

GUIDE^{TO} PARIS

CAFES · SHOPS · SHOWS

PARIS

CHICAGO

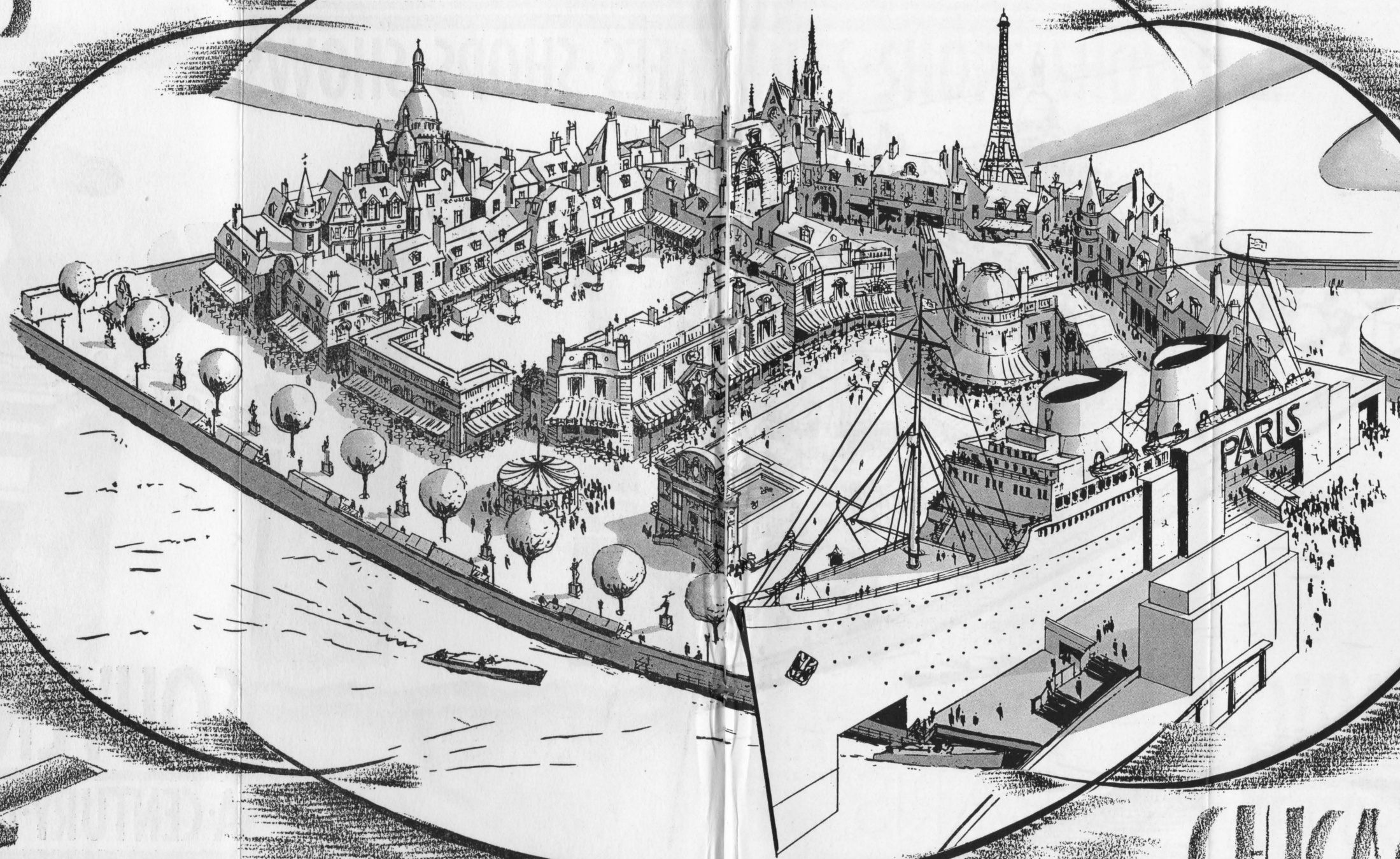
SOUVENIR^{OF} PARIS

A · CENTURY · OF · PROGRESS

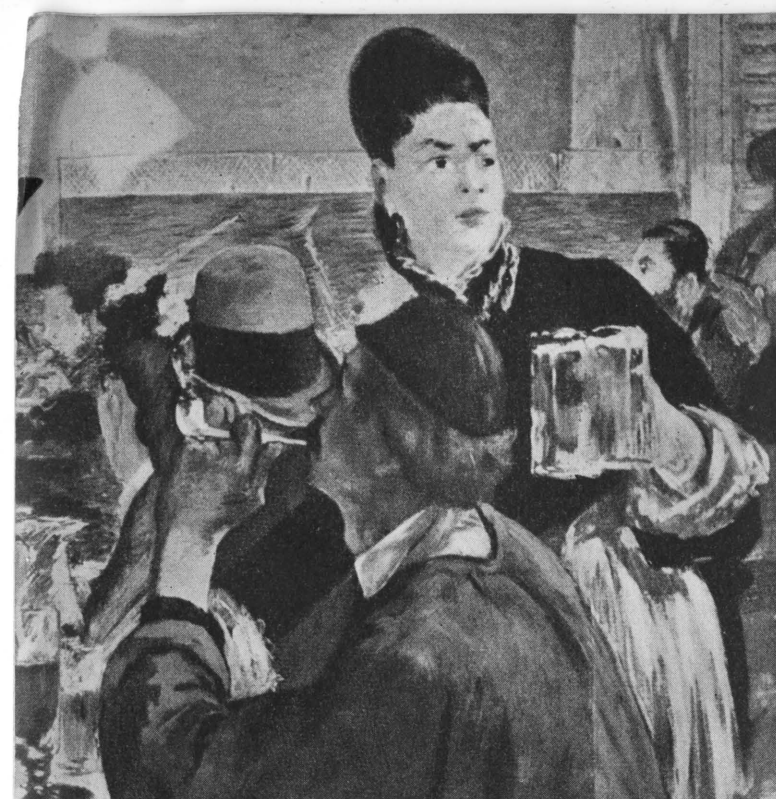
1933

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PARIS



CHICAGO 1933



AS MANET SAW PARIS (ABOVE)
MONTMARTRE: Painting by Jakovleff

Introducing Paris, A Blonde

Ça, c'est Paris!

*Paris, c'est une blonde
Qui plaît à tout le monde.*

Ça, c'est Paris!

* * * *

THIS is Paris, monsieur, madame, before you. See the big stacks of the ocean liner outlined against the sky, inviting you to a fast and easy voyage to the world's capital of fun!

Oo-la-la! See the vivid posters along the dock. "Meet Me in Paris!" Voices: "All ab-oarrd—hurry, hurry." The canopied gangplank spans the water. You hurry to it. In a few minutes you are on the ship, on her maindeck. Then, down a stairway.

There, you see Paris. You are in the gay city! Magically, you have reached in a few minutes the very heart of the French capital. That great cafe, with its sidewalk terrace tables, could belong to no other city. Cafe de la Paix—you have known its fame as the focal point of the teeming life of the Rue de la Paix and the Place de l'Opéra. A meeting place of the peoples of the world, a rendezvous for seekers after the pleasures of fine food, fine beverages, merry-making.

You look about you. A plaza, a bathing pool, other cafes, shops. The magic of Paris captivates your senses—sights, sounds, even aromas, peculiar to the alluring city. You may see a gendarme with glittering brass buttons and a smile. A provincial girl in the quaint, colorful dress of rural Normandy. An *apache*, quite fierce-looking, with his girl of dark beauty. A waiter hurrying with bottles. A pretty girl, a *vendeuse*, offering trinkets and smiling like a *cocotte*. "*Achetez mes souvenirs!*"

Tantalizing aromas—the breeze brings you the unmistakable hint of beer and wine mingled with the fragrance of the nuts and sweets offered by a pretty girl nut-vender before you. Someone is singing, someone is laughing.

Now you realize that Paris has been brought to you, transported to the crystal-green shores of Lake Michigan,

Sky View of
"A Dream" of
Arts Ball in
The Song of
War-Time in
Language of
Your Map of

PARIS

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welcomed, fairest of cities, to A Century of Progress in Chicago, brought within a few minutes' journey from Twenty-third Street at the lake, in the midst of the World's Fair of 1933.

Paris, child of the centuries, cradle of the arts, jewel of the western world, home of gayety, bazaar of pleasure—here it is in new focus, with a wealth of its tangible and spiritual qualities. Cafes, art studios, shops; bars and beverages; objects of art; exotic entertainment; yes, and ma'mselles! all these you will see. But you will know, too, the peculiar buoyancy and blitheness of the Parisian spirit. Paris folk smile with you. They have a frank attitude toward human-kind's needs and foibles.

Of course you must yield to the subtle spell which claims you—and go forth, ready to accept illusion and view this Paris-of-the-Fair as a concentration of Paris-over-the-sea in smaller focus, a concentration of the most alluring qualities of the mother city. "Paris is whitely burning," Balzac said. "Everything shines, everything blazes." The essence of Paris is fun, adventure. You'll find both!

