

A Paint Brush Duel.



Moulin Rouge, Night of the Ball.



Coming Home at Seven a. m.



Aristide Bruant Reciting.

BOHEMIAN PARIS OF TODAY.

Something Near the Limit About Life in the Student Quarter, with Illustrations by Cucuel.

MR. W. C. MORROW has written a new book in an interesting way; a book about the Bohemian life of Paris without ever having seen it. This well-nigh impossible feat was accomplished through the assistance of Mr. Edouard Cucuel, formerly of San Francisco, who furnished the great mass of notes and drawings necessary to the making of *Bohemian Paris of Today*. Mr. Morrow cast Mr. Cucuel's material into literary form.

Mr. Cucuel's drawings are of the order called "spicy," both in matter and treatment; and Mr. Morrow's commentary follows—or leads—quite to the limit. With much art, too; for it requires considerable art to avoid calling a spade a spade, when spades grow on the bushes. The book depends very largely for its interest upon this playing with fire. It is not outright "wicked"; but it is not such a book as would be indiscriminately given away at Christmas. We reproduce elsewhere on this page some of Mr. Cucuel's drawings; and also some fair specimens of Mr. Morrow's prose. There are other pictures in the book, and specimens of prose, too, that it were better to leave where they are.

Here is a description of how Mr. Thompkins from the States, in company with artist Cucuel—apparently—and his room-mate Bishop, set out to visit the Moulin Rouge, the famous dance hall of the windmill arms. They arrived too early; and Bishop suggested that they had better kill a little time in heaven.

Mr. Thompkins looked surprised, but made no response. Presently we reached the gilded gates of Le Cabaret du Ciel. They were bathed in a cold blue light from above. Angels, gold-lined clouds, saints, sacred palms and plants, and other paraphernalia suggestive of the approach to St. Peter's domain, filled all the available space about the entree. A bold white placard, "Bock, One Franc," was displayed in the midst of it all. Dolorous church music sounded within, and the heavens were unrolled as a scroll in all their tinsel splendor as we entered to the bidding of an angel.

Flitting about the room were many more angels, all in white robes and with sandals on their feet, and all wearing gauzy wings swaying from their shoulder, blades and brass halos above their yellow wigs. These were the waiters, the garcons of heavens, ready to take orders for drinks. One of these, with the face of a heavy villain in a melodrama and a beard a week old, roared unmelodiously:



"He Sells Beer in Heaven.'

"The greetings of heaven to thee, brothers! Eternal bliss and happiness are for thee. Mayst thou never swerve from its golden paths! Breathe thou its sacred purity and renovating exaltation. Prepare to meet thy great Creator—and don't forget the garcon!"

A very long table covered with white extended the whole length of the chilly room, and seated at it were scores of candidates for angelship,—mortals like ourselves. Men and women were they, and though noisy and vivacious, they indulged in nothing like the abandon of the Boul' Mich' cafes. Gilded vases and candelabra, together with bocks, somewhat relieved the dead whiteness of the table. The ceiling was an impressionistic rendering of blue sky, fleecy clouds and golden stars, and the walls were made to represent the noble enclosure and golden gates of paradise.

"Brothers, your orders! Command me, thy servant!" growled a ferocious angel at our elbows, with his accent de la villette, and his brass halo a trifle askew.

Mr. Thompkins had been very quiet, for he was Wonder in the flesh, and perhaps there was some distress in his face, but there was courage also. The suddenness of the angel's assault visibly disconcerted him,—he did not know what to order. Finally he decided on a verre de Chartreuse, green. Bishop and I ordered bocks.

"Two sparkling draughts of heaven's own brew and one star-dazzler!" yelled an angel.

