

fifteen per cent. to forty per cent. interest from buildings fit for no human being to live in, apparently caring nothing for the wretchedness of their ignorant tenants. Such "pillars" need to be seized as Samson seized those in the house of the Philistine god, and made to lie prostrate in the dust. And the house that rests on them would better fall with them.

It is still more important for the church to set the people of its community to thinking. The more active and well trained are the minds of men, the easier it is to bring about the reign of righteousness. This is not saying that mental activity alone produces Christlikeness. But Christian character is supremely reasonable, and the better one's reason is trained the more firm will be his grasp of the truth in Christ. One great trouble with very many church members to-day is that they do not think anything through.

There is no need of duplicating work which is already provided for in the system of education. But it certainly would be a part of a church's work to start classes in the "three R's," if the need for such classes were not otherwise met. But there are other ways in which to set people to thinking. Young men's clubs, organized to discuss and listen to talks on political, industrial, and social questions, are of great value. "Current events classes" to review the important news of the world, and study the significance of the many movements among men, may be made very profitable.

It is time the church ceased to be afraid to enter into social questions. At heart all these questions are for the betterment of humanity along true lines of improvement. The church ought to be quick to see the truth underlying all plans for a better social order, and to welcome as a part of its own all such truth. Let the church arouse its community to a better knowledge of the right methods of municipal government; let it awaken public sentiment in regard to the rights of labor; let it teach the laborer how to act with reason in his demands on capital; let it show all men that it is working for righteousness, without discrimination or compromise.

The church may rightly be a center for the exchange and circulation of good literature. And by the word "good" reference is not necessarily made to that which goes to make up the ordinary Sunday-school library. What is gained by the attempt to distinguish between sacred and secular in literature? Let the church develop a library of books of the highest order of literature for both young and old, and then let it devise a plan by which these books may be read far and wide in the community. The special need of such a library will be for books that inspire the reader to nobler and truer living. And many books which in the past have been called "secular" will do that far more truly than the insipidities of much that passes for religious literature and is so labeled by denominational publishing houses.

A church must extend widely its charitable work; but it must remember that it is truer philanthropy to train the needy to self-help than to dole out rations. So, in addition to direct giving, it may well find room for a dressmaking class, or a cooking class, or a carpentering class, or any other class which will meet a real need in its community and train up those who are weak to become strong. Until the time comes when the kindergarten shall be as widespread as the present public school system, it would be well for the church to undertake it.

There is less need to discuss the distinctively religious work of a church for its community. Here there has been a wide development, and it is unnecessary to set forth particular methods. It is to be understood that the religious motive must dominate everything that the church does; that is, everything is to be done for the sake of developing the best in humanity, in order to make it more Godlike. And supreme over all agencies must always be the direct effort to lead men to a knowledge of God. But all such effort must be made with a knowledge of the condition of life in each community. And it must be filled with the utmost common sense. Just as many services of just as many different kinds as there are needs to be met and people who can meet them ought to be the rule. Every

one living anywhere near a church ought to be made to realize its influence for good and to know that the deepest spirituality is directly connected with the most abundant practical wisdom.



How Art Students Live in Paris

By Ralph R. Latimer

We will presuppose our art student not overburdened with this world's goods. Of the manner of life of rich students I can say very little, or nothing. They are very rare, and generally live in *pensions* near the Arc de Triomphe. Our student, then, is more or less needy, and he will probably reach Paris in one of the summer months—at least it would be well for him to do so, for in many ways they are the best for establishing himself. On arriving, he will almost certainly go to some hotel while he looks about him; and after a few days spent in this way he will certainly find that he is spending more money than he likes, and will be in haste to make some arrangement for living less expensively.

There are two courses which will then present themselves to him: either he can take an unfurnished room, and furnish it himself, or he can go to some one of the *hôtels meublés*, which can be found in any street in the Latin Quarter, or along the Boulevard Montparnasse. If the student intends remaining in Paris more than a year, the former course will be found the least expensive, and, in some ways, best. It is generally cleaner and more healthful. In the other way, the student evades the bother of buying furniture and of disposing of it again when he is done with it. In the meantime, he has joined, generally speaking, some Académie—Julien's perhaps. Here his life as an art student in Paris will really begin.

