



Just such a Sunday on the marché aux puces. Selling becomes a merry sport, a Sunday pleasure mixed with a little artfulness, in spite of the pathetically poverty-stricken goods offered for sale, their wretchedness still a grade less than that of the public which cannot afford to buy. However hard or hurried these people's handiwork may be, however rigorous the work they have to do, they cannot deny their curiosity the satisfaction of pausing a little and doing their part by offering well-meant criticisms.



II.

Place Pigalle—a place where one waits—waits for nothing, for a little, for an opportunity, seldom for more—and yet a noisy fair, empty and busying itself tremendously. Quite quietly down and out like



these old men and women, the beggars of the quays and of Notre Dame, they who—astonished to find themselves still alive—will tell short stories of their lives, without continuity, things they themselves have already for-

