



BY STERLING HEILIG. PARIS, April 4.—The Moulin Rouge has burned down. Laughter and music had already ceased in the famous Parisian resort.

Good girls sewed for the army in its dance hall. A short circuit did the rest.

So ends the Moulin, in the odor of sanctity. The smoke of its burning is incense to the patrie.

The Moulin Rouge! The name will throw into reverie men on the pampas of the Argentine, the steppes of Russia and the prairies of Iowa.

When you met a real duke or marquis, therefore, you said: "Tiens, it's you!" There were clerks from the department stores who did that, too.

There was Ninl-patte-en-l'air and her young puppets. There was Rayon d'Or (the Ray of Gold) and La Goulue (the Glutton), Momo Fromage (Cheese Baby), Grille d'Egout (the Sewer-grating), and that slender, long-legged Melinite, who always danced alone, dance-crazy.

Once came to Paris my cousins from Bethlehem, Pa., a foremost austere family. The first evening, after dinner in the gloaming, with the uncle (white goatee), severe and thoughtful, Dewey

and I offered him his choice of the Eiffel Tower or the Morgue by moonlight. It was in the Champs Elysee. Anxiously, I walked between him and the lights of the cafes-chantants. Dewey proposed the grand opera. I suggested the top of a bus. "No," said the elder, "we can do those tomorrow. Isn't there a place they call the Moulin Rouge?" Later he added: "Do not tell the family."

The next evening we took the two girls for ice cream at the Round Point. They were loath to strall back and would see the lights of Paris beautiful. We offered them the Boulevard, a cab ride in the avenues, beneath the locust blooms, to end with more ice cream and music in some cafe fit for girls from Wellesley. "No," they answered, "we can do all that with mamma. Isn't there a place they call the Moulin Rouge?" We nearly got mobbed that night. Later they suggested: "Don't tell papa."

Out! It was over. The third evening, strolling with the aunt (strict, stern and vigilant, objecting to tobacco), we just followed in the Concorde, we watched the fountain, "Haro," I said, "Marie Antoinette was beheaded." And beside the Tuilleries Garden: "Here the Swiss guard was shot down." She muttered: "Babylon!" As time passed, she grew grimmer. I grew footsore and suggested tea at the Neapolitan.

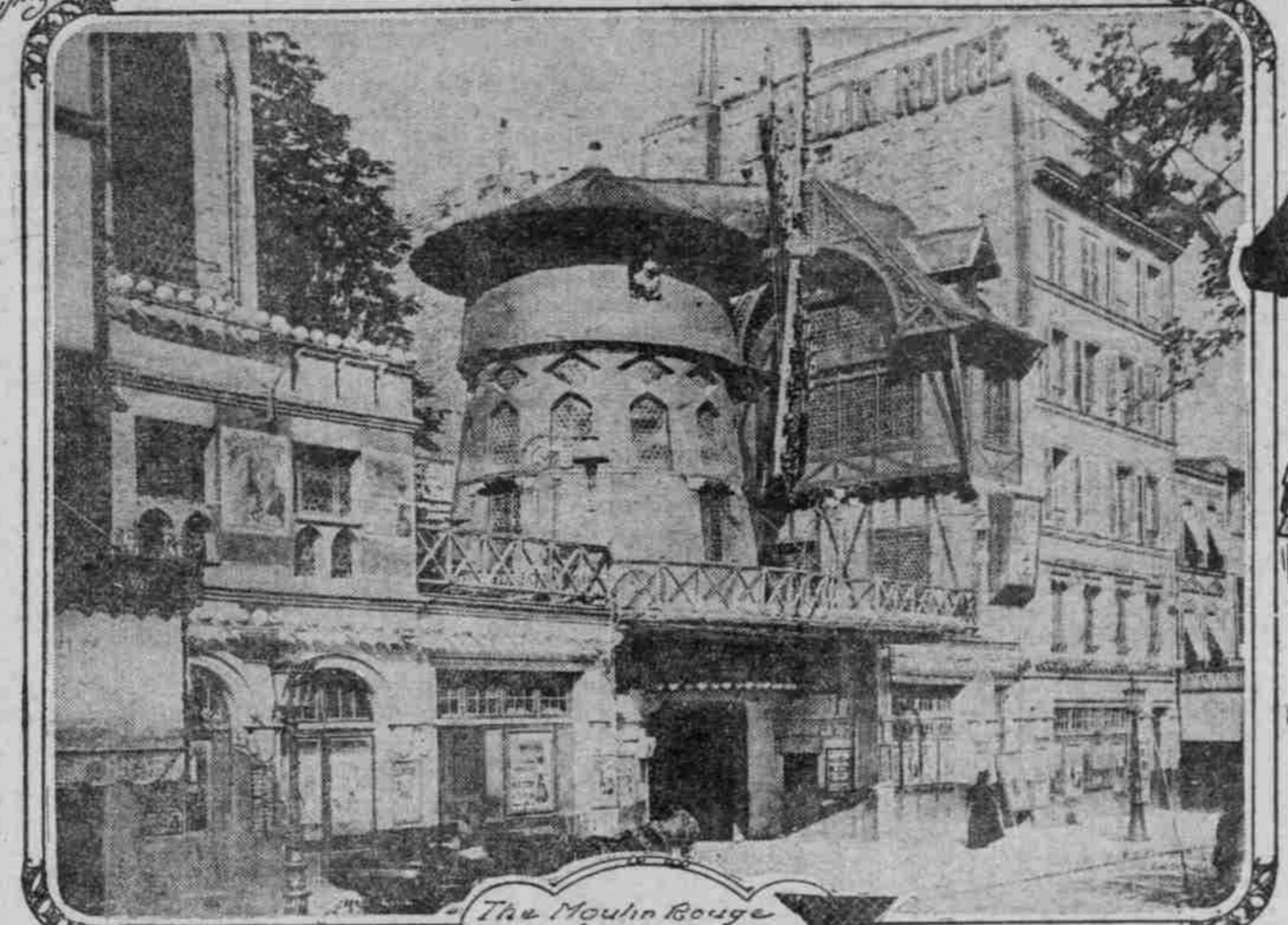
Crash! Bang! The great quadrille! The Moulin was a red mill in the grand old days of repose, before the modern dance revival. So the public stood around, and sat around, and strolled around, while experts did the grand quadrille, or Valentin the Boneless waited his ladies.

