PARIS RAGED IN RIOT.

The Whirl of Student Fun That Ended in Terror.

LIKE A NIGHTMARE'S HORRORS

Storm After Storm Swept Through the City's Highways.

The Students' Great Fancy Ball and Their Midnight Parade in Last February Started the Forces that Finally Burst in Fury—"Chaste Pond Lily" Berenger, Senator, Objected Especially to the Costumes of Four Models—Then Came Demonstrations, Shouts of Triumph, Threats, Demands, Cowardice and Uncontrollable Brutality of Police, Street Barricades, the Death of a Student, Parleyings, Discord Between the City Government and the Ministry, and the Charging of Troops on the Mobs—When Anarchy Joined in the Uproar the Students Yielded and the Nightmare Ended

PARIS, July 11.—The best way to understand the extraordinary state of affairs in Paris during the past week is, perhaps, to recall the images of a horrible nightmare or delirium. There is nothing in ordinary life to give an idea of that strange, distorted aspect which persons and things sometimes assume in feverish dreams. When one attempts to describe these effects there is little left for facts and figures to deal with than a curious conglomeration of fantasies without head, tail, or body. If such can be imagined, that is what has happened to the population of the French capital. It was like a week of delirium, in which Paris lived over again the ghastly scenes of the Commune.

Most of the crises came on at night in streets where only enough gas lamps were left standing to throw long, uncanny shadows in the dusk. A general feeling of awe and agitation in the air, with indistinct masses of nervous people moving confusedly on all sides; in many places the streets pervaded with a disagreeable odor of escaping gas, and from different directions sudden series of exciting noises; here the triumphant yells of a band of rioters, forming a barricade, with the heavy fall of a kiosque or an overturned omnibus; there the rush of a squad of police, a quick clatter of horses' hoofs, and the charge of cavalrymen and the wild cries of a crowd in panic; suddenly in another direction a succession of pistol shots and a big sheet of flame going up to the heavens from a burning barricade; then the clang of fire engines and a great shout of conflict; shortly after, the thrice repeated roll of drums and the distant voice of the Commissaire of Police, girt with his tricolor scarf, warning the people before ordering the soldiers to charge; at the same instant a pell mell of terrified people, women shrieking and trembling, rushing in their bewilderment upon the bands of wild-eyed policemen in side streets, knocked down and trampled on, and finally getting to their feet, trembling and bloody, to creep off sobbing to their homes; ruffians and gamins, with long blue blouses and high black casquettes, parading, with calls of victory, with bright guns and pistols from a pillaged store of firearms, in the hissing light of a broken gaspipe; then finally, toward morning, a relative quiet in the black streets abandoned to squadrons of cuirassiers, whose steel casques and breastplates cast sinister gleams in the flickering light of the lamps.

A "QUAT'Z ARTS" HOUR.

The state of fear and disordered savagery that the police displayed is impossible to describe, and the merest suggestion of the facts risks the appearance of wanton exaggeration. Imagine a squad of sergeants from an unpopular district passing by a café where students and their girls are seated around tables, drinking beer. The students hiss. The policemen turn, with oaths, and rush, some of them with drawn swords, against the café, where the students, picking up chairs to defend themselves, beat back to the room inside. In the ensuing scuffle the agents of the law seize the beer glasses and carafes left on the tables and begin hurling them at their opponents. One of them lets fly from the outside a heavy porcelain match safe, which sails far into the interior, and a young man who had just risen from his seat is struck behind the ear and dies shortly afterward.

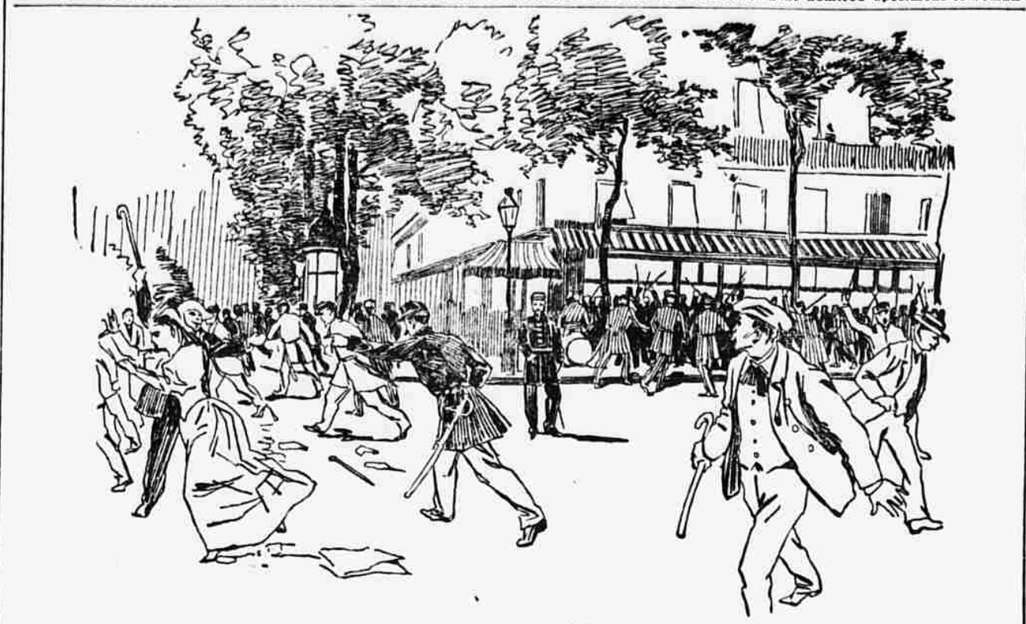
A business man is returning to his home at night in a quiet, dimly lighted street. He comes upon a squad of policemen standing on the corner, and, hearing unusual noises in the distance, he lifts his hat according to the French usage, and goes to ask where the trouble is. The policemen turn, making no motion until he gets close up. Then of a sudden, with wild eyes and a rush, they strike and kick him to the ground. The man tries to protest that he is a peaceful citizen and has done nothing. He is answered by oaths and a new volley of blows, and is then marched off to the station house. On the way he is beaten continually and sworn at whenever he attempts to speak. At the station house he is beaten again before being thrust into a cell to spend the night.

