

ANARCHISTS IN PARIS.

A Visit to Their Resorts, and a Glimpse at Their Ways.

THE SECRET POLICE AND CRIME.

Vile Dens Where Human Beings Herd Together Like Beasts—Why They Are Tolerated.

Paris, August 12.—Paris is a comedy with 2,000,000 people in the east. I wrote that once, feeling that it was a tragedy, and now I feel inclined to write it as a tragedy.



THE WARNING WHISTLE.

We drove rapidly from the Hotel Terminus. Detective Houlier, a brigadier of the service de surete, or secret service, was my guide, having been assigned to the task by M. Crochebert, the commissaire.

We drove down into the worst quarter of Paris—a quarter reserved for and accepted by criminals, and only criminals. The streets are lined with low cabarets or drinking places, small shops where thieves may sell their plunder, the dismal abodes of ugly women who are ready for anything from a flirtation based on finance to a bit of strangling, when it may be done safely.

Just before we turned into the Rue de Venice a young man wearing a dilapidated jacket and jauntily despite his lack of a coat, popped out of a doorway in front of us. He began to whistle a French song.

After we had passed through the street we glanced back and saw it deserted and dead. The French song had done its work. It had sung "Beware! Police! Close up!" to every person in the street, and the warning had been most promptly and completely heeded.

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AT THE BACK OF THE CHATEAU ROUGE.

is of the same percentage as the French woman's love for bright colors. It amuses the people and the police do not mind, for they have ways of seeing what they wish to see and going where they wish to go, independent of the watchman and his shrill French song.

ordinary character. Its largest dimension was probably not more than thirty feet, and its width was not at any place more than one-half as much. At least 50 per cent. of this small room was occupied by plain board benches and primitive wooden tables. At one of these tables we sat without attention. M. Houlier ordered "cognac cerise."

Before us was that small portion of the room which was devoted to dancing, and in its narrow limits an incredible number of couples were waiting with a fervor which varied with the amount of liquor which the dancers had drunk during the early evening. The music was furnished by a fiddler, a cornetist and a pianist, who were provided for in a tiny recess. The women averaged perhaps 25 years. Costumes were careless. One young woman contented herself with a corset and a skirt as the only means of dress. She attracted no special attention. Criminally does not seem to rob the Frenchwoman of her prettiness, and there were those there that night, whose very dirt and tatters were chic and jaunty. But the men! Frenchmen are rarely of fine appearance any way, and the lowest of them, such as patronize this place, look like beasts.

I was not surprised to learn that this place had been the scene of two murders within the year—one of the victims being a member of the branch of the police service, the Republican Guard. It is permitted to continue in existence because the Paris police philosophically figure that if these people did not meet here they would find some other and very likely less accessible place, and I have some slight reason for believing that the proprietor of this den is not without a quiet connection with the Palais de Justice.

From this den, after many strange calls and unsuspected peeps into queer places, we strolled around to Pere Lunette's. Pere Lunette's is the name of a resort which is best known of all those in Paris. The police came within an ace of arresting one of the most sensational of the past two years and a half there, and it is hinted that they avoided taking him while he was actually within the place because they did not want to have to close it up. Another instance of their method of giving bad men a chance to congregate so that they (the police) will have a chance to watch them. Pere Lunette's is a long, low room of most extraordinary contents. It is divided at about its middle by a partition. Along the side of the room in front of this is a row of wine casks, each painted with a fairly good caricature portrait of some well-known Frenchman. Writers, artists, politicians, journalists, even actors, are in this strange gallery, which includes about twenty men who have incurred the enmity of the habitues of Pere Lunette's. The portraits are not badly done. Their source is quickly discovered.



THE ENTRANCE TO PERE LUNETTE'S.

after one enters the rear room. Three artists are among the regular patrons of Pere Lunette's. Instantly when a stranger goes among them they begin to sketch his portrait in charcoal on big sheets of white paper. In payment thereof they expect a franc. Thus does the bold anarchist manage to eke out a living. Our party was sketched separately and together. Among the men who gathered around us—the detective was well known, and his presence commanded respect—was one who was better known to the police than he wanted to be, and who tried to sneak away unseen. But his efforts were frustrated by the proprietor himself, who had no desire to achieve a worse reputation with the secret service than he had already gained. The rear room, like that in front, was vividly decorated with the red paint of anarchy for the groundwork of its illustrations. These were rather allegorical than caricatures, although the faces of well-known men had been used by the artists who had made the pictures. Zola was there as a little dog picking up the bone of public approval, although he had to run through the mire puddle of hypocrisy in order to obtain it. Tolstoi was represented



AT THE BACK OF THE CHATEAU ROUGE.

as being led away from anarchy—the beautiful and true—by the will of the wisp of false philanthropy. The only men who were glowing on this wall were Edouard Drumont, who is editor of Libre Parole and the most rabid agitator in France, and Henri Rochefort, who for a time shared Drumont's exile, and for the same offense—inciting the populace against the government. Some of the paintings in this extraordinary collection omitted personalities, and were devoted to ridiculing or abusing the customs of the present day—some of them which aimed to deride the pretended virtue of the women of the bourgeoisie being indecipherable and unprintable.