There was Ninl-patte-en-l'air and her young puppets. There was Rayon d'Or (the Ray of Gold) and La Goulue (the Glutton), Momo Fromage (Cheese Baby), Grille d'Egout (the Sewer-grating), and that slender, long-legged Melinite, who always danced alone, dance-crazy. All are grandmothers today. They invented the "eccentric quadrille." It makes me feel old. Every tourist saw it.

As years passed, the dancers changed,

# MOULIN ROUGE, WORLD-FAMOUS DANCE HALL, IS NO MORE

## Destruction of Parisian Resort Recalls Frivolities of the Past.



versation like this for two stolid Brit- islers is worth a cup of coffee. While the conversation sparkled, saucers kept increasing on the little table. Other girls came up and slipped their saucers to the conversation lists, till Bertie whispered to his chum:

"I say, old chappie, are we supposed to pay for them all? It is a swindle."

"They are on our table."

"It's the girls' table."

"Then why should we bother?"

It bothered Bertie and Augustus. Something deep inside them whispered to the hardy English that they could not quit the table with the saucers unpaid, although two words of explanation with the waiter would relieve them of all obligation. Sullenly, they paid, and walked off.

"It's not right, you know," they grumbled; and, in reply, a thing less right came to them.

"You have torn my skirt!" remarked a brunette beauty, turning gracefully on Bertie. "Why promenade on ladies' skirts?"

She lifted up the skirt's edge and studied it.

The crowd took up the study.

"Oh, those English!—'He will indignantly her!—'Not he!—'Look at those feet!'"

Bertie protested: "I felt nothing."

"He felt nothing!" the crowd roared.

"This is painful," said Augustus.

"Can't we square her? Will she take twenty francs?"

The young woman accepted thirty, and the crowd melted. Of course, someone had stepped on the skirt. But was it Bertie? I think not, because each night skirt accidents made gayety.

"They really make their living by such tricks," said a French friend, expert in promenade. "What chance has that big mine from South Africa to sit alone ten minutes?"

He pointed to a husky, well-dressed man of clean Anglo-Saxon get-up, smoking a good cigar at a little table. But there was no time to make a bet.

"Monsieur, you have our table! laughed two young women.

The South African got up, scared, to run.

