



ped of its honor here—and playing children and half-grown youth just as you find them everywhere, impudent, sad and engaging.

And then the guests of the café concert—those sitting within and those standing without. How much human tenderness, how much polite candour, how much hearty good feeling did I not encounter as I drew them, how much lightness of heart which did me good. This brave little servant, always cheerful in her little kitchen in some dark corner! But it did not hinder her from cooking us a dinner to which nobody, not even the members of the "Club des Cents" could have remained indifferent!

IV.

gotten, they whose thoughts are full only of the thing next at hand—a free open-air concert au jardin des Tuileries or the prospect of earning 10 sous. Young couples in the bars, who seem older than the old people without the grace branded upon them by the fires of humiliation.

Afternoon coffee, drunk out in the street—summer and winter—is part of the life of day and night like the spoken word, quickly forgotten

III.

The Flea Fair again—melancholy symbol of the meaningless of human property, churchyard of crippled things, horribly bereft of purpose and yet greedily watched over and offered for money to the poorest of the poor. A dusty wind, too—even the earth seems wounded and strip-

