

Laura Comments on French Cookery and Learns to Eat Boiled Eggs. are in an excellent hotel. Not such a long menu Rouen, August 15, 1922. Here we are in Rouen, and I am wishing I had my Mark Twain to read over again. I should like to read it on the spot as it were. It is a delightful city, full of very old houses, and the finest pure Gothic architecture in France. The Cathedral is the least fine. Two other churches far surpass it, and also the Palais de Justice, But I am going to leave Rouen and jump back. I am going to make this a letter of miracles and tell you or the things I have learned to like to eat. When I have complained of too much to eat at nome, I hadn't been to France, but then alevan to levism the thief of maryels the French eat far too much. The notels of Sorren Edd! And liked it. France are all European plan of course. That I now. To tell the truth, I was rather driven approve, but when it comes to two kinds of fish reday bas eggdqso belied to valuitaeque à vo il or and two kinds of meat at every meal, I rebel. Toast sutton, nevertheless the deed is done. True How they do it for the prices they charge, I elilag in Europe is not without its benefits. don't know, but still our view onprices may be After sating many over-large meals in France onesided, for we profit so by the exchange. ene wanders if the food shortage was as we picture When arlarge, deliciously cooked meal costs ten francs, that means now about eighty cents, normally two dollars, which is quite different, Still, I am quite sure that the ten france in

normal times would be five. Here in Rouen we are in an excellent hotel. Not such a long menu as before, but marvellously cooked, everything costing two dollars and fifty cents a day. Also in France ten per cent is added to your bill for tips, which is the right method, for it is evenly distributed thruout the establishment.

Well, I like beans, string beans! Whether it's the French beans that are more delicate, or the way they are cooked, or what, I don't know, but I like them. Also I ate liver the other day, and all kinds of fish, which are most delicious over here. Such mackerel, almost like shad, and plaice, and sole, and lobster, even shrimp. But don't faint, but marvel of marvels, I have eaten a BOLLED EGG! And liked it. Would like another right now. To tell the truth, I was rather driven to it by a superfluity of boiled cabbage and watery roast mutton, nevertheless the deed is done. Trayeling in Europe is not without its benefits.

After eating many over-large meals in France, one wanders if the food shortage was as we pictured it, or merely comparative, for peasants and all eat enormously.

There is so much of interest here in Rouen.
We found one old building yesterday in which Fran-

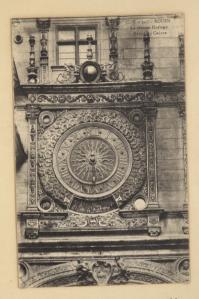
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This is our home for a week. (Just beyond the clock) The Big Clock, which has no minute hand and strikes sweetly out of tune every fifteen minutes. It was thru this shop window that I first spied my salad bowl.



The Grosse Horloge from the other side. The entrance to our hotel is where the man stands facing you.



The face of the clock is all red and gold. One can only tell by the strike what time it is. There are two notes for a quarter past, four for half past, six for a quarter to, and eight for the hour. The three quarter strike is very plaintive.





Beside the architectural treasures, Rouen is full of the dearest, quaintest, old, old houses you ever saw. Streets of them just like this.



This is the other side of the old house on the last card. This street emanates history. It was right here that Joan went in to be tried, and she must have walked this street many a weary time.



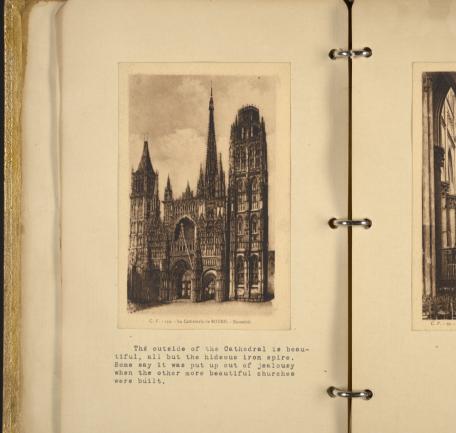
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This is alled Joan's Tower. It is all that is left or the omstle, and it is supposed that it was another tower, not this, in which she was imprisoned. It doesn't matter, the tower existed when she did, and might just as well be the one.



