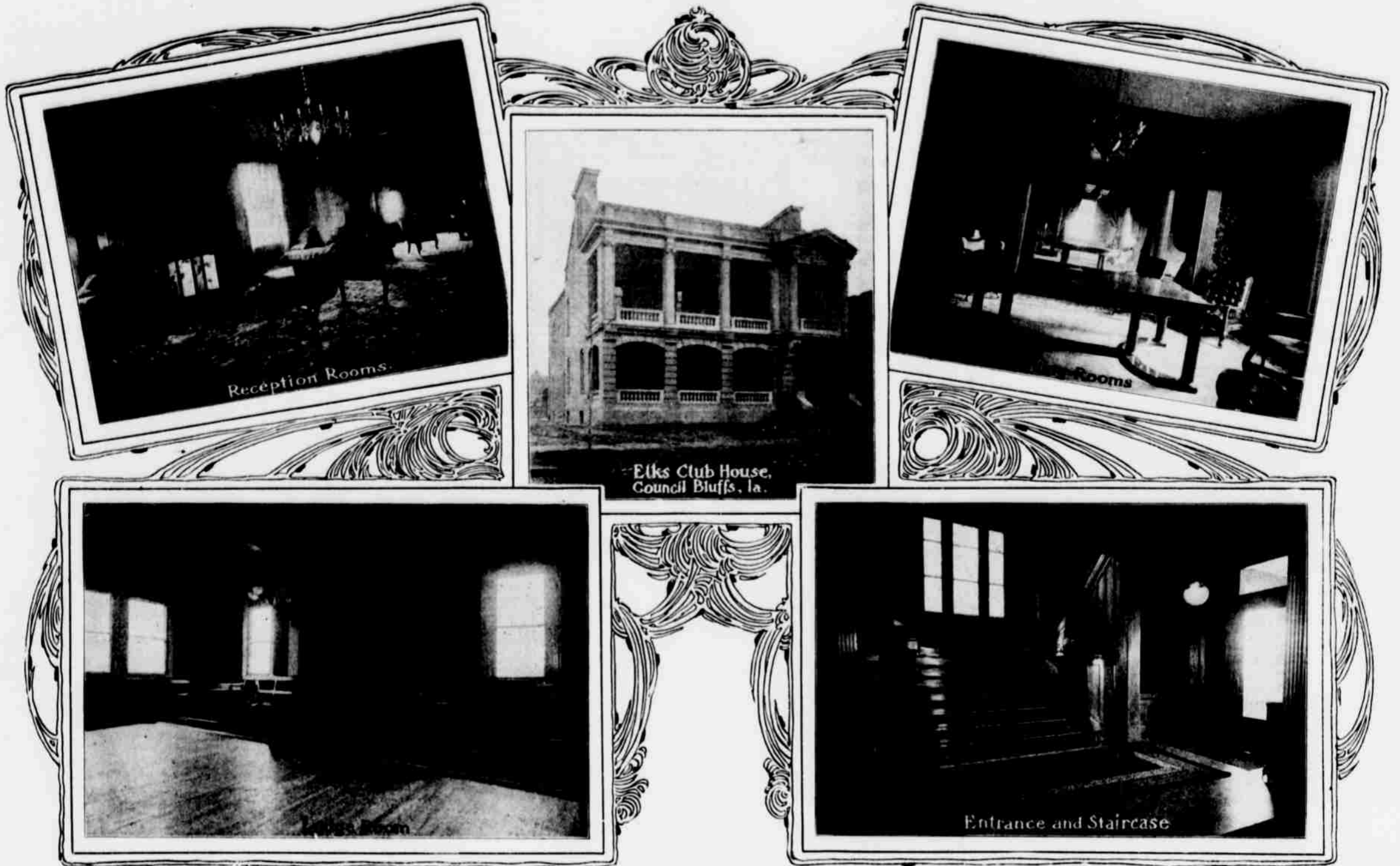


New Elks Club House at Council Bluffs



American Student

Life in Paris

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 PARIS, March 1.—Times have changed since Murger wrote his "Scenes of Bohemian Life," with its pictures of wild revel and debauch, in the Latin Quarter. The student in Paris, with all his natural gaiety and love of a frolic, is every year becoming a more and more serious being with a sadder outlook on life. In the case of the American student colony, especially, the change amounts to a revolution. Today the transatlantic "freshman" has the advantage of foreign experience and of the unrivaled educational facilities of this city without necessarily abating one jot of his native Americanism, either in his moral view or in his daily habit of life.