There are advantages in "doing" Paris in this way. No "required" tour-seeing. You will not "have to" visit a tomb of Napoleon. You will not have to endure the startling effect of little red and black blobs in new wallpaper design of some French hotels. But you can have an art lesson in Rue Lappe. You can roam in Bohemian haunts of the Latin Quarter. You can find new things to delight the eye. You can quench your thirst; you can dance and you can sing—

True words are those of the song that the eternal Mistinguett has sung in the Moulin Rouge:

Ça, c'est Paree—

Paris is a blonde

Of her everyone is fond.

With tip-tilted nose, mocking way,

Smiling eyes ever gay.

And those who've known the bliss,

The thrill of your own kiss,

Will come back always, eagerly

To your love, dear Paree

Ça, c'est Paree!

So, let's go. *Allons!* Paris calls you. Romance is her heritage through centuries. Remember: in the taverns the poet Villon led his robust comrades in song and laughter—yes, and in varied villainy. Verlaine sipped absinthe and wove his fancies in deathless words. Mimi and Rodolphe, of Murger's tale, loved, and lived *La Vie de Bohème*. May you not see Manon Lescaut, "personification of love," the fair-haired, bright-eyed one? Remember the line, of Manon and her Chevalier des Grieux: "*A Paris, si tu veux, nous vivrons tous les deux!*"? "*In Paris, if you will, we shall be, together!*"

Surely this modern Paris of the Fair holds the glamour woven about the vibrant city by her poets and her story tellers.

Now, memory of beautiful Manon gives way to visual



IMPRESSION:
MONTMARTRE STUDIO

perception of this day . . . you see *les toits de Paris*—the roofs of Paris. You see Parisian streets with real cafes above which are attic windows and chimney pots. And isn't that a fair Manon, there, strolling?

"*Venez, monsieur! Voici, madame!*" Come, voices say. Here is the place! Cafe men, venders, invite you.

Thirsty? No reason to stay so, when the CAFE DE LA PAIX and CAFE DE PARIS are at hand, with inviting tables on terraces overlooking a plaza and the Seine.

To see and be seen in Cafe de la Paix is the ambition of the world's travelers. It is an axiom that the world passes the tables of this famous resort. Americans across the sea have been sure of meeting their fellow-Yankees there, stopping while returning from the American Express office nearby with new remittances of good old dollars.

"*Cette table, monsieur?*"

"*Garçon, un bock. Garçon, deux bocks.*"

Beer it is. And the menu is inviting.

Terraces over the water! You can sit at table and look upon a glorified Seine. This Paris has taken liberties with geography and brought the river to the cafe—and it's all to your advantage. The view is most pleasing.



Characters of Parisian streets and cafes are exemplified in the dress of those who serve you.

In the east room you will see decorations traditional to the Cafe de la Paix. In the west room you will see murals depicting gay scenes of Parisian life. The decorations are the work of Edward Millman.

You'll enjoy the bar. It's an interesting experience to look over the brim of your glass, over the foam, perhaps, at masks, grinning, leering faces upon the walls; like gargoyles of a French theater some are. Grotesques in color. Real types, too. You'll like them and want to return to see them again.

It is well to keep one's eyes open at the Cafe de la Paix—for those at nearby tables are likely to be very interesting. Here, you may see a famous actress, dining with a statesman; there, a distinguished architect with a celebrated woman novelist.

A group of women social leaders, of the inner circles of Palm Beach and Newport, may be at table near a group which includes a sports promoter, a champion pugilist and a musical comedy queen.

Perhaps an internationally known playboy and his satel-

lites, languid young men and languorous young women, are tarrying over wine and coffee, near you.

It's a world fashion to see and be seen in Cafe de la Paix, and thus there are many in all parts of the globe who talk about the exceptional food and beverages of this smart rendezvous.

Men who knew the Paris of war-time will hurry eagerly in these streets, hopeful of recapturing the spirit of days on leave or days A. W. O. L., in which one lived fully, greedy of time, hungry for gayety, for the warmth of human companionship, after weeks at the front.

Where is Mam'selle of the song? Back in Armentières or in this Paris? Happy days and happy nights to you, Yanks and poilus! No need to darken streets of this Paris. A dark shape in the sky would be only a passenger blimp. This is a Paris of bright lights.

Everyone can sing in Paris. And Richard Atwater's *Chanson de Paris*, 1933 style, is in tune with the blithe air of this bright-light city, in harmony with the very clinking of the glasses in the cafes. You are likely to feel very much like singing after a short stay—so you might try, now: "O meet me in gay Paris, out where the new World's Fair is—Mad'lon awaiting there is, and all the girls divine—"

Does Monsieur wish a boutonniere? Does Madame wish a corsage? In Place Vendôme the questions surely will be asked, for a flower shop is nearby—an essential of a Parisian thoroughfare.

PLACE VENDOME

"*Achetez mes jolies fleurs!*"

Buy her pretty flowers? Well, pretty French flower girls usually induce Monsieur to choose a flower or a dozen of them—and Madame, too, is likely to make a selection for herself.

LA CASQUETTE DE PARIS, in Place Vendôme, will interest you. Amusing masks on its walls are sufficient reason for dropping into this shop. Its wares are another good reason: knitted hats of French fashion, offered by typically Parisian *vendeuses*. It's Parisian.

If one looks about, it is possible to find a sort of refreshment not linked with Paris in popular belief. Yet there are multitudes who believe tea is a superior beverage. Its soothing influence can be had by the simple expedient of dropping

Voulez-vous promener avec moi ce soir, Mademoiselle?

Vous devez être un ancien soldat. Ils disaient toujours cela.

Non, j'ai lu ça dans un livre. Vous pouvez peut-être trouver la réponse à la bibliothèque. Au revoir!

Would you like to take a walk with me today?

You must have been a soldier. They always said that.

No, I read it in a book. Perhaps you can find the answer at the library. Goodbye!

in at the tea shop near the Cafe de la Rotonde, in Rue Bonaparte.

Rue Bonaparte has a history. It is a famous old street, in the Latin Quarter. It lives in the memory of thousands from many lands who have walked there as students of the *Ecole des Beaux-Arts*. Famous architects of the world have passed there, en route to classes, and, other

RUE BONAPARTE



Le Rêve de Paris (Dream of Paris)

times, on the way to gay rendezvous in cafes of the Quarter.

In Rue Bonaparte, you will find a shopping bureau where many kinds of fashion accessories are shown. Of course, Parisian mannequins do their stuff, parading and smiling, and the fashion articles thus are introduced under most favorable auspices. A French maid is ready to attend Madame.

CAFE DE LA ROTONDE

A broad cafe with a curved outline. LA ROTONDE! You are in Montparnasse, the little quarter of Paris which artists and poets have made their own, that they might there forget the world of commerce and money, to devote themselves to creation in words, in clay, in colors.

It is as if you were with the merry crew that lived in the pages of Hemingway's book of Montparnasse life, "The Sun Also Rises." Hemingway wrote: "The taxi stopped at the Rotonde. No matter what cafe in Montparnasse you ask a taxi driver to bring you to, they always take you to the Rotonde."

Looking upon the Cafe de la Rotonde you may pause a moment to see this bizarre quarter in the light of its storied past and present—as if across the sea. In your Montparnasse



journeying you may, yielding yourself to illusion, seek about you counterparts of the exotic folk of the Quarter. You may visualize yourself among them—and an excellent way to begin is to enter La Rotonde, make yourself comfortable at a table. Bottles and glasses are clinking. They will aid you.

In this cafe, or in others of Montparnasse, you are likely to see men who have risen far in the artistic and professional worlds after studying in the Latin Quarter years before.

Someone may point out Andy Rebori, or John Root. These Chicago architects would be renewing their acquaintance with the Quarter.

(These skyscraper-designers have added reason for interest in this Latin Quarter of attic windows and chimney pots, for they created this Paris.)

You may encounter John W. Norton, the noted American mural painter, savoring anew the atmosphere of Paris, finding relaxation in the Quarter after his arduous work of creating the decorations for the Hall of Science of the World's Fair. His anthropological and ethnological paintings created for Beloit College are exhibited in the Hall of Social Science.

The Rotonde and the other cafes of the Left Bank give ample evidence that there are many thousands of artists in Paris. In this Rotonde you find typically Parisian art upon the walls, and you can savor it slowly while you sip your drinks.

Walls of Left Bank cafes have gained paintings which later became of great monetary value, though executed at first in trade for food and drink. Perhaps you recall the story of the gaping hole in the plaster of a wall in one small Parisian cafe. Utrillo, hungry, painted in exchange for food. The cafe wall bore one of his striking Montmartre scenes, with buildings chalky white on a rainy day. When Utrillo became famous an art dealer discovered this work, paid Rosalie, the proprietor, well for it, and cut out that part of the wall. Rosalie never thought of having the wall repaired.

Marie, l'art seul m'intéresse
... la couleur, la beauté.

Vous aimez la bière aussi,
James. A cause de sa
couleur?

Non, à cause de sa beauté.
Est-ce que la bière n'est
pas belle?

Si, James.

Marie, art alone interests me
... color, beauty.

You seem to like beer, too,
James. Because of its
color?

No, because of its beauty.
Isn't beer beautiful?

Yes, James.

Do you fear that you, too, may become a victim of la nostalgie de Montparnasse, incurable urge to live in the quarter where art is more irresistible than love, than hunger? Where life's ideal is a balance between work for creative achievement and play in unrestrained manner.

