

TWO CHARMING NORMANDY TOWNS



OF ALL the Normandy towns, none is more charming than Coutances, writes Edna Halloran in the Los Angeles Times. After several hours of jolting through a beautiful country, a ridiculous little box of a train deposited us at the gate of Coutances on a gray morning in June.

The old ramparts which bound the town on three sides, give it, in perspective, the appearance of clinging to the hillside. The double row of giant trees edging the boulevard, rear their massive boughs above the rooftops; the lofty spires of the cathedral dominate the landscape. Steep, narrow streets thread the ancient quarters. Old houses, blackened with age, crowd together on the edge of the sidewalks, their flat chimneys and pointed roofs making a sharp, irregular skyline. In almost every square, smoky window a pot of flowering plants makes a bit of color against the dullness of the gray walls. The heavy front doors are sometimes beautifully carved, a remnant of former prosperity. And at an occasional window hangs a curtain of fine lace. It is essentially a town where the hand of Progress has been stayed. Nothing changes, nothing advances, nothing needs to. It is perfect as it is, and absolutely contented. On a sunny morning old women, in their immaculate fluted caps, full skirts and wooden sabots, sit on the doorsteps and knit incessantly, fat sleepy cats bask in the pleasant warmth; boys from the boulangerie, in their coarse blue aprons, balance wicker baskets filled with long loaves of bread; maids sent out to market stop to gossip on the Place; children cluster over the cobblestones in their wooden shoes, a serviette, bulging with school books, under their arms.

In summer, in Normandy, the twilight lasts all night. It never grows dark from sunset to sunrise. Soon after dinner in the evening, the sound of voices and snatches of song came up from the shadows in the valley through which the river flows. The women of the neighborhood were washing in the lavoir, beating their clothes on the wet stones at the water's edge. Although knotted and gnarled by hard work, yet these peasant women are good-humored and polite. One was a particularly friendly soul, and told me that in Normandy one did not speak French, only a patois, for, ma foi, one had not the time to learn pure French; life was too short, and labor was too heavy. The women indeed do men's work, herding cattle, plowing fields, mowing hay, carrying immense bundles, poised on the shoulder, with no apparent effort.

In the shops, ruddy-faced old women beam at you from under their clean starched caps, and smilingly make you buy, charging you two prices because you are a foreigner. With all the graciousness imaginable, everything in stock is set out for your inspection—sabots, pictures, postcards, trinkets, lace—and a running fire of conversation kept up in the meantime. Madam has both time and curiosity for the strangers.

The cathedral is the one thing of Coutances. It has long been considered among the most beautiful examples of Gothic architecture in France. It is indeed magnificent, lofty and pure in its beauty. The slim coupled columns meet in Gothic arches, the lantern is formed from the beautiful

central tower, the rose window in the nave are of old stained glass, the carving of the triforium is exquisite, the altars are works of a master hand. The long pointed windows in the body of the church, throw mellow, many-colored lights across the stone floor, lighting here and there the deep shadows of the aisles.

The greater part of the cathedral was built during the thirteenth century and is cited by Ruskin in his "Lectures on Architecture" as being "one of the earliest, if not the very earliest, examples of the fully-developed spire, showing the complete domesticity of the work, the evident treatment of the church spire merely as a magnified house roof."

The view from the top of the western tower is deservedly renowned. Below, in the foreground, are the sloping fields; the green of the orchards on the hillside; an old mill and its quiet stream; farther away, the ruins of the Roman aqueduct; in the distance, through the haze, rise the Isle of Jersey and the roofs of St. Malo.

In the medieval town of Dol the fifteenth century houses are rather famous for their oddity. Situated on the Rue St. Jacques, their upper stories project far over the lower, and are supported by stone pillars, the thatched roofs slope low over the street, the rooms are mere holes, blackened by squalor and constant use. However, that does not at all prevent their being occupied at the present time, and the daily routine of life continues quite as well within their walls as between those of fresher and newer houses. Dol has also a famous cathedral and one hotel. And the hotel has a reputation of its own. All the guide books state that the best chocolate served in France is to be had here.

The cathedral stands apart somewhat isolated at the edge of the town. Its most striking feature is the fifteenth century portal on the south side, with the beautiful porch of Saint Magloire. It is most unique in its effect, its massive arches are exquisitely carved, with designs in delicate tracery over the doorway and about the windows. Otherwise the exterior is extremely simple, even plain, and is not enhanced by one of the towers being unfinished.

The somber gloom of the interior was lightened by dozens of candles burning on the high altar. It was a fete day, in whose honor the chapels were decorated with gaudy artificial flowers. The original stained glass of the thirteenth century is still intact in a large window in the choir; in one of the transepts is the tomb of Bishop James, who died in 1503; unfortunately its sculpturing is mutilated and marred and its statue by Jean Juste, is lost.

