

## THE KEY TO YESTERDAY

a broad vista of café-lined sidewalks. The life of the "*Boule Mich*" held no attraction for him. In his earlier days, he had known it from the river to the *Boulevard Montparnasse*. He knew its tributary streets, its lodgings, its schools and the life which the spirit of the modern is so rapidly revolutionizing from Bohemia's shabby capital to a conventionalized district. None of these things held for him the piquant challenge of novelty.

As he passed a certain café, which he had once known as the informal club of the Marton cult, he realized that here the hilarity was more pronounced than elsewhere. The boulevard itself was for squares a thread, stringing cafés like beads in a necklace. Each had its crowd of revelers; its boisterous throng of frowsy, velvet-jacketed, long-haired students; its laughing models; its inevitable brooding and despondent *absintheurs* sitting apart in isolated melancholy. Yet, here at the "*Chat Noir*," the chorus was noisier. Although the evening was chill, the sidewalk tables were by no means deserted. The Parisian proves his patriotism by his adherence to the out-door table, even if