The blasphemous and otherwise unquotable paragraphs that follow we are obliged to omit; suffice it to say that the play continued:

The royal cortege of the kingdom of heaven was now forming at one end of the room before a shrine, whereon an immense golden pig sat sedately on his haunches, looking friendly and jovial, his loose skin and fat jowls hanging in folds. Lighted candles sputtered about his golden sides. As the participants in the pageant, all attaches of the place, formed for the procession, each bowed reverently and crossed before the huge porker. A small man, dressed in a loose black gown and black skull-cap, evidently made up for Dante, whom he resembled, officiated as master of ceremonies. . . . The angel garcon now sauntered up and gave us each a ticket admitting us to the angel-room and the other delights of the inner heaven.

"You arre Eengleesh?" he asked. "Yes? Ah, theece Eengleesh arre verra genereauz," eyeing his fifty-centime tip with a questioning shrug. "Can you not make make me un franc? Ah, eet ees dam cold in theece laigs," pointing to his calves, which were encased in diaphonous pink tights. He got his franc.

Dante announced in his rasping voice that those mortals wishing to become angels should proceed up to the angel-room. All advanced and ascended the inclined passage-way leading into the blue. At the farther end of the passage sat old St. Peter, solemn and shivering, of it was draughty there among the clouds. He collected our tickets, gave the password admitting us to the inner precincts, and resented Bishop's attempts to pluck a feather from his wings. We entered a large room, all a glamor of gold and silver. The walls were studded with blazing nuggets, colored canvas rocks, and electric lights. We took seats on wooden benches fronting a cleft in the rocks, and waited.

Soon the chamber in which we sat became perfectly dark, the cleft before us shining with a dim bluish light. The cleft then came to life with a bevy of female angels floating through the limited ethereal space, and smiling down upon us mortals. One of the lady angel's tights bagged at the knees, and another's wings were not on straight; but this did not interfere with her flight, any more than did the stationary position of the wings of all. But it was all very easily and gracefully done, swooping down, soaring, and swinging in circles like so many great eagles. They seemed to discover something of unusual interest in Mr. Thompkins, for they singled him out to throw kisses at him. This made him blush and fidget, but a word from Bishop reassured him,—it was only once in a lifetime!

Bohemian Paris of Today morally is not the most healthful book in the world, at least not for Americans, being written quite in the French spirit of irreverence for moral conventions; it is not the most artistic book in the world; it is not even the best written book in the world; but it is interesting in its way, and will be read. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Co.

PRESIDENT WHEELER'S NEW BOOK.

Dionysos and Immortality: The Greek Faith in Immortality as Affected by the Rise of Individualism, by Benjamin Ide Wheeler. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

This is one of the "Ingersoll Lectures on Immortality," delivered once a year at Harvard University. The late founder of this lectureship—not the famous agnostic, but a namesake, probably of very different convictions—would hardly feel gratified could she know that a piece of purely historical investigation has, in this case, taken the place of the dogmatic harangue doubtless contemplated by her; but the general reader has no reason to complain of a *quid pro quo*, to which he owes a very readable and stimulating little work on a subject which must be fascinating to any one interested either in ancient history or in the history of religion. The author—who is the new president of the University of California—proposes to show the influence of the worship of Dionysos on the Greek belief in immortality. Dionysos originally represented the revival of nature in spring, and the productive force of nature in general. His cult consisted chiefly in certain rites leading up to an ecstatic condition, which was believed to bring the souls of the bacchic revelers in contact with the spiritual world. The later conception of Dionysos was mainly determined by this "holy madness" of the orgies. He became the god of spiritual elevation, the uplifter of men's minds to the region of the ideal. The essence of the religious faith connected with his cult was the belief that the human soul, being capable of ecstatic communion with the divine world, must be itself divine.