One of the most beautiful inner chapels is built in honor of St. Samson, an English monk to whom the cathedral is dedicated, and who is said to have crossed the channel and founded a monastery on the site of Dol.

Such is Life.

"Here is the story in the morning paper about a man who is the keeper of one of the most vicious elephants in captivity."

"Well, what about him?"

"Oh, nothing unusual. He claims that he is being mistreated by his 90 pound wife."

HONESTY OF THE CHINESE

Always Pay for Being Smuggled Into This Country Even If Sent Back.

"A talk with any smuggler who ever engaged in the business of bringing Chinese into the United States contrary to the immigration laws will suffice to establish the Chinaman's proverbial honesty in business transactions," said Guy E. Runyan of Detroit.

"I know of one old French Canadian who in his younger days was a professional smuggler and operated on the Canadian border. He did not deal in furs or any articles of commerce. He made a practise of smuggling Chinamen across the border, and according to his own statement amassed enough money to set himself up in a comfortable business.

"He has often said that the duty of a professional smuggler ended when the Chinaman was landed on the soil of the United States. Then it was that the smuggler got his money. After that it did not fall to him to look out for the Oriental who had been his charge. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the Chinaman was apprehended and sent back to his former abode by the immigration authorities. "Nevertheless the smuggler received his pay. Never, according to the story told me by the old man and numerous others who have been connected in different ways with the smuggling of Chinamen, has there been known an instance where the smuggler was defrauded of the price promised him. This illustrates the predominant trait of honesty in the Chinese character."

Satisfied Ignorance.

At the recent French cooks' show in Duluth Armand Guillemin, a veteran who once cooked for Baron Rothschild, said:

"American cooking would be better if American cooks would take lessons from France. But many American cooks are very independent. They rather remind me, in their independence, of the Senegalese, who visited Paris.

"These men, on their return to Senegal, recounted, at a gathering of the tribe, what they had seen. An old woman said:

"But, chiefs, were ye not embarrassed by your ignorance of the language?"

"The head chief frowned and answered haughtily:

"It's true, as ye say, woman, that we could make neither head nor tail of all their chatter. But what of that? They were as had of 'ith our tongue as we with theirs."

It's a Gay Life.

The musician has the gayest lot, from Moscow down to Cuba. Just think, he only has to blow a day upon a tuba or beat the box with fevered hands, and dish up dashing airs, or tease a fiddle all night long. His life is free from cares. He rises late and grabs his food, and crams it in his mouth, then beats for the noon express, and leaves unshaved his brush. He hits the job at 12 a. m. and wheezes through his horn, all afternoon and through the night, and into early morn.

Callolpe was some swell dash, but time has cheapened her; the time here when she is snatched by men, eighteen per. I'd rather be a homeless "bo" or fever struck in Cuba than spend my precious time and wind in blowing on a tuba. The hours are long, the pay is poor, musicians never play; it's plug along both day and night. I'd rather far make hay.

The New Year.

The late Julia Ward Howe was no believer in New Year's resolutions. "We should make and keep good resolutions all the year round," the celebrated author once said in Boston. "I am no great believer in New Year's vows, for, although they are splendid things, they really don't amount to much more than Oliver Wendell Holmes' tobacco resolution.

"Mr. Holmes, with affected gravity, said to a friend on the first day of the year:

"I really must not smoke so persistently; I must turn over a new leaf—a tobacco leaf—and have a cigar only after each—" here he paused a bit, to say "meal," but he continued—"after each cigar."

Made It Stronger.

In the state department is a colored doorkeeper who is unusually well educated, and his language is set off with a lot of long and surprising words. Now and then Huntington Wilson, assistant secretary of state, stops on his way out of the building and asks the doorkeeper a question to bring forth an amusing answer.

One afternoon Wilson saw a man walking down a corridor as if under the influence of strong drink. "That man," he remarked, "seems to be navigating with difficulty."

"I fancy," said the doorkeeper, "that his axoids would not present a satisfactory appearance if viewed through the azimuth compass."—The Sunday Magazine.

Woman Civil Engineer.

Miss Lena R. Haas, the civil engineer of Los Angeles, writes her name L. R. Haas, consequently when she applied for entrance to the course of engineering at Columbia College, she was told to come on, and it was not until she arrived that her sex was discovered. She was the one girl in a class of 150 men, but she proved that she could do the work with the rest of them.

ONE FRIEND ALWAYS

POET NEVER ENTIRELY DEVOID OF ADMIRERS.

Surely the Writer Can Laugh at Disparaging Critics When He is Really Conscious of the Merit of His Lines.

