# HE LATIN QUARTER FROLICS.

## PHASE OF PARIS LIFE BARRED FROM CASUAL TOURISTS.

**Behind Closed Doors to Which Admission Is Unattainable by Outsiders the Quat'z-Arts Ball—The Gaiety Fete and the Medicos' Pageant Visions of Color and Form Which the Police Would Forbid Elsewhere.**

PARIS, May 10, 1902. At 3 A. M. and in spite of their previous slippery, the 3,000 elaborately costumed participants of the Quat'z-Arts ball were struck dumb with astonishment and indignation at the appearance of a couple of correct gentlemen in evening clothes and two great ladies muffled in opera cloaks.

The nerve of four tourists in quest of adventure, the lone quartet moved at a distance of the Moulin Rouge toward the supper tables, where the vivifying power of champagne had kept the 3,000 gay immoderately begun, until the invaders threw cold water on the spread of "Life in Paris" and the spread of "Life in Paris" was at a small, well-starred table in the ballroom. Beside her stood an Archangel, all in white, with an elegant nimbus and a gleaming sword.

"Are we all there?" asked the redhaired lady, whose brows bespoke the spoil of a most indignant clamor, as the other models realized the affront to them by the presence of the intruders in evening clothes.

TO OUR COMRADES WHO SLEEP.

THE COURTS OF NOTRE DAME DE PARIS.

"Profanation! Profanation!" rose the hue and cry. The quartet had already started back in the direction of the Quat'z-Arts ball. For another moment their fate trembled in the balance, for crowds are fickle and irresponsible. Then the Archangel with the flaming sword found a fine gesture. Gaunt and silent he stalked into the scared swells, drove them before him down the empty vista of the Moulin Rouge hall, the two couples running, the Archangel striding with long legs and extraordinary dignity. In an ecstasy of literary preoccupation of men whose trade is to assemble colors, drape rich fabrics, seek out the character of this or that epoch, the silks, brocades and velvets, how they pale in the presence of that divine Image, the masterpiece of Nature, the flesh tints of the fair young female model! All the splendor of embroidered stuffs, of satins the most soft and luminous, is fit but for its framing! Here, here only, may the painter find the sculptor discover freely that which he sought for in the greatest object of his studies, "the nude seen in movement."

It is not to be overstated that, even here in France, among the mass of average citizens and especially outside of Paris, there exists a great misunderstanding about the fête. Vague rumors of too academic character of certain costumes, certain reminiscences of the great trial in 1880, have fixed a legend. Last summer, for example, the amiable artist in whose is the The first idea of the fête was originating in lower Brittany. One evening after dinner at the little hotel, the conversation fell upon the Quat'z-Arts.

"It is all right for the female models, certainly, but you men, I don't see why you do it," was the slamming up of a well-meaning village philosopher.

There was nothing for the artist but to hold his anger down and patiently explain; the masculine "academy" had never been permitted, never refused, has never, never thought of and for obvious reasons. Themselves clothed in tailored and high-class costumes and the right points, the artists admire in their female models, here in a great troupe of grace and beauty, what they admired in each separately at the studio.

For the new historic "Sarah Brown" as "Cleopatra" appeared at the first Quat'z-Arts ball in 1893 in the costume that had served for as Rebecca's. Under the costume, the poses and one dancing were to be same, and it was argued that the time that of the painting might be admired by the great public of the Salon. Never should be no risks. Why a thousand artists might not exam over the model in an artistic manner? Why not? Why not? At the Quat'z-Arts ball of the year past, "The Car of the Phoenician Bull," which won the first prize, was made up from upon Prix de Rome conceptions played by the young artists in accordance with the first flights of their fancy. In the same way this year's "Car of Human Butchery," preceded by rude wagons laden full of lovely victims. Was due to the study of a great studio for this bloodthirsty group.

Year after year the favorite charge in Tell the first prize for composition was carried off. The Romans of Quat'z-Arts, the ancient of the ancient of Tableaux Vivants, the ancient of Tableaux Vivants, the ancient of Tableaux Vivants,