all kept below, the cold being excessive. We bravely defied the elements knowing we would not pass a second time that way. I left Mamma for a while and settled right in front of the boat, right in the point, my favourite place of observation. There, alone with the wind you can see and think undisturbed and unobserved. In this same place I had made my observations on the Elbe, in this same place I had made my observations on the Seine. I looked around, and saw some nice little houses, some nice gardens, but nothing struck me. The cold began to freeze me to the heart, I did my best to brave the wind, seeing however that my breath seemed to be leaving me, and that such torture was being uselessly inflicted upon me, I gave up the idea of observations, and crept back to Mamma who was sitting in a sheltered place.

We were now approaching Paris, and I eagerly looked out for the Statue of Liberty on the Pont de Grenelle. The first bridge under which we passed was the viaduct d'Auteuil, a fine piece of work, then came the Pont Mirabeau, and then I noticed Her Majesty Queen Liberty looming in the air. It looked very big and high, although it is only a miniature replica of Her Majesty's statue in New York. Yet, it is a very stiff-looking piece of work, and I was not taken with it at all. Between the Pont Grenelle and the next bridge, the Pont de Passy, there is a tongue of land stretching right across the water from bridge to bridge; it is called l'allée des cygnes, and in summer I think people go

and dip into the Seine from there. We passed the Trocadero, that fine building in the shape of a crescent. The bronze-gilt statue of fame looming on the top of the dome in the centre was very effective, although I was rather disappointed the renowned cascade in the centre was not flowing. I read a few days later a letter which a Parisian wrote to the papers asking why the authorities did not make the cascade work. "N'y-a-t-il donc pas assez d'eau dans la Seine pour faire travailler la cascade du Trocadero?" this wise Frenchman enquired.

Our boat stopped at the Pont de la Concorde, and we were glad it went no further, as we felt half frozen. We crossed over the bridge, took the tram, and were glad to get back to the farmyard, feeling exhausted and tired. Just as we were entering Mamma's room, Madame la Directrice passed in the corridor, and said to us:- "Voulez-vous nous faire le plaisir de prendre une tasse de thé avec nous?" to which we consented. "Alors venez de suite, car le thé sera prêt dans un instant."

It was 4 o'clock, no time for beneficial ablutions, no time for a complete change, just a moment left to change shoes and stockings, and put on a fresh blouse and skirt, and down into the drawing-room. I was very pleased to find at last an opportunity of approaching the hens, now I would at last come to know a little more about this mixed brood. I flew upstairs, tore off my things, put on my change as fast as ever it went, rushed down again to fetch Mamma, and then both went down into the drawing-room. Twilight had fallen, the lights were not yet put on, and in the mysterious tint of this winter hour I could discern a group of the petticoat realm gathered together near the window. I noticed the neat, wavy head of the little Austrian outlining itself against the window pane. I looked at the group for a while, then turned to Mamma who was stooping and speaking. Upon approaching her I saw she was stroking a large pussy-cat which had settled comfortably in front of the heating pipes against the wall. Pussy always knows where to find a comfortable nook, in England we see her comfortably sitting in front of the open fire, her soft, silky tail encircling her front paws; there she sits for hours thinking her part of life's mysteries. Here in Paris she found her nook at the right place; "le chat aime ses aises et les chattes." I always had an idea that cats are not liked in France as they are in England, and I took this idea from an acquaintance of mine who sojourned once in a French house down in the provinces, and was terrified at seeing big rats walking leisurely up and down the stairs. The master of the house had such an abhorrence for cats that he said he preferred rats to walk about his place than to have a cat in his vicinity. Cats, however, are liked in France just as well as in England. Leaving pussies alone, I walked round the Place de la Bastille to find the tracings in inlaid stone, the outline of the prison walls, which formerly occupied the site, and we found them, the tram lines pass over them, and it is only when you meditate over these stones that your thoughts go back to long ago; little do we think in crossing that busy, noisy, important, thronged square what that same square contained, what tragedies and sorrows were enacted on that very spot.

Well, to return to the present, the lights were put on, and I noticed all the hens looking at us with interest. Madame la Directrice entered, accompanied by her elder sister; we all fraternized, and entered into animated talk. A moment later we were called into the next room, a long table strewn with inkstands, pens, and blotters in the middle, and here the hens come to write, to study, to muse, to brood, to sulk, and if they like, to cry, but all this of course in silence so as not to disturb the others. Chairs were grouped together, the steaming cups were handed round, and we started sipping the ever welcome beverage and nibbling and pecking at the cakes and biscuits. I looked round, and thought the scene could well be called a farmyard, the colour of the different heads of hair reminding me of a group of hens. You know the different tints hens have, brownish, yellowish, reddish, blackish, and even pure white, these were just the tints of these ladies' hair, and the cackling of the voices; the only voice missing was the proud cock-a-doodle-doo's grand vociferous song.

French pussy walked in and out of the group on its own sweet will, and the mysteriously sweet Tea Dame made her magical influence hover all over the place. I had two ladies near me, one was a German, the other a provincial French, the first was a student at the Sorbonne, the other was doing office work. They had both been in England and seemed delighted with it. They expressed their feeling for England in enthusiastic tones, and I thought them both wide-awake and interesting. I heard that several in the group were studying at the Sorbonne, the others had different employments. One lady came from New Caledonia in the Pacific. Some of the fluffy hens made willing and attentive waiters, they poured the tea and presented the goodies, and seemed to enjoy their work.

As I sat sipping my tea and listening to the murmur of voices round me, I began to think of all the others who had sat in this room since it had been erected. This female establishment existed since 15 years, and just fancy all those mixed specimens of femininity who had come to live there for a time, fancy all those birds who had flown to that retreat, graced it with their different presences, then taken to their wings and flown away into space, some back to their old haunts, some to thoroughly new quarters and surroundings, some cut down before their time, their bodies hidden below, their last breaths scattered to the wind...

And in days of yore, who were the Rococo Dames, who were those in panniers and powdered hair, who were those in the Directoire costumes, who were those in the crinolines who had sat in that same room gathered together and discussing their various opinions? Little did those around me know what my thoughts were. It was the first day of the year, a day which generally leaves a mark on the mind, and I watched the different faces around me. They all seemed alive and happy. I noticed Mamma in the group with Madame la Directrice and her darling older sister. This dear old soul seemed to me extraordinarily cheerful and entertaining. There was something so funny about her, you simply could not help feeling jolly when near her. They were Alsations like Mamma, so

they started talking in that funny “Strossburger Ditsch” of which I could naturally understand but very little. Where was this pretty scene of feminine life being played? For the moment I did not know in which country I was. A dash of cosmopolitanism was in the air, it however soon evaporated. It was Paris, we were in Paris, passing through the great city, flying through it like birds of passage, this scene like so many other scenes I had witnessed during these last days would soon vanish like the rest, leaving me wondering whether it ever had been reality or only a dream.

