USK came up from the lovely plains, where Paris rested in purple and rose shadows, slowly into the little garden café, nestling in the angle of gray old buildings. A tender light shone on the face of the worn Madonna in the shrine; lovers at the table in the rose arbor welcomed the shadows that crept along the walls. With twilight, silence fell upon the friends meeting in the fragrant garden, briefly, after years. The sightseers vanished away down the flight of stone steps that lifts Paris to the hill of Montmartre. Only a murmer of the beginning of the mad night life of the Quarter crept through the old arched gateway.

Louise sang again her tragedy in a doorway near the garden, and the little milliners from the narrow shops in the city below moved swiftly past to their night of happiness.

In Paris when silence touches the hearts of men, memory stirs. Beyond our garden gate throngs from the past moved with light footfall over the stone roadway, through still gardens white with lilies, over ancient bridges on swift, sinister errands.

A saber clicked on the stone stairway outside the arched entrance; gray lovers stood for a moment in the faint halo dropping from the wrought iron lantern. As we listen and remember, the light about us grows dim, and the beautiful city in the plains shines bright in her doorways and windows.

Slowly and quietly we come out of the old garden, past the little somber shrine, lingering under the lantern with our fantastic memories still alive. We start with the faint echo of a hunting horn and wait for burly old Henry the Fourth to pass by with his merry hunting party on his way to supper at the little thatched hunting lodge just around the corner—but the ancient lords and ladies are frightened by our interest and have
THE PARIS FLOWER MARKET: From a drawing by Frank M. Armington.
THE LITTLE STREAM at Gentilly: From an etching by P. Roy.
THE BOOK SHOPS
along the Quais in Paris:
From an etching by V. Trowbridge.

WATERING HORSES
at the Pont Marie: From an etching by A. Lepère.
THE SEINE at Notre Dame, with loved book stands in the foreground: From an etching by Lester G. Hornby.

A VIEW of Notre Dame from the Quai Monte Cello: From an etching by A. Lepère.
PARIS, A MEMORY AND A FANTASY

sped away to the Cimetièrè Montmartre. And the hunting
horn proves to be only the flute of the shepherd from the
Pyrenees calling about him his herd of goats, wooing
them with wood-wood melodies to their night’s rest.

For a moment we dream there, and the scent of the
old vineyards is wafted to us, that once made the hillside
purple and green; through the fragrance we fancy we hear
an echo of fierce battles about the Moulin de la Galette
—the people struggling for bread which the King is selling
at prices to starve his people. And then we lift our
eyes, and know that what we really hear is young girls
laughing and singing on their way to the Lapin Agile,
one of the famous café of the Assassins, where
strangers were lured and held for ransom.

As we pass down the hill we stop at the
witching, mysterious garden of this haunt of the
modern Apache and the revolutionary artist.
Old Jacques plays his violin, as he walks about
fierce and friendly, and in the dusky doorway
a poet thrills us with the melody of his own
mad verse, voicing his desire to annihilate all
humanity except his sweetheart. A soldier in
the shadow of the trees crushes a wild Rou-
manian model in his scarlet arms and calls
upon us to drink to her surpassing beauty.
As we lift our glasses they slip away down the
flowery path into deeper shadows. The little
milliners at the table sipping small l’eau sucre talk furiously of femi-
nism, the tango, hats as a means of expressing temperament, and the
instability of the best of lovers. They grow silent as Jacques throws
himself on the long bench under the casement windows and plays with
temperamental joy Louise’s song from the loved Charpentier’s opera
of Montmartre—“Louise’s heart was breaking too, no wonder she
sang so sweetly in the starlight. Ah, these men; but what will you?
Life is equally tragic if one is happy or sad—perhaps after all it is
better if Jacques would play ‘Come le va,’ for in the tango at least one
forgets death.” While the milliners are thus philosophizing, a flash
of scarlet goes by, the Roumanian model vanishes in the night, and
the soldier does not follow.

With Paris rose and gray about us we pass silently out of the
rustic gateway down the street of Roses and of the Madonna. It is a
gentle night and we continue on our way over the Faubourg St. Denis,
past the Place de Châtelet, then with memories of the old Île de Cité
we cross the Seine and for a moment rest our spirits in the shadow of Notre Dame. We remember that nearby Jean Jacques Rousseau wrote his famous "Divine City;" it is a divine city to-night—the beauty of the old church hushing the soul, the river bearing its secrets with dignity and beauty, the sky so close to the plain and everywhere memory infusing beauty with invincible life.

On such a night one lives for centuries in Paris, from street to street, from bridge to bridge, watching the golden river as it moves languidly and sullenly, wooing the sad and the broken, a refuge for the useless young and old, for all who have ventured too deep into life's dangerous mysteries. Along the quais we pass, stopping at the little bookshops lighted with the fitful gleam of candle or old lantern or flickering lamp, shadowy yet giving light enough for the stories of glamor and adventure, for the poems of passion and crime, for the revelations of dark scientific lure, for the histories of scandal and the pictures of the underworld that are here displayed for our interest, or our horror.

The lonely move quietly along the quai or creep down to the river's edge, seeking isolation for their burdened hearts, testing their love of life against the river tempting them to rest. We turn from the sadness and the intoxication about us, passing the Quai Conté, stopping for a moment below the "little window of dreams" from which Napoleon looked out as a young lieutenant on leave from the Ecole Militaire. Did his dreams, one wonders, carry him through

The Pont St. Michel: From a drawing by Eug. Béjot.
the future, did he see the Pont Neuf with its never completed obelisk carrying its inscription "Napoleon, Emperor of the People of France"?

In the Latin Quarter again we tread the old streets of Napoleon and by degrees wend our way to the cheerful Boulevarde Montparnasse, with its bright cafés, with its music in the open square, where all the "people," the domestics, the students, the milliners, are dancing the polka with sedate joy.

It is midnight and we join the dancers. The polka steps of our childhood come back to us; the boy with the violin under his chin has crossed the Alps to seek glory in Paris. Suddenly his music flowers out into a tarantella. A Montenegrin woman in Egyptian scarves and yellow roses in her hair, who has been posing in a nearby studio, sways through the crowd. The boy sees her, and lifting his violin close to his throat he pours out floods of barbaric music; the crowd draws back suddenly as only Paris can in a transport of delight, and we are in another world. The Congo flows by, cruel fires await their victims, vast forests hedge us in, fury and hatred and love reach us, and fear touches our hearts; a peasant girl in the crowd cries out, and the spell is broken. The Montenegrin girl, a little weary, takes the yellow roses from her hair and tosses them to the musician, then indolently melts back into the crowd.

The polka has lost its charm and we rest nearby at the Café Lavenue. Back from the street in the shadow, a young American girl is sitting alone at one of the tables, knitting industriously. She wears a Vic-
St. Denis de la Chapelle, Paris: From a drawing by F. M. Armington.

gray of the morning an ashen face appears in the doorway. The garçons flock about him. A moment later their aprons are thrown aside and they are on their way to report for uniforms. The little cocotte at the table near us bursts into tears.

(Continued on page 558)