Let illusion lead you. Meet Montparnasse characters who have made that little area of Paris the most talked-of corner of the world. In these cafes—might you not see the poet so sensitive he took a butterfly for a taxicab ride? Poor butterfly, lost in Montparnasse, far from its native bois! The poet tenderly placed it in a cab, rode for miles, then gently lifted his guest to a flowering vine, and bade it goodbye, tearfully.

Or the sculptor who, at intervals, believed he was petrified, was turned into stone, and remained motionless for hours until he fell to the floor and the blow awoke him?

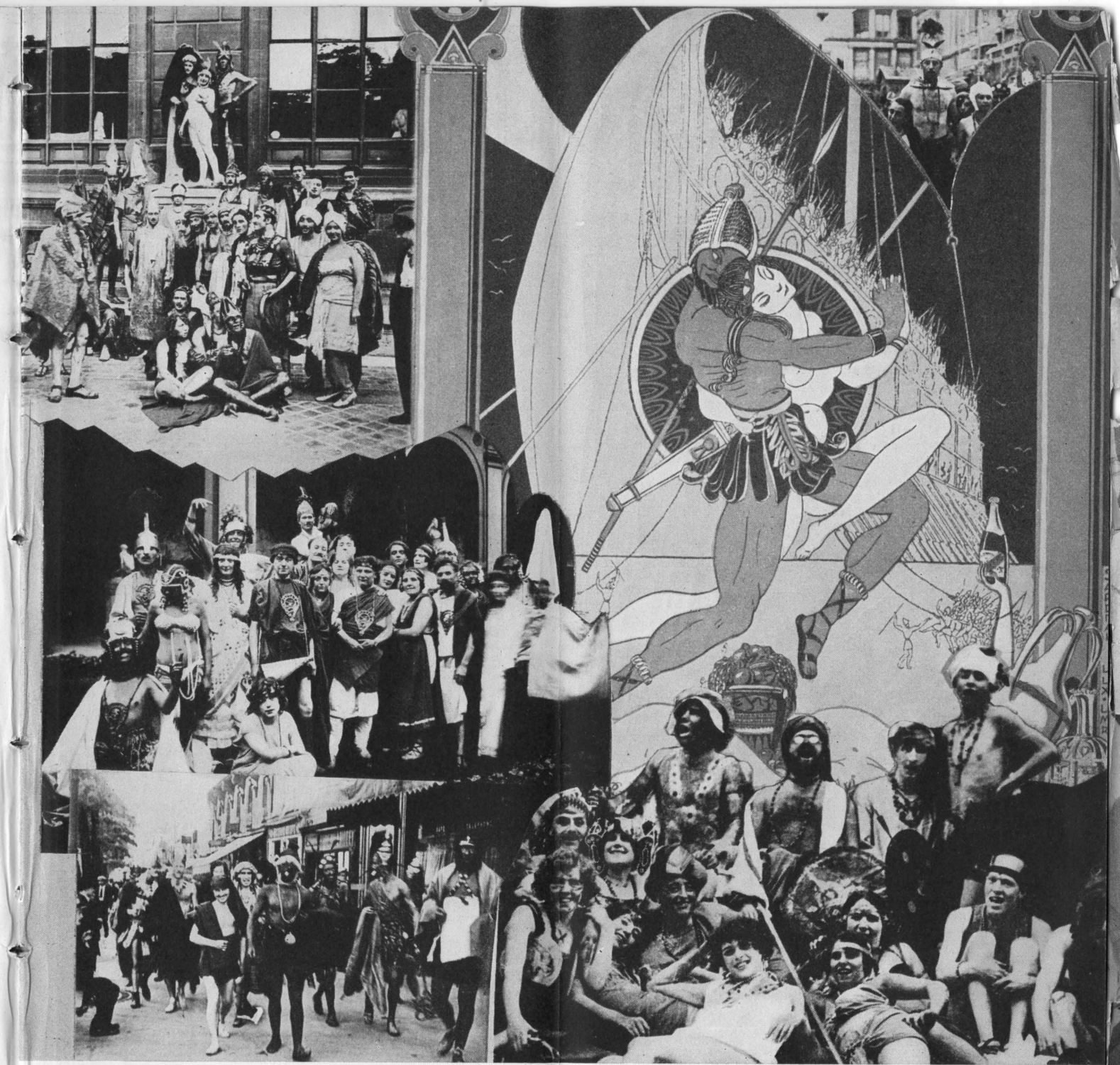
Or the painter who traded his hat for a loaf of bread, then his shoes for two loaves, then his shirt—until he sold a painting—and then spent most of his francs, not for food, but for paints? For him the only reality was art, his work, his passionate desire to create on canvas.

Might you not meet the sculptor who wore dark glasses always so he would never see color, and painted a third eye on his forehead? You may see Russian mystics, fugitive Balkan politicians, Hindu princes—might you not? Imagination is a help—and illusion can be so pleasant in this Paris.

Certainly, you can envision, in a mental picture if not in reality, the English girl who was so devoted to art that she spent all her money for lessons, then sold most of her clothing. In a chemise (all she had left) she wandered, and looked hungrily and wistfully into the cafes.

The Rotonde and the other Montparnasse cafes have inspired and cheered artists and writers who have risen to world fame and riches. American writers have found opportunity for a detached view of their country and their people—with profit to literature. They all have found fun, freedom from Puritan ideas, opportunity to experiment with life.

A motley crew of painters in corduroy trousers and blue smocks and battered hats and berets; buxom models in vivid aprons and kerchiefs and straw sandals—put them all together in a Left Bank cafe and it spells F-U-N.



REVELRY IN THE LATIN QUARTER: RARE PHOTOS FROM FRANCE. ART STUDENTS AND MODELS IN PARIS STREETS DURING QUAT'Z ARTS BALLS. DESIGN OF INVITATION TO A BAL DES QUAT'Z ARTS SYMBOLIZING ANCIENT CARTHAGE



ARTISTS AND MODELS IN PARIS CAFE Wyndham Photo

The shops of Paris have caused many people to cross the world. They are justly regarded as one of the most important of the many reasons for seeing Paris. Infinite variety is shown in them.

Seeing and shopping are among the opportunities to be found in Place Saint-Germain des Prés.

PLACE ST. GERMAIN

This broad plaza affords you a view of more roofs of Paris above quaint building façades. And you should be watchful for more types of the streets of Paris. You may encounter midinettes, young and pretty, strolling. There, you may see a flower girl offering her wares.

Place Saint-Germain des Prés is associated in artistic history with the memory of Rodin, one of the greatest of French sculptors, creator of "The Thinker." The long-bearded, patriarchal genius often was to be seen strolling in the Place, forgetful of his surroundings, intent upon thought of his work.

Walking on, you will find a most interesting exhibit, MAISONNETTE DE MADAME. You will wish to study these twelve miniature period rooms, designed and arranged by Mrs. James Ward Thorne.

Fashioned on a scale of one-twelfth of actual size, the rooms exemplify striking artistry. By visioning one inch as one foot, you can view in small space twelve charming

rooms, with finely carved miniature furnishings from European cities. You'll see chairs a few inches high and dishes smaller than a thumb-nail.

One of the principal delights of Paris is the opportunity for shopping for many articles distinctively French. So the broad shop in Place Saint-Germain will attract you. It is MANDEL BROS. PARIS BRANCH.

Mannequins—oh, so chic! So Parisian. They do give additional decorativeness to bathing suits which already have French smartness. Monsieur and Madame will be equally interested in seeing pretty young ladies displaying garments which will give added zest to the pleasures of sun and surf.

And perfumes—those subtle blends of floral essences created by the French. Delicate fragrances from France's fields, imprisoned in bottles by the subtle scientists of the perfumeries. The Gallic people have made the production of perfumes their own art.

Madame is certain to be interested in articles of lingerie which exemplify in their making another art of the French.

Useful and novel articles in leather give opportunity here for added shopping pleasure.

When one is in Paris one goes shopping. This big store in Place Saint-Germain des Prés will capture your attention.

<i>Mademoiselle, est-ce que cette rue conduit au Dôme?</i>	<i>Young lady, does this street lead to the Dome?</i>
<i>Oui, pourquoi?</i>	<i>Yes, why do you ask?</i>
<i>J'ai soif.</i>	<i>I'm thirsty.</i>
<i>Quelle coincidence! Moi aussi.</i>	<i>What a coincidence! So am I.</i>
<i>En route! Je m'appelle Syl- vestre.</i>	<i>Let's go. My name's Syl- vester.</i>

The exhibit of MONUMENTS OF PARIS is one of the features of Place Saint-Germain. It is the shop of ISABELLA BARCLAY, INC.

Nineteenth Century French wallpaper has rare artistry that has drawn irresistibly students and patrons of decoration. The exhibit here is interesting to all concerned with ornamentation in the household.

Many European tourists have voiced the wish that French hotels now used the charming wallpaper designs of by-gone years, instead of the more fantastic modern papers.

Dainty designs—sentimental, perhaps, characterize these papers of olden days. You may see festooning in pale blue, pastoral scenes with demure shepherdesses, delicate floral patterns.

Antique furniture is shown also, providing, with the charming wallpaper, tangible memories of France of another day.

Nearby one can see a demonstration of one of the fine arts—etching, and obtain examples of the work. In the exhibit and studio of Allan Philbrick, of the Art Institute of Chicago, you can see the etching press in action and can have fresh impressions.