CHAPTER XII

(Friday, 2nd January, 1914)

Paris of today!

Paris of a hundred years ago!

Paris of a thousand years ago!

I start thinking. I start reflecting. I start dreaming.

As I am walking in those busy, noisy streets, those hooting motors warning me that life must still be lived, those prosaic-looking mortals rushing past me, that wintry sky through which but a faint glimmer of the sun reminds you of the cold which has a right to reign for some time to come and which makes you gather your furs together and makes you walk faster; I can hardly realize that in these same streets so many historical and romantic scenes have been enacted. The various scenes have all been played, the various actors have all passed into eternity, and we in our turn are playing our parts in these scenes which are called the present and which with every moment are passing in their turn into chaos. I look at the old, strange buildings, they are the only witnesses left, they have seen and heard everything. but they are silent, they will never reveal their feelings. They are watching the scenes being played inside and outside today, they will do so for evermore, they will see us pass and others pass, and they will remain silent sentinels of Eternity.

A hundred years ago, 1814, Napoleon was there, but the sun of his triumphs was beginning to sink in the horizon of decadence. Already at the beginning of the year the Parisians were showing signs of their dissatisfaction. They were beginning to despair at the loss of so much French blood. Napoleon promised them peace at last, but he did not seem to keep his promise. The invasion of the foreign nations soon followed Napoleon, “le colosse ébranlé,” “l’ogre de Corse,” as he was being called, had to abdicate, and Louis the XVIIIth brother of the murdered king was called to the throne. It was the Restoration. Further I need not speak, we know what followed.

Paris a thousand years ago, looking up French history, about the year 914, I see that Charles le Simple was on the throne. He was the 31st king of France, and the chief event of this reign was the establishment of the Normans in France. Charles hoping to put an end to the incursions of these Barbarians, gave his daughter in marriage to

Rollon, their chief and ceded to him la Neustrie, which from then took the name of Normandy. Master of such a fine country, Rollon became its legislator, and under his laws Normandy became as flourishing as the kingdom of France was unhappy in those times. Charles's wife was an English dame, she was the sister of King Athelstan.

French history has its remarkable periods like the history of other countries. Its heroes play strange parts. To my mind the most remarkable remains however, Napoleon, a man out of the crowd who rose to the imperial throne. His life reads a long romance. It is a long time since he passed away, and yet as late as last summer there existed in Paris a man who had known Napoleon. His was probably the only hand alive which grasped Napoleon's and his was probably the only voice left which once fell upon the Emperor's ears. This old man was born at the palace of Versailles, and was one of the little playmates of the King of Rome. His father was a soldier's orderly and he remembered having seen Napoleon three times, all of them at St. Helena where he was taken to see his father who had followed Napoleon into exile. He saw the emperor once more as he lay dead on the island. He remembered the emperor patting him on the head; he was about 12 years old at the time. It was the emperor's dark and piercing eyes that were the old man's most vivid recollection of the far off meeting.

There are many stories about Napoleon which have made me smile, if not actually laugh, like the one of the store which landed the future emperor on Earth while his "Ma" was lying on a carpet, and the one which Madame Vigée Lebrun tells us of the famous Duchess of Gordon who pointed to the emperor's portrait saying: - Voila mon zéro!", and the one about Madame de Stael who used to be fond of wearing very low-necked dresses and the emperor saying to her:- "Madame, quand avez-vous nourri votre dernier enfant?" Also the one of his niece who held the emperor in sacred veneration, saying that if it had not been for him, she would be selling oranges on the quai at Ajaccio. You probably know all these stories, so I had better go on with my own story.

We were on our usual way to the Bastille, our starting point for every day. Have I already told you about the breakfast table under the arcades on the Place ds Vosges? I think not, so I must mention it. There is a little eating establishment at one end, and every morning they put outside a little table with a few chairs, and bowls and plates, these bowls must be called by their real name "des jattes." Near this table there is a snuggy stove, burning brightly with coffee and milk steaming joyfully on the top. Crescents and loaves are ready, and the odour of the boiling coffee is delicious. This little scene had something too charming about it, had I not already had my breakfast, I would just have liked to sit down and enjoy an informal meal under these arches. It was no doubt meant for simple working folks, but I would not have despised the place. at another corner of the square there was a little old woman with a stove and table, and she also gave coffee and "petits pains". These picturesque scenes are alas, unknown in England, there is a certain artistic charm about Continental life which appeals to you, I

am afraid none of those London coffee-stalls would ever appeal to my appetite nor to my poetic sense.

Our intention this morning was to go to the Place de la Nation to inspect a monument of which I had read the description, and which I was very anxious to see. Highly proud of my mentorship, I suggested we should walk it, as I knew my way from the Paris map which I was always consulting. It was down the Rue St. Antoine on the Place de la Bastille. We walked and walked, at first merry and sprightly, then rather doubtful, it seemed endless, I looked up and read Rue de Rivoli. I then asked in one of the shops saying we wanted to go to the Place de la Nation. "Mes mesdames, vous tournez le dos à votre destination, vous voulez sans doute dire la rue de Faubourg St. Antoine qui conduit à la Nation, vous êtes dans l'erreur." I now remembered that there were two streets bearing the name of Antoine jutting out of the Bastille, one is the Rue St. Antoine, the other the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine. They then told us to cross over the road, and take the métro which would land us safely to the Place de la Nation.

Now we were flying underground in the direction of the Place de la Nation. I must admit that the specimens of humanity we met in those flying cages were peculiarly ungainly and repulsive. It must of course be taken into consideration that the hour was early, that they were mostly working people, and that the cold was intense which naturally gives a look of greater pain to poverty than in the sunny days of summer. All these people reminded me of what Arnold Bennet says in his story "Buried Alive" that the lifts of the tube in London looked like cages full of wild animals. Still, in London we must admit, the expression of humanity is mostly insignificant; the Latins have generally more expression, and when this expression is repulsive, it is terrible.

We were very glad when it was time to rush up the stairs and came to the open air again. We are now on the Place de la Nation. How immense and grand it is, what generous space. In the centre is grouped the famous monument representing "Le Triomphe de la République."

Dame Republic in the shape of a slender maiden, her dainty Latin feet resting on a globe which in its turn is placed on a triumphal car drawn by two lions and surrounded by various figures, is a grand, a royal, an imperial, oh no, no, no, what am I saying? It represents the Republic, to use the right adjective, I must call it an imposing piece of republican work. Men, women, and children are grouped around and they each have their signification. I liked best the figure of the blacksmith who represents Labour. The monument is placed in the centre of a pond which was naturally quite frozen as we stood there. Groups of crocodiles emerge from the ice, and some old boots and rags had been thrown on the ice, who knows for what purpose. The whole scene was strange and grand. This same Place de la Nation used to be called Place du Trône, and this same place was used as a human slaughtering place during the Terror. Like the Place de la Concorde, this place had the guillotine in its centre, on this very place 1,300 victims ended their lives. To this place came the char funèbre to carry off the dead and

throw them in the fosse commune a short while after the charette had deposited them alive at the foot of the infernal machine, their hearts having but a few more throbs to beat, their brains but a few more moments to think, their feet having but a few more steps to take.