Sometimes, indeed, the newcomer is a little disappointed with Paris on that very account. He arrives, full to the top of his head with ideas of a picturesque Bohemianism, and is scarcely in the city a week before he has made a tour of all the cafes of the quarter in search of "types" clad in weird artistic costumes, whose baggy corduroy or velvet suits and tremendous slouch hats and wildly floating black ties (a yard long and a foot wide) he hastens to imitate on his own person. But he very soon learns sense from the compatriots whom he begins to meet at his cafe or at the university or art schools. They "guy" him unmercifully until he has discarded his eccentric raiment and appears on the street clothed like them and in his right mind. An art student who came over a while ago from a northern city, which had granted him a "bourse," enjoys to this day the title of "Mossoo," in memory of the wildly Bohemian attire which he donned in the first weeks of his arrival. He is now a sane and soberly dressed student, like all the rest, not distinguishable in costume from fifty young men of his age on the streets of any American city, but he will probably carry to his grave the name which commemorates his brief period of Murgeresque insanity in Paris.

Home for Americans.

One institution which has a very distinct tendency to keep Americans in touch with their country in the strange land is the American Art association of Paris, situate on the Quai Conti, just opposite the Louvre, next door, almost, to the Institut de France, the classic home of the "Immortal" academicians. Considerable historic interest attaches to the house, in that Napoleon Bonaparte, when a young lieutenant of artillery, was a constant visitor there at the salon of brilliant Mme. Permon. The old house retains evident

signs of its ancient grandeur in the spacious, low-ceilinged rooms with carved wood paneling and large, old-fashioned windows. But its fittings are very modern and complete; with its reading and smoking rooms, its library and its restaurant, it makes an excellent club, very American, a bit of home in the heart of Paris to the characteristically young manhood that frequents it.

There is, in fact, very little pretense and posing among the members of the American student colony. As a rule, they are much liked among the swarm of students of all countries who make up the population of the quarters. Curiously enough, however, their popularity has suffered somewhat of late on account of the English war in the Transvaal. The average European finds it very hard to get rid of the absurd notion that an American is in most of his ideas only an Englishman who happens to live 3,000 miles from London; besides, the American accent in speaking French is not very different from that of a Briton. Occasionally a band of young Americans at a cafe has been the subject of insult from some desperate pro-Boers, who have taken the strangers for fellow citizens of Mr. Chamberlain. Then there has been trouble. Sometimes the Americans have had to give stilted demonstration of the proposition that a man with an English accent to his French is a good person to leave alone.

Social Life is Pleasant.

But in normal times, and especially when the native students get to know their American confreres intimately, the youthful citizens of the two republics get on admirably together. The Americans, for one thing, prove themselves a distinct gain to the social life of the circle of comrades they fall among by their free-handed hospitality. Almost always they are better off than the bulk of the other students, who quite frequently pass their whole university life on about \$5 a week. The American, as often as not, has a brightly furnished little lodgement where he can receive his friends in the evening in modest, but sufficient student luxury. There will be coffee and cakes for the comforting of the inner man, plenty of tobacco to help on the talk, a piano on which to pound out the latest "chansons" of the quarter, which all the guests will roar in chorus. Two or three girl students may look in for an hour or two; there will be pleasant, friendly conversation, perhaps a little mild flirtation, a good deal of happy-hearted, innocent fun, a general atmosphere of home-like good fellowship. This kind of thing is quite an institution among the American

students; they take it in turns to offer their rooms for such familiar reunions, and so they cement friendly relations with "the natives," who go away delighted with American hospitality, vivacity and camaraderie.

One quarrel, by the way, the other students have against "les transatlantiques," as they call the Americans in the quarter. It is that the "transatlantiques," with their preposterous ideas as to money, spoil the waiters in the cafes, the men servants who look after the rooms in the furnished apartment houses, and the concierges who receive your letters and parcels and pull the cord to let you in all through the watches of the night. The thrifty Gaul gives the waiter 2 cents an evening. On the garcon de chambre he bestows 60 cents a month (for cleaning room and shoes every day; thirty times each for 60 cents) and he gratifies the concierge with \$1 every twelve months for the New Year's gift. Strange though it may seem, these are the customary rates all over the Quartier Latin. But the American simply can not conform. He astonishes waiters by leaving an indiscriminate heap of copper coins on the cafe table when he has paid his consumption; he is capable of doubling the hotel servant's monthly fee; he is even addicted to giving Mme. La Concierge the overwhelmingly large reward of \$1 a month. It is true he gets his shoes really shined—a rare luxury in France; at the cafe they make a clean sweep of all the journals for his reading; at home he gets his letters early, quite frequently the very day they arrive, and his friends are greeted with a pleasant smile and can count on knowing when he is out without having to climb up and down five or six stories for the information. But his comrades protest vehemently. "Don't go to that house," an old habitue will say to a friend who is seeking to install himself. "It has been spoiled by the transatlantiques; you would be ruined by the extortions of the personnel!"

Where Old Glory Flies.