It is an old custom: while in Paris one picks up some etchings.

Nearby is LA MAISON DES SILHOUETTES. It is named for its silhouette murals stenciled by Mlle. Mary Louise Fitch, who will be there, in smock and tam, to show you landscapes, portraits and humorous scenes. A quite Parisian art store.

Your Left Bank tour will lead you to a long, broad cafe. It's the CAFE INTERNATIONAL. Forty-eight flags of all nations flying above, swishing in the breeze from the Quai Voltaire.

Though it seems more luxurious, this cafe is to this Paris what the famous Cafe du Dôme is to Paris across the sea. It is resplendent. A hundred tables are on its terraces. Its chairs and tables have bright colors. The umbrellas and awnings are of yellow and black, in circular stripes.

Inside, a seventy-foot bar, and plenty of what foams over a bar. The design of this glorified Dome is moderne—and you will be charmed immediately by its veritable art exhibit.

Really international is this bright spot for seeing and sipping. You may order your beer or wine or cocktails from pretty maids in costumes of many countries. And you may speak any language under the sun and be understood here.

It is well to consider this "Dome" in the light of its famous counterpart. The Dome across the sea is of the essence of the Latin Quarter—and the story of both could be an endless topic. When at table in this Dome you are ideally situated to consider the life of the Quarter.

Eight centuries have passed since the Quartier Latin received its name through the use of the Latin language in schools on the Left Bank of the Seine, attended by students of many tongues. The name endured and grew to cover a large area extending southward from the river. There today are many schools and multitudes of students. Their life touches that of the painters and writers, and both classes mingle in the cafes.

Students give sparkle to the Quarter, a most vigorous sparkle on their fete days! The carnival air is most pronounced during the annual Bal des Quat'z Arts.

<i>Cette femme a l'air ennuyée. Ça doit être un modèle. Pourquoi? Parce qu'elle est si belle?</i>	<i>That girl seems to be bored. She must be a model. Why? Because she is so beautiful?</i>
<i>Non. Son air est une pose. Ça doit être l'air de Paris!</i>	<i>No. That look is a pose. It must be, in Paris!</i>

The Four Arts Ball! Sensational revel of the year. The World's Fair Paris placed the Quat'z Arts on its schedule for May 27, 1933, as a night of hilarity, a fitting keynote for the entire duration of this gay Paris.

On the night of the Quat'z Arts throngs of students and models parade through the Quarter, in bizarre costumes, singing, laughing, dancing. They swarm into cafes and dance with all the girls. They may snatch up others' drinks and drain them, then scamper away. On to the Moulin Rouge or the Bal Bullier the hilarious crowd goes for the ball. The night's revelry reaches a delirious pitch.

At dawn the weary but merry throngs pass again through the streets, singing and jesting. Models are carried upon students' shoulders. Weird costumes of the evening have been transformed into even more startling effects.

There's always something doing in the Dome. Policemen sometimes rush in to settle violent debates on art.

One might visualize one night: at close tables men and women sit, talking, gesticulating, eager, lively. Bottles and

half-filled glasses are on the tables. Smoke rises. There is a cry: "Kiki!"

There's Kiki—tall, strongly built. Most famous character of Montparnasse, model, dauber-herself. Kiki waves to everybody. She smiles. Her shiny, black hair is short and plastered over the forehead. Her eyebrows are incredibly long, blackened, arched. Her full lips are a smudge of vivid rouge. Her nose is straight and full between broad cheeks. Her dress is red and black and orange.

Two men wearing floppy, ancient black hats and broad bow ties hurry to her. They are of the legion of *rapins* of the Quarter. (French folk use the term rather unflatteringly for all painters.) The two sit at table with Kiki, and wine is placed before them. One sketches Kiki on the back of a menu. She snatches the menu away, seizes the pencil and sketches him. She pins the finished sketch to the back of his blouse, and they drink up. Then Kiki rises and sings, throatily, huskily, and accepts a drink in payment.

Foujita, the famous Japanese artist of Paris, often painted her. And she painted him!

Kiki and the *rapins* and the poets find life delightfully worth while in the charm of Bohemian Paris, where there is a degree of moral liberty, where one's eating and drinking and merrymaking in cafes form a large part of life.

And you can be carefree, too, in Paris-at-the-Fair.

MASKS BY DOHN POWL, BAR OF MASKS, CAFE DE LA PAIX Haveman Photo





A BAR IN MONTPARNASSE. THE ARTIST'S BRUSH GIVES 'A GLIMPSE OF THE LAND WHERE THERE IS NO YESTERDAY AND NO TOMORROW—WHERE TODAY ALONE HAS EXISTENCE: BOHEMIA. "THE rapins AND THE MODELS AND THE POETS FIND LIFE DELIGHTFULLY WORTH WHILE—"

MEET ME IN PARIS!

(I'VE A RENDEZVOUS WITH YOU IN PARIS)

O meet me in gay Paris, out where the new World's Fair is!

Mad'lon awaiting there is, and all the girls divine
Cry "Oo, la la! (ta-ta-ta); Chouette, papa!"
(ta-ta-ta)

"Comme ci, comme ca! (ta-ta-ta), I love wiz you
to dine."

That Armentiere-ish mam'selle, that Moulin Rouge-ish
damsel,

O all the pretty femmes'll be telling you and me:
"Here, at the Fair (ta-ta-ta) sans mal de mer
(ta-ta-ta),

"You're 'Over There' (ta-ta-ta)—O meet me in
Paree!"

(REFRAIN)

I've a rendezvous, with you, in Paris, 'neath the
stars, on a cafe terrace,
Where the heart of the gay World's Fair is, meet
me in Paree!

It's but a step, to be where 'Over There' is,
Where Papa falls in love with la Bohème,
Where Madame archly cries, "Oh, Mr. Harris!"
And Madelon laughs at all of them!

I've a rendezvous with you, in Paris, 'neath the
stars, on a cafe terrace,
And we'll do, as they do, in Paris—meet me in
Paree!

No fear of ocean weather, to visit, now, together
Paree, where life's a feather, upon the wings of love!
See those peep shows! (ta-ta-ta) Ze skirts, ze hose!
(ta-ta-ta)

Ze these, ze those! (ta-ta-ta), my cabbage, O my
dove!

And at each table, we'll drink while we are able,
And you will flirt with Mabel, or Mitzi, and Marie.
You like romance? (ta-ta-ta) Ze girls that dance?
(ta-ta-ta)

Ze close-up of France? (ta-ta-ta) O meet me in
Paree!

(Chanson de Paris: by Richard Atwater [Riq.])

As you roam the Quarter you may hear someone sing the famous old chant of the *Ecole des Beaux-Arts*, renewing memories of student days. The song is *Les Pompiers* (The Firemen), and it's all about a fireman's hat! It is played almost continuously during every Quat'z Arts Ball.

*Le casque est une coiffure
Qui sied à la figure . . .
Un casque de pompier
Ça fait presque un guerrier—*

Let's try it in slang Americanese:

*The lid upon a fireman
Adds lustre to his ruddy pan . . .
The helmet of this guy
Puts fire in his eye.
Zim la boum la zim la y la
You kid him but he doesn't hear
Zim la boum la zim la y la
This high-hat bird won't lend an ear.*

PLACE M'PARNASSE Place Montparnasse offers you interesting experiences. You may expect to see, because of this plaza's name, *La Horde Montparnasse*, the jovial band of painters who exhibited their paintings everywhere in the streets of the Quarter, along the sidewalks, in doorways.



But instead you can have unusual entertainment in the Parisian manner.

Here, too, is a little shop labeled: **PARIS IN A NUTSHELL**. You see walnuts containing paper, which seem to have a message about Paris.

Next, quite a treat. Nudists are not mythical. There are or have been colonies of them in nearly every country. While everyone has been curious about the people who burn their clothes and depend upon sunshine only for garb, few outsiders have discovered their secrets. Paris offers you a chance to glimpse its **COLONIE NUDISTE** right in a shop in Place Montparnasse! You'll find it surprising. And you can enter without fear of being disturbed by the policemen. The police will be looking the other way.

There's other bizarre entertainment nearby. You haven't seen Paris unless you've seen the **MUSEUM OF HORRORS**, likely to make strong men grow pale, and, perhaps, children

to laugh. You'll meet strange, hideous creatures in there . . . something to remember, surely. It will be easy to remember, for you can obtain souvenirs of the Horrors.

Don't be afraid. Muster your courage. Parisian street characters will be there, but they will aid you, not harm you.

Now, look—incredible things are happening. Incredible forms are before you. You may want to shriek. You may want to laugh. You are likely to do both. But what would Paris be without a Museum of Horrors?

Nearby, you find rather diversified opportunities: here, you can find women's hats embodying the French influence; there you can "visit" India, for you will find exhibits and products which seem to bring you the flavor of the shores of the Bay of Bengal.

Rue Lappe, a little lane, has a most interesting history. You may pause a moment and visualize it: here come nightly Parisians of all classes, men of the stores, men of the workshops. There is dancing in the street. There is constant, high-pitched chatter, cries and calls.

RUE LAPPE



Then, suddenly, there is a shout: "*Les agents!*"

The police have come, and are scrutinizing the crowd, demanding identification cards. The search ends and dancing is resumed.