One woman only was among the crowd in this strange resort. She was a horrible creature with long, unkempt locks, red, inflamed eyes, a slouchy dress, half off, and a way of waving her arms and swinging her legs which was not ungraceful, but was wholly unpleasant. By and by, under the influence of spiced wine, the crowd began to stir. Instantly this woman sprang into leadership. With a voice full of strength, and by no means without its sweetness, she roared out the words of four or five typical anarchist songs, accompanying her music with the weird gestures which made her seem a being not quite human. When, in the last verse of the songs, the rough poetry began its condemnation of existing society, she straightened up, her dress falling still further from her shoulders. With one hand she caught it at



"A REGULAR NEMESIS."

her bosom, leaving one hand free for the wild wavings that emphasized the words. The condemnation ended with a wild curse for the bourgeoisie. She raised her free hand above her head, lifted her eyes to the dingy ceiling (only half revealed by the smoking oil lamps) and hurled the words into the air with mad and defiant in her eyes and every motion. Her hair flew about her head in a whirl from the vigor of her gestures, and her red eyes were those of a mad woman who thirsted for blood. She looked the Nemesis. A moment later the song changed to the story of the wrongs of the people, and wound up with an appeal to all humanity to help them. She looked the Nemesis. A moment later the song changed to the story of the wrongs of the people, and wound up with an appeal to all humanity to help them. She looked the Nemesis. A moment later the song changed to the story of the wrongs of the people, and wound up with an appeal to all humanity to help them.

that human beings can. Two were pointed out to me as returned from the convict colony at New Caledonia, and I found that this was true later when they told me many stories about the life there. A bundle of rags over in one corner moved and finally began to crouch with a vigor and originality which was greater than any that had been developed even by this crowd of experts. The voice was not that of a man, and I questioned my guide.



"A REGULAR NEMESIS."

can do is to come to this miserable place and herd with these. She has no criminal record, so far as the police know, although she seems to care for no companions except those that she finds in such places as these—places which the respectable poor

would shun as they would shun plague spots." She was still calling out horrible French curses on our heads when we went downstairs, out of the salon of Gabrielle d'Este—a room built as the monument of a King's wickedness, and remaining as the resort of the lowest humans beings in all Paris. The night was well along into the realm of the morning. We had seen much; we had seen nothing that was not terrible and revolting. We had seen enough.

The Socialist Congress.

New York Evening Post. The next socialist congress will be held in Breslau next October, and the Vorwarts publishes a summary of some of the demands which it is proposed shall be incorporated in the party programme. The first of these is that a democratic character shall be imparted "to all public institutions in the empire, the state, and the communes, for the amelioration of the social position of the working classes, and for the improvement of the condition of industry, agriculture, commerce and traffic within the bounds of the existing order in state and society." This is followed by a demand for compulsory attendance at higher schools, the institution of industrial and agricultural technical schools, of model establishments, and of trial stations, regular courses of instruction on agricultural questions, and free education in all public educational institutions. As regards taxation, a demand is added for the abolition of all burdens on real property. The new agrarian section of the programme contains seven paragraphs in which, concisely put, the socialists demand the abolition of all administrative functions and of all privileges bound up with landed property, as well as of any remains of the system of feudalism, the preservation and increase of public landed property, the transference of property in mortmain of the forest and of water power to the community under the control of the representatives of the people, the introduction of a right of pre-emption for the communes in the case of property sold by public auction, and the management of their property by the state and the communes on their own account or by associations of rural laborers or small proprietors. The agrarian committee further recommends state credit for associations or for communes for the purpose of improving property, the defrayment by the empire or the state of the expenses involved in the construction and repair of the public means of communication and of dams and dykes, the nationalization of mortgages and a re-

duction of the rate of interest thereon, the nationalization of insurance to all professions capable of being insured, state help for distress caused by destructive natural phenomena, and an extension of forest and shooting rights. Finally, the section touching the protection of the laboring classes is extended by demands for the application of the workmen's insurance of agriculture.

OREGON POETRY.

The Post-Intelligencer is honored, apparently in preference to the Oregonian, with a poem by a young lady of Portland. The compliment to our superior appreciation of true literary merit, as compared with our Webfoot contemporary, induces us to accord it space, especially as it is above the average of the poems which reach the Post-Intelligencer:

THE FLAG.

Look and Behold the stars and stripes Floating from yonder mast: That is the Banner of our Land Beautiful Now as in the Past.

All Patriots Love the Red white and Blue It Reminds them of victories Now Passed through Wave on, Dear Flag, We Love thy face Thou hast saved A fallen Race.

Old soldiers Point to the and say Under the Bunting fought Blue and grey Yet under thy folds we shelter Now and hope in the future never to row

America Loves the National Standard From that Banner will never waver All True and Loyal Hearts DONA MERRIWEATHER, Portland, Oregon.

Wave on wave on Red white and Blue Our Sons and Daughters Grand Will never forsake Americas Land From stars and stripes will not Depart

A Horse of Another Color. Truth. "It is something," mused the poet, "to have an imagination that soars untrammelled through the cerebral infinity."

He paused to jot the phrase "cerebral infinity" in his notebook, hoping to make use of it at some future time. "But" he gazed wistfully into the window of a cheap restaurant where the white-robed cook was industriously turning sinkers—"to have the price of a plate of ham and beans in your pocket is another thing." He sighed meekly and once more mingled with the hurrying throng.

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