There is forming in the Montparnasse and of the quarter, at the far end of the famous Boul' Mich', an almost exclusively American settlement. Passing down two or three streets in this neighborhood one is likely to hear more United States than any other language. From an upper window of one house flies ever, wet or fine, feast day or work day, a gorgeous American flag, thrown out on the breeze, apparently by some patriotic person who cannot refrain from proclaiming his pride of nationality from the housetop. The "creameries" in the side streets are filled with Americans at the hour of the "petit dejeuner" which opens the day. In the only good cafe nearby, the waiters, when you give your order, are apt to murmur an absent-minded "alri!" This neighborhood has its merry side, but it could tell some sad tales, too. For if most of our young countrymen over here are suffi-

ciently provided with the means of living, there are, of course, some who fight a daily battle with poverty and its attendant privation and humiliation. Often these are young men and women who have recklessly come over the water, attracted by the glitter of Paris life and hoping to make a living by teaching English while they pursue their studies. Generally these ideas prove absolutely unfounded and the unfortunate dreamers drag out more or less of a martyrdom till good sense sends them home again—or till misery, cold and hunger kill them.

More Women Than Men Starve.

Women seem to have more of the foolish courage for these risky experiments than men. At this moment there are not a few bright American girls half starving in Paris garrets of the quarter, unable to find any teaching to do and either too wedded to their studies or too ashamed of facing the questions of their friends to return to their distant homes, confessed failures. Very often these girls manage by a thousand woman's arts to conceal their poverty from the bulk of their associates. They dress with quiet neatness and pass for having some small private means, and nobody ever suspects that they live on half a pint of milk a day with a tiny roll of bread and a raw egg. To assure themselves of this miserable insufficiency of food they have to get a little sewing to do, or even some domestic work for the before-breakfast hours. Sometimes these resources fail. One day a girl does not appear at the art class or literary lectures she has been following; her friends find that she has had to pawn her things one by one till now she has nothing left in the world. Then they make a collection, perhaps, and send her home, for the colony is very generous to its poorer members. Sometimes nobody finds out the truth till it is too late. Some three months ago an American student-girl committed suicide in her room, unable to bear any longer the black misery and hopelessness she had been struggling against for more than a year. She had always shown a brave face to the world, and of all her daily associates not a single one had any idea that she was ever in need of a meal. Yet it was proved at the inquest that for months she had lived on bread and milk, and that for three days before her death she had eaten absolutely nothing.

Not All in Hard Luck.

It must not, of course, be supposed that most of the women students, or even any notable proportion of them, live under these hard conditions. The great majority, while not rich, are at least comfortably situated. They have charming little rooms to study and frolic in. In the summer they are able to take tours with bicycle and sketch book in Normandy or Brittany, or four or five of them club together to hire a cottage somewhere near the wooded glades of Fontainebleau in the artist colony that has made the forest famous in

water color or oil wherever pictures are seen. When winter comes they have the resource of the theaters and the opera and the countless literary, artistic and musical reunions which make Paris so delightful to people of cultivated taste. All these pleasures are within reach of almost every purse; nowhere else in the world can the highest class of intellectual pastime be had at so little cost. Hundreds of women who are now filling important places in the busy life of America, either as artists, writers or hard-headed business women, look back on their two or three years of student life in Paris as the brightest and in some ways most profitable period of their career.

V. GRIBAYEDOFF.

A Bachelor's Reflections

New York Press: The best cure for a woman who can't bear the smell of tobacco smoke is to make her eat a cigar.

A meal to a man means a piece of meat and a cigar; to a woman it means something new to talk about and a fluffy dessert.

A man's letters to a girl never begin to be really dangerous till after he gets too far along to bother with quoting poetry in them.

It is the opinion of nine women out of ten that the average man believes he isn't getting everything that is coming to him unless he is leading a double life.

Apostolic

Detroit Journal: Impossible, thought I. "Surely," I exclaimed, "these people have not removed you from office! Why, they are the very apostles of civil service reform!"

Glendower smiled wanly. "But the ax of the apostles, you know!" he faltered.

This remark interested me. For the quality of the fellow's humor showed that he was English and not Scotch-Irish, as he had claimed.

Furnished by Russell

A noticeable feature of the furnishings of the new Elks' clubhouse are the gas and electric fixtures, which in themselves are not only ornamental, but they add an artistic harmony to the surroundings. The main hall is done in Moorish; the fixtures are made of wrought iron, the lights being inclosed in ruby opalescent glass. The effect is very pleasing. The large reception room is lighted by an elegant twenty-four-light chandelier of the Proster design and is a gem within itself.

The various other rooms are treated in a heavy Flemish style, thus adding to the harmony of the decorations and furnishings. The designs and work were made by F. M. Russell, the gas fixture artist of Omaha.