GUIDE TO PARIS
CAFES • SHOPS • SHOWS

PARIS

SOUVENIR OF PARIS
A CENTURY OF PROGRESS
1933
Introducing Paris,
A Blonde

Ça, c'est Paris!

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

Ça, c'est Paris!

* * *

This is Paris, monsieur, madame, before you. See the big stacks of the ocean liner lined 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? Voici "All aboard—hurry, hurry." The carpeted gangplank spans the water. Your 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—your have known its fame as the focal point of the meeting life of the Rue de la Paix and the Place de l'Opera. A meeting place of the peoples of the world, a rendezvous for seekers after the pleasures of fine food, fine beverages, merriment-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 apothecary, quite fence-looking, with his girl of dark beauty. A waiter hurrying with bottles. A pretty girl, a vendeuse, offering trinkets and smiling like a coquette. "Acheter 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-seller 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
Way-Time in
Language of
Your Map of

Welcome, fairies 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 glory, bane of pleasure—here 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 maudlin! all these you will see. But you will know, too, the peculiar buoyancy and liveliness of the Parisian spirit. Paris folks 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 whiteness 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 stultifying 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 Paris—
Paris is a blonde
Of 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 Paris

Ça, c'est Paris!

So, let's go. Allez! Paris calls you. Romance is her heritage through centuries. Remember: in the taverns the poet Villon led his robust comedies in song and laughter—yes, and in wanton villany. Verlaine sipped absinthe and wrote his fantasies 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
Characters of Parisian streets and cafes are exemplified in the dress of those who serve you.

You'll enjoy the bar. It's an interesting experience to look over the brim of your glass, over the counter, perhaps, at masks, grinning, leering faces upon the walls; like gargoyles of a French theatre 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—fines 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 satellite—landlord 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 expected food and beverages of this smart rendezvous.

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

Where is Mam'selle of the songs? Back in Armenieres or in this Paris? Happy days and happy nights to you, Yanks and poilus! No need to darker 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 Chan son de Paris, 1933 style, is in tune with the bleece air of this bright-sighted city, in harmony with the very clogging 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—Madison awaiting there is, and all the girls divine—”

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

“Aheter nos 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 Vendome, will interest you. Amazing 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 vendangeurs. 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 in a superior beverage. Its work ing influence can be had by the simple expedient of dropping

“Veuillez monsieur deux noce sur, Madame et vous?”

If you desire three une unique oaths. Its pleasant after effect.

Now, “I,” in de dans un livre.

Fais passer poudre trouve re la reponse de la libraire.

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

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

Le Reve de Paris
(Dream of Paris)
journeying you may, yielding yourself to illusion, seek out your counterparts of the fictional 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 clicking. They will bid 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 Reiben, 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, surveying 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 savour 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 gazing 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 sketching 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. Material, form and composition—Matisse, are alone interested in...beauty, harmony. You must be able to see, too, James. A cause de ce tu ne vois plus belle.

No, because of its beauty. Isn’t that beautiful?

Yes, James.

Do you know that you, too, may become a victim of the illusion 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 unpretentious 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 home! The poet tenderly placed it in a cab, rode for miles, then gently lifted his guest to a flowering vine, and bade it goodbye, staunchly.

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 lavers, then his shirt—until he sold his painting—and then spent most of his francs, not for food, but for paint? 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 colors, 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 moody crew of painters in corduroy trousers and blue smocks and barred hands and bearded Boston models in vivid aprons and kerchiefs and straw sandals—put them all together in a Left Bank cafe and it spells F-U-N.
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.

This broad plaza affords you a view of more roofs of Paris above quaint building façades. And you should be watchful for more signs of the streets of Paris. You may encounter midinettes, young, pretty and prettily, strolling about, if you may see a flower girl on the corner of her stand.

Place Saint-Germain des Prés associates 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, forlorn of his surroundings, intent upon thought of his work.

Walking on, you will find a most interesting exhibit, maisonnette de Mme. 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 thumbnail.

One of the principal delights of Paris is the opportunity for shopping for many articles characteristic of the French. So broad a shop in Place Saint-Germain will attract you. It is M. Mande. Bros., Paris Branch.

Merveilleux—oh, so chic! So Parisian. They do give additional decorativeness to bathing suits which already have Frenchsmartness. Monseur 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. As you perform your part in this veritable art exhibit created by the French. Delicate fragrances from France's fields, imprinted in bonds by the subtle scents of the performers. The Gallic people have made the production of perfumes their own art.

