

and yet inspiring. In perfectly French cafés as well as in the international Montparnasse-Menageries and the Oriental Mosque near the jardin des plantes.

Beds that are no longer beds, and yet there are weary folk who desire them.

Black girls, trying to extinguish the fire of the beautiful animal within them. One of them was irritated, walking up and down like a tiger, she did not wish to be sketched. Any more than the old gardener's wife. Did she want to sit and eat



*Le Comptoir au Pirend.*



ings, a young employee made a sketch of me, workmen and waiters treated me to a glass of those bright and fragrant apéritifs which taste so wonderful because they are offered by simple, enthusiastic, open-hearted givers. It is glorious to live in Paris. I was so happy there.

Translated by E. T. Scheffauer

undisturbed, like an animal, or was she still feminine enough to be worried by her growth of whisker?

Such a contrast to all the others, who felt honored, felt happy to have their features committed to paper. They considered it a mark of favor and were most grateful. We often exchanged draw-