When I take my verses from table or shelf and sit down at ease in my chair and con my lines over there all by myself, those delicate verses and rare; when I read my lines in the glow of the lamp, those musical lines of my own, and find my eyes both sentimentally damp; there in the dim lamplight alone; when I note the exquisite pathos and sweet, the sentiment tender and true, the faultless perfection of wording and feet, the tales of old joys and of new; when I sound the depths of humanity's heart, and lift it to glorious height; when with divine genius and consummate art I bring songs of joy and delight; when on my tuned ear all the harmony rings, the harmony clear and divine, and I find all through such half secrets, on wings as butterfly, light and as fine—I say when I sit down and read my own lines, it's simple as can be to see the fire of true genius that endlessly shines—Jim Riley has nothing on me.

When I read the humor I've written myself, such side-splitting humor and real; when I get my manuscript down from the shelf—Ah, well, you must know how I feel; when I'm tired of Dean Swift and Bret Harte and Nye, and crave the high mountain and lone, I pass all the everyday humorists by and read some good stuff of my own; it may not be printed, but pray, what of that? I know every word, line and page; beside it the humor the world reads is flat, but mine seems to ripen with age; so much other humor I've read is pure rot, redeemed by some luminous name, but mine is the kind that just touches the spot and burns with real humor's bright flame; I see in it points that are drawn subtly fine, and framed for the doubly elect; there's hardly a sentence, indeed scarce a line, but sober reflection is wrecked on uncharted rocks of pure, unalloyed fun, on reefs of insight that are deep, and I find quite often that ere I am done I've laughed myself soundly to sleep; and so I'm consumed with conviction that's sure, and all of my senses agree that I've written humor that's bound to endure—Sam Clemens has nothing on me.

Oh, thousands of times have my sketches and rhymes come down, to be read, from some shelf; my verses have been read vast thousands of times—I've read them that many myself; I find in my hunger for truth and in what I might call the Pierian thirst so many things Shakespeare and I have both thought, though Shakespeare had thought of them first; and though I read him with unenvied eye, his verses have not quite the tone, the real rhyming truth that I always desecry in reading some lines of my own; I don't begrudge Shakespeare the fame he may get; he's not in the race now for self; there isn't an author that I'd sooner set in authorship next to myself; and so when dull critics may smite me to show how little their shriveled souls be, I'm never dismayed in the least, for I know I've one real admirer in Me! —J. W. Foley, in New York Times.

The Home Voice.

Have you ever noticed the close relationship between the home voice and the home atmosphere? And as the atmosphere is the sensitive, intangible thing, it is affected by the voice, not by the atmosphere.

If the head of the house, whether it be the husband or the wife, has a whining voice, the atmosphere of that home is apt to be depressed. Everything is limp, so to speak, and spineless. Even the draperies hang in dejected folds. Nothing ever is right or bright or cheery. The home is a center of complaints.

In the home where the dominant voice is gruff or surly, an atmosphere of antagonism seems to prevail. Nobody seems to want to do what he ought to do. His manner implies a protest, a sulky compliance.

Take again the patronizing voice in the home, the voice that condescends to tell the others what they should do. The family sit uneasily under it. There is a feeling of subjection in that home, a lack of individuality.

The Partisanship of Historians.

Every historian likes to be impartial; but how can an Englishman be expected calmly to weigh and adjust the motives and methods of the Spanish in the Armada? What biographer of Lord Nelson appreciates the discipline and strategy of his French and Spanish opponents? What Frenchman feels that the German campaign of 1806 was a causeless assault upon a weaker power? War breeds war; the conqueror feels the need of maintaining his reputation, and the conquered seeks revenge. Then the incidents of warfare in the field leave an ineffaceable mark of savagery, writes Prof. Albert Bushwell Hart; so that for decades women in western Europe terrified their whimpering children into silence by the threat that the Croats would get them. There are parts of central France where the brutality of the Angevin kings of England is still remembered after six centuries.

DANGER WHO COST A KING'S THRONE



LOLA MONTEZ

THERE is no European court without the taint of an adventurer. In most of them the scandal has been repeated time and again. Thrones have tottered and monarchs have fallen because of these women who had infatuated kings and so been raised to rank and riches. But you will search the history of Europe vainly to find a more balefully brilliant career than that of Lola Montez—the Spanish dancer—who lost to Ludwig his kingdom of Bavaria and finally herself, old, disgraced and forgotten, went to America to die. She is buried in Greenwood cemetery, New York.

Lola Montez came of that rare racial combination, an Irish father and a Spanish mother. She was born in Limerick in 1818 and named Marie Dolores Eliza Rosanna Gilbert. But the Gilbert family cast off her father at her birth and he started the child's adventures by hurrying to an army post in India.