But in the Fair's Paris there is not likely to be much dancing in Rue Lappe, nor are you likely to see the gendarmes rush in, alluring though that prospect may seem. On the contrary, this lane is a pleasant place to tarry and enjoy one of the most interesting experiences of this Paris. Here you may be an artist for a while, sketching from life, in truly Parisian manner, in the **LIFE CLASS**.

You can obtain artist's supplies of every description in the shop of **FAVOR, RUHL & CO.**, nearby. You'll see more varieties of pencils than there are cafes in Paris. A glance at the array of supplies convinces one that the artist's profession is one of infinite detail.

So, you enter the life class. The model is on her throne. The professor smiles and indicates a seat for you.

Comme ci, comme ça. This line, then that. A little shading in the right places. Soon you have the model outlined on paper. Even though the model might not recognize your sketch as her likeness, you will be proud of your work.

Whether or not you have had artistic training, you will be able to get some sort of sketch down on your paper. You may discover that you have talent. At any rate, sketching from life is a pleasant experiment and experience. You may wish to say, in later years, that you have been an artist in



Paris, and show a sketch to prove it. Of course you will preserve the sketch you make in the life class.

Here you will find a broad enclosure which has one of **THE VISIONS OF ART**. You see the sign: **VISIONS OF ART**. And you will find most interesting visions. The beauty of the human form, as exemplified in art through the centuries, is one element of the vision. Another element is given by science and art—it is light, colorful as the solar spectrum, vivid in its effects as the Lindbergh beacon.

You will be seeing Paris when you solace your eyes with **Visions of Art**.

BAR AU LAPIN AGILE

And here you want, immediately, some true atmosphere of Montmartre. Are you ready, to take a chance, to wander in quest of a true *boîte de nuit*—night box, the Parisian term for most of the Montmartre resorts? Or do you fear that you will meet *apaches*, *cocottes*, strange characters of the streets and cellars of the hill? You venture forward, bravely. A *boîte de nuit*—a cafe. Its symbol: a rabbit, as if alive, springing out of a hot stew pan—painted on wood. You read: **BAR AU LAPIN AGILE**.

It's the Cafe of the Leaping Rabbit. Perhaps you've heard

MONSIEUR LE PROFESSEUR

A Caricature by Haveman

*Maintenant, attention à la ligne.
Monsieur le professeur, vous voulez dire, en dessinant le modèle?
Certainement, jeune homme.
Mais, monsieur, vous voulez dire "les lignes."*

Now, attention to line!

Professor, you mean to say, in drawing the model?

Certainly, young man.

But, sir, you don't mean line, you mean curves.

of it. Truly of Montmartre, with a strange history and strange present. Dare you enter? Of course. You want to SEE Paris.

You recognize the fragrance: beer, wines, other beverages. It seems quite inviting.

What strange men of the Parisian streets are lurking about! Is that man approaching you an *apache*? He seems to have fierceness enough for three *apaches*.

"*Un bock?*" he asks. Who would dare refuse? You answer: "*Oui, monsieur!*"

The apache smiles. He's a good fellow, after all, for he serves a stein of foaming brew. But you can't help wondering what would have happened if you had said, "*Non.*"

You may hear the history of the *Lapin Agile*. In years gone by it was known as the *Cabaret des Assassins*. And the name meant exactly that, according to popular gossip on the hill. Dark plots were laid there. Mustachioed brigands conspired in its dim light.

Later it became a gathering place for artists and intellectuals of Montmartre, and there was spirited debate and high song many a night. When the caricaturist, Gill, painted a rabbit on its door, the cafe became known as the *Lapin à Gill*. But the posture of the skittish rabbit caused the place



to be called Lapin Agile. This little cafe kept many hungry artists alive—even the great Picasso found food here many times when penniless.

PLACE DU TERTRE

The sidewalk tables of this cafe afford a good starting point for the merriment in the PLACE DU TERTRE. The Place has been like a village square for the hill, and it has that aspect before you, as a gathering place for dancing.

Oo-la-la! Mam'selles—beviest of them. Young men—perhaps even gigolos. Paris without gigolos? Husbands, wives, sons, daughters. And there goes the music—it's time to dance.

Everybody's dancing. Tall, short, stout, lean—the music claims them.

Blondes, brunettes, red-heads. Dark men and light men. Artists and models. Poets and poetesses. Papas and mamas.

"Ca, c'est Paree—Paris is a blonde—"

"Oui, oui, Marie—"

"Mademoiselle from Armentieres, parlez-vous—"

"I like to flirt in the Place du Tertre—"

Montmartre? Well, there's still life in the old hill!

It's easy to find refreshment (liquid form, too) after the dancing. Can you pass the Lapin Agile again without stopping for a couple *bocks*? Want to try the Rotonde again?

RUE MONT- MARTRE

In Rue Montmartre other surprises await you. Other sights invite your eyes. You need only be alert and observe the shops and booths in this street. You may find something rather astonishing, if you choose the right one.

The oriental influence touches Paris, for travelers come from all parts of the world. In Rue Montmartre you will find turbaned folk who seem to have come from the land of the Ganges just to occupy an enclosure designated: THE SPHINX SPEAKS. They will tell you about life readings.

Even the most dignified visitors to Paris will be interested in the prospect of arm exercise and laughs offered in one stopping place in the Rue Montmartre. There's a premium of laughs upon one's ability in pitching a baseball here, for it is amusing to see a pretty mam'selle catapulted from apparent sleep into a position of, let us say, acrobatic awakening. It isn't really cruel to hit the mark and violently awaken the mam'selle, for she doesn't mind. Ask her whether she cares.

In quest of shops and entertainment between your visits to cafes you are likely to find something to your taste at the

intersection of Rue Montmartre and Place Pigalle. Games! A word to the wise is sufficient. If you are interested in games (once there was a man who was indifferent to them) you should keep your eyes open when you approach Place Pigalle.

When walking about the Place du Tertre you will find a shop considered by Madame as one of the essential features of the city. Isn't face powder one of the necessities of life? And don't most boxes of it have French names? This shop offers many such boxes, and they not only have French names: they are French.

Paris, thy name is variety. In Place du Tertre you can buy animals. Quite a souvenir of Paris, an elephant! You can put one in your pocket, for zoological though this shop be, the animals are inanimate and are miniatures. But they are quaint little mementoes of a visit to gay Paree.

This shop is THE ANIMAL KINGDOM. There are Scotties of brass and elephants of jade and many between-size fauna. You'll recognize the shop by the bird cages of the exterior, just as you would recognize a French farm house. The decorations are the work of Christine Chisholm.

Montmartre! Once the geographical center of the mythical land of Bohemia, the Hill of the Martyr remains a strangely interesting section of Paris.

Montmartre retains much of the glamour that it had in earlier days . . . it looks like a canvas by Utrillo, whose fame in later days was reflected upon the Hill of the Martyr.

Here you reach "the hill" from the Left Bank without the necessity of taking a taxi across a bridge of the Seine, because a geographical and architectural miracle has brought it close at hand.

Whichever way you go, you will want to return to one of the most famous places in Paris, and it's right at hand.

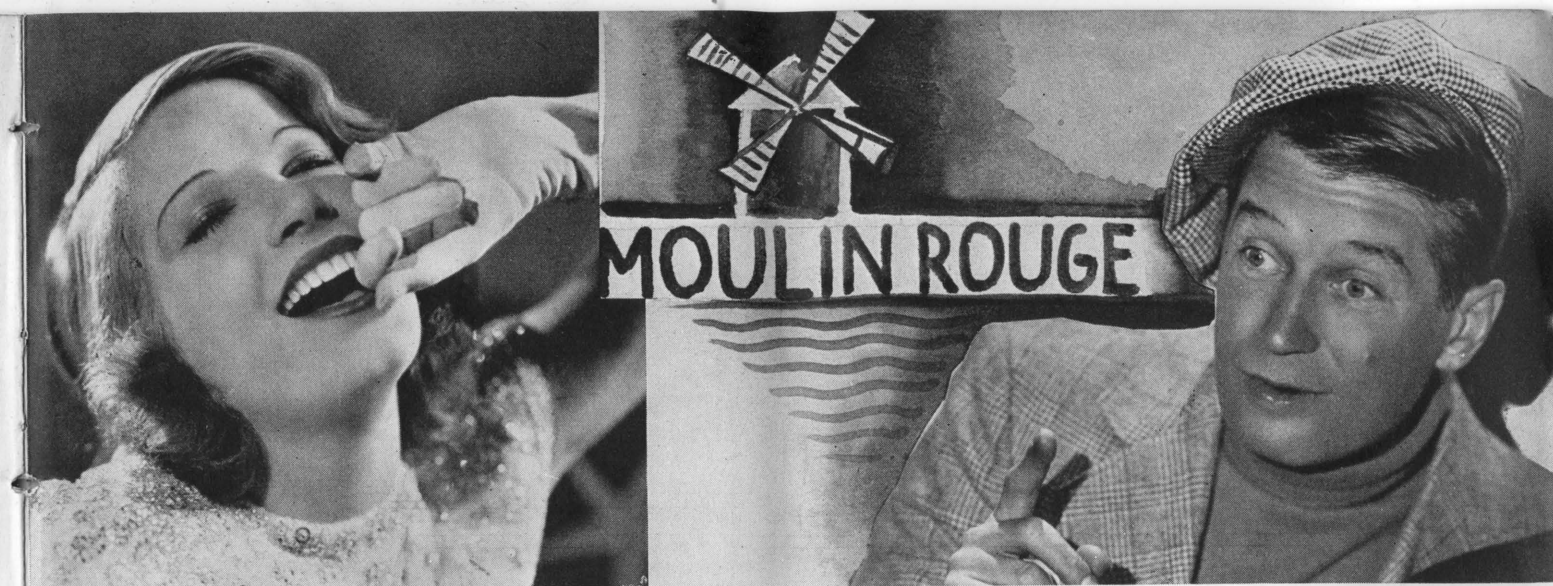
MOULIN ROUGE! You see its red mill, with the wind-catching arms extended.