And this is not an exceptional case nor an exaggeration. It happened not once, but hundreds of times in a single night. The police seemed to be frightened in a twinkling to a state of total irresponsibility, with nothing to guide them but a sense of brute force and vengeance. It was largely owing to their lawlessness that the general spirit of indignation and vindictiveness which characterized the disturbances was driven to its excesses. Even women, children, and old men met no quarter when they came within range of the police. One woman is reported to have been killed outright with a kick that opened her breast. Numbers of others, many of them shop women going home to their lodgings at night, were severely maltreated and injured.

Jean Carrère, the President of the students' committee of protestation, one of the leaders at the beginning of the disturbances, went for days disguised with a false beard and wig to escape the threatened vengeance of the police. His home is reported to have been watched night and day by paid spies of the police, and he never dared to approach it. One of the prisoners at the station house overheard a conversation of brigadiers, in which it was said that Carrère's account would be quickly settled if he could be got hold of. And at the end of the week the student was finally discovered and assaulted, and narrowly escaped with his life, being now at the hospital grievously wounded.

Add to this general upheaval of discipline and responsibility in all the different branches of authority. A mounted troop of guardsmen retreat to a quiet district from a scene of rioting where pistol shots were freely mingled with the usual haphazard missiles. Their nerves are in high agitation, and the proud Lieutenant's casque is indented by a flower pot launched at him as he headed the retreat. They arrive at a peaceful street and are passing slowly in front of a café with men and women drinking beer at tables arranged on the terrace, when one of the seated women looking at the mounted troop lets out the word "Assassins." In an instant the Lieutenant, followed by his men, is spurring his horse on the terrace and riding at the frightened woman. With shouted oaths he orders his men to seize her. The woman is pretty, and the soldiers' helmets have not, like the Lieutenant's, been beaten in by flower pots. The bystanders meanwhile make loud protestations, and the soldiers quickly join in and remonstrate with their Lieutenant for his lack of gallantry to women. They refuse to obey the order of arrest, and the Lieutenant, somewhat crestfallen, is finally obliged to abandon his purpose, and retreats amid hisses and jeers.

The individual policemen on the streets all telling the Sergeant what had best be done in a crisis, and each one following his own suggestions; the Sergeant disobeying the Captain's orders and the Captain at odds with his chief as to the wisest plan of operations; the Prefect of Police, blamed and despised by public opinion generally for his unwarranted policy, sending his resignation to the Prime Minister under whose advice he claimed to have acted; the Prime Minister at the moment his own resignation is demanded as the final seat of responsibility by the majority of the press and the students, going with a committee of students to a police station to scrutinize the squad in search of the "assassin" of one of their number; the Municipal Council, which corresponds to our Board of Aldermen, holding exciting meetings at unearthly hours and issuing resolutions, in which they stigmatize the action of the Prime Minister as brutal and unwarranted, sending delegates to him, nevertheless, to advise the dismissal of the Prefect of Police and the total withdrawal of all troops and police from Paris as the prime cause of the disturbance—all this uncertainty leading to a succession of extremes on the part of the authorities, hours of riot in which not a policeman was permitted to go on the streets and then a sudden outpouring of all the available force, increased by the mounted Municipal Guard and foot soldiers; then a sudden retreat of all these and the streets absolutely unguarded; and, finally, the whole Paris force of police and soldiers, with a sudden summons of the cavalry from the neighboring towns, until the streets of Paris were flooded in all corners with squadrons of mounted dragoons, hussars, chasseurs, and regiments of foot soldiers armed with the new model gun that sends a ball through three men. Meanwhile, mingled with all this, there are growing fears of a general anarchic uprising, accompanied by the news of policemen's bodies found in the Seine and hostile newspapers proclaiming the end of the French Republic, and now Paris is rubbing its eyes in bewilderment, looking out at the peaceful streets, hot and heavy with the summer sun. There still exists a little uneasiness and agitation, but that is always to be expected after a good, rollicking nightmare. And people are beginning to ask themselves curiously how it all came about.