"No, Julie, we ought not to drive this monsieur from us," chirped the other. "Monsieur, since you are so gallant, you may sit a moment at our table. Do you love flowers? Ah, the beautiful bouquet!"

The Moulin Rouge has lived.

The girls who strung strings, swindling strangers, sat there, sewing for the soldiers.

Now and then, a tear dropped from the eye of a Anglaise.

And a short circuit did the rest.

The Moulin Rouge burned—incense to the patrie!

## STORIES AND PICTURES FOR THE LITTLE ONES

### WHEN DOROTHY DRESSED UP

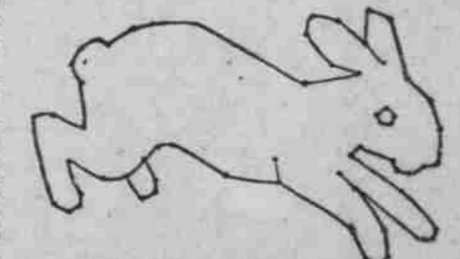
IT was a rainy afternoon. Mamma and Aunt Helen, who was visiting them for a few days, had gone down town to do some very necessary shopping and had left little Dorothy all alone in the house. Alone, that is, except for old black Aunt Sophia, who was busy in the kitchen with her pots and pans.

For quite a while Dorothy played with her doll and looked at her picture books. Then she wandered out to the kitchen; but Aunt Sophia was in a bad humor and told her to "skeddadle outer heah an' not pester me none!"

Goodness me, how she wished mamma and Aunt Helen would return; particularly because Aunt Helen had told Dorothy she would bring her some candy. So Dorothy sat on the hall stairs for a while and kicked her little feet up and down and decided that she was a very miserable, lonely little girl.

Presently Dorothy had an idea! Yes, she would do it! It was true her mamma had forbidden her ever "dressing up" in any of mamma's clothes. But Dorothy told herself, mamma had never said anything—not even a single word—about Aunt Helen's clothes. And that made all the difference in the world! Of course she could wear them. That wouldn't be disobeying at all! Aunt Helen's clothes weren't mamma's, were they? Of course not.

So Dorothy scampered upstairs and into the guestroom which Aunt Helen was occupying during her visit. She opened the door of the closet, and her eyes fairly danced with excitement, peered in.



Solution to Animal Puzzle.

### LITTLE BETTY MARTIN

(It Happened in April.) IT was about the middle of April when General G— and his band of redcoats stationed themselves near Lexington. Not many miles away from that city a little rebel named Betty Martin was out in the fields calling the cows in for the night.

"Cush-a-cush-a!" cried Betty, encircling her mouth with her hands. "Come, Reddy; come, Spotty."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" came a gruff laugh by her side. Betty looked up and saw a red-coated soldier looking down at her and laughing insolently.

"The child had heard of the 'red-coats,' but this was her first experience with one of them, and not knowing their mission nor their manners, she was quite unafraid.

"Go away, please," she said sweetly. "The bull may scare at the sight of your red coat."

### WHEN SHAKESPEARE WAS A BOY

WHEN Shakespeare was a boy they say that things were different from today. There were no steam cars then, you know, for people to go to and fro; there no bricks upon the street; to keep the mud from people's feet; and then on dark and stormy nights they didn't have electric lights.

When Shakespeare entered London town he saw no Zeppelins swooping down from out the sky, nor did he see the submarines that sweep the sea;

And Shakespeare's calling equipage was no machine from a garage; I think he would have died of fright if taxi cabs had come in sight.

There were no telephones like now for folks to talk; and I'll allow that wireless, and telegraph would just have made Bill Shakespeare laugh. I wonder what would Shakespeare say if he could come to earth today, for life for us holds greater joy than when Bill Shakespeare was a boy.

Little Johnny was ill. Indeed little Johnny had been desperately ill. But little Johnny neither had been nor was too ill to be vastly concerned over any chance to get something for nothing.

### OUR PUZZLE CORNER

#### ANIMAL PUZZLE.



This little girl is trying to catch something. See if you can complete the picture and show what she is after, by connecting the dots with a pencil.

ENIGMA. My first is in read but not in spell, My second is in mountain but not in dell;

HIDDEN STATES. I say, Ida, hold on to the car

ANSWERS. ENIGMA: Radius. HIDDEN STATES: Idaho, Iowa, Illinois, Maryland, Delaware.