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London - I felt what it was to be a stranger in a strange land. True, by
good friends I was warmed and fed, both of which I needed, and not
until after having made the rounds of the student hotels and seeing me
comfortably settled did they leave me; yet I was depressingly lonesome.
How strange it was to have the power of understanding and being
understood suddenly withdrawn! The strangeness of it, perhaps, is what
made me feel so isolated.

How strange the city of Paris was, how different the sounds that came
to my eyrie from those in any other city I had ever been in! The clatter of
the wooden shoes on the stone pavement, the cries, the whistles, the
horns blown, the songs sung, each with its particular meaning, but to me
an incomprehensible din.

Strange that, after having been in Paris a week, I should find conditions
so to my liking that I completely forgot that when I left New York I had
made plans to study in Rome and was really on my way there when I
arrived in Paris. Then this little room of mine with its Empire bed and its
heavy hangings, its little wash-basin, with pitcher holding scarcely more
than a quart, its waxed floors, the linen sheets, so cold to one already
half-frozen, and that little fireplace holding a few small sticks and twigs,
fed with regrets, because so unproductive of heat--how I wished I could
get some of that escaping heat--it seemed to me that I should have
been willing to go upon the roof and sit upon the chimney top. It might
be smoky, but it must have been warmer, and for warmth, to be
thoroughly warm, I should be willing to do almost anything. Strange was
the manner of provisioning this fire, a few sticks brought in each night, in
a most respectable-looking bundle under my arm, or unwrapped under
the great flaps of my overcoat, thus saving the ruinous prices of my little
hotel.

Stranger still was the custom of no breakfast, at least no breakfast as
I had been brought up to think of breakfast. Breakfast meant to me
beefsteak or mutton chops, fried potatoes, hot griddle-cakes, etc., but
here not for love nor money could it be had. Breakfast for people who
were up betimes, as I was, was a cup of milk or coffee, with a roll, or a
soup's worth of break, eaten in a drafty doorway. Afterwards I found a
dimly lighted little cafe where it was warm, and where many students, on
their way to Julian's, stopped. Even in this cafe, it would have been such
a job to have gotten a couple of eggs that one soon abandoned the
struggle. Like thousands of others in almost all other respects, it had
across its door in large letters the words "English spoken." It was kept by
a sunny-faced, middle-aged French woman from Alsace--one of those
comfortable kind whose waist-line had long ago ceased to exist, but
whose heart was as warm as the steaming beverage she served. Asked
one day who it was that spoke the English she so largely advertised,
she replied with a merry laugh, "Oh, it's you, and you, and you, Messieurs, my clients, who speak English here."

The Academie Julian! Never had I seen or heard such bedlam--or
men waste so much time. Of course, I had come to study at such a cost
that every minute seemed precious and not to be frittered away. I had
often seen rooms full of tobacco smoke, but not as here in a room never
ventilated--and when I say never, I mean not rarely but never, during the
five or six months of cold weather. Never were windows opened. They
were nailed fast at the beginning of the cold season. Fifty or sixty men
smoking in such a room for two or three hours would make it so that
those on the back rows could hardly see the model.

Inconvenient to me also was the fact that in the Academie Julian they
had all the concours (the competitive examinations) on Sundays, and,
as I disliked this, I was at not a little disadvantage. I made a canvass of
the foreigners, but found no considerable number who were willing to
make any objections. At this time I had an idea that if any consideration number had petitioned for a change it would have been made. Now, as I look back and know more of the school, its traditions, and the French people, I am sure no number of foreigners could have inaugurated any change in the policy of the school, and my comrades, more in the current of things, very likely saw this. I, however, argued it with the secretary and, as he was a good friend, he agreed that, should I loyally follow out all the requirements save changing the day from Sunday to Monday, he would accept and place my sketch to be judged among the rest. This, however, he had not authority to do, and we were both startled at the unexpected turn of events. The subject given was the "Deluge" and, as I honestly followed out all the conditions of the concour, save the day, my sketch was included with all the others. The result was

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