It 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 is in the heart of the district. Modestly, encore que vous avez rendu un hommage à Dôme! Oui, pourquoi? Juste, je vous en prie! Je suis là. Quelle coincidence! Mon ami.

En route! Je m'apprête à Sylys, vous savez. Le Très. My name's Sylys. Vous savez.

The exhibit of monuments of the French is one of the features of Place Saint-Germain. It is the shop of Isabella Cartlly, Jnc.

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

Many European tourists have voiced the wish that French hotels now use 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 are looking 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.

Now one can see a demo of one of the fine arts —etching, and obtain examples of the work. In the exhibit and studio of Allan Philips, 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 molds stenciled by Mlle. Marie Louise Fitch, who will there, in smoke and tam, to show you landscapes, portraits and humorous scenes, quite Parisian art store.

Your Left Bank tour will lead you to a long, broad cafe, It's the Cafe International. Forty-odd of all nations flying about.

Cafe Inter-national

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 fonts over a bar. The design of this glorified dome is modern—and you see with Madame with Kiki, another cafe is placed before them. One sketch Kiki back on the back of a menu. She snacks the menu away, seizes the pencil and sketches her. She pens the menu away. On to the back of her blouse, and they drink up. Then Kiki ries and sings, throaty, husky, and accepts a drink in payment.

Foujita, the famous Japanese artist of Paris, often painted her. And she painted him. Kiki and the restaurant the poets find delightful 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.

MARKS BY DONALD DOUGLASS, BAR OF MAKES, CAFE DE LA PAIX

Hexagon Photo
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' Ton awaiting there is, and all the girls divine
Cry "Oo, la la! (ta-ta-ta); Chouette, papa!"
(ta-ta-ta)
"Comme ci, comme ça! (ta-ta-ta), I love wit you to dine."
That Armentiere-ish man'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!"
(BRIFRAIN)
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 here '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 perp shows! (ta-ta-ta) Ze skirts, ze hose!
(ta-ta-ta)
Ze these, ze those! (ta-ta-ta), my cabbage, O my dovel!
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 Arweney [Rq.])
As you roam the Quartier you may hear someone sing the famous old chant of the Etoile des Beaux-Arts, renewing memories of student days. The song is Le Pompier (The Fireman), and it's all about a fireman's hate. It is played almost continuously during every Quart-Arts Ball.

Le casque est une coiffure
Ou stali à la figure . . .
Un casque de poireau
Caf fait presque un guerrier—

Let's try it in slang Americanese:
The lid upon a fireman
Aids lustre to his ruddy pad . . .
The helmet of this guy
Put fire in his eye.
Zim la boum la yin la ya
You kid him but he doesn't hear
Zim la boum la yin la ya
This high-dandy bird won't lend an ear.

PLACE
M'PARNASSE

Place Montparnasse offers you interesting experiences. You may expect to see, because of this place's name, La Horde Montparnasse, the jovial band of painters who exhibited their paintings everywhere in the streets of the Quartier, 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 will find envelopes, post cards, and choosing 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 gentlemen rush in, alluring though that prospect may seem. On the contrary, this lane is a pleasant place to turn and enjoy one of the most interesting experiences of this Paris. Here you may be a witness for a while, watching from life, in truly Parisian manner, in the life class.

You can obtain artist's supplies of every description in the shop of BASTA, a. c. You will 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 c'est comme ça. This line, then that. A little shading in the right places. Soon you have the model outlined on paper. Even though she 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 enough canvas which has one of the lights of Paris. You see the signs in some sort of light. And you will find it most interesting visions. The beauty of the human form, as exemplified through the centuries, is one element of the vision. Another element is given by science and art—light, colorful as the solar spectrum, vivid in its effects the Lindbergh beacon.

You will be seeing Paris when you solve your eyes with looks of Arès.

BAR AU
LAPIN AGILE

And here you want, immediately, some true atmosphere of Montmartre, 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. Master your courage. Parisian street效能 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 shrirk. 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 visualise in here come nightly Parisians of all classes, men of the streets, there is dancing in the street. There is constant, high-pitched chatter, cries and calls.

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Now, attention to that! Profound, you mean to say, in drawing the model!

Certainly, young man. But, sir, you don't mean line, you mean curves.

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

The apake 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, "You.

