

have no hats, and the "fruitiers," who have no cloaks, and the poor old flower women calling upon "madame" in her silks to buy their flowers—"Belles violettes—c'est pour rien, vingt sous!" for a crust of bread mayhap. Truly it has been said that small streams run down big ones. And here, even in the Rue de la Paix, do we find some going unclothed, unfed, and uncared for. The two extremes might strike one rather ironically, if it were not for the fact that the very poor of Paris seem to try themselves to keep their poverty and misery as much in the background as possible. Whatever little happiness they can enjoy they make as leaven that leaveneth the whole. They are smilingly cheerful in spite of their privations—and they have their reward.

E. E. P.