I now remembered that the Picpus Convent was in the vicinity, I mean the Cimetière Picpus which consists of this fosse commune where all the nobles were thrown, and the land around which was claimed by their relations for the purpose of being interred near them. The Rue de Picpus is quite near the Place. Many people have written about the Picpus convent, Mrs. Oliphant among others, and now listen to my humble contribution.

The guide book describes it as one of the lesser sights of Paris; to me it has left an ineffaceable impression. A long, long wall, till you reach No. 35 Rue de Picpus. A big gate of cloisterly severity. Silence and expectancy overshadow you. You ring a bell, deep and serious is the sound. The great door opens slowly and you enter a garden. High and low mounds covered with snow everywhere. It is the convent garden, and here lie the representatives of those nobles who perished under the guillotine. Right at the end of this long, long garden you perceive a grated door. There lie the beheaded ones. Upon entering on your right is the tiny loge du portier and next to it a large building. It is the convent of the Sacré Coeur. The convent door opened, and a trim little nun dressed all in white with a large red cross in front looked out. At the same time a pleasant-looking woman came out of the loge, and we asked her could we see the place.

“On va vous mener autour, mesdames.”

A moment after a polite man in a uniform came out and said he was the porter and would lead us round the garden.

We followed him in the snow-covered cemetery, but the snow was so heavy upon the tombs that we could not read all the epitaphs. He however named them all. He mentioned such historical names as De Larochefoucauld, De Noailles, Clermond-Tonnerre, etc. He pointed out the tomb of the Sombreuil family, Mademoiselle de Sombreuil he told us, took the veil, the father was guillotined in spite of the terrible sacrifice she made for him. His remains lay in the enclosure behind the grated door to which we were approaching. I often wondered what became of this heroic daughter; I never heard whether she too died like the others. He then pointed to the grave of the daughter of Malesherbes, the defender of Louis XVI. He died on the guillotine and was lying in the fosse, and the daughter like all these descendants chose to be buried near him.

We came to a grave ornamented with American flags, and I also read an epitaph in English. It was the tomb of General Lafayette and his wife. As you know, General Lafayette went to America in the year 1777, and enticed the Americans to gain their

liberty. It is rather strange that he should have been interred in this particular place where only royalists sleep, where no republican ideas were ever felt.

We now stood in front of the grated door. Through these iron bars you see a second cemetery, much smaller, and only one or two stone slabs appear out of the ground. Silence, extraordinary silence. This gate is ever closed. No feet may ever tread here. The traveller who comes from afar may look but not approach. In summer it is all green; we saw it all covered with snow, with a few dark cypresses rising here and there. Here they lie, the headless victims of Fate, those nobles once so proud of their descentance, their names, their possessions, here their lifeless bodies arrived and here they were hurled into the abyss, ready to engulf these victims of the Terror. As we stood there, looking at this peaceful, poetic scene, it was difficult to realize we were standing in front of the place which had witnessed one of the worst sights in the history of man. The pure, sparkling snow which covered the whole enclosure, made the scene look so lovely, the silence in the air made you feel so calm, that you would have thought of being somewhere away, away in a little village, gazing at the last resting place of some peaceful country people who had lived their quiet, uneventful lives in bliss and contentment. Little do we think how those lying there before us felt till the moment came when it was their turn to lie down and let the sickle of Fate fall over them. I saw the tears roll down Mamma's cheeks, she felt no doubt for her country, as although she married a foreigner and lived for the most part of her life out of France, still, she has remained faithful to her country.

I turned round, and looked at the convent. I enquired about it, and our mentor told me that the nuns took no children, but boarded ladies, so that it was a kind of boarding-house. The convent was especially favoured by American ladies, who when they visited Paris, loved to lodge there. He told us that the place was open from 5 a.m. to 9 p.m., so that the ladies could be out all day, but they had to be back at 9 o'clock. The convent could however not be visited. If you wanted to live there you had to write to the Mother Superior. This all interested me very much, I think I should like to live there for a few days. Just fancy, spending the day amidst the sights, the gaiety, the excitement of the great city, and then pass the night in this haven of silence and peace. Mamma did not second my idea, she said she could not exist in a cloisterly atmosphere, with all its rules and "saintities," and Georgette when I told her about it said she would not care to live in a house built in a cemetery.

The porter made us notice the extreme quietness of the place.

"On ne se croit plus à Paris, n'est-ce pas, mesdames?" "Et pourtant c'est toujours comme cela; c'est un quartier silencieux."

We slowly walked back to the entrance, I felt a strange feeling of sadness, calm, and romance; I loved this place, it was so very different from the other pompous sights and places you visit when travelling.

In days to come, when you are sitting blissfully round the tea-cups in your pretty room at home, agreeably busy with some pleasant needlework, or walking leisurely on the sea-shore watching the transparent waves as they come and go, and the winds sighing round you, or listening to some beautiful melody in a brilliantly-lit concert room, the scene of this silent, romantic resting-place may rise before you, and you wonder in your mind wherever you have seen it. You see the snow covered tombs, you find yourself walking along the path crackling under your feet; it is only when standing once more before the iron barred gate that you remember those lying there, the victims of the reign of terror. It is Paris, it is in the great city that you have seen this picture.

Paris, la ville des grands événements et des grands oublis, Paris, where we all rush to for some amusement, excitement, and frivolity.

I am sure that there are thousands of Parisians who pass that street everyday, and never think or find time to visit this retreat, but the traveller from afar, the bird of passage who has scarcely time to rest its wings awhile will not fail to visit it. It is a known thing everywhere that the inhabitants of a place often know less about it than those who visit it. Living in a place, settling down in it, you think of the time before you, you postpone to visit this and that place thinking there is plenty of time another day, and so the weeks, the months, and the years go by, and you have not yet verified your intention. In this way time passes, and we turn into troglodytes, sticking to our particular niche, with no mind to step out of it. The porter told us that people came to visit the Picpus from all over the world. During 1913 he had not very, very much to do, but the year before, 1912, he never had seen such a busy time. Some days he scarcely had time to sleep, visitors started in the early hours, and kept flocking in right through the day. It is the traveller's duty to see as much of a place as he can. I remember once turning into Cheapside and noticing on the other side of the pavement, just in front of Bennet's clock and watch emporium a tall man with an olive complexion and long blue beard, holding a Baedeker in his hand and surrounded by a group of exotic looking ladies. They all had their heads turned to the famous clock above the shop, the clock with the apostles striking the hour. They were anxiously waiting for the hour to strike. It was nearly six o'clock, I wanted to see the metal men move too, suddenly I remembered I had to catch the train, and off I flew. And so it happens to the inhabitants, they have less opportunity than the visitors. I only once saw the arms beginning to move, and never found the time to watch the whole performance.