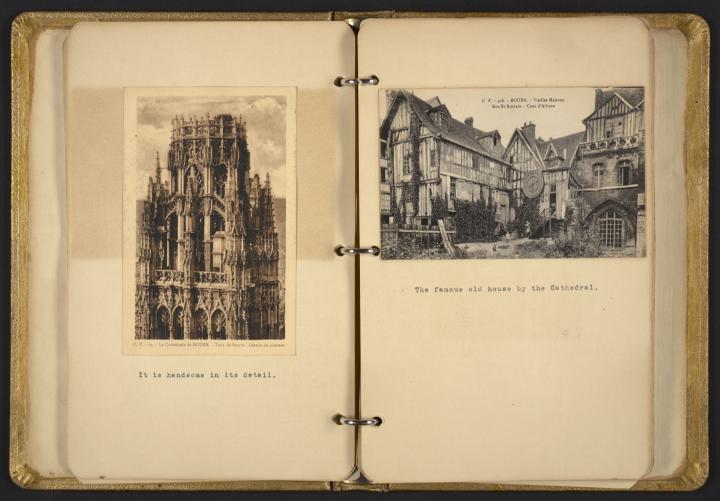
The "Butter-Tower", so-called because the people gave up using butter during Lent, in order to build this tower!

And right in front are always stalls and stalls of gorguous flowers. Can you imagine how beautiful it is?











This is all very beautiful together.

cis First lived. Also some wonderful sculpture reliefs all over the <u>outside</u>. Scenes of early French-English conflict and peace, and all over again.

In the market-place is a stone on the sidewalk, when Joan was burned. One very old house left in the square that must have witnessed it. We also saw the house in which she was tried.

And there is a museum here with a marvel of a Puvis de Chavannes mural. One of his finest, and also two very fine Corots, and three very fine Peruginos.

There are delightful shops here. Yesterday we rummaged around and an antiquated antique shop, and found some very nice old plates for my studio. So now I have added another something to carry. I might as well bring home a dog and a pair of parrots and have done with it.

to take the trip to Scotland. It would have to be hurried and we have had just about all the study travel we can digest. So we go to some place in the country for ten days, then Oxford and London. It will be such fun going back to London, the I hate to miss Scotland.

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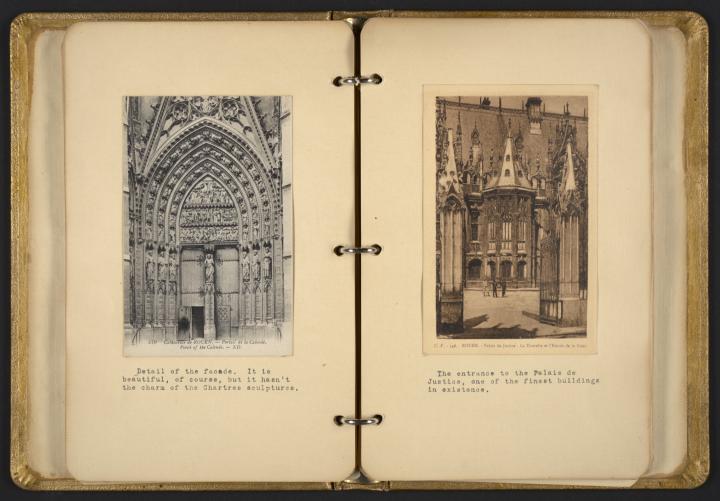


A handsome tomb.

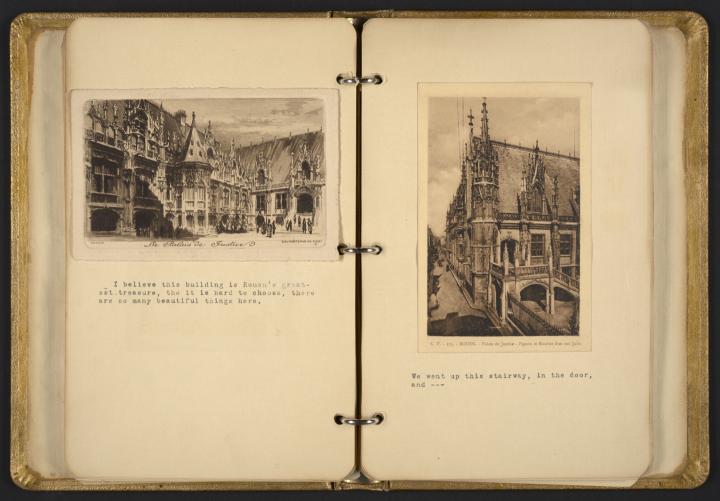




-This shows the great height of the iron spire.















