

perhaps in no other section. The South was formerly noted for its sturdy independence, its hostility to the whole idea of government aid for private enterprises, its contempt for bad money and bad credit, and, in short, its hatred of about everything which Bryanism stands for; yet see what a hold Bryanism has today upon the democratic party of the South.

"If it stopped even here, and the people took pause to think, there might be some hope of better things; but it is a progressive disorder—the more it is fed, the more it demands. Take Senator Morgan's case, for example. Mr. Morgan has grown old in the service of his party, has kept abreast of all its many changes, and has brought very conspicuous talents to the support of the policies he has advocated in the senate; yet, extreme as were most of his views, the instant he uttered a sentence which had the old orthodox ring, up sprang a competitor for his seat, and he is now forced, at his advanced age, to make the fight of his life. No matter what concessions a man may make to a political constituency on which Bryanism has once obtained a hold, there are always demagogues ready to cross swords with him at his first sign of halting.

"Now you see why I think that, if we are driven to a choice between the two, it would be safer to let imperialism take its course and work out its own condemnation, and put all our strength into the domestic fight against Bryanism. It is a pitiful alternative, and no one can be more deeply sensible than I of the wrong of taking the Philippines into our republic; but I honestly feel that demoralization and ruin at home are a little worse than empire abroad."—Washington Post.

AMERICAN PERVERSION OF PARIS.

Financial Practices That Arouse the Animosity of the Latin Art Students.

With November the students come back to Paris. The calendars tell it; and the Boul' Mich—sacred to the picturesque Bohemianism which, whatever they may say, is not yet dead, nor dying—already gives daily and nightly proof that the calendars do not lie. And with the return of Messieurs les Etudiants there stirs again an ancient quarrel. It is a race war, and the stars and stripes wave over one of the high contending powers. It is the American students against the Latins, against all the cosmopolitan youth that makes the left bank of the Seine lively and picturesque for nine months of the year.

The matter of the quarrel? Listen.

Three of us were walking down the Boulevard du Mont Parnasse the other day. One was an art-student in his second year, an imposing personage, all velvet and curls and Vandyck beard. Another was—well, an entirely unim-

portant individual, of whom no more anon. The third was a "nouveau," a young Provençal with a strong Marseilles brogue that Alphonse Daudet would have given gold to hear. And the youngster of the brogue was in search of a local habitation. We had traversed many streets round the Parnassian quarter—the velvety, long-locked art-student, the unimportant individual, and the new-comer from the Mediterranean—and nowhere could we find rooms to suit the southerner. Like all his tribe, he found Paris gray: "Yes, it is lively, *on voit du monde*; but how it is cold and gray! Ah, down there we see the sun; the streets shine; the people are fat and jolly." That is the song he had been chanting to us all the way. And no place satisfied him. At last, just where the Boulevard du Mont Parnasse runs into the place where the Bal Bullier is held, we halted opposite a large, cheerful, brightly decorated mansion with a placard announcing "Apartments large and small to let." "This is it," says our brave Marseillais—as if there was just one place in all Paris worthy of his presence, and he had just found it.

We had agreed that this probably was it, and were on the point of accosting the *concierger* in his *loge*, when the artist drew up suddenly. "Tiens! This isn't it at all; not at all." Why not? What was the matter? He explained. Last semester, he knew it for a fact, Americans had lived in that house. Well, what then? What difference did that make? His contempt was amusing. What difference? Why every difference. For his part he wasn't a millionaire who amused himself *en faisant le bohème*. He was just a poor art-student who liked to spend his spare sous for himself and his friends, not for the benefit of a pack of *concierges* and *femme de ménage*, and other good people, who might be very charming in their own way, but who did not interest him *du tout, du tout*.

Little by little we got at the facts of the case. And this is the fact: That the American students, who are very numerous and whose numbers increase every year with surprising rapidity, are all, poor or well-to-do, far too generous in their dealings with their *concierges*, and the scrub-women, and the whole *personnel* of every place they enter. If they go into a *hotel*, on their arrival they tip—*tout de suite*, mind you—the *garçon* who carries their couple of heavy trunks up six flights of stairs. The very first day! And who ever heard of paying for such an obvious, elementary task as that? Then they have a habit of descending themselves when they want to know if there are any letters for them. It is true there are often no bells, but—*nom de nom!*—what are one's lungs for except to yell from the top to the bottom of the house for one's mail? And how do you expect the *garçon* to do his work

for the other people in the house when those *sacres Américains* insist on doing it themselves? Then it is a hundred to one that the beggars—at the end of the first week, mind you—find their delicate consciences pricking them again in the interest of the *garçon*; and it is a good thing for the rest of the house if they do not even ask him what sum he habitually receives per week for "mounting" the *petit déjeuner*, and "doing" the room, and cleaning the boots, and the other little duties of his office. Of course the thief of a *garçon* suggests an exorbitant sum—two francs a week, even as much as two francs!—when everybody knows that for a room *au sixième* no uncorrupted Pierre of them all ever receives more than one franc a month. And if you speak to these Americans about it, and point out that they are ruining the *hotel* for all the *camarades*, they only smile at you and say that there is not any club in any town in the United States where they would get such extraordinary attention for four times the sum they paid to Pierre. Extraordinary attention, indeed! What is the *garçon* for except to wait on the *locataires*? And what does he want with money, anyhow? He has his board and lodging; he sleeps too well, the lazy fellow, as you often find when you are kept waiting outside the door at two or three o'clock in the morning, because the rascal is too comfortable to turn over and pull the cordon to let you in; and he has only got just half a day off every month to spend his money in. Why, it is an obvious waste to give it to him. The five francs per month squandered that way would give you no end of a good time at the *café* or at the Bal Bullier.

And if they eat at a restaurant, these same unprincipled Americans think nothing of giving the waiter five sous. Five sous? They have been known to give ten! Why, the *bonhomme* at the Elysee, Loubet himself, does not give ten sous! And these wretched *Américains* say that if they have to give something they would be ashamed to give less than five sous. Ashamed! As if the waiter was not laughing in his sleeve at their extravagance as he opens the door to let them out. And in the *bouillons*! Everybody knows you never give the waiter anything when you dine *a la carte* at a student's *bouillon*—or any other *bouillon*; for that matter. Nobody knows why you do not, but you do not; the rule is as old as old Father Adam. But these good Americans come along and leave their sous under their plate—and, *psst*, there is a *bouillon* spoiled! No self-respecting student can go there any more. The Boulevard Mont Parnasse and the Rue Cardinal Le Moine, both are full of *cremeries* and *bouillons* that the Americans have destroyed.

Just the same in the unfurnished rooms. If the *concierger* brings up the