We were now once more in the streets of Paris. We were wondering what to do next. Tomorrow was our last day in the Ville Lumière. We took the idea of looking up the book-stalls once more, and make a selection of books. The day being fine, we would enjoy it, and would perhaps find just what we wanted. So we returned to the Place de la Nation, took the métro to the Pont d'Austerlitz, and started our mission from that point, these boxes containing second-hand literature stretching a long way down the river, and they are very interesting in their way.

I noticed on my left a large garden, and was all the more surprised to see strange looking animals here and there. I saw a group of foxes fighting together, and wondered what the place was. It was the Jardin de Plantes which is the Paris zoo at the same time. We however were not tempted to visit it, the memory of Hagenbeck's emporium in Hamburg being still too vivid in our minds to induce us to enter.

I was surprised to see the book boxes all closed. Looking up the guidebook, I saw we were still a little too early, the buyers generally appear towards 2 o'clock, they are all too busy in the morning. Reaching the Pont Sully I looked with admiring eyes at the pretty island of St. Louis and then came the island of the Cité, Lutetia, the cradle of Paris. I now looked out for a certain low one-story building which I had never noticed but about which I have often read. There it was, just at the beginning of the island with its little windows looking over the river. It was the Morgue. We crossed over the bridge to look at it, Mamma never would have gone inside, I myself was a little shy of it; still, I looked into the doors and saw some rude deal coffins. The officials about the place had blue butcher's tunics on, and a black van was outside. Several people in mourning stood before it. An inquest was no doubt about to be held. We walked away towards Notre-Dame which we intended to visit for the last time. I looked up, and amongst the statuary I recognized Saint Denis stooping down in the act of picking up his head. Upon entering the cathedral it seemed to me as if the whole place were clouded in cimmerian blackness. No service was being held and no lights were lit except for the few candles in the little chapels. I now remembered that the guidebook says that scarcely enough light is admitted, and that the best time to see the cathedral is in a strong sunlight. No sunlight streaming in from the outside, no lights illuminating the edifice from the inside, I thought we would see nothing. Little by little, however, the eye does become used to darkness, I began to discern the pillars, the paintings, the lovely coloured windows, and the people moving silently about. We walked right round, and left the building feeling impressed and edified. We then crossed over the bridge, and restarted our book hunting. The boxes were now being opened, the sun shone through the gray winter sky, and the scene became pleasant and animated.

We went from box to box, I saw Mamma in front of me with a few books under her arm, they were no doubt Spanish ones, as she was eagerly looking out for books in that language. We spent a few hours this way till we arrived at the Pont Neuf. I suggested to cross over the bridge, look out eagerly for the soldier, the priest and the white horse, visit the Place Dauphine which opens onto the bridge, then enter the busy streets, take a snuggy lunch, come back over the bridge and continue our "booky" search. We started this round and arrived at the middle of the bridge, I looked right and left, for here is one of the prettiest spots in Paris. On the right is the statue of "notre bon roi Henri IV" to use Mamma's quotation which made her offspring laugh and giggle whenever she said it, and behind the statue you see the trees of the end of the Ile de la Cité running into the river, on the right the island stretches out and a space opens into

which you enter as it gradually opens out. This is the Place Dauphine, a most picturesque and pretty square. It is haunted by the ghost of St. Louis who used to administer justice on this very spot, which in his time was the royal garden. Indeed, right at the end of the square you come to a fine piece of building, it is the Place de Justice which in those days was the royal palace. I walked and looked around. How very very artistic Paris is, it is only when you take the trouble to peep into every corner that you make these wonderful discoveries. Flattening your nose against the grand shops of the boulevards will not do, you must walk and walk and walk and keep your eyes open, and you will be surprised at all the curiosities you come across. I have read that here was the cradle of the acacia tree, which was first planted here and which has since spread all over France. Just as we came out of the Place Dauphine and were continuing our way up the bridge I noticed a group of soldiers and a procession of horses, one behind the other. They were big, Flemish beasts, brown and white, with their tails rolled into knots, the effect was quite picturesque, you thought of being somewhere in the country, your nostrils regaled with the odour of droppings and dust, and the sound of birds and brooks ringing in your ears. A man out of the crowd approached me, and pointing to the horses said something, I listened and smiled, yet I could not make out what he was saying, he probably, seeing that I was interested, was telling me where they were trotting to and for what purpose.

We walked into the Rue de Rivoli, and spied a patisserie, where we were served with one of the final excellent pies, the excellent coffee, and we ended our very feminine meal with a generous supply of donuts, piping hot from their stand under which there is a clever boiling contrivance from which steam continually emanates, keeping the little brown ladies hot and moist, till it is their turn to be fished out of the sweet and tempting chaos to be eagerly consumed by the greedy yet highly appreciative mouths of humanity. These steaming machines are also outside the shops, and the people pass, snatch a victim, and walk off consuming it quite unconcerned and calm. This does not look vulgar nor out of place in the great city; I am afraid in London none of us would care to do this. In German we call donuts Krapfen, they are round with a little jam in the middle. I did not ask the name in French, the dictionary says it is "beignets" which however does not seem to me to be the right word. We used to eat a lot of them in Milan, but there they called them Krapfen like in German, they had no name for them, this makes me think that it originated in Germany.

Now back over the Pont Neuf to our "booking expedition." The sun was shining, and I felt in love with everybody. Mamma picked out a book she was looking for since long, Daudet's "La Soutien de Famille." I saw many books I would have liked to carry off, but they were either too expensive or too bulky to take with me to London. I looked into many books which were familiar to me, some I had read as a child, some I came across in the different countries I have sojourned in. It was so amusing to take up such a book and look up a certain part of it where I found phrases which were encrusted in

my memory and which I used to think about. I saw a book which left me a deep impression, it being one of the first books I ever read in French. "Enfances Célèbrités" a lady has written this book and she describes the childhood of ever so many celebrities of the various countries. I looked up a picture which represented one of the future celebrities, Amyot or Gassendi, I don't remember which, who is being presented to the King of France, Francis I and his sister Marguerite de Navarre. I never forgot this princess, she being through this picture one of the first royal ladies my tiny mind became acquainted with. I was surprised upon looking her up the other day in my lexicon to read that she was the mother of Jeanne d'Albret, mother of Henri IV. You know that celebrities have sometimes uttered a phrase which has passed down to posterity and become a kind of, well, what shall I call it? A kind of proverb or quotation, like Louis XIVth's "l'état c'est moi," Napoleon's "du sublime au déluge," Marie-Antoinette's "mais s'il n'ont pas de pain, pourquoi ne mangent-ils pas des gateaux?" Henri IVth's "Paris vaut bien une messe," Madame Maintenon's "vouloir c'est pouvoir," Amyot's "l'appétit vient en mangeant," Galileo's "e pur si muove," Caesar's "veni, vidi, vici." And Marguerite de Navarre also once said something which the magic goose-quill of days of yore has written down and immortalized. What did she say? Why, don't you know? Well, then, let me tell you. She once showed her dainty royal paws to one of her courtiers, and said:- "Look at those hands so fair and white, I HAVE NOT WASHED THEM FOR EIGHT DAYS!!!!"