THE POLICE CHARGE ON THE CAFÉ HARCOURT.

II.

THE BALL OF THE QUAT'Z ARTS.

The whole story from its smallest beginnings has a peculiar interest for the disinterested spectator because it lights up in a rare way the inner and more vital side of modern French habit and character. There are so many cosmopolitan and superficial elements in the complicated Parisian life that, under ordinary circumstances, it is extremely difficult for the observer to distinguish between the fictitious phases that float without weight on the surface and the essential traits of feeling that go down to the bottom of the national life. It is also especially difficult to get at the real sentiment of the French in regard to many subjects, owing to their excessive politeness and fondness for formality, which is usually calculated to conceal much of their inner feeling. The present crisis through which Paris has passed managed to touch in an intimate and truthful way in its curious wanderings an unusually great variety of subjects and sentiments that are really French. For this reason, if not for another, it appears to be worth while to describe, more or less in detail, its distant and apparently insignificant beginnings.

The French have a common and somewhat odd expression, which they use whenever any enterprise starting off with great noise and pretensions ends in a fiasco. They say "*Il finit en queue de rat*"—"It finishes like the tail of a rat." That is an excellent expression to apply to the week of outrages if we reverse the application. They began "en queue de rat." The particular "queue de rat" that caused all the trouble and threw France into agonies is no less a personage than the honorable Senator Rene Bérenger, dubbed familiarly throughout Paris the "Chaste Pond Lily." "Pond Lily" Bérenger is to-day one of the most renowned men in France, and the position he occupies in the public mind is not unlike that of Mr. Anthony Comstock in New York. He is the "queue de rat" that began all the trouble, and his centre of operations was the ball of the "Quat'z Arts."

The ball of the "Quat'z Arts" was held in the latter part of last February in the celebrated "Moulin Rouge," which has frequently been described in THE SUN. The ball was organized by the students of the "Beaux Arts," the national art school, and included the four divisions of students in the school—painters, sculptors, engravers, and architects. From this fact it received its title of "Quat's Arts," the slang expression for quatre arts—the four arts. The tickets were supposed to be strictly limited to the students, with their models and girls, and the ball was to begin at 1 o'clock in the morning, after the regular evening festivities at the Moulin Rouge had finished and the hall had been cleared. All, without exception, were to wear costumes, and the most elaborate preparations were made to make the affair the most bewildering and artistically splendid that Paris ever beheld. The students of the Beaux Arts are divided up for their studies in different ateliers, or studios, and each studio put all its *amour-propre* and *enthousiasme* to outvie the others in the preparation of striking costumes and historical representations, worked out with the most artistic detail. For the especial superiority of the effects chief reliance was naturally placed in the beautiful models, the most physically superb houris that admiring eyes could gaze upon. Their graceful rounded forms, whose every outline and particular points of beauty and charm had been studied by the students in months of modelling, aided in the choice of costumes which should obscure as little as could be all possible artistic effect. Committees of various kinds were chosen in all the ateliers, and Henri Guillaume, the son of the celebrated French architect and professor in the Beaux Arts, was elected President of honor and chief of the organization. The invitations were works of the highest artistic merit, designed by Jules Claret, whose work is most prized of all the French designers. Many of the leading French painters and sculptors—Bonnat, Gérome, Talquière, Mercié among the number, lent an active interest to the work, offered up treasured costumes from their studios, and went to the ball with the rest.

The hour of meeting was fixed at midnight before La Sorbonne, the national university, in the heart of the Latin Quarter. At 12 o'clock an enormous crowd of onlookers had collected at the place of rendezvous, all the students and girls of the Latin Quarter, awaiting curiously the artistic triumphs of the Quat'z Arts. As each studio came in sight, preceded by torches and a band of its own number in costume, followed by its historical creation with the most beautiful and gracious model as the centrepiece, surrounded by the other figures in costumes harmonizing with the subject, it was greeted by ovations from the admiring throngs, and escorted to its place in front of La Sorbonne, where the fêted queen continued to smile serenely from her historical surroundings.

THE LATIN QUARTER STUDENT.

All of the central graces were feasts for artistic eyes, and all of them came from legendary climates where February breezes were visibly much balmier than the chilly air of Paris. But models are used to endurance, and they only smiled the more bewitchingly when the cold air played about their draperies.

There were gipsy queens, with deep shades of red contrasting harmoniously with the rich olive complexion of their bared bosoms and arms; Turkish houris, with soft oriental silks clinging to faultless contours; African beauties, with large, bright eyes and massive girdles and bracelets of silver giving éclat to the rich ebony of their attractions; the Grecian Helen with flowing draperies of white so delicate in texture that they seemed to blush when in contact with the lustrous skin they covered; Pocahontas unrestrained in the beauty of her movements by a soft ceinture of doeskin; minstrel maidens, Arabs, and a coquettish little Japanese witch with tiny feet and a skin of marble, that the arrangement of her loosely hanging sleeves did not compel her to conceal.