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. Toast-chaudron 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 corantadors, Gill, painted a rabbit on its door, the cafe became known as the Lapin a Gill. But the poshure of the skittish rabbit caused the place to go wrong. If you ever see Paris, you'll see 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. Master your courage. Parisian street效能 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 shrirk. You may want to laugh. You are likely to do both. But what would Paris be without a Museum of Horrors?

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Moulin Rouge lights have twinkled their names

DAMITA and CHEVALIER

When in Paris one does as Parisians and visiting Yankees do measure the lighs 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 Quater.

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 life.

In its cafes one is among courageous souls who have equal fidelity to ideals of art and a code of camaraderie. Come there personally into your own social life. Friends meet.

Fiat, qui visis, ut tu visris. Quei, qui visis, ut tu visris.

Me, chate, je fais seul forter. Quei, qui visis, ut tu visris.

Moulin Rouge Rouge lights have twinkled their names.

DAMITA and CHEVALIER

Moulon, roulez-vous dan’s.

Moulin Rouge, do you wish to dance?

It’s only one ancer. The music always says “Yes.”

And then can I have champagne?

Waiter, a beer. Now, we don’t.

It is remarkable that you find a large cafe which faces the Place du Terre, 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.

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 Bolivian 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 the pleasures of the artist’s own quarter are keeping pace with you on your journey.

But isn’t it time for a beer, or some wine blue? Garçon!
been influenced by the Quarter is a long one—and on it are the names of Whistler, Matisse, Utrillo, Modigliani, Van Dongen, Klimt, etc.

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

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

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

One can see the Café Le Select through Hemingway's eyes, as in his book, "The Sun Also Rises." Illustration aids the illusion which helps you to get the maximum of enjoyment out of this Paris.

You might envy Lady Brett Ashley and Jake Barnes and others of their roving clan of the bookcharted in the Select as a prelude to an adventurous evening. Why, it was in the Select that the novel was started, the paper-strewn floor covered from Greece and there were introduced to his friend, Count Mippipopolous. The Count wore an elk's tooth on his watch chain and had an insatiable appetite for cricket and the desire to buy it in large quantities.

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

The court offered Brett $50,000 to go to Biarritz with him, or to Monte Carlo, or to Cannes. Brett declined. Then the court found solace by planning a 5:30 a.m. breakfast in the Bos, for the entire party. He came from a cafe with a dozen bottles of Mumm and hampers of food—and a broad smile. Ca, ca! Paris! you 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 "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 particularly piquant experience just to stroll. And on this quay you find the added pleasure of new elements of scenery. It's a part of Paris that isn't a little square 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 imagina

tion 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 salesmen Francescino—Maestro Anselmo, born in a bookshop on a Paris quay.

Madame, aurez-vous "La Solitude ou Libre Asile" de Hemingway? C'est une occasion.

L'astronomie n'est pas réservée aux : "Ecoutez que n'ayez pas de nouveaux de Voltaire?

Wandering farther, you find a lively note added to the quiet of the quay by pretty wenches who seem to believe a case is at their feet.

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

Will you buy a case, madam? Little girl, my wife holds my arm. Si vous avez une case, elle vous tient plus libre. Oui, Jeana, ça vous plaît.

Riche! Liberté, conduisons-nous, nous n'en sommes d'aucune.

We find interesting things in the French, perhaps, and a variety of other voices.

You don't have to be a bibliophile to enjoy this traditional interlude among hours of Parisian revelry. You can roam the quays and find a romantic touch to the long lanes of old trees one sees through the gathering.

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

Nor, ISNT it the jardin du Luxembourg?

The quay 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—you can look upon the Seine from a broad promenade. When you have passed Seine—and a grand seas. But, no matter, the green water is as pleasant to see as the sea.

Je voudrais bien mon promener au bord des quais, avec un joli garçon.

Oh, mademoiselle, J'ai un nom propre.

Oh, merci. La promenade vous plaît.

Oh, thank you. Walking alone will mean the less transparent waters which glid the mother city in a semi-circle from Boulevard Victor to the Marne.

Quai de la Seine quays usually for a definite purpose to look at books. It is a tradition of the city. The book-sellers of the quays as essentially Parisian as are the midnights staming and smoking in the Latin Quarter, is it known particularly to the students of the schools in that area. On sunny fine days the flower has been a center of a great deal of very active student, students clambering about it, with their girl friends, and singing at the tops of their voices.