I remember once in my early years, I did not know yet about those celebrated utterings of famous people, I took it into my head to write down all the phrases and utterings made by the various people my parents and we had known and what they were said to have once exclaimed or said, the long list made out in the various languages, I gravely read it out to my family. It was a brilliant success. At each phrase I heard exclamations of surprise, laughter, pity; all sorts of people, things, and scenes came back to them, they started discussing these beings who had now stepped out of their lives and disappeared from the scene, and I felt proud and happy.

Many were the scenes which came back to me as I perused and thumbed these various books. Little do we think the influence books can have over us. Some books change our characters, some books change our minds, some books leave a lasting impression upon us, some books are forgotten. When we read a book and see the different people and scenes described, we naturally reflect them in our minds, without thinking that these same people and scenes are reflected in the thousands upon thousands of other minds, but do they see the persons and places as we see them in our mind? They see them according to the scenes and surroundings among which they have lived. Do they see exactly the places as we see them? This is rather a strange point to discuss, those who have never left their own country can only see those scenes and people as they have seen them on pictures, but those who know the places see them differently.

We start reading a book, we do not like it, we reluctantly force ourselves dutifully to continue, we rush up and down the pages, little by little, however we begin to take interest in the development of the story, we begin to love the characters, we begin to get attached to the places and rooms wherein the scenes are being enacted, the book gradually begins to weigh in our left hand, slowly, slowly do we read in order to linger longer over the beloved lives and scenes, very often the last pages are read through a veil of tears, the last words are perused living in another world; we close the book, it is over. Had we only read it more attentively, had we only lingered longer over the pages. Sad or happy the story has left us, we should like to begin it again, but alas, the novelty is over, we put it away; the scenes and pictures remain like those of a distant land to which we will never go again. On the other hand, in my opinion, I consider one of the most interesting things about reading, is to take up a book again after a certain period of time and find in it descriptions of persons and scenes about which we knew little or nothing when we first read the book. This happened to me sometime ago when I read my dear old Desbarolles over again. When I first studied his book, I knew nothing about my precious Balzac nor my darling Lavater, and I was simply delighted to read what Desbarolles said of these two geniuses. When I read anything about Hamburg, Monte Carlo, The fees button, or other places I now know, I read with double the interest I would read about places I do not know. Madame de civigne flattered herself at having a poor memory which allowed her to enjoy all the more reading a book over again as it always seemed new to her.

I saw a book I should very much have liked to buy, it was however too big to take away, the lives of the various great women of France. In perusing the pages I came across the life of Madame Sophie, the daughter of Louis XIVth who became a nun. There was a picture showing her in her cell saying to someone:- "On dort mieux dans sa cellule qu'à Versailles." Madame Campan tells us in her memoirs that when she went to visit her in her convent, she found the daughter of the kings of France washing linen at the tub. Upon asking her what she had thought the most difficult to get used to in her new life, the king's daughter answered that it was to walk down the stairs without having a page supporting her on either side, as this ordeal had always seemed to her as if falling down a precipice.

The day was advancing, and we slowly walked back. Passing near the islands, I was quite struck at the beauty of the scene. Twilight was falling, the river looked rosy with the reflection of the sky, boats were gliding along, and Notre Dame towered black and romantic in the air. To the traveler such scenes leave a deep impression on the mind, those who pass everyday see nothing. This made me think of the beauty of the Thames, the Tower Bridge, that massive, extraordinary structure with those two wings opening gradually to let the many vessels of distant lands slide past, the misty air surrounding it, and the lovely seagulls flying about. Of course, we living in London see nothing, we rush past in our eagerness to get home again, we feel the cold and the

damp and nothing more. Mamma with her books and I with none now took the tram and went home, saying farewell to the Parisian quais, as tomorrow would no doubt be a very busy day as we were leaving at night, there would not be any time left to wander about.

We silently consumed our last dinner at the farmyard, the little Austrian was the only person to which we said goodbye; I saw strange faces again, I saw none who had been at the tea party the day before. Before retiring, I brought most of my belongings down so that there should not be too much work the next day, as we wanted to go shopping, an occupation which would take some hours.

Our last night at the farmyard! I felt sad, I felt gay, we all know that feeling. The occupant of the room I had slept in would no doubt be soon coming back without ever having known or heard of the stranger who had inhabited her pen during her absence.

CHAPTER XIII

(Saturday 3rd January, 1914)

Packing and shopping, shopping and packing were the two only occupations I imagined would fill this last day. We however got through both far quicker than I would ever have imagined, and many things happened during this last day of which I would never have dreamt of.

Breakfast over, we started the unpleasant and anxious work of gathering our precious belongings and storing them carefully away in the bags and straps, looking into every corner to see if anything had been forgotten. This done, we started on our shopping expedition. Our first thought was to get the paté which we had ordered the day before in the little patisserie where we ate our first lunch on the icy cold Monday when we started upon our Parisian peregrinations. We passed the dear Place des Vosges, and entered the Boulevard Beaumarchais where we halted at a stationer's to buy some picture postcards. We enquired about the famous stolen picture "La Gioconda" whether it had arrived in Paris, and whether it would be exhibited, as we had not touched any newspaper during our sojourn in Paris, so as to feel all the more refreshed and rested upon returning home and starting again the inevitable everyday routine. We were told that the picture had arrived some days ago, and was being exhibited in the Palace of Arts, which I understood to be the Grand Palais in the Tuileries Gardens, opposite the Elysée Palace where the grands salons are usually held, and where all pictures are exhibited. Our train leaving at 9 o'clock tonight, we decided to see this now so famous picture which had passed through such strange things. Stolen two years ago in broad daylight from its place in the Louvre, hidden through all these months, and at last come to light again through the dishonesty of its thief. This picture was certainly the last thing I ever thought of seeing, since I was sure it would have been put back at its original place; the artistic committee however, had the good idea of exposing it first for beneficial purposes. To the Louvre we would not have returned, but having the opportunity of

seeing a new building, we took our decision. The day was long, and our shopping would not take up all our time. We now went a little lower down the boulevard, just where it widens out into the Place de la Bastille like a river throwing itself into a turbulent sea, and entered the snug little patisserie, where the precious pie was handed to us, and where we chose some other excellent life's sweeteners.

