

# "Broken" Americans getting on in Europe

## Men From the States, Not Millionaires, Pleasure Seekers or Students, Who Are Making a Living in Various Intellectual Ways

**P**ARIS, Sept. 1.—(Special correspondence of Sunday Oregonian).—An American who "had no German" worth mentioning was riding contentedly on the top of a motor bus in Berlin one day last summer.

He had climbed to the roof of the noisy lumbering vehicle confident that he knew what he was about, but his confidence had been short lived. Instead of the buildings and streets he should have passed on the route he had "traveled over repeatedly, only unfamiliar objects met his eye. Clearly he was going far out of the way, and hoping against hope, he turned wearily to one after another of his fellow passengers for information, but none of them could understand his questions.

Just as he was about to leave the bus in despair and try to pick his way on foot a voice so welcome that he forgot to be surprised for a moment, although the accent

was an astounding one to hear just then and just there, smote his ear.

"Lost your way, boss?" inquired the voice. "Specs I c'n tell you jess whatcher wanter to know, Cunnel, if you done tote me all about it."

Turning again, the American saw just behind him a real American dorker, black as asphalt, clad in a "uniform" distinctly German in cut and whose happy grin at being able to do a fellow traveler from the States a service, was as genuine as the voice and accent.

"You ain't on the 'right bus exactly, Judge," went on the American child of Africa; "but you c'n get to youah place all right if you stay heah till yer pass four month strasses and den transfer. I'll tell you when."

"Yes," he explained, "Ise from St. Louis, but Ise a member of de world's American Colony in Berlin now. I come heah two years ago wid my boss. He done took sick and die sudden like, an' now I got a job wid a German gunman, an' Ise goin' to stay wid 'em. Talk much like the States, but I'm gittin' on 't' de talk, an' it'll do till I save 'nough marks to git home wid or run ergin' an American good Samaritan dat wantes to hire a man an' is goin' back an' 'll pay my way, too. Heah's de place to transfer, sah."

"Thank you, sah, thank you kindly, sah; bitte, bitte," he wound up, as the man he had set right provided two of the marks that would be needed for the long voyage home.

In his unassuming way this ebony American represented a big class of American residents abroad who rarely get into the papers, because they neither take long auto trips over Europe, buy counterfeit old masters, swipe souvenirs, nor make asses of themselves by abusing or praising unduly the foreign land they chance to be in. Finding themselves stranded, far from home, Americans of still another type go to the Consul and beg, or try to beg, enough money to buy a ticket to America; but these hunt work to do and earn their way. Some of them go home as soon as they can get sufficiently ahead of the game, while others seem to have anchored themselves more or less permanently "abroad," and are making their living, as the natives make theirs, in the occupations the country affords.



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dictation and he has not thought seriously of returning to his native land as yet. He began on 40 marks a week, which is a little under \$10, but he now gets twice as much and earns another \$10 weekly on the average, some of it by "extra" typewriting, but mostly teaching English to Berliners.

Among his pupils he numbers a baron, a university professor, two or three teachers of lesser grade and some young German business men, who mean either to go to America some time or to use English as they are taught it in doing business with Americans in Berlin.

The young American's methods with his pupils are not like those of the schools, and he uses no grammar book; just talks with them in English and reads American books and newspapers with them, beginning always with simple easy words and phrases, such as "The grass is green," which is not so very different from "Das gras ist gruen," and means the same thing.

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CHARLES DANA GIBSON AND HIS CHILDREN

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PAUL BARTLETT AND HIS STATUE OF ISRAEL PUTNAM



4TH OF JULY DINNER OF THE AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION, PARIS



TANNER THE AMERICAN CARTOONIST WHO HAS MADE HIS WAY IN PARIS WITH THE BRUSH

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### Teaching Barons East Side English.

Since the day he met the St. Louis dorker in Berlin, the traveling American mentioned above has run across a number of this latter class in various European cities. One of them runs a typewriter in a big Berlin business concern with an extensive American correspondence, and adds to his income by doing extra work at night in English "on the machine" for such of his travelling fellow countrymen as need him and are so fortunate as to find him.

He is a New Yorker born, with English of a pretty well developed East Side accent. He came to Paris in 1899 for a firm that had an exhibit at the Fair. His pay was not overly large, and he spent as he got it, seeing the sights of the French capital. When the Exhibition was over he drew his home passage money from his employer, but decided to remain here enough longer to see a few more things. Before he knew it most of his passage money was gone also, and he went to the Consul, not to borrow money, but to get help in looking for a job.

"If you can pay your way to Berlin," said the Consul, "I'll give you a letter that will get you a job, providing you can use the typewriter."