Who hasn't heard of the Moulin Rouge? Its fame has spread with its famous entertainers: the celebrated music hall has sent forth Mistinguett, heralded as possessor of the "million-dollar legs"; Lili Damita, the titian-haired, vibrant screen actress; Maurice Chevalier, that insouciant charmer whose smile and voice are cherished secretly in the hearts of a million women among motion picture audiences.

The Moulin Rouge, here, has preserved its original flavor, of the good old days for music halls. It's Paris.

You enter, of course. There's fine food and drink. Your French will be the best language here, for you may be sure

MOULIN ROUGE



that Pierre and Gaston, your hosts, will understand, even if you speak a Provençal dialect.

You know you're in a Parisian cafe—for the walls are decorated with sprightly mam'selles in lacy pink veils, billowy damsels in blue satin, episodic groups of figures: they look as if they had sprung right out of the pages of the gay journal, *La Vie Parisienne*. These capricious murals are the work of Uttyebrouck and Teillaud.

At certain hours you can dance in Le Moulin Rouge. In between times you will like to try the liquid offerings, quite a variety, and the chicken, the pastries, the other French delicacies.

Madelon, voulez-vous danser?

Il n'y a qu'une réponse. La musique dit toujours "oui."

Et après, puis-je avoir du champagne?

Garçon, une bouteille! Maintenant, dansons.

Madelon, do you wish to dance?

There is only one answer. The music always says "Yes."

And then can I have champagne?

Waiter, a bottle! Now, we dance.

It is remarkable that you find a large cafe which faces the Place du Tertre, Place Pigalle, Quai de la Tournelle and even Quai Voltaire. It is quite possible in this concentration of the best of Paris. Certainly it saves taxi-fare!

And it helps to prevent you from becoming thirsty. Paris is dedicated to the art of giving happiness and comfort to its visitors, and thirst can cause a great deal of discomfort.

CAFE LE SELECT

So you hurry to the big cafe which combines bars and broad terraces, on the Seine side as well as on other sides. Consider this replica of the CAFE LE SELECT as a pleasing and necessary part of your Paris tour.

Le Select has its own peculiar color, a Bohemian flavor not precisely like that of other Left Bank cafes. It is in Montparnasse. That may seem strange, for you may have believed you had moved on some distance from that quarter. No—the pleasures of the artists' own quarter are keeping pace with you on your journey.

But isn't it time for *un bock*, or some *vin blanc*? *Garçon!*

MOULIN ROUGE LIGHTS HAVE TWINKLED THEIR NAMES: DAMITA and CHEVALIER

When in Paris one does as Parisians and visiting Yankees do: moisten the lips with a beverage which dispels thoughts of yesterday and tomorrow. In Paris today is the only reality.

The history of the Select and the other cafes and bars of Montparnasse is inseparable from the story of achievement by artists and writers who have been nurtured by the inspiring influence of the Quarter.

Surely, Montparnasse is a fine place to find a good time. But it is a place to visit again and again for new experiences, new viewpoints while getting one's fill of hilarity.

In its cafes one is among courageous souls who have equal fidelity to ideals of art and a code of carefree camaraderie. Cafes give them practically their only social life. Friends meet

J'ai toujours aimé Picasso. I have always loved Picasso. Quelle forme, quelle vitalité!

Ma chère, je n'aurais jamais dû vous laisser venir à Paris. Voulez-vous divorcer?

Non, mon cher mari. Achetez-moi un Picasso. Je les ai toujours aimés. Quelle forme, quelle vitalité!

My dear, I should never have let you come to Paris. Do you want to divorce me?

No, my dear boy. Buy me a painting by Picasso. I have always loved them. What form, what vitality!

several times a day in their favorite spot and chat over sidewalk tables. All the gossip of the Quarter is told and retold over glasses of beer.

But the substance of Montparnasse is the spirit of those who strive to create in words and on canvas a vital art, and forget worldly cares and forsake comfort and security for their ideals.

Names have grown great in the Quarter. Denizens of attics and basements have awakened amidst their canvases and their oils to find themselves famous. Picasso, the patron saint of cubism, toiled in the Quarter on the road to international fame. The list of widely recognized artists who have

been influenced by the Quarter is a long one—and on it are the names of Whistler, Matisse, Utrillo, Modigliani, Van Dongen, Kisling—many others.

The Quarter has stirred many writers to achievement. James Joyce and Gertrude Stein and their followers have found there impetus to new contortions of the alphabet and new word-mixing, with results that have caused endless debates at literary teas of Europe and America.

Among American contemporaries, Sinclair Lewis and Louis Bromfield and Ernest Hemingway have roamed Montparnasse, as have many leaders in French literature.

Montparnasse claims Hemingway as its very own, and is proud of him. The Quarter has watched the young man from Chicago rise to a pinnacle of literary success realized in the great popular acclaim of his "A Farewell to Arms," as book and screen play.

One can see the Cafe le Select through Hemingway's eyes, as in his book, "The Sun Also Rises." Imagination aids the



illusion which helps you to get the maximum of enjoyment out of this Paris.

You might envision Lady Brett Ashley and Jake Barnes and others of their roaming crew of the book chatting in the Select as a prelude to an adventurous evening. Why, it was in the Select that they came upon Zizi, the painter from Greece and then were introduced to his friend, Count Mippipopoulos. The Count wore an elk's tooth on his watch chain and had an insatiable appetite for champagne and the desire to buy it in large quantities.

"Let's go to the Select," said Jake and Brett, often.

The count offered Brett \$10,000 to go to Biarritz with him, or to Monte Carlo, or to Cannes. Brett declined. Then the count found solace by planning a 5 a.m. breakfast in the Bois, for the entire party. He came from a cafe with a dozen bottles of Mumms and hampers of food,—and a broad smile. *Ça, c'est Paris!*

You would expect to have sparkling Burgundy wine in the Burgundy Inn, and, of course, you can. You may be surprised to find a place of refreshment with a provincial name in the center of the Latin Quarter, but it will be a pleasant surprise.

Apaches and waiters in Left Bank cafes are likely to be bold fellows. You may hear them burst into a sort of chant: "Chapeau, chapeau, chapeau—" That means that someone in the cafe has neglected to take off his hat. Of course, (if he knows the word means "hat"!) he snatches it off and hides his blushes in his beer.

A walk in Quai Voltaire is pleasant relaxation. In Paris it's

a peculiarly piquant experience just to stroll. And on this quay you find the added pleasure of new elements of scenery.

It's a park. A fragment, to be sure, but isn't a little square

Monsieur l'Agent, cet homme me suit.

Mon Dieu, Mademoiselle, vous êtes à Paris!

Pensez-vous qu'il est convenable?

Je vais vous présenter. Monsieur, ma petite nièce.

Tous les deux, dites-moi votre nom. Il faut respecter les formes. N'est-ce pas?

Policeman, that man is flirting with me.

Well, young lady, you are in Paris!

Do you think he is a nice man?

I will introduce you. Sir, my little niece. Both of you

tell me your names. The proprieties must be observed, not?

of grass just as essentially a park as one covering many acres?

Does it have a name? A very well-known one. It's the Jardin du Luxembourg. You must call upon your imagination and your memory to appreciate fully that it is worth while to look upon even a few blades of grass of a Luxembourg.

The Jardin (over sea) is a part of the Latin Quarter area, generally, lying south of the Quai de la Tournelle on the Left Bank. Its tip approaches the heart of Montparnasse.

Among its principal uses is that of giving Parisian children a chance to ride in carts drawn by goats. Its high gates of iron add a romantic touch to the long lanes of old trees one sees through the grilling.

This square here is *un petit jardin*—and one should look at it through glasses dimmed by a rose-colored haze of illusion.

Now, ISN'T it the Jardin du Luxembourg?

The quays along the Seine: they have the essence of Parisian charm. In the literature of the city the restful atmosphere of the river bank on the southern shore has a definite place.

You can stroll on the quays—can look upon the Seine from a broad promenade. What a glorified Seine—an inland sea. But, no matter, the green water is as pleasant to see as

Je voudrais bien me promener sur les bords de la Seine avec un joli garçon.

Oui, mademoiselle. Je m'appelle Jean. Allons jusqu'à ce café.

Oh, merci. La promenade me donne soif aussi.

I'd love to take a walk along the Seine with a good-looking man.

Surely, miss. My name's John. We'll walk as far as that café.

Oh, thank you. Walking makes me thirsty too.

the less translucent waters which gird the mother city in a semi-circle from Boulevard Victor to the Marne.