We carried the precious burdens back to the farmyard, then went out again, walked along the Rue de Turenne, and filled a large bag with other French wonders. French, French, everything French, from the toothsome marrons glacés to the wholesome butter and tasty cheese, and the precious little crescents and biscuits, etc, etc.

Back once more at the farmyard, we closed our bundles, and seeing it was barely 12 o'clock, we decided to say farewell, take a cab, bring our belongings to the Gare St. Lazare, and then free for the rest of the day, we would go to see the *Giaconda* and lounge about to our heart's content.

I went down, asked the porter to get us a cab, and then looked up the ladies to bid them farewell. Madame la Directrice, her darling old sister, her dear little niece, and the silent sympathetic housekeeper were enjoying their lunch together. The table was laid for ever so many fair ones, I saw sausages and such like about the place, and after exchanging handshakes and compliments, hoping to meet one another again, we left them smiling and cackling. We were told to go and wait in the drawing-room till the cab arrived. Upon opening the glass door a loud, well developed, and highly surprised oh! escaped from my cosmopolitan throat, at the site of the Christmas tree back at its place, as erect, fresh, grand, and generously outstretching its strong stiff branches as if it never had left its place. Two ladies were in the room, and they too told us how surprised they were to see the Christmas tree again. That was the same tree which but a few days ago seemed to have been thrown away, despised and forgotten. This was an emblem of life as it is every human being's lot to go through in this planet. At first gleaming and happy, the day comes when Destiny approaches the human tree, and like the merciless autumn wind roughly blows off the lovely crimson and golden leaves, the leaves of hope and happiness, and hurls them to the ground, leaving the tree shivering and dying, till discouraged and disillusioned it drops down into the dust in the path of life. Time passes and the tree seems forgotten and forsaken. Suddenly, Dame Destiny appears again on the scene, helps the tree to rise again, covers it with more brilliant leaves than it ever had, whispers all sorts of lovely things she has in store for it like a delicious summer wind, gives it a new lease of life, and here is the human tree sparkling and gleaming and enjoying its span happier and lovelier than ever. I looked at the tree and called it "le phénix de ces bois." The ladies smiled, but said nothing. We sat down and waited, silent and dreamy, the only sounds being the tick-tock of the clock, and the needles of the Christmas tree dropping now and then on the paper which was laid on the ground round it. Suddenly, the door opened, and an elderly dame with gray hair

entered. At the sight of the tree she exclaimed, "Quoi, l'arbre de Noël est de nouveau là?!" She then took up her skirt in both hands and started pirouetting round the room, just like a tiny beginner in life. I screamed with laughter, and thought of Michelet's words about his old fellow country women, of whom he said that they were generally wonderfully gay and amusing in spite of all their sufferings and disillusionments which is the common lot of mankind when once the summer of life is dead and gone. I have only known French women jolly and funny at that stage of life, I must admit, and I think it is indeed a charming trait about them, grumbling and sighing helps us in no way along the dreary path.

The taxi had now arrived, we whispered a last farewell, and crossed the now familiar yard, entered the cab, and flew off. I read once more the blue lettered insignia on the marble slab on the wall of the house

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then I turned to the little square opposite to the farmyard, then all was over. We were flying through the streets of Paris, we were on our way to the Gare St. Lazare. Arrived there, we settled the usual disagreeable things about the luggage, etc., then took the métro to the Place de la Concorde, and walked to the Grand Palais. We approached it with eager steps and beating hearts, anxious to see the now world-famous "Gioconda." The building, however, looked closed and deserted. Monsieur l'agent was standing near, and he told us the picture was not being exposed there, but as much as he knew it was at the Ministère du Palais des Arts. Where was that? Oh, in the Palais Royal. What a long way off, still, let us walk it, we have plenty of time, the snow is on the ground, and our feet would soon be stepping off the Parisian ground, and who knows when we would be walking it again. So we walked back to the Place de la Concorde where we lingered for a while, thinking our parts of the present and the past, then up the Rue Royale which ends at the Madeleine, and then into the Rue St. Honoré, so full of lovely shops and other sights. We passed the church of St. Rock. My thoughts went back to Marie-Antoinette, who, when she first entered Paris, passed before that church where crowds were heaped together singing her praises, and when she passed it the last time to die on the Place de la Concorde "mille injures se lèvent des degrés de l'église comme une seule injure, saluant d'ordure cette reine qui va mourir." (De Concourt) And I, an obscure mortal, was passing that very spot, and I felt sick and strange, only through remembering the words I had read describing the various episodes of the life of this hapless queen. Others passing will have felt the same, and others will feel the same in days to come. The different sites about me, however, soon brought me back to cheerfulness and interest. I smiled at the colored wigs in the hairdressers windows, pink and blue, and green, how funny, how very funny, and yet who knows whether we would not also end by imitating those around us if we happened to belong to that set who chooses to garb itself in this way. A contemporary points out that women have at

various times obtained ideas for hats and dresses from dust men, Corsican brigands, red Indians, coal scuttles and chimney pots. Wherever did they obtain the idea of coloured hair?

We now approached the Palais Royal, that marvelous edifice I so much admired the other day. But where is the Giaconda? Where is this Ministère du Palais des Arts? We ask everywhere, they shake their heads; they know nothing about it. A little woman suddenly appears on the scene, she is one of the porters in the building, and she tells us that the immortal smiling dame is being exhibited at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, on the south side of the river. Why, we were walking there yesterday, well, let us go there again. We were however too exhausted to go there at once, so we entered the fine patisserie on the Place du Théâtre Français where the cups were the size of flower pots patterned with little rosebuds. The dear cups appeared smiling, odorous and steaming, and we regaled ourselves silent and happy. I like taking lunch in these patisseries, everything is so dainty and select.

Rested and nourished we went further. Not being far from the Louvre, we entered the fine arches, I gave a thought to Marie de Medicis who had it erected, we then walked into the Place du Carousel, a lovely square, crossed over the bridge of that name, and found ourselves just in front of the Ecole des Beaux Arts. Outside an insignia announced the exhibition of Her Majesty Queen Giaconda, and the admittance was one franc. We paid our fee, and stepped inside. I noticed the now world-famed smile the moment I entered, although you had to walk around to her. In a kind of vestibule just as you entered, throning high up on an erection, surrounded by flowers just like a Madonna, a policeman and a custodian standing motionless on either side, was Her Smiling Majesty. People entered one behind the other, stood as long as they liked before her, gave their opinion, then moved along, then vanished. The scene was strange, the scene was impressionable. Now, it is to me to give my opinion of her. I criticised Leonardo da Vinci's masterpiece, that miracle of painting as it has been called, I thought of all the letters people had written about her to the papers, her enigmatic smile perpetually discussed, it having been called an evil smile, a diabolical smile, a unique smile, and I smiled too as I looked at her. Certainly, we all will admit it is a strange smile, but I will tell you frankly that if I had seen it hung with hundreds of other pictures in a gallery, I would have stood before it, thought "what a strange smile" and would have hurried off, my deeper thoughts would not have been moved. The picture has smiled down to humanity through the centuries, and it will keep smiling, the romance now attached to it will make it all the more important in the eyes of those to come. You know that Mona Lisa was first brought to France from Italy like so many other pictures by the great Napoleon. The story runs that the Italians accused the French of being all thieves, upon which one witty Italian said:- "Non tutti, ma BUONA PARTE." Mr. Louis Zangwill in a letter to the papers said the following:- "The peculiar aspect of the lady's face which has inspired so much bewildered rhetoric is largely due

