



Marvin Cone's Diary

June – August 1920

MARVIN CONE'S 1920 DIARY

From June through August 1920, Marvin Cone and his friend Grant Wood spent the summer in Europe, primarily painting in and around Paris. Cone kept a brief diary of his (and frequently Wood's) daily activities. It has been transcribed here, maintaining Cone's punctuation and writing style.

June 5

Leave C.R. on local train at noon—Arrive Chicago 8 P.M. Y.M.C.A. Hotel—Big crowds—G.O.P. convention—Boulevards gaily decorated—We have a corner room on 16th floor—interesting view. Lots of fun adjusting money belts.

June 6-(Sunday).

Breakfast at the Cafeteria—Bus ride up on