But eclipsing all the others were four whose boldly original costumes and superb personal beauty made them the unquestioned centres of the general approval. All the others have been forgotten, their names were not even pronounced, but the renown given to these four is lasting. They were immediately placed at the head of the procession by unanimous consent. First and foremost was Mlle. Royer, nicknamed Sarah Brown, the celebrated model of Rochgrosse in his fall of Babylon, a girl of dazzling beauty, representing Cleopatra. Reclining in a luxurious attitude, her throat encircled by pearls, her body partly covered by a large-meshed network of velvet, she was borne aloft on a palanquin by an escort of student Africans, while two of their number attended her with gorgeous Egyptian fans. Mlle. Royer, known in the studios as "Yvonne," a golden-haired blonde, mounted cavalierly on a white ass, represented the Goddess of Architecture. She was clad in red slippers, black silk stockings, an abbreviated ceinture, and a blouse of transparent tissue falling loosely about her bust, adorned with yellow and red ribbons. Mlle. Susanne Dennes was Diana, the Huntress, a golden crescent in her hair, and flimy draperies. And the fourth of the constellation, Mlle. Marion Lavotte, was dazzling in a mass of stars which twinkled on an opulent background of azure gauze.

At 1 o'clock in the morning the number of costumed figures in front of the Sorbonne had reached the full total of 3,000, and the procession started off for the Moulin Rouge, accompanied by the music of its numerous bands. The Moulin Rouge is two miles distant from the Latin quarter, on the other side of the Seine, and to reach it the procession passed through many of the principal streets and boulevards of Paris. But at that hour of the night only few people were abroad to witness the triumph of the coming artists of the nation. At 2 o'clock the ball was formally opened in the Moulin Rouge by a march of the studios in order three times around the hall, the regular orchestra of the establishment alternating the music with the student bands. The only spectators of this array were the small coterie of celebrated artists and professors and about a hundred other specially invited guests not in costume. That over, the night was given up to unrestrained merriment, in which scenes of original fantasie were mingled in profusion. The doors were closed to the outside world, and art students and models, in a spirit of comradeship, ran riot to their hearts' content. A stage had been erected in one end of the hall, and after the various talented members of the company had given exhibitions of prowess in their own very Parisian fashion, a competition of beauty poses by the models was organized. One by one the most admired specimens of womanhood took their places on the platform and assumed characteristic attitudes, which they guarded resolutely for five minutes, amid the appreciative applause of artistic eyes. In order that the conditions might be equal for all, and that each aspirant might have an unhindered opportunity of being judged on her merits, each one, on mounting the stage, was relieved by a committee of all encumbering draperies.

After the contest of beauty poses came another one for the dance under very much similar conditions. Then came dances by couples, and finally weird fancies of choreographic art. The gray-haired professors and fame-honored artists applauded with the others, and no one was embarrassed at a new suggestion. Artists are a chosen set of nature's creatures, and trip merrily on where coarser mortals hesitate to venture. And thus the fun proceeded joyously until the gray light of dawn crept impertinently in upon the hall and the revellers, weary with their efforts and indignant at the intrusion, dispersed to their homes.

All would have ended as gayly as a fiddler's hornpipe, in pleasant souvenirs, but for the unexpected intervention of the "queue de rat." The aged Senator Bérenger, already notorious as the "chaste pond lily," had got scent of the procession in the dead of night, and declared his morality outraged. He hastened to make appeal to the authorities, and demanded the arrest, on the charge of indecency, of the four models already referred to, whose claims to distinction were justly appreciated by the apostle of morality. He also demanded the arrest of Henri Guillaume as chief organizer of the indecent exhibition. It was afterward stated, on somewhat doubtful authority to be sure, that the aged Senator had been caught sight of in the hall of the Moulin Rouge, where he had contrived to gain admittance, but that he had fled in alarm at the first indication of the awful scenes to be exhibited, and was consequently compelled to confine his charges to the aspects of the procession.

The trial, which took place on June 23, was hailed with protests of indignation by the student population, and the "misguided chastity" of the venerable moralist was the butt of incessant raillery on the part of the entire French press, including the staid and dignified *Figaro*, which piqued the "chaste pond lily" with many cruel pleasantries. An extract or two from the official record of the court proceedings is perhaps amusing enough to be quoted.

The magistrate demands of Mlle. Royer, the Cleopatra of the procession:

"Do you recognize the fact that you appeared at the ball in the costume of which I have here the photograph—the bust nude, the limbs likewise nude, under a network of velvet?"

"Yes. I did not think I was doing any harm. I am a model, and accustomed to be with artists. At the ball of the Quat'z Arts there was no one but artists."

"Who gave you the idea of the costume you wore?"

"No one. It is the same costume in which I posed for the picture by Rochgrosse."

"At any rate you were almost nude?"

"Everybody thought that I had on tights."

The magistrate addresses Mlle. Lavotte, who represented the constellation of stars:

"Your only clothing was a black chemise adorned with pink ribbons. Is that so?"

"Yes."

"Did you not on numerous occasions remove the upper portion of it?"

"That is true. But it was so warm."

To Mlle. Royer, who paraded as Architecture, the magistrate says:

"You also wore only a chemise?"

"Yes, but I had in addition my stockings and my garters."