The facade of the Cathedral is its most beautiful feature. It is exquisite in its delicacy.



The side entrance, which is lovely. You enter thru a long narrow court, a very old house to the right.

Laura Returns to England, but her Minds Wanders Back to France, and is only recalled by the Arrival of her Prints for the London Salon.

Canterbury, August 25, 1922.

Here we are back in England, Came yesterday from Amiens. We survived the crossing without succumbing, tho many did, but were rather limp today. Canterbury is charming, what we've seen, which isn't much yet, but soon we shall wander further down "Curve Again Lane". We explored the Cathedral pretty thoroly this morning, It is most beautiful. So utterly different from the French cathedrals. Each of course has its beauties. Canterbury teems in history. Old historic houses on every side. * * * * * * * August 29th. My prints arrived just in form time to deliver them to the Salon. There were stacks of packages and Mr. Mortimer told me there were five thousand enties. Of these they choose three to four hundred. I don't envy the juries.

My mind today is wandering back all over and France. I think I have described to the best in of my poor ability everything up to Rouen. Oh, Rouen! Beautiful city, steeped in art, intrigue, crime, and remorse.

We arrived after dark on the thirteenth

of August. We dimly saw the Seine as we crossed it, then a few short blocks and we were at the Hotel du Nord. As we went to bed we heard close by the striking of the great clock, and we went to sleep with minds full of rich expectations, not only to be fulfilled, but surpassed. The next morning we found the entrance to our hotel was just under the great clock. Its face is richly painted in red and blue and gold. At one end of the same street is the Cathedral, at the other the market-place where Joan was burned.

architecture! 1, The Cathedral. 2. The Palais de Justice. 5. Eglise St. Ouen. 4. Eglise St. Maclou. 5. Hotel Bourgtheroulde. 6. Several smaller churches. 7. Many wonderful old houses.

8. A fine museum with a marvelous Puvis de Chavannes mural. 9.A gemoof a museum with all sorts of metal-work marvellously arranged in the wonderful setting of a disused Gothic church. Can you imagine anything more fitting? Beautiful hand-wrought iron lamps, grilles, signs, firebacks, every conceivable kind of implement, each a work of art. We came twice to this beautiful place and revelled in it. Yhere were many old signs from Cafés, ages old, and here are some of



This building is remarkable, for its outside walls are covered with relief. The ones on the tower are symbolic, those on the side illustrate the Treaty of the Cloth of Gold.



One feels a sense of closeness to that romantic and tragic little woman, France's greatest hero, it seems to me. To see the places where she made so brave a struggle against such . vile intrigue and misused power. It will take the Catholic Church mare than making her a saint to atone, if atonement for such a deed is possible. The endless making of saints, of martyrs! Will the world ever learn to think before such acts of violence. How much better is it today. Some, I pray, but not enough. The thousands of martyss who gave their lives so lately! They are as deserving of being made saints as many. I am pessimistic and gloomy over the feel of things here. Everybody expects another war. The very fact that the Allies were not instantly unanimous over peace settlements seems to me to spell something wrong on our side. And what will the next war be? An attempt to annihilate a whole nation, everybody. Can it be prevented? Possibly, by great men from America who can see far enough ahead. Let us pray they will see and



This Church, only a few blocks from the Oathedral, is quite as large and more beautiful inside. The facade is too new, and gives the feeling of having been copied from something else. A few hundred years from now when it is worn a bit it will be beautiful.



Think of one moderate sized town having two giant cathedrals like this, and several smaller ones just as beautiful!



This tower suggests the Butter Tower of the Cathedral.



The inside of St.-Ouen is far more beautiful than the Cathedral.

There is a quality in the stone that is very beautiful.



Another beautiful bit of Gothic architecture such as can be seen at every turn in this wonderful city.



The Siene and Rouen from a neighboring hill.



C. F. - 269. - ROUEN. - Pont Transporteur (Systeme P. Arnous

This strange bridge can be crossed tho you may not think so. You see Rouen is a great of city of export and many boats come up here, so they must have a high bridge or none at all. There is a suspension car that travels across on a level with the bank.

