

philosopher may explore Paris from the tombs at St Denis to the crypts of the Panthéon, from the galleries of the Louvre to the shops in the Rue de Rivoli, from the Opera and Odéon to the Moulin Rouge and sham horrors of the cabarets of Montmartre—leaving Paris from the Gare du Nord he may look back at the white city under the blue sky with mingled regret and satisfaction—regret for the instructive days he has spent with her, satisfaction in that he knows her every stone; and yet, when some hours later in mid-Channel the coasts of France grow dim, he may leave behind him an undiscovered Paris—not monumental Paris, not political Paris, not Baedeker's Paris, not profligate Paris, not fashionable cosmopolitan Paris of the Right Bank, not Bohemian Anglo-American Paris of the Left Bank, but Paris as she knows herself—Paris of the Parisians.

“Virtues of which the mere foreign spectator has no notion are to be found in Paris of the Parisians. And the Parisian does not conceal them through *mauvaise honte*. Love of Nature, love of children, both absorb him; how regularly does he hurry into the country to sprawl on the grass, lunch by a lake, stare at the sunset, the stars and the moon; how frequently he admires the view from his window, the Jardin du Luxembourg and the Seine; how invariably he spoils his *gosse* or another's *gosse*, anybody's *gosse*, infant, boy or girl! He will go to the Luxembourg merely to watch them. He likes to see them dig and make queer patterns in the dust. He loves