"And you were mounted on a white ass?"

"Yes."

"The indecency of your costume was increased by your manner of riding the animal."

One week after the trial, on June 30, according to the French custom, the Court rendered its decision, fining Guillaume and the four models each 100 francs. By a curious coincidence, the fines were remitted in accordance with a law bearing the name of the same well-meaning Senator Bérenger, which specifies that in case of unimportant misdemeanors it is only the second offence that is punished by the recorded penalty.

THE KILLING OF NUGER.

III.

THE STUDENTS' MONÔME.

The next stage in the curious course of events came on the day following the decision of the Court, Saturday, July 1. It began with the same innocent and almost comic aspect, but chance aiding, it rounded up in an unforeseen tragic turn that left things ready for the frantic outburst that was to succeed. No sooner had the decision of the Court been announced than communication was secretly transmitted to all the different studios of the Beaux Arts. After the accepted custom of student organization in Paris, such missives are always shrouded in the greatest mystery, no one knows by whom they are sent, and they are deposited in the studios by invisible hands. This is the communication:

DEAR COMRADES: After the condemnation of those accused at the ball of the Quat'z Arts we all feel offended in our pleasure and in our artistic liberty.

It is the last blow struck against our unity and our force if we do not protest energetically against such an unjust condemnation.

Therefore we invite all the artists, without distinction of school or party, to take part in the "chahut-monôme" anti-Bérenger organized for to-morrow night.

The rendezvous is fixed at 9 o'clock precisely at the Place de la Sorbonne. The rally signal for everybody will be a fig leaf worn ostensibly.

Until to-morrow then, and no laggards, if you please.

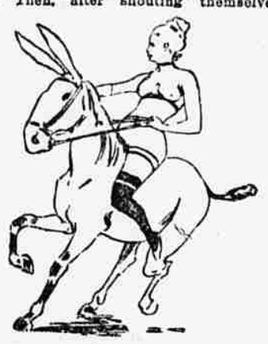
By an unlucky inspiration one of the art students connected with a Parisian newspaper handed over to it a copy of this communication, which appeared in print the following morning. In this way the police were warned in advance of the projected demonstration. This fact, however, in no way deterred the students, inasmuch as there is supposed to exist in France a law which permits an open protestation against any judgment of the courts within one day of the reading of the decision. Emboldened by this idea, at 9 o'clock on the following night a crowd of five or six hundred students adorned with fig leaves assembled at the Place de la Sorbonne, the same spot where the procession for the ball was organized. No policemen appeared in sight, and before starting the monôme they passed five or ten minutes in making as much noise as possible. This attracted all the university students from the cafés in the neighborhood, and before things were ready to begin the forces were swelled to over 1,000, including a considerable proportion of the Latin Quarter girls, who accompanied their student friends. There were no leaders of the crowd, and no attempt at organization; when everybody felt ready the monôme started off of its own accord.

The monôme is an old traditional Latin Quarter institution, dating back for centuries in the history of student life. Every year the students of the two French military schools, St. Cyr and the Polytechnique, each have a gigantic official monôme, that starts at the Place de la Sorbonne, and after meandering through traditional spots in the Latin Quarter, accompanied by the student population, goes down across the river to centralize Paris and the door of the Widow Moreau's plum store, where each individual of the monôme eats his traditional plum as a reward of his year's labors. In these organized monômes the students go single file in skipping step, each one with his two hands on the shoulders of the student in front of him, and the student at the head of this line of hundreds, which stretches for blocks, is elected with great pomp and ceremony. The police have respect for the tradition of the monôme, and for centuries no attempt has been made to intercept its hilarious passage.

The monôme projected against Bérenger by the irate art students was to be unorganized, a chahut-monôme, where the skipping step and long line is kept up, but the students go by twos and threes, with the free use of their hands and sticks, and the greatest noise and agitation possible. It was to be a big-leaf pandemonium that was to make Bérenger's morality split in two from nervous shock and exhaustion. By common consent it was decided to go first to the Senate, which is near by the Place de la Sorbonne, because the Senate chamber was constantly contaminated by Bérenger's presence, and then down and across the river to Bérenger's residence, where the monôme was to come together in a glorious outburst of all its forces until the Senator should groan with despair. This decided, the monôme started off with shouts and yells, fellows and girls skipping and running arm in arm in the wildest gayety and confusion.

Two blocks straight ahead and the redoubled shouts and cries of the leaders announced that they had reached the Senate, and were giving it an energetic salute of derision as they rushed by, and the well-known Latin Quarter call was taken up throughout the lines. "*Conspuez, conspuez, conspuez* Bérenger." There was no time to stop; the whole crowd was pressing on behind, and the two blocks were filled with a hastening, skipping, shouting mass, while street urchins in blouses were running from all directions to join in the fun, and shopkeepers were crowding to their doors to see it go by. Half of the monôme had already passed by the Senate, and the rest were increasing their speed, when suddenly there was a shock and a halt, a confused scuffle, and a scattering back into the lines of the rear. A squad of police had attacked the column in the middle, a squad all in blue from the central brigade, called out only in exceptional circumstances for brutal business. The intercepted demonstrators seeing the way blocked in front, turned immediately for a side street to the right, but there again they were met by a phalanx of police who repelled them violently. After a few vain attempts to go on, the rear half of the monôme, pushed back and disorganized by the police, was obliged to abandon its purpose and go back to the quarter whence it had come.