He will avoid much that is unpleasant by coming in the summer, when the schools are mostly empty of those who have studied in them all the previous winter. Although the hazing in art schools is very much overestimated, and purposely exaggerated, still it is as well for a *nouveau* to make his *début* with as small an audience as can be. If there is any stuff in him, he will have taken his proper place by the time the older students return, and they will be quick to recognize it.

Monday morning at Julien's, when it is seen for the first time, is a sight not to be forgotten. The working hours are from eight until five, and as places are taken for the week's work on Monday, there will be a rush to be on time. A hurried glance at his watch or a neighboring church-tower will show the student that his first breakfast had better be postponed until the nine o'clock rest, and he will arrive breathless at the *atelier*, and will seize the best unoccupied place, the easels having been previously arranged in rows radiating from the posing platform. Here he will wait for eight o'clock to come, and by the time it has come the room will be full. The models are engaged beforehand, and, if they are there, will ascend the platform at eight, sharp; but there are often disappointments, especially when the model is of the fairer sex; and then a strange scene will take place. From the corners of the *atelier* a crowd of models, who have been waiting for this chance, will advance, and, springing upon the platform, they will all together begin posing, each assuming the pose which he or she believes to be the most becoming. One will be selected by a show of hands; and the derisive remarks and contemptuous glances leveled by the unchosen at their more favored companion are very amusing.

After this the pose is decided, again by a show of hands, and generally after much wrangling among the students. Then comes the *appel*, or call of names for places. It is alphabetical, beginning each week with a new letter. The places have been, as I said, already taken, but they cannot be considered quite secure until after the call, as some one coming nearer the beginning of the list may oust an earlier comer, though, to the credit of the good nature of art students, this is seldom done. "First come, first served" is the spirit, if not the letter, of the law in these matters.

By this time it is nine o'clock, and the student will get his cup of coffee and a roll, and return for the week's work cut out for him.

At twelve will come the hour's intermission for *déjeuner*, or luncheon. The newcomer will find this the time when he feels his newness the most. The others are in little cliques, and go to various establishments in the neighborhood, while he is left to his own devices, and is obliged to deal, in more or less imperfect French, with a bewildering and bewildered *garçon*. A man has been known who lived for three days on bread alone, being unable to make himself sufficiently understood to get anything else, and too shy to ask help from fellow-students.

All sorts of eating-places can be found, to suit any purse: the Duval for the wealthiest; restaurants at *prix fixe*; and modest eating-houses for the poorer ones. If a congenial band mess together, the *déjeuner* time may be one of the pleasantest hours of the day. After five the student has himself on his own hands, and from five to six is the dreadful hour when his conscience will get the better of him. Tired out as he then is with work, and more or less disgusted with himself, it is very seldom that at that hour the art student will be found in an amiable mood. Dinner-time will bring him consolation. He can get his dinner at the same sort of places he has lunched at; or he can, and very often does, prepare this meal for himself. Sometimes a little band of congenial souls meet and dine in the room of one of them, sharing the expense. It was my good fortune to be admitted to such an arrangement during the spring months. The place of meeting was in a small *hôtel meublé* in which many students had rooms, and which was conveniently near my quarters. There were three of us—usually an unfortunate number, but in this case, by a happy suitability of dispositions, the number was a pleasant one. The hotel was furnished with long galleries, opening on the courtyard, with which each separate room communicated. The inhabitants used to pop in and out like rabbits in a warren, or like pigeons flitting from window to window of a pigeon-house. Meeting in the room of one of us, the size of whose chamber and the nature of whose disposition made him naturally the leader of our trio, we would proceed to get the meal. One would boil the water and set the table, while the others would descend to procure what was needed in provender, returning laden with white-brown parcels. Table manners may have been primitive, but wit was plenty, and serious ideas not wanting. When the dishes had been washed, the banjo or the piano was soon called for, and the company seated itself on chairs, ranged, as the song has it, "conveniently close to the wall;" or perhaps they clustered on the bed; and until a late hour song and talk would go on. Towards midnight fancy and serious reflections would begin to creep from their hiding-places in the brain where they had lurked during the busy day, and, while the city lay asleep beneath us, we would carve plans for the future, or compare our different pasts.