to her shaved eyebrows, that having been the fashion temporarily when the picture was painted." The artist, as we know, worked at the picture during 4 years, and then called it incomplete. It is said that in order to keep up Mona Lisa's smile, he had buffoons always ready to amuse her. I asked the custodian since when the picture had been exposed, and he answered since New Year's day. So yesterday, as we were examining the books on that same quai, we were so absorbed in them, that we never noticed the people and the confusion reigning in front of the building! It is said that the first day the authorities asked five francs to see Mona Lisa, with the result that but few people came, they then lowered the fee to one franc, and humanity flocked in. When we arrived in Paris, I noticed reproductions of the Gioconda everywhere and caricatures too. Some of them were very funny. One was of Dame Republic whispering to an important looking individual who was shedding tears: "Console-toi, mon cher ministère, Mona Lisa nous revient!"

We sat down for a while, and kept looking at the eternal dame, the lights were shining brilliantly on her smiling features. I noticed some very nice-looking people pass in front of her, what were their different thoughts? Had they seen her before? And Leonardo himself, what would he say to all this if he were to tread the Earth again? What were his thoughts when he painted those Immortal features, that immortal smile? When we came home again, and I perused the weekly paper, I smiled at the New Year's cartoon depicting Mona Lisa with the following words flying out of her smiling mouth: "Whatever betide me, I shall keep smiling."

We entered the shrine at 2:45, and left precisely at 3:45, so our adoration had lasted exactly an hour. Did the smile still haunt us as we left the shrine? Rather, I tried to imitate Mona Lisa's smile, but I think most of us can admire but cannot imitate.

We now found ourselves at the same spot we had found ourselves at the same hour yesterday, on the quai Malaquai poring over second-hand books. We unconsciously started at the same thing again, opening and shutting books, reading here and there, and never able to decide what books to buy. Had we been permanent dwellers in the Ville Lumière, the choice would of course not have been difficult, but in our case it was rather. I love Balzac, Victor Hugo, Voltaire, etc., but to carry piles of books back to London was another affair. It is rather discouraging when you see all those gems of literature, those wonderful productions of those prolific brains, you read them, you enjoy them, you would like to do the same, but alas, this will never be, we can only drop our heads and slowly walk away, there is no good trying, we will never manage it. This is however not the case with everybody, as I heard sometime ago, that Marjorie Bowen, that clever young authoress whose first literary attempt met with immediate success (*The Viper of Milan*) first became inspired to write through a twopenny book she purchased at one of these book stalls, on the very quai where I was standing. It is also a known fact that many writers became inspired by other writers, Göthe was inspired by Goldsmith, and the garlands on the conquering brows of Victor

Hugo and Balzac are said to have been partly laid there through the inspiration of Walter Scott and Byron.

The day was on the wane, twilight was beginning to fall, we had said farewell to these parts yesterday, and we were now about to say farewell once more, little dreaming yesterday that we would have come to these parts again today. Once more over the Pont Neuf, one more look to the Statue of Henri IV. We are now entering the grand Labyrinth of Paris streets with its roaring voices and endless movement. Looking on the map, I saw that during these few days' recreation we had seen a good bit of central and southern Paris, but very little of the north. There were no doubt several churches and fine streets too in those parts, the question was however, could we do much more today? We decided to walk till we got tired, then take the métro to St. Lazare, and then wander about in those parts. I eagerly looked at the dress shops hoping to find some nice blouse to take home with me, I must however admit that besides very expensive and outré articles, I saw nothing whatever in my reach; when an article was of a modest price it looked so ugly and inelegant that I turned my head away. I would not have expected this in Paris where we females expect to find anything we want in the matter of personal adornment. And yet, London in spite of its poor reputation in the matter of elegance, London is a better resource to the female who can deftly use her fingers to turn a cheap article into an individual and becoming one. I was not a bit struck at the fashions in the grand shops, perhaps a brown window was the only thing which pleased me, all the articles of apparel were of a deep warm brown with a tinge of the sun in it, and beautifully were these skirts and hats and accessories made.

Eve had now passed in to night, the sky was black and the earth was sparkling with light. I watched the throng of humanity past before me, I listened to the murmur of life. This went on for a while, till both declared it was enough, we could walk no longer, so we entered the métro and flew in the direction of the Gare St. Lazare. Upon stepping into the great terminus, I noticed a stall where "les gaufres" were being made and sold. Almost every person passing bought some. What I thought rather funny, was how the sellers, when the cakes came out of the oven, cut them all around with a pair of scissors, trimming them like you would a lamp wick. We each consumed one or two, and declared them very palatable. I noticed further down another funny sight. A row of chairs elevated some feet from the ground, which were reached by going down some steps. I saw several men go up these steps, then sit down, then stretch out their feet. I now understood. They were having their boots polished. In London we see the red-coated polisher on his knees with the tortured one standing before him with one foot resting on the block, in Paris they make it more comfortable, there they sit comfortably down and chat with their neighbor while the bootblack performs his office silently and thoroughly.

It was nearly 8 o'clock, the train was leaving at 9:30, and yet we felt but little inclined to walk again. I bought a paper, the first one since our arrival in Paris, we took

our seats in one of the immense vestibules of the station which are adorned with very comfortable seats, and started reading and watching humanity pass to and fro. The feeling of departure was upon us, our thoughts were now turning to home, we had seen enough of the great city, we were glad to get back to our little retreat in North Wembley.

CHAPTER XIV

(Sunday, January 4th, 1914)

We are floating, floating betwixt two countries, between two lands separated only by a few miles of ocean, and yet so different in every way. It is 2 o'clock in the morning, and the blackest of nights. We are lying in our respective berths in the lower regions of the vessel.

I remember during one of my short flights down to Brighton, I was once sipping my tea at the "Creameries" in front of the sea, and two gifted musicians, a harpist and a violinist, were playing a lovely piece, the title of which was "Après le bal." The strains were so sweet and brought so well back to you the scenes which had just flown away, that you could imagine "her" lying carelessly on the couch murmuring to herself the sounds of the lovely waltz to which she had danced so merrily and which were now gone forever. Lying silently on my marine couch, I felt, I heard the sounds of "Après Paris". The great city, the lovely sights and scenes were now all coming back to me, and I felt in semi-dreamland. Sleep did not come, but the visions in my mind of "Après Paris" passed to and fro, and made me think.