The Flower has heard a great deal of whispering about 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

Il ne t'as jamais été annoncé.

Ce n'est pas pour me faire des reserves.

Je ne veux pas que vous me disiez que vous n'êtes pas libre.

Mon Dieu, je suis en amour.

Monsieur, je suis en amour.

Oh, Frances!!

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Monsieur, je suis en amour.

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Mon Dieu, je suis en amour.

Oh, Frances!!

the Terrace du Lido is aspiring sights. Smart, chic, pulse-quickening—the terraces with gayly colored parasols. You are likely to be interested a great deal in the persons assembled there.

If one takes a walk about the Terrace du Lido he will see one of the most typically Parisian, grandest of the panoply 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. (On the lake).

Oui, oui! Comme ci, comme ça. The bathing beauties. Now are you sure there is form and line and color in them, and that one need not go to art galleries to discover them.

You may have wondered why are beauties "always" bathing beauties? Really, true in Paris you may vary that description: they are hauinasques. 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 and entertain you. It is largely for your sake, then, that blushing beauties walk in Paris. The place stroll, light and the Terrace du Lido, smile coyly, piaffe with the display of their costumes de bains. And what charmingly vivid suits! Their names? Yeah, well, perhaps Madelon and Maria and Hedelma and Hedelmare.

There is a dreadful time of suspense when you see the young man's keywords 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 hauinasques? 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 the day for the trained bear. Yes, bears are temperamental. Under their shaggy skins beat hearts that are delicately sensitive to the sunsets of sun and the gentle influence of the breezes. In French, a bear is an..<br>
Is that beardy fellow a diplomat from Quai d’Orsay? Or is it the ambassadress, the artist? And who is the beautiful young woman coming out of the bar of the hotel? Her eyes are alight.

Is she tipsy? No.

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

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

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

La Guerre Est Finie! (Paris, November 11, 1918)

RÈVE DE LA PAIX on a soft summer night in 1918. Paris, the livet center from the Somme to Nancy. It must be there are so many generals going into the Café de 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 Seventeen-Seventy? Up on the Voile with Old Man Bullard? Know my friend Fiddler Doulass, machine gunner? He got hit on a ponoonum there ten days ago. Sure, I’m sitting you A: W.O L. In net battle, 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 swung into action, run along the Rue.

Don’t worry, Bud. They’re not looking for you. Not while you got that collar dagger. Borrow it accidentally? Me, too. Think I was in Service of Supplies? No, cuntout route—the Twenty-sixth, been up near Soissons. We’ll be better moving, though. Just a cognac in the Paix. Then we’ll run over to the Left Bank and up to Mo’ma’t.

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. Amo. He’s got to the house to the guest a broogee of Hand-hard-coiled Smith. It seems that a poliz near him in a cafe asked for aces and the red-throw thought someone was calling him a bad name. When the word was translated for him, Red thought the poliz was calling him a snail.

At the door of the Café de Paix: Three Aussies in khaki; dark-skinned Sengalese; a Japanese sailor; a tall British officer; blonde English girls—an American nurse; French maid.

Three Americans singing in the Rue: “Madelon, Madeon—”

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: “Garon, bring me something to eat, anything except bread.”

A summer evening in the Rue de la Paix.

Lad, we’re going to Mo’ma’t. Man’selle, voulez-vous promener avec moi ce soir? Swell,—we find an estaminet up in Mo’ma’t, hey? Bud, we’re sitting pretty. The man’selle knows the place. 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 carnassiers have hair envy.

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 that are still vivid for most of the people. That Claudmont was G. H. Q. and that General Jack Pershing was here.

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 Sevills, twenty miles distant.

Clamen in the Place de l’opera, in the Place de la Concorde, in the Garden of the Tuileries. Soldiers everywhere. Hundreds of American troops—and it is not necessary to add a vengeful number of American horses, as there are now 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 pale fall? Might the war, somehow, last longer.

There bells, cannon roaring. Crieu: “La guerre est finie!” Delirium seizes the city. Men, women and children rush into the streets from every building, form large moving masses. There are the flags of the Allies. Soldiers and man’selles, old men and nurses, dance and kiss and shout their joy. More soldiers—they appear from everywhere. Throng just at cafe doors, hurrying to toast the American army trucks, lorries of the British and camions of the French roll through the streets carrying soldiers.