

of this tumbled mansion that the Georgian writer must somehow reconstruct a habitable dwelling-place; it is from the gleams and flashes of this flying spirit that he must create solid, living, flesh-and-blood Mrs. Brown. Sadly he must allow that the lady still escapes him. Dismally he must admit bruises received in the pursuit. But it is because the Georgians, poets and novelists, biographers and dramatists, are so hotly engaged each in the pur-

suit of his own Mrs. Brown that theirs is at once the least successful, and the most interesting, hundred years. Moreover, let us prophesy: Mrs. Brown will not always escape. One of these days Mrs. Brown will be caught. The capture of Mrs. Brown is the title of the next chapter in the history of literature; and, let us prophesy again, that chapter will be one of the most important, the most illustrious, the most epoch-making of them all.

MONTMARTRE IS DEAD!

BY SARTI

FROM *La Tribuna*, December 7
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'MONTMARTRE is dying!' sighed the little old man, looking sorrowfully at the seven-story buildings cutting into the gray sky and annihilating with their immense façades the small one-story houses all around.

Many a time did I hear this complaint in the artistic haunts of Paris. One evening, in a café of Montparnasse, an elegant gentleman with a foreign accent, evidently intending to hurt the feelings of a Montmartre dweller, remarked with a wise smile that, if one did not have the means to frequent the nocturnal cafés so numerous at the foot of the *butte*, this was no reason to deny their existence. Certainly painters, sculptors, and poets cannot to-day take refuge at the Chat Noir or at the Moulin Rouge, but the fact remains that the most elegant women and most lavish money-spenders of Europe nowadays fill the Montmartre restaurants, where they dance, eat, and sing, and

where champagne bottles open noisily and serpentine battles go on all night long.

The native of Montmartre listened to all this with a depreciative smile, and, when his adversary finished speaking, said coolly: 'Oh yes. But that is the Montmartre of the imbeciles — and they are welcome to it, too.'

I remembered this scene as I heard my little old man sigh. He was a *montmartrais*, too, but not of the Montmartre which has such a mistaken reputation in the world and which is frequented by rich people who like to spend money, not the place for splendid suppers, bacchanals, and jazz bands, but the picturesque Montmartre which had slowly formed around the ancient abbey that stood upon the hill at the time when Louis XIV reigned in France and up to the Commune — the Montmartre all adorned with windmills like a Flemish land-

scape, and abounding in small, stuffy *gargotes* and poor wooden dwellings in which painters and sculptors worked and lived their reckless life.

'If it had not been for war time and speculators who interfered with the demolition of old houses, even this house would have been out of existence!' said the little old gentleman.

We were in a little, melancholy-looking room whose walls were covered with old drawings and engravings of Montmartre, yellow with age. My friend was a member of the society, 'Old Montmartre,' and he had collected in that little room whatever tangible reminiscence of old Montmartre he could find. It was a museum — but the most modest of all the museums of Paris. The discovery of the place had cost me and my scholarly guide a good deal of effort and fatigue, for it is situated in a little street that is almost unknown — 22, Rue Turlaue. With this knowledge in your mind, however, you approach number twenty-two and see a door that leads into an obscure passage, by which you reach a small courtyard with sickly trees and very low buildings all around. You enter the courtyard and believe yourself in a Swiss village of little alleys, cabins, and gardens the size of a man's palm. It is an agglomeration of artists' studios. In one of these studios, at the top of a narrow staircase,

you may find the Musée du Vieux Montmartre, which is open to the public every first Sunday of the month, from two to four in the afternoon. We knocked at a small door and were ushered in by the little old man.

A map traced with pen and ink shows the site of the ancient abbey, for only those structures within its boundaries rightfully constitute the so-called Montmartre. Another map shows the sites of the first houses and of the windmills of the butte, of which only two remain in existence to-day. The old engravings and pictures reproduce the most picturesque corners of the locality as it used to be. Upon one of them may be seen the ancient — the genuine — interior of the Chat Noir, with artists and literati grouped around the tables. 'Do you see that blond head?' says the little old man. 'It's Maurice Donnay.'

Then he takes us to another glass case, and extracting a tricolor scarf from it announces solemnly: 'This is the scarf that M. Clemenceau used to tie around his waist when he was *Député* from Montmartre.'

The gray light of a winter afternoon in Paris entered through the window. It was cold inside. The voice of the little old man sounded melancholy, tired, discouraged. We took the opportunity of a pause in his explanations and left, thanking him for his attention.

A PAGE OF VERSE

AT SAN MAMETTE

BY W. FORCE STEAD

[*Observer*]

I FOUND a Calvary worn and gray
Beside an Alpine road;
I lingered, but none came to pray,
For men and maids were piling hay
And farmers drove a load
Of crated eggs and honey-jars
To good Saint Martin's Fair:
These folk arise at droop of stars
And have small time for prayer.
But they have set a rose to cling,
Like Mary Magdalene,
About the feet of Christ, and bring
A tribute of mute worshipping,
Their country faith serene,
And Christ, Who is not hard to please,
Looks down and understands:
He pours their valley full of peace
From both His outspread hands.

TO VAN GOGH

BY ETHEL E. MANNIN

[*Sunday Times*]

SUNFLOWERS you loved, O Dreamer,
And almond trees in bloom;
And peasants with furrowed faces,
And the beaten gold of broom;
These things you loved; and mountains
Where goat-foot paths go down;
You wrought them in living colors —
While the world called you Clown.
Does it matter to you now sleeping
With the turbulent days all done,
That the world was dumb and blind
Whilst you lived, and dreamed in Arlesian sun?
You, with your artist's soul afire
For a world shaped nearer your heart's desire.
Blossoms you loved, and color,
And the purple shade of trees,
A crimson scarf at a gypsy's throat,
Vermilion of southern seas;
Such beauty you loved, O Master,
You who were Beauty's tool —
There are laurels laid on your memory,
O tragic, splendid fool!