In this evolution two principal periods may be distinguished. In the older period man was indeed believed to be immortal; in fact the religious cult of the departed spirits formed a very important part of Greek religion; but the belief in immortality had little of the personal element in it; it did not lead the individual to entertain any definite notions of, or take a strong interest in, his own future existence. The change from this to the later conception of immortality, which was somewhat similar to that of Christianity, received its impetus from the great upheaval of the Greek world, which began in the eighth century with the extraordinary commercial and colonial expansion of the nation, and resulted in a new order of things political and social, in general quickening of the intellectual and spiritual life, and especially of the sense of individuality. Individualism led to dissatisfaction with the vague expectation of immortality, and to the need for a new revelation; and this need was satisfied by Dionysianism.

All this, and much more besides, Professor Wheeler treats of in the narrow space of one lecture. Naturally, he has to content himself with giving a summary outline of the subject, and can only indicate to a very limited extent the foundations on which his conclusions rest, which makes his argument less convincing than a full and detailed exposition might be. But there can be no doubt as to the value and interest of Professor Wheeler's study. I cannot conclude without drawing attention to one of the most interesting passages of the book; I mean the one where the author shows, in a very convincing manner, that Platonism (and consequently all the later forms of Greek spiritualism, including some of the most essential elements of Christian doctrine) is founded upon Dionysianism and upon its earlier philosophic formulation, Orphism.

ARTHUR ALTSCHUL.

THE INSANITY OF THE HORRIBLE.

Dracula, by Bram Stoker. Doubleday & McClure Co.

WHEN an Englishman, or, for that matter, anyone of Anglo-Saxon blood, goes into degenerate literature of his own sort, he reveals a horrible kind of degeneracy. The works of the French degenerates possess a *verve*, a Gaelic attractiveness, indefinable but yet definite, the same subtle quality which, in another line, makes every Frenchwoman, young or old, attractive with a charm that pertains to the soul and not to the body or the mind. Now it goes without saying that the Anglo-Saxon has no such quality. When he becomes degenerate, it is degeneracy of a terrible sort—coarse, brutal, unlovely, its only attraction the fascination of horror. The difference is that between Whitechapel and the Moulin Rouge. I make no doubt that the existence of a Moulin Rouge in its midst is a greater menace to a people than the existence of a Whitechapel, but between the relative attractiveness of the two there is and can be no comparison at all. Swift and Hogarth are two very horrible examples of the Anglo-Saxon method of treating those things which our modern conventionalities decree shall be hidden.

Dracula, by an Englishman who calls himself "Bram Stoker," is an awful example. Here is a man who has taken the most horrible theme he could find in ancient or modern literature, the tradition regarding ghouls, or vampires, the beings, neither living nor dead, who creep in by night to suck the blood and damn the souls of their victims. He has then gone on to carry the thing out to all possible lengths. The plain horror were enough, perhaps, but the author goes farther, and adds insane asylumns, dissecting rooms and unnatural appetites galore. No detail is too nauseating. In the first seventy pages, there are four cases of deaths caused by the preying of human vampires, one murder, one suicide, one lunatic with homicidal mania and a habit of eating flies, one somnambulist, one shipwreck, extent of fatalities not fully reported, one death by hysterical fright. Pleasant, isn't it? Well, these are only a sort of foretaste of incidents which I, being of a tender conscience, will forbear to harness on the imaginations of others.

There are two reasons for extended mention of this literary failure. The first is that the main cause of the failure shows so prominently as to furnish a beautiful object-lesson. This fault is the lack of artistic restraint. Stevenson, the century's greatest artist in fiction, happens to have used in two instances a theme like this one—in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and on the powerful short story *Oliala*. And anyone who wishes the lesson should put these two masterpieces, where the horror is suggested, hinted at, written around except for the one moment of the climax when it is brought home with an added force derived from the very fact that it has been hidden so long against this systematic piling-up of all the unwholesome and unpleasant things in the world. The other thing which makes the book worthy of notice is the fact that, in spite of it all, it holds to the end. It is true that the fascination is the same as that which would be possessed by a dissecting room, but it is there nevertheless.

If you have the bad taste, after this warning, to attempt the book, you will read on to the finish, as I did,—and go to bed, as I did, feeling furtively of your throat. I.



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