



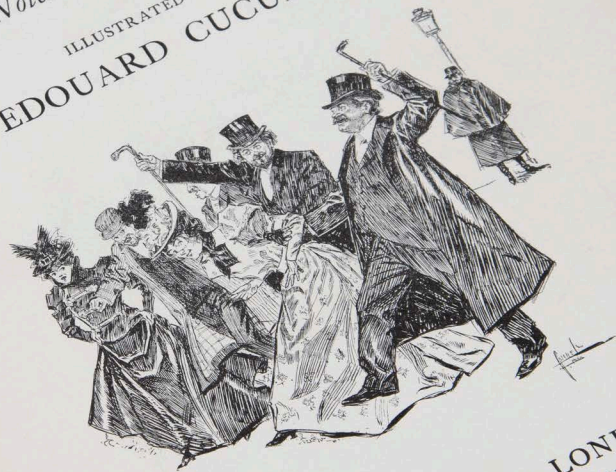
BOHEMIAN
PARIS
OF TO-DAY

W.C. MORROW
&
EDOUARD CUCUEL

BOHEMIAN PARIS OF TO-DAY

WRITTEN BY
W. C. MORROW
From Notes by Edouard Cucuel

ILLUSTRATED BY
EDOUARD CUCUEL



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1900

By W. C. MORROW

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they were rubbed down vigorously with turpentine and soiled towels, and were given a franc each for a bath, because they had behaved so handsomely. Bishop came next. He had made up his mind to stand the initiation philosophically, whatever it might be, but when he was ordered to strip he became ap- prehensive and then angry. Nothing so mightily squared off to face the whole atelier, and the students silently deployed on the floor and with a yell rushed in, but not before they had gone down under his fists, and made his wisdom not to lose his temper. While Bishop was being stripped, he nevertheless had the more terms and baffling things being thrown at him, and did so to have conquered him in the end. In this ar- rangement to include Bishop, the model throne danced a jig; all so frantically with delight, that the American fist brought to the French, who had previously treated the French- man as a conqueror, and were for gen-



THE ATELIER GÉRÔME GOING OUT TO DRINK AT THE NOUVEAUX'S EXPENSE

BOHEMIAN PARIS

have scattered for the summer vacation, the artists of Paris and the members of all the ateliers of the four arts—painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving—combine their forces in producing a spectacle of regal splendor, seen nowhere else in the world; and long are the weeks and hard the work and vast the ingenuity devoted to preparations,—the designing of costumes and the building of gorgeous floats.

During the last three weeks the élèves of the Atelier Gérôme abandoned their studies, forgot all about the concours and the Prix de Rome, and devoted all their energies to the construction of a colossal figure of Gérôme's great war goddess, "Bellona." It was a huge task, but the students worked it out with a will. Yards of sackcloth, rags, old coats, paint rags, besides pine timbers, broken easels and stools, endless wire and rope, went into the making of the goddess's frame, and this was covered with plaster of Paris dexterously moulded into shape. Then it was properly tinted and painted and mounted on a chariot of gold. A Grecian frieze of galloping horses, mounted, the clever work of Siffert, was emblazoned on the sides of the chariot. And what a wreck the atelier was after all was finished! Sacré nom d'un chien! How the gardiens must have sworn when cleaning-day came round! The ateliers in the École are all rivals, and each had been secretly preparing its coup with which to come at last. The students of our



THE MOULIN ROUGE ON THE NIGHT OF THE BALL.

BOHEMIAN PARIS

art-yard of the government school, sur-
remnants of the beautiful architecture of
chateaux and palaces, and encircled by
Doric columns, the students gave a
of the grand ball at the Moulin Rouge.
and incongruous sight it was in the bril-
shine, and the neighboring windows and
were packed with onlookers. But by half-
en every trace of the Bal des Quat'z' Arts
appeared,—the great procession had melted
the haunts of Bohemia.



LE BOUL' MICH'

OF course the proper name for the great thor-
oughfare of the Quartier Latin is the Boule-
vard Saint-Michel, but the boulevardiers call
it the Boul' Mich', just as the students call the Quatre
Arts the Quat'z' Arts, because it is easier to say.
The Boul' Mich' is the student's highway to relax-
ation. Mention of it at once recalls whirling visions
of brilliant cafés, with their clattering of saucers and
glasses, the shouting of their white-aproned garçons,
their hordes of gay and wicked damsels dressed in
the costliest and most fashionable gowns, and a mul-
titude of riotous students howling class songs and
dancing and parading to the different cafés as only
students can. This is the head-quarters of the Bo-
hemians of real Bohemia, whose poets haunt the dim
faint cabarets and read their compositions to