The leaders meanwhile went skipping on with increasing shouts of "Conspuez, conspuez, conspuez Bérenger!" down the streets to the river, across the river to Bérenger's house. Then, after shouting themselves hoarse with their contempt for the "pond lily," they went back in groups over the river and sought their homes.



THE GODDESS OF ARCHITECTURE.

Meanwhile the disappointed party, which had been stopped by the police and driven back toward the Place de la Sorbonne, after much muttering and scuffling, had finally settled down to a comparative calm. They were very indignant, of course, at the idea of being left ignominiously behind, while the monôme went cheering down to the river without them. They vented their feelings freely in wrathful expressions against the police, the "sales sergots," the "dirty coppers," of the central brigade, whose intrusion into the Latin Quarter was an outrage to student dignity. They heaped up insults, too, against M. Lozé, the Prefect of Police, who was held responsible for the unwarranted interference. Some of the number, combatively disposed, remained in the neighborhood of the Senate for a time, and made occasional efforts to break by the policemen. The others, with their girls, returning to the Place de la Sorbonne, with their fig leaves still conspicuous, took up again the rhythmical call against the pond-lily chastity of the Senator, and then drifted about in groups to the neighboring cafés, where they kept up more or less commotion and found fault with things in general.

The largest and most popular café in the Quarter is the Café d'Harcourt, which is right in the centre of the student haunts. At the upper extremity of the Place de la Sorbonne, which is only half a block long and very wide, stands the university building, La Sorbonne. At the other end, running down to the river at right angles, is the big Boulevard St. Michel. On the corner is the Café d'Harcourt, half on the boulevard and half on the Place de la Sorbonne. Its terrace is covered with tables and chairs almost to the sidewalk on both sides, and within is a large irregular room with side doors and open windows communicating with the terraces. Three or four hundred students and girls can find places there at a pinch, and after the commotion the place was immediately crowded to overflowing. Beers were served in confusion, and a wild hubbub of noises continued incessantly. After a time the students, who had grown tired of their ineffectual efforts with the police at the Senate, arrived in turn at the Harcourt, and in awaiting places stood on the terrace and increased the noise.

That was the state of affairs when a squad of the police was seen approaching from the Senate on their way back to the Prefecture of Police. Their appearance was the signal for an outburst of cries from the students:

"Sales sergots!"

"Conspuez la police!"

"A bas la brigade centrale!"

That was enough. The police were in an unexplainable mood, and in an instant they started and charged on the café. Then followed a scene that cannot be described. The students jumped to their feet, seized tables and chairs for defence, and with cries of rage met the onslaught. Beer glasses and carafes crashed to the floor, and in the tumult that peculiar wild look came in the policemen's eyes, and they were no longer accountable for their action. Seizing the fallen beer glasses and carafes, or snatching up others from the abandoned tables, they hurled them without regard at the students who were attempting to crowd back through the open doors. It was a heavy pewter match safe that one of the policemen found in his hands, and he threw it viciously into the café. A tall, blond young man, Antoine Nuger, who had been all the evening seated in the interior of the café with some friends, had just risen from his seat, in the confusion. He was struck behind the ear by the sailing match safe, and fell senseless to the floor. He died shortly after at the Charity Hospital, where he had been transported, and the coming riot was on its way.

CLEOPATRA, THE QUEEN OF THE "QUAT'Z ARTS."

IV.

"DOWN TO THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES!"

It was not until the following morning, Sunday, that the news of Nuger's death began to spread itself by word of mouth throughout the Latin Quarter. The newspapers contained no word about the matter, and Paris proper was left in total ignorance of all that had taken place the night before. As the news spread among the students their feelings were rapidly fanned into a flame of indignation, and it was immediately decided to vent this in a protestation of some kind that should be stupendous. The death of Nuger was unquestionably characterized as an assassination that the police had committed, and M. Lozé, the Prefect of Police, was proclaimed the cause and head of the horror. As a first step the students would demand his expulsion in disgrace by the Government. Meanwhile, in order to organize a plan of action, a regular mass meeting became necessary, so Jean Carrère and another leading member of the student community were sent as delegates to M. Lozé to demand his authorization for the meeting. These two in making their demand before the Prefect announced to him boldly that the mass meeting they desired to organize would certainly hiss his name and pass resolutions of contempt and indignation against him. Under these circumstances M. Lozé abruptly refused the permission, but the meeting was held, nevertheless. Not a policeman showed himself on the streets. M. Lozé and his force were evidently aware that they had got themselves into a bad box, and they had no desire to make things worse. After deciding that an appeal should be made to the Government on the morrow, demanding immediate action and punishment in the case of the Prefect of Police and his department, the mass meeting decided to hold the Government itself responsible in the person of the Prime Minister for the existence of an assassin like Lozé in the office he occupied. It proceeded to enforce this determination by the menacing resolution that follows, which was voted unanimously by acclamation:

The students engage themselves on their honor to combat by every means possible all those Deputies, who, in the course of the appeal to be made to-morrow in the Chamber of Deputies in regard to the assassination of one of our number, do not vote against the Government.