One goes to the Seine quays usually for a definite purpose: to look at books. It is a tradition of the city. The booksellers of the quays are as essentially Parisian as are midinettes sauntering and smirking on the boulevards at mid-day.

The quays bookstalls often yield rare treasures to those who search diligently among the varieties of volumes offered.

On Quai de la Tournelle, in addition to the opportunity of strolling before a most pleasing river, you can visit bookstalls. Travelers like to bring back volumes from Paris, in the French language or in the traveler's own tongue.

JARDIN DU LUXEMBOURG

QUAI DE LA TOURNELLE

A book tends to keep alive one's memories of the trip and of the gay city.

Here you will find opportunities for book-shopping. You will come upon the colorful bookstall of the Paris branch of the WASHINGTON BOOK COMPANY. Monsieur Max may be on hand to help you choose. You may browse leisurely. You



will find interesting things in the French, perhaps, and a variety of other volumes.

You don't have to be a bibliophile to enjoy this traditional interlude among hours of Parisian revelry. You can roam the quays even as did Anatole France so often—*Maître Anatole*, born in a bookshop on a Paris quay.

Madame, avez-vous lu "Le Soleil se Lève Aussi" de Hemingway? C'est une occasion.

L'astronomie ne m'intéresse pas. Est-ce que vous n'avez rien de nouveau de Voltaire?

Madame, have you read "The Sun Also Rises," by Hemingway. Here is a bargain.

Astronomy doesn't interest me. Haven't you something new by Voltaire?

Wandering farther, you find a lively note added to the quiet of the quay by pretty *vendeuses* who seem to believe a cane is a desirable accessory to river-strolling.

Though walking sticks seem exotic in some American cities, they are so much a part of a man's exterior in European cities, Paris especially, that they are quite in harmony with the act of strolling on the Quai de la Tournelle.

Voulez-vous acheter une canne, Monsieur?

Mon enfant, ma femme me tient le bras.

Si vous avez une canne, elle vous laissera plus libre.

Oui, Jean. Cela vous ira.

J'achète! Liberté, combien tu nous coûtes. Donnez m'en une demi-douzaine.

Will you buy a cane, sir?

Little girl, my wife holds my arm.

If you have a cane she will let you be more free.

Yes, John. It would be becoming.

Sold! What price freedom? Give me a half-dozen.

La Fontaine des Médicis—you see it from Quai Voltaire or Quai Tournelle. A landmark of the Latin Quarter, it is known particularly to the students of the schools in that area. On students' fete days the fountain has been a center of a great deal of very audible activity, students clambering about it, with their girl friends, and singing at the tops of their voices.

The Fountain has heard a great deal of whispering about love these many years, and it is possible some of it has had an

element of truth. But one should not expect too much logic and fact and earnestness of youth in the Latin Quarter on a

Je n'ai jamais été amoureux. Mais, François, vous venez de dire—que vous l'étiez de moi.

Je veux dire, je suis amoureux maintenant. Oh, François!

I have never been in love. But, Francis, you just said you were in love with me.

I mean to say, I am in love now, not before. Oh, Francis!

balmy Paris night.

The Terrace du Lido is an inspiring sight. Smart, *chic*, pulse-quickenning—the terraces with gayly colored parasols. You are likely to be interested a great deal in the persons assembled there.

If one tarries a while about the Terrace du Lido he will see one of the most typically Parisian, most enjoyable spectacles of the panorama of fun that is Paris. It is the street show, so-called. Alone, it is well worth the voyage on the big liner (from Twenty-third Street at the lake!).

Ooo-la-la! Comme ci, comme ça. See the bathing beauties. Now you are sure there is form and line and color in Paris, and that one need not go to art galleries to discover them.

You may have wondered: why are beauties always "bathing beauties"? Really, here in Paris you may vary that description: they are *baigneuses*. But whether you use the French term or the English, the words are justified here.

Beauties are "bathing," first, because they are beauties; second, because swim suits are becoming to them; third, to charm you and entertain you. It is largely for your sake, then, that blondes and brunettes (yes, there are both in Paris) step lightly across the Terrace du Lido, smile coyly, pirouette with a fine display of their *costumes de bain*. And what charmingly vivid suits!

Their names? Well, perhaps Madelon and Marie and Helene and Yvette and Yvonne. Perhaps.

There is a dreadful time of suspense when you see the young mam'selles step to the edge of the pool and look into the clear water. You tremble: will they prove their right to wear swim suits, prove that they are really *baigneuses*? Can those pretty suits touch water?

You may wait before learning the truth. The show of the Terrace du Lido may proceed. You may see the trained bear and delight in its antics, if it is the day for the trained bear. Yes, bears are temperamental. Under their shaggy skins beat

Je viens tous les jours voir ces scènes de la rue.

Moi aussi, mon cher mari. J'aime les ours.

Mais j'aime les costumes de bain.

Oui—vous voulez dire les baigneuses!

I am coming every day to see this street show.

I, too, hubby dear. I like the trained bear.

But it is the bathing suits that I like.

Yes—you mean the bathing beauties!

hearts that are delicately sensitive to the nuances of sunlight and the gentle influence of the breezes. In French, a bear is an *ours*. That alone is proof of a mysterious subtlety lurking behind the placid eyes of the fat beast.

You may hear an accordion playing *La Marseillaise* with appropriate *crescendo* and *forte*. Or it may play "*Ça, c'est Paris*" or this Paris' own melody, "O, Meet Me in Gay Paris—out where the new World's Fair is—"

You may hear the fat ladies' quartette warbling in altitudinous soprano and mellifluous contralto such stirring ditties as "Mademoiselle from Armentieres, parlez-vous, parlez-vous!"

If it is the day for fencing, you may see a desperate duel with rapiers, with or without "catchers' masks" to fend off sharp blades from tender countenances. The question of the fencing day depends upon whether appropriate challenges have been issued and a rendezvous of honor appointed for the *Bois de Boulogne*, here represented by a vastly different scene of metropolitan smartness.

You may see folk dances of the Gauls, in which buxom mam'selles portray in motion the spirit and the sentiment of Bretagne or Normandie.

Then you will be eager to learn whether truth has abode in Paris this day, whether *baigneuses* are really *baigneuses* or only pretty girls afraid of the water, fearful of getting water on their scanty but pleasing clothing.

The suspense! There—one beauty is poised over the pool. Her pink and white toes are flexed, ready for the dive. Is she only a model posing for a camera or a brush? No—she dives! There is a splash.

Other pink and white toes are flexed. There are other dives, other splashes. Paris is real, Paris has truth. At last, you have seen bathing beauties.

But now they have vanished, into the depths of the crystal-green waters.

They must be more than *baigneuses*—they must be nereids, daughters of Nereus the sea-god, mermaids of the court of Poseidon, god of the sea, whose scepter is the trident and whose symbol of deity is the dolphin.

The Terrace du Lido doesn't seem as solacing to the eyes without the mermaids. One is tempted to hurry to the pool's edge and chant a verse or two in the hope of luring the sea-nymphs into view again. Alas, they are not to be seen even in the clear depths.

A mystery of Paris. But if you are alert you may, a little later, discover the mermaids, clad in whites and pinks, upon a terrace of the Cafe de la Paix, sipping white and pink wine.

<i>La femme en blanc? je la connais. Je vais lui envoyer un mot.</i>	<i>The girl in white? I know her. I am going to send her a note.</i>
<i>Non, vous, vous la connaissez. C'est moi qui vais lui écrire. Garçon, portez-lui ce télégramme.</i>	<i>No, not you—you know her. I am the one to write to her. Waiter, hurry over with this telegram!</i>

Even nereids newly returned from the mysterious realms of the sea can be thirsty. To them, perhaps, water is never a beverage, only something one wiggles in.

So, a stroll in the Rond-Point des Champs Élysées, one of the plazas designed for comfortable roaming and sitting and chatting and observing. And then the Cafe de la Paix is at hand, for food and drink and more talk and observation.

Is that bearded fellow a diplomat from Quai d'Orsay? Or is it Iannelli, the artist? And who is the beautiful young woman coming out of the bar of the masks? Her eyes are alight. Is she tipsy? No! Well, perhaps.

You have seen Paris. It's time, perhaps, to see it all over

<i>Les vins de France, les vins de France, que l'ardent Verlaine aimait et chantait!</i>	<i>The wines of France, the wines of France, that burning Verlaine loved and sang!</i>
<i>Etes-vous poète?</i>	<i>Are you a poet?</i>
<i>Non, ma chère, c'est une paraphrase de Lord Byron.</i>	<i>No, my dear girl, that is a paraphrase of Byron.</i>
<i>Je pense que Verlaine était plus grand.</i>	<i>I think Verlaine was better.</i>
<i>Pourquoi? A cause des lignes qui dansent?</i>	<i>Why? Because of his lines that dance?</i>
<i>Non, à cause des vins de France. Je les aime aussi. Garçon!</i>	<i>No, because of the wines of France. I love them too. Waiter!</i>

again. Paris, thy name is variety. Paris, you are an irresistible siren with sparkling eyes, luring men to pleasures.

By day and by night you lure willing victims into your embrace. Those whom you have possessed cannot forget you.

Happy voices, gay laughter—you want to roam again, wander anew in the Latin Quarter, savor Bohemia.