Sometimes the art student may visit the other side of the river, and move, like Cinderella, for a while in a world of ease and beauty, carrying with him always an amused consciousness of the difference between his present surroundings and the little room he has left, where his chum sat on the bed superintending his toilet, and criticising each article of "swagger" dress he put on; and in the midst of dinners of many courses he will see the image of himself boiling cocoa, or purchasing four sous' worth of bread at the corner grocery.

The favorite amusement of the art student will be the minor theaters, where acting of the best may sometimes be seen. Let the little Gaieté de Montparnasse be ever held in grateful remembrance by those who have lost there, for a time, the thought of the delayed remittance, or the crushing criticism of the Professor!

There for a franc one can sit from eight to ten, listening to songs by no means ill sung, and after that there will be a little play acted in a manner which might put to the blush companies of more pretension in our cities. Besides the music and the play, a glass of beer or a cup of coffee is thrown in, too.

Sometimes sickness visits the art student; and then the

world looks very black to him. Then the long days drag on alone, unless he has some friend, less interested in his work or more in him than others, who is willing to bear him company, to give him his doses, beat up his pillows, find his handkerchief, and hear him grumble. The evening, however, will bring him plenty of companions. Work for the day being done, a visit to the sick has the charm of excitement, and of duty fulfilled. As many as the room will hold are assembled, and a loud, noisy conversation is kept up. Each visitor is sure he knows what ails the patient, and has suffered himself from something similar. Symptoms are related, and every one talks at once. The invalid joins when he is able, or groans at intervals. Yet, strange to say, he generally likes it, and has been known to entreat in accents of perfect sincerity not to be left alone.

Perhaps Providence, taking the will for the deed, directs for the best the efforts of these amateur nurses, and wards off the natural results of their well-meant endeavors; for assuredly, far more than people imagine, do Faith, Hope, and Charity abide on Montparnasse; and the greatest of these is Charity.



The Greater Glory¹

By Maarten Maartens

Author of "God's Fool," "Joost Avelingh," "An Old Maid's Love," etc.
(Begun in The Outlook for July 1.)

CHAPTER IV.—Continued

"Mon cher," said the Baroness, gently, "his Reverence has waited."

The Baron winced. He was a military veteran and had seen something of life—not much—in his day; he had never yet learned to accept a reproach from a woman without a tendency to blush. And the Baroness was not one of those who accustom you to reproaches.

"I was delayed," replied the Baron, humbly. "His Reverence will forgive a man of many occupations." He offered his arm to his wife with an odd little old-fashioned bow, and the priest, who took life reposefully, grinned a good-humored grin over the earnestness with which his patron created a round of meaningless duties out of the emptiness of every-day squiredom. "There are men who talk in their sleep for sheer waste of activity," the good father was wont to declare. "A better thing, in an ecclesiastic at any rate, than to sleep in his talk," the Baron had once unthinkingly made answer. And then he had filled up his guest's wine-glass, smiling an apology, as his eyelids dropped obediently under the Baroness's dignified surprise.

"Come, Wanda," said Father Bulbius, crooking his arm at as wide an angle as he could manage from the rotundity of his rusty black coat.

But the daughter of the house, a girl of twelve with a mass of brown hair and big brown eyes, drew pettishly away from him. "No, thank you," she said. "You hurt my shoulder last time, squeezing through the doorway." And she ran on in front. "I don't like priests," she said to herself in the passage.

The meal was a simple one; but for its surroundings of old plate and older oak you would have called it poor. These people belonged to that daily decreasing class who cannot live poorly; their pomp is themselves. The Baron would have pitied *you*, not his wife, had you noticed the simplicity of the menu. And even fat Father Bulbius, dearly though he loved a good dinner, was happy in the eating of a bad one amidst the quiet dignity of immemorial pride. Besides, was there not always the "King's Wine" nowadays, to gladden sinking hearts? You cannot miss hearing about the "King's Wine." The Baron was always referring to it.

To-day, however, the Baron referred to nothing, but left to his wife the unlaborious task of entertaining their familiar guest. The entertainment was single; for many years it had been based, by mutual consent, upon alternate monologue.

"At last, then," emphasized the Baroness, slowly shaking

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