The meeting then called upon the whole population of the Latin Quarter to be present at the funeral of Nuger, which was arranged to take place from the hospital on the following afternoon, and to maintain there an attitude of imposing calm and dignity. Then marching up the Boulevard St. Michel with the rhythmical shout of "Conspuez Lozé! Conspuez! Assassin! Assassin!" they proceeded to the Bullier, the students' ball hall, where a dance is usually held on Sunday afternoon, and ordered its doors closed in sign of mourning. Meanwhile a committee went off to confer with one of the Deputies, who agreed to make the official demand of the Government on the morrow, and notice was sent to the President of the Chamber.

The next afternoon, Monday, at 2 o'clock, over six thousand students, bearing enormous wreaths and crowns of flowers, marched from the Place de la Sorbonne to the Charity Hospital, whence the funeral procession was to start. No policeman showed himself on their way. Arrived at the hospital they were met with the announcement that the family of the dead young man had not yet arrived, and that the funeral was postponed until the following day. The students immediately regarded this announcement with suspicions of treachery on the part of the authorities. After assassinating one of their number the police were going to steal off with his body in the darkness of the night. Then the rumor started that the body had already been removed and that they were being deceived. Immediately a committee was appointed which demanded admission to the death chamber to assure itself that no trickery had been employed. This was granted them, and they returned in a few minutes with the announcement that all was well. Then volunteers arranged themselves in relays to guard the entrance of the hospital day and night, to insure the students against clandestine proceedings on the part of the authorities.

When this had been settled and the first relay stationed on guard, the crowd marched off in the direction of the Chamber of Deputies. Their great numbers, the absence of all hindrance to their plans, and the strong public sentiment in their favor, rapidly gave rise to a feeling of force and authority, and as they advanced their ideas grew steadily bolder and their plans more audacious. Before their destination was reached they were in a state of mind that determined them, in case Prime Minister Dupuy attempted to equivocate in answering their demands, to invade the Chamber of Deputies and compel satisfaction by force. As they bore down in front of the Chamber with menacing shouts, a great cry of exultation suddenly arose from the leaders. Lozé had given in his resignation! The shouts of exultation spread and redoubled in force, and for a time it was a scene of wild joy. Then the leaders were requested by the Deputies to conduct the students back to the Latin Quarter, as any scenes of disorder or outrage in the neighborhood of the Chamber might prove prejudicial to their interests. And the mass, proud and triumphant in its strength, turned back to the Latin Quarter. The students were carrying all before them, public sentiment was solid in their support, and when they grouped about the Boulevard St. Michel on their return they felt like the real rulers of the nation. In two hours a special edition of the students' organ, called the *Boul' Mich*, appeared on the streets, a single big sheet bordered with black an inch wide. It expressed the exact note of the feelings that possessed them, and an extract or two are worth citing.

Here is the leading article at the head of the page:

"RESIGNATION OF LOZÉ.

"It appears that one of the authors of the horrible foul play at the Café Harcourt has inflicted justice on himself.

"Monsieur Lozé has handed in his resignation.

"That is well!

"But it is not enough. Monsieur Dupuy (the Prime Minister) recently declared that he no longer considered that there exist in France a law which permits an open protestation against any judgment of the courts within one day of the reading of the decision. Emboldened by this idea, at 9 o'clock on the following night a crowd of five or six hundred students adorned with fig leaves assembled at the Place de la Sorbonne, the same spot where the procession for the ball was organized. No policemen appeared in sight, and before starting the monôme they passed five or ten minutes in making as much noise as possible. This attracted all the university students from the cafés in the neighborhood, and before things were ready to begin the forces were swelled to over 1,000, including a considerable proportion of the Latin Quarter girls, who accompanied their student friends. There were no leaders of the crowd, and no attempt at organization; when everybody felt ready the monôme started off of its own accord.

ON THE BOULEVARD ST. MICHEL.

"Sic must accept the responsibility of the words he pronounced. If, in the face of the general indignation, he does not retire, the Chamber of Deputies must mob him to-morrow.

"If the Chamber of Deputies does not mob him we are the ones that will force him to resign, determined, as we are, to go on to the bitter end."

The next article, entitled "The Assassination of a Comrade," began in this way: "At the present hour we all know the painful, heart-breaking news. One of our comrades is dead, assassinated, assassinated by a policeman.

"Senile and impotent old men had ridiculously slandered our artists, our friends. Against an unjust condemnation we wished to protest with laughter. They have nailed our laughter in a coffin.

"It is now almost a hundred years ago that our ancestors adopted this proud device—'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!' And for almost a hundred years it has been parodied. It is for us, the youth of the country, to sweep away the governmental hypocrites. To-day the occasion is offered to us to spit in their faces all the scorn that they inspire us with. And this occasion will not escape us. We will do our duty, one and all.