The mother found one Sir Abraham Lumley, an Indian judge of great wealth, whom she aimed to marry to Lola. The girl, hearing of it, rebelled and showed the spirit that was to characterize all the later years of her career when she eloped with Capt. Thomas Jefferson.

By this time Lola had become really one of the most beautiful girls on the peninsular continent. It was recognized at the viceregal court where she was petted so willingly that her husband carried her away.

In 1842, at the height of her beauty and wit, the girl started back for London, seeking a divorce from Captain James, with whom she was already bored to death, in order that she might be free to wed a Captain Lennox she had met on shipboard.

But the courts weren't quite as susceptible to her raving beauty as Lola had expected, for, while they gave her a divorce, they forbade her marrying again.

Up to this time, probably, the girl had given small thought of becoming a dancer. She had known that her mother (Lola Oliver) had followed that profession with indifferent success for a time, but Lola's ambition was far more bent along the line of a wealthy match.

But the divorce from James left her almost penniless. Her family in India already had sheltered her unwillingly twice and the handsome girl figured on the way of a livelihood all in vain. Finally at the suggestion of an American woman Lola decided to try dancing. She studied in Spain and Italy a little and then with superb assurance, but without one atom of professional experience, she essayed a triumph at His Majesty's theater in London.

Dona Lola Montez was the headliner on the card, for Lumley, the manager—whose name balefully coincides in her history with that of the Indian judge—had advertised her debut in a perfect fanfare of praise. The appearance of the star in her first dance was greeted at first with cheers and Lumley was counting his fortune when suddenly a shrill hiss arose from a side stall, a man's finger pointed at the dancer and a man's voice cried loudly: "Why, it's Betty James."

The man was Lord Ranelagh, the leader of the smart set, and his quick bon mot at the expense of his divorcee who had come back in disguise ruined Lola's chances on the London stage.

But though Lumley was forced to ring down his curtain on her first performance Lola was in no whit dismayed. She made a tour of Europe, seeking to win a fortune through her eccentricities. She went to Paris with not much money, but with the

reputation for the most beauty and impudence in Europe. There she danced and there her beauty—not her dancing—fascinated the journalist, Dujarrier, who fell madly in love with her only to be slain in a duel on the day that they pledged themselves to marry.

Ludwig I. was on the throne in Munich. He was middle aged and had first fought through the Napoleonic wars while crown prince. When Lola reached his capital he was engaged in a great propaganda to make Bavaria the home of all art.

Again it cannot be said that the dancing of Lola Montez ever won for her very particular plaudits, but it was as a dancer that she came to Munich and as a dancer that she first appeared before the king. It may be assumed that her beauty won this king of the Bavarians, for within a week Lola Montez was the star of the Munich court.

That was a pity, for it wrecked not only the throne of Ludwig, but sent into last days of shame and squalor the most beautiful woman of her day.

But Ludwig was straightway smitten to the heart. Within a month he had given the dancer a palace and had introduced her in court as "my best friend." Up to this time he had been popular with his subjects, but when they saw the "scar of the adventures" on the throne their loyalty to their king began to fade. Ludwig failed to perceive plain signs that the woman was ruining his reign. He called upon the ministry of the country to create her the countess of Mansfield. The ministry peremptorily declined. Whereupon Ludwig dismissed it in favor of one that would show more consideration of his favorite.

And thereupon Lola Montez began to rule in Bavaria—through the old king, it is true, but ruling nevertheless so certainly that within the year the whole of Munich was up in arms against her. The Bavarians did not particularly want Ludwig off the throne, but they wanted him to get rid of the Spanish dancer. His answer was that he would lose his throne first. Very shortly the people headed by his new ministry, called upon Ludwig to give up Lola Montez for all time. Weeping, he finally consented. She was hurried from the capital in a closed carriage to escape the mobs and entrained for England that night.

Events came quickly and badly for the ill-starred twain after that. The Bavarians finally decided that even without the presence of Lola Montez the scandal of her relationship with their king had been too great and they demanded his abdication. He did not abdicate; he was forced from his throne.

But Lola Montez declared that, bereft, she would return to what she called her "art" too. Trading on the stories of her relationship with royalty that had been spread over the United States the adventuress—now once more penniless—crossed the sea. She essayed to dance before New York and her beauty filled the coffers for a little time, but she was fading and the craze among hard-headed Americans for the foreign beauty fell far short of that abroad.

Finally in 1861 she became ill—doctors said it was through the violence of her disposition. She was on the point of starving when a Mrs. Buchanan took her to her home in Astoria, L. I. There in 1861 she died.

On her plain gravestone there is naught to denote the flashing career of Lola Montez, most spectacular of European adventuresses. The inscription simply reads: "Eliza Gilbert, born 1818; died 1861."