Today—or another day.
As Mistinguett has sung:

*Paris is a blonde—
And those who've known the bliss,
The thrill of your own kiss,
Return always eagerly
To your love, dear Paree.*

Paris welcomes you. You will return. For you the gang-plank always is waiting. You will wish to embark again where you first saw the two big stacks of the liner outlined against the sky. Paris will call you. It is written in the blue sky . . . as it is written in the lines of a famous song of the Folies-Bergere:

*Au revoir, Paree,
Au revoir, Paree—
Pretty girls' luring ways,
Your Mo'mart' and cafes!
Au revoir, Paree
We'll come back surely.*



La Guerre Est Finie!

(Paris, November 11, 1918)

RUE DE LA PAIX on a soft summer night in 1918. Paris, the liveliest sector from the Somme to Nancy. It must be: there are so many generals going into the Cafe de la Paix. Why, there's a dozen colonels and eight majors. And enough M. P.'s to take Metz.

What's your outfit, pal? Oh, you're in the Seventy-seventh? Up on the Vesle with Old Man Bullard? Know my friend Fiddler Donahue, machine gunner? He got hit on a pontoon up there ten days ago. Sure. I'm betting you're A. W. O. L. In rest billet, then you took a truck train out. I haven't any pass either, Bud. A whistle. Sounds like a Chicago traffic cop. Four M. P.'s swing into action, run along the Rue.

Don't worry, Bud. They're not looking for you. Not while you got that collar gadget. Borrow it accidentally? Me, too. Think I was in Service of Supplies? No, combat outfit—the Twenty-sixth. Been up near Soissons. We'd better move, though. Just a cognac in the Paix. Then we'll run over to the Left Bank and up to Mo'mart.

The M. P.'s get their man. They push a giant, red-haired Yank in khaki before them. He's bound for No. 1. Rue St. Anne. He's going to the hoosegow to be a guest of Hard-boiled Smith. It seems that a poilu near him in a cafe asked for *escargots* and the red-head thought someone was calling him a bad name. When the word was translated for him, Red thought the poilu was calling him a snail.

At the door of Cafe de la Paix: Three Aussies in khaki; dark-skinned Senegalese; a Japanese sailor; a tall British officer; blonde English girls—an American nurse; French mam'selles.

Three Americans singing in the Rue: "Madelon, Madelon—"

Two more: "Mother take in your service flag, your son's in the S. O. S.—"

"He's thin and pale. Why?—"

Bottles and glasses clinking in the cafe. Voices, voices, voices: "Garçon, bring me something to eat, anything except beans!"

A summer evening in the Rue de la Paix.

Lad, we're going to Mo'mart. Mam'selle, voulez-vous promener avec moi ce soir? Swell,—we find an estaminet up in Mo'mart, hey? Bud, we're sitting pretty. The mam'selles know the places. They'll take us to one where there aren't any generals and not even a first cousin to an M. P. Sure, then we'll do the Left Bank. You don't know much French? I know enough, lad, for both of us. All you need is three or four short, easy words, and some francs. Let's go. Oh, the cannoneers have hairy ears—

Paris in new focus at the World's Fair of 1933 brings back to many visitors memories of perhaps the most memorable engagement of the World War: the Battle of Paris. Fifteen years have passed, but there are vivid pictures of Paris days and nights in the minds of most of those who acknowledged that Chaumont was G. H. Q. and that General Jack Pershing was boss.

Surely, some brought sorrowful, tragic memories back from France in '18 and '19, but it seems that the pictures of pleasures, more sharply etched, have more enduring outlines.

Many fortunate ones will be reminded, in looking upon this Paris, of that ecstatic day of the Armistice as seen in the French capital. Those who witnessed the scene can never lose that picture.

An Autumn day, with bright sun and blue sky. The city expectant of the good news from the parley at Senlis, twenty miles distant.

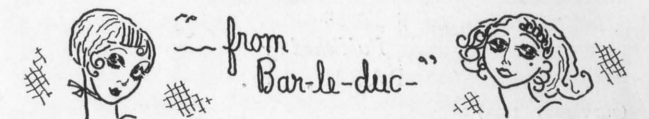
Crowds in the Place de l'Opéra, in the Place de la Concorde, in the Garden of the Tuileries. Soldiers everywhere. Hundreds of American troops—and it is not necessary to challenge them to learn whether they have passes, are on leave: nearly all are A. W. O. L. and not worried a bit.

Eager faces, expectant faces—but there is a deep undercurrent of suspense. Might the parley fail? Might the war, somehow, last longer?

Then: bells, cannon roaring. Cries: "*La guerre est finie!*" Delirium seizes the city. Men, women and children rush into the streets from every building, form large moving masses blocking traffic. There is color everywhere—the flags of the Allies.

Soldiers and mam'selles, old men and nurses, dance and kiss and shout their joy. More soldiers—they appear from everywhere. Throngs jostle at cafe doors, hurrying to toast the Armistice.

American army trucks, lorries of the British and camions of the French roll through the streets carrying soldiers.



So—Paris-of-the-Fair, in 1933, brings back memories cherished through the years. And it is pleasant to reflect upon them while savoring the gayety of the streets and cafes of Paris at A Century of Progress.

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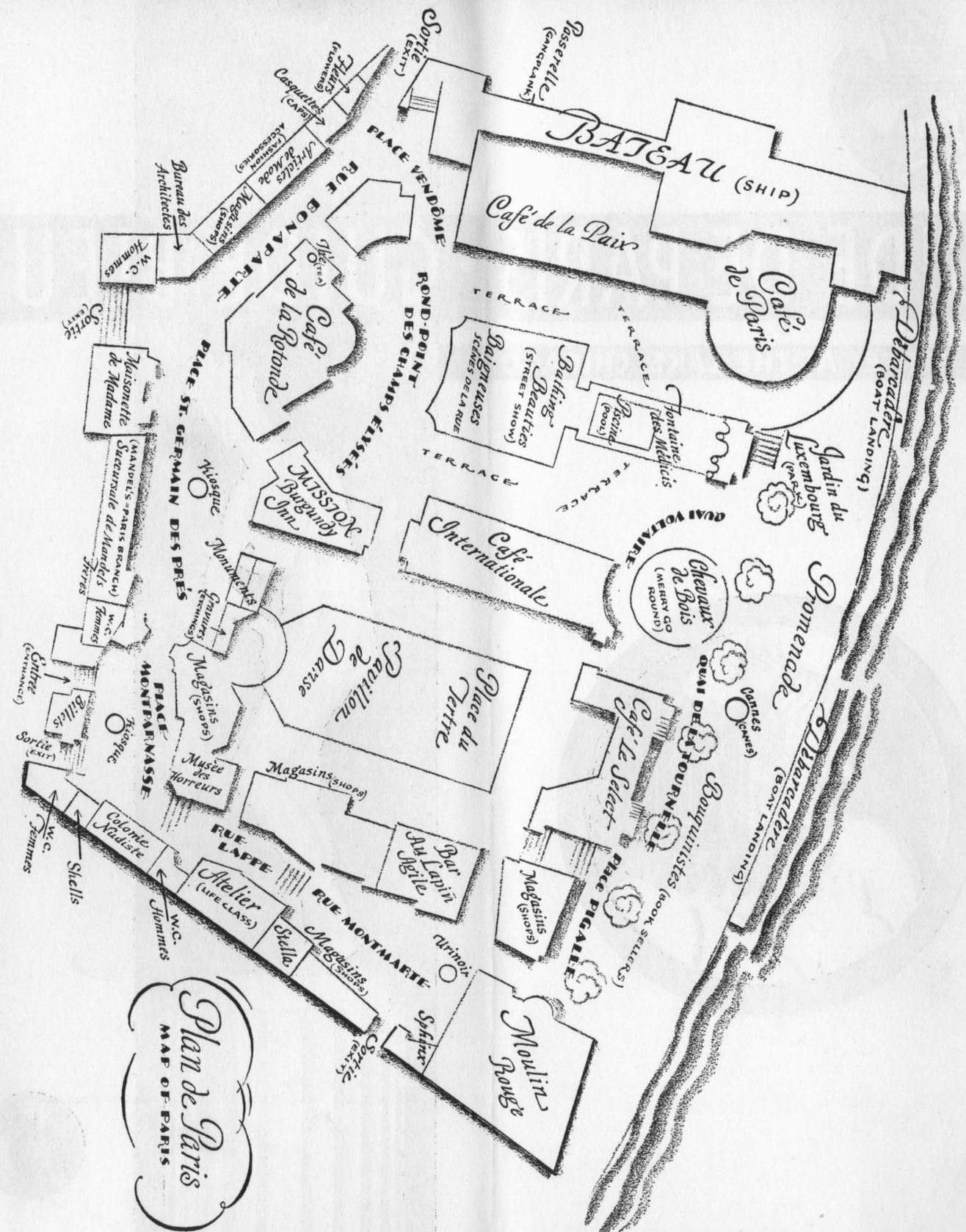
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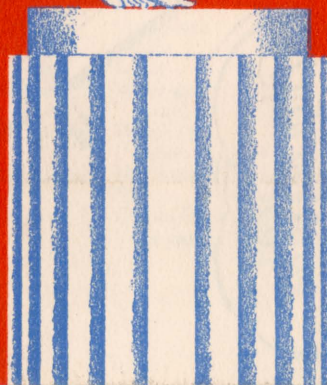
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