"Let them understand it well. We mean to avenge, and we will avenge, the friend that they have cowardly murdered. We demand the punishment of all the guilty, great and small, above all the great. Undoubtedly it is a policeman of the central brigade that assassinated Antoine Nuger; but is it against him alone that we ought to direct all our hatred? By no means. It is not the rifle ball that one attacks, but the man that holds the weapon.

"In our opinion the true author of the crime committed—and we say crimes, because if Nuger is dead others are wounded—the true author is the Chief of Police. Whether this chief is called Lozé or Dupuy makes little difference. We demand purely and simply the overthrow of them both."

With such words as these in their ears and on their lips the students sat down to their dinner.

V.

THE ASSAULT ON THE PREFECTURE.

By 9 o'clock in the evening the Latin Quarter was all upturned and the students boiling with wild indignation. They had been deceived and baffled. By the evening newspapers they learned that the reported resignation of Lozé was a hoax, and in the Chamber of Deputies Dupuy was still at the head of the Government, and nothing had been accomplished. The Prime Minister had answered the interpellation by saying that the Government was making every effort to discover the identity of the policeman who had thrown the murderous match safe. He sincerely regretted the scenes that had taken place, and sympathized with the indignation of the students. The Government would take all possible measures to see that justice was done.

That was too much for the students, and their rage burst forth in a tumult.

"A bas Lozé!"

"A bas les assassins!"

"A la Prefecture de Police!"

At that instant a squad of policemen were caught sight of on the Boulevard St. Michel, and the students rushed down upon them with a yell of demons. They were the first policemen seen in the Latin Quarter since Saturday night, and it was like a red flag waved before an enraged bull. They had received orders from their chief to use no weapons and to avoid conflicts with the students. They gave one look at the coming onslaught and then stampeded. Down the Boulevard they ran, followed by a stormy mass of hundreds, hooting, shouting, brandishing sticks, and raining in ferociousness with every stride.

A "CHIO" MODEL.

The Prefecture of Police is a large, gray, grim-looking building of stone, which stands at the foot of the Boulevard St. Michel, on the other side of the little stream that separates the Latin Quarter from what is known as the old cité of Paris, a sort of an island with the main stream of the Seine running by the other side, and separating it from Paris proper. A short, broad stone bridge, with tramway tracks, connects the cité with the Boulevard St. Michel, which descends straight down through the Latin Quarter, with a rather steep incline. At the other end of the bridge at the right stands the Prefecture, with the boulevard passing on in front of it. There are sentry boxes on either side of the entrance to the building, in front of which, day and night, parade two policemen armed with guns. The distance from the Café d'Harcourt down to the Prefecture is perhaps less than a quarter of a mile. Down the boulevard and over the bridge came the policemen, followed by the roaring crowd. Arriving at the Prefecture, they immediately precipitated themselves through the entrance, and their pursuers were left at bay in face of the sullen stone walls and the two silent sentries on guard in front of their boxes with guns on their shoulders.

The indecision of the students lasted only a minute, during which they greeted the building with jeers of derision and shouts of "assassins!" Then a stone shot up in the air from the rear of the crowd and went crashing through a window on the first floor. That determined the plan of operations in a twinkling, and the scene that followed was a curious one. A great building filled with armed officers of the law under the personal command of the Prefect submitting helplessly to a reckless drubbing at the hands of a mob of students; a hail storm of stones poured against the walls from all sides, broke through the windows, battered in the sentry boxes, and indented the iron-bound doors. The sentries had made a hasty escape to the interior at the beginning of the unexpected attack. The doors were bolted behind them, and for a time the students were left undisputed masters of the situation. M. Lozé had been a witness of the scene from the outset, and his wife, who happened to be near one of the windows, only escaped being hit with a stone by the intervention of a heavy silk curtain. But the Prefect was aware that his political life was hanging on the filmiest shred. Public opinion had found him responsible for the unwarranted brutality that had led to the death of a young man, and another clash of the most trivial kind seemed to make sure his inevitable downfall. He preferred to sit still and submit, in the hope of gaining sympathy by his martyrdom. Meanwhile the assault of the students continued and increased in violence. Heavier stones were gathered from the stream and huge pieces were torn from the pavements, until the walls fairly groaned under the blows.

Then a new idea seized the crowd. The sentry boxes were laid hold of and borne in triumph to the middle of the bridge, where they were set fire to. Next a neighboring kiosque, or newspaper stand, was overturned and carried to the blazing pile. Then sidewalk benches were torn up to add fuel to the flames. When all this got well going together on the raised middle of the bridge the students were delighted with the effect. The banks of the river were lighted up for great distances, the water was alive with the reflections, and the battered condition of the Prefecture shone out in glorious detail. Spurred on by their success, bands started off in different directions in search of more fuel. M. Lozé, looking out from his window, saw another kiosque overturned at the foot of the Boulevard St. Michel, and then the idea flashed upon him that his angelic inaction in the light of the mounting flames might appear ridiculous, and he went to the telephone that communicates with the mounted guard of Paris. A few minutes later a squadron of cavalry, with flashing helmets and