The young man could; he went to Berlin by the first train and was received with enthusiasm. He wasn't much of a typewriter, to tell the truth, and he didn't write shorthand at all, but the American member of the firm found him a veritable godsend. After seven years the young American still holds the place; he never has learned shorthand, but his re-writing is now rapid enough for let-

### Paying His Own Way in Munich.

There isn't a pluckier chap from the States in any of the American colonies "abroad" than Louis F. Mueller, born of German parents in Indianapolis.

Before he was a dozen years old he had an overwhelming desire to be an artist. He isn't much over 20 today and no one knows better than he that he has a long road to travel before he can reach the goal he is striving for, but he has made plenty of headway already, thanks to his nerve, his faith in himself and his future, and his willingness to work. Some day he will be heard from, unless I am mistaken.

His father died when the boy was in his teens. His mother carried on the family business like the thrifty German-American frau that she is. In time the youngster got a small situation in the bank, but all the while he was drawing pictures in odd moments and at night, and all the while his mother was in fear that some day he would follow his own bent and "study art," as he told her often that he meant to do.

Being thirty like his mother, he saved

### part of his wages every week. One day some two or three years ago he counted up and found that he had enough to leave his mother part of his hoard, pay his way across the seas, and have a little left to start his career as an art student in Munich, where the traveling American mentioned above met him on the way south from Berlin.

Young Mueller reached Munich with almost no money in his pocket. He applied for a place as kitchen boy or anything else an untrained hand who spoke German-American could do at several of the various of the Munich hotels, but without success, and then he went to the American Consul as so many others have gone before and since. Not to borrow money, though, not he. He asked for help to get a job, no matter how small the pay, if only it were big enough to buy food with for a while, since his clothes would last a long time. It so happened that just then the Consul was short of clerical help, and as young Mueller's bank training had made him an excellent penman, he went to work in the Consul's office without much delay.

Then he applied for a place as a student in the Government Art School. His application received scant courtesy at first; it was not possible for him to qualify, the authorities said, having had such scant advantages as his had been. But they sang another song when they saw him draw, and since then he has more than justified the admission, for he has won more than one prize and is looked upon as bound to be one of themselves eventually by more than one of the

### Munich artists who have already "arrived."

What Mueller considers his greatest piece of luck arrived in Munich one day along with an editor who was looking for both for illustrations by Munich artists and some one to represent his publication after he had gone back to the States. Naturally, like most of us in a foreign land, he, too, went to the Consul's office, and naturally the Consul recommended young Mueller. This gave Mueller a second income, modest, of course, but his expenses being light enough to make him feel almost rich, and since it began he has "nothing to worry him at all," as he ingeniously phrases it.

Numerically the American colony in Paris leads all the others in Continental European cities, as a matter of course. Leaving out the art and music students, 800 at least, most of whom will return to America some time, especially if successful—most of them won't be, by the way—from 3000 to 5000 Americans of nearly all grades are practically permanent Parisian residents today. They are earning various incomes, varying from \$2,000 a year down to \$5 or 40 francs a week, which is the same as \$7 or \$20 or less than \$300 a year. But, of course, the \$2,000 which are mighty scarce and very far apart. They are the heads of firms and companies heavily capitalized with American, British or French money, some of them with all three.

In more ways than one Lawrence V. Benet, president of the American Chamber of Commerce, stands very well with the hustling gang of Americans who are using new world methods carrying on

### their business in this big, contradictory French metropolis, at once far-ahead and far behind the metropolis at the Hudson's mouth. Benet is a young man, being only 47, but he is at the head of the Hotchkiss Ordnance Company, which makes rapid-fire guns by the hundred for half the governments of Europe, but none for our own. The settlement in Paris was not preceded by any period of financial stress, however. He came naturally into the Ordnance business, since his father was an instructor in Ordnance for some years at West Point, and while yet a youngster Lawrence V. became an expert in the matter of guns.

The Hotchkiss works and Hotchkiss officers have comparatively few American employees, for the reason, among others, that the pay is so much less than in the States, although there isn't the slightest doubt that American employers would jump at the chance to get American employees who could speak French if they could hire them. It is quite natural that the American Chamber of Commerce should be the rendezvous of most Americans, and that both President Benet and Charles H. Becker, secretary for the last five years, should be popular with them.

Of engineers of various sorts, electric, sanitary and mechanical, there are 50 or more, and first-class at that, earning as good incomes as men of their grade would earn at home, since the best ability is well paid here, even if the ability of lower grades is not.

Ever since the days of the famous Dr. Evans, the Empress Eugenie's tooth doctor, American dentistry has been at a

### premium in Paris, as in most other European cities, and from the signs reading "American Dentist," you would think that there were hundreds of specialists in teeth from America here. Yet not many more than 20 are registered, and some of them are Cubans, Canadians, Irishmen and even Frenchmen, who have studied in Philadelphia. They are all doing pretty well, however; some of them even better than the American attorneys.