What were my impressions, my feelings, my thoughts "Après Paris"? That it left me a thoroughly different impression than when I was there last. The Parisian élégants, the leaders of the world's fashions, I had seen none; those fair ones I suppose did not feel inclined to brave the inclemency of the weather. The picturesque, eccentric and romantic population of the Quartier Latin about whom we hear and read so much, I had seen none; they had probably all flown away for the Christmas vacation, some back to their homes in the provinces, some back to their homes in distant lands. All those well-known Parisian midinettes, who flock at lunch time outside the greatest establishments where they are employed, I had seen none. The world-famed gamins de Paris who are supposed to be met at every street corner, I had seen none. All these different sects of society which form the greatest part of the Parisian population, it is rather strange that I should not have met any of them.

You know that Paris has the reputation of possessing a particular smell, like Dickens declares the town of Genoa to smell like cheese rolled in blankets, like Kipling declares Arabia to smell of camels, Burma of dried fish, and someplace on the Euphrates of rotten eggs, and like Berlin has the reputation of smelling of asphalt, Paris is credited with being imbued in a smell of, an agreeable mixture of tobacco and coffee. I smelled nothing of the sort.

What really impressed me this time I saw Paris, what really impressed me deeply, was the look of antiquity, the strange mysticism of the past which seemed ever present as we moved about. Maybe it was because we were looking for such things, as they say in French: "Qui cherche trouve", had we looked out for fashions and frivolities, no doubt we would have found them, but searching as we did for historical subjects, we did indeed find them, and they left a strange impression on my mind.

Lying in semi-darkness in my berth, without feeling exactly in a lackadaisical mood, Paris with its gay and sad romances and tragedies of long ago made me feel strange and exalted. It was now all but a dream. the two lovely islands with the great building of the Palais de Justice towering in the air and that exquisite gem of the Middle Ages the St. Chapelle, were ever before me. I was again walking in the silent cemetery of the Picpus Convent, I was once more sauntering around the Panthéon, I heard the murmuring of the Halles, that strange place on the ground of which many, many scenes have been enacted.

Am I to give my opinion of the people I came in contact with? Am I to give a definite opinion of the Parisians? Nevermore as we say in English, mai pui as we say in Italian, and why? Simply because I have not a right to speak owing to the few opportunities I had during my short stay of approaching the Parisians walking along, inspecting the museums and churches, etc., are not the means by which you come to know the people of a nation. You must live with them, then you get to know them. You will think it rather strange that I, being partly French, and having a French mother seem to be ignorant of what the French people are like. Well, to speak frankly, not having lived long in France itself, it has not been my share to come across many outside France of what we call, speaking plainly, cultivated or select specimens of the nation, those which crossed my path were mostly very commonplace people, and yet, although of course every human being is different, one salient characteristic, one remarkable feature I noticed in almost every person, and that was the fact they always kept up. "La gaité gauloise" as they say of themselves has remained with them. I think I cannot remember ever coming across a sulky French person, I have always noticed a keen sense of fun and joking at everything without the offensive sting of the Italian idea of joking. Some years ago I met Monsieur Escoffier, the famous French chef, although he only appeared before me for a short while, this typical specimen of plebeian France, this excellent kitchen bird displayed his French humour, he made me laugh and blush, then touched his hat and vanished.

Upon reading an article in the paper concerning the French president who graced the British metropolis with his presence in June last, I was delighted to see that the writer did not miss describing the great qualities which the French really possess. It was said therein that it was really astonishing how most people cherished the notion that the French as a nation are merely frivolous, witty, and amorous. The truth was that they were endowed with keen, penetrating moral sense, and that they are unsurpassed for

industrious habits and practical ability. Popular opinion, I am afraid is nothing else but that people who do not really know a thing simply repeat what others say, for fear of appearing ignorant. We hear a lot spoken of English dullness, of German heaviness, and of Italian exultation, but this does not mean that they are all like that. The salient points in a nation I suppose are taken as a matter of fact, still some of these chief points are strong in some of the nation, whilst some of these points lie dormant and do not appear very strongly on the surface. In reading one of Daudet's books, I was rather surprised that he says that the French in some ways despise their nation, that they shrug their shoulders and sneer: "C'est bien français, comme c'est français" in order to give themselves contrarily and air of superiority. This, he says, does not happen in England. When in England they say that something is very English, this means that it is perfection. To the English, their least little glories are venerable and sacred to them, and according to the words of one of the English poets, any great man in falling is almost sure to get up again in bronze or in marble. Daudet then says:-

"Pensez à Westminster. Quelle dérision que notre Panthéon, où nous arrivons à caser péniblement deux ou trois célébrités qu'on y oublie, comparé à cette immense cathédrale dans laquelle sont enterrés, avec leur rois et leurs reines, les artistes les plus illustres de la vieille Angleterre! Oui, supérieurs à nous, les Anglais le sone bien certainement, mais surtout pas ce respect d'eux-mêmes et de leur nation; la blague est un mot qu'ils ne connaissent pas."

In my opinion, I have never come across anyone having no pride for his or her country. I have always thought that the French adore their country, "La Belle France" as it is said they call it, like the Germans say "Deutschland Deutschland uber alles ", like the Italians say "le Italia prima di tutto " and like the Americans say of their country "God's own country." As you know I being such a cosmopolitan, can feel but little individual MISSING country I feel for one as much as for the other, real MISSING my share. I noticed that during our sojourn MISSING seem very well disposed towards the MISSING rough and rude, and gave the faulty idea of ruling being "un régime ". I am not going to enter into politics, as I will tell you frankly that it is a subject I do not understand but I think Mamma's views are in many ways anti-republican, she seems to have an importance for that careless "laissez-aller" look about everything and everybody, which no doubt is supposed to represent the liberty of the Republic, as the views of the French Republic of today seem to be. She seemed surprised and disgusted at the rudeness of the people, although for my part I must say I did not expect much more from the rough humanity you meet in every country. Had it been our share to spend this fortnight answering invitations in the dainty salons of the French capital, we no doubt would have met with better mannered people. I must however admit that in Dieppe I thought the populace much nicer and better behaved; they all spoke nicely and politely made room here and there.

Leaving aside these deficiencies in the Republican upbringing of the present day, and turning to the good points inborn in the French nation, in thinking of all the wonderful things appertaining to the French race, their charming language, their grand literature, their lovely art, their delightful music, their elegant fashions, and last but not least, their exquisite cuisine, I think it is my duty as well as my pleasure to end my long narrative by exclaiming in a loud and cheerful voice: Vive la France!

THE END