At first breath you might wonder what an American attorney could find to do in Paris, since only French citizens can practice before the French courts, and the one thing most Americans who are either living or traveling in Europe.

But as a matter of fact the American attorneys here have plenty to do and get fat fees for doing it. They draw up contracts and leases, they act as commissioners of deeds in various estates and manage to make themselves mighty handy to thousands of Americans who are either living or traveling in Europe.

Every American attorney of ability makes connection with a French law firm as a matter of course, so that should an American client get into trouble here there would be a way to represent him before the French courts, and most of the American attorneys have posted themselves thoroughly in the ins and outs of French practice. There have been two instances also of Americans becoming French lawyers; one of the Seligmans, now dead, who had a big practice and preceded by the family banking interests, and Frederick Allan.

Allan is of American birth and voted for Garfield. He studied law in the States and was admitted to the bar there. Then he came to France, which, being of French extraction, he considered his home, and served his time in the French army. That made him eligible to enter the legal profession here so he studied French law, was admitted and has a fine practice as an international attorney today.

There are fewer resident American writers and editors in Paris than in London, although there are some here, mostly correspondents of the big American dailies, while Richard Wallace, the art manager of Hachette & Co., the biggest publishing house in France, is an American born and bred.

Valerian Grubayedoff, an American of Russian descent, whose signature, "V. G.," used to be familiar on American newspaper illustrations, is also a member of the working colony from the States in Paris. It was he who introduced news illustrations in the New York daily papers. Later he did the same thing here, and he is now painting by his nature.

In London there is quite a colony of literary Americans, and the managing editor of the London Express, Pearson's up-to-date morning newspaper, is of American birth. London's American colony is larger than the one in Paris, though American pleasure-seekers are not so numerous there as here. But London is not a continental city.

Curiously enough, two of the best-known, most characteristically French artists just now were born in the United States. They are Stuart Merrill and Vile-Griffin, son of General Vile, once president of the New York Park Board. Both write for the Mercure de France, and both have published successful volumes; their verses are recited often in salons, where they are regarded with much enthusiasm. Both write more or less in the prevailing decadent vein.

Several of the world's most famous artists, who are counted of high grade, even in this capital of art, despite their American birth, are living as fixtures at Giverny, about an hour's railroad ride out of Paris. The Giverny colony includes the sculptor Macmonnies, whose "Bacchante and Child" was rejected by

### Boston a few years ago, but accepted by New York; Mark Hopkins, the sculptor, and Frieseke, the painter. These men have beautiful places at Giverny, and, especially as Americans will buy much more readily the work of Americans who paint abroad than that of those who paint at home, they are certainly to remain French residents, although retaining their citizenship.

Paul Bartlett, whose status of Lafayette, presented to Paris by American school children, is considered good stuff by the countrymen of Rodin, Bridgman, who long ago was made a Legion of Honor man and recently has been made an officer in that honorary order, although many high-grade French painters are not recognized to that extent, and Julian Stuart, the Philadelphia painter whose ability with the brush has long been recognized as far beyond the point of cleverness, are fixtures here.

Charles Dana Gibson, who has given up pen work for the brush, is also living in Paris, and so is Tanner, the octofoil, whose ability with the brush has made the Parisians forget the color of his skin, as they forget Dumas because of his magic pen.

The Paris-American Art Association—Rodman Wannamaker, president—bears about the same relation to the American artists and art students here that the American Chamber of Commerce does to the American business men in Paris. The association numbers about 500. In one of today of a man of 48 who has been here three or four years, who, just after the San Francisco earthquake, applied to the Paris San Francisco Relief Association for financial aid, when it came out that he was being supported by a sister who earned her living by pounding typewriter keys and could not continue to do so until after the shaken and burned metropolis of the Pacific Coast had found itself again and she could resume her employment. The association helped him for a while, but cut off his allowance when it was learned that his ability was so slight that no one thinks he ever can win in the artistic field.

Finding it probable that he would starve if he remained here, he promised to go back to the United States or to Norway, where he had relatives; but after his ticket was bought for the latter country, he received a draft from his devoted sister, who had been able to go to work again and divided her first month's pay with him. He is still here.

The pathos in his story is all on the side of the sister, who with blind faith supports him, but in the case of some of the women students, particularly with those who are studying music, there is pathos and despair on both sides; in America, where their families are scrimping and mortgaging to keep the students here, and in Paris, where sooner or later they are bound to find out the magnitude of their mistake in coming here at all. Some of them break their hearts when they discover the truth, and some of them do worse.

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The Norse Christian name Haakon and the English family name Hawkin or Hawkins come from the same root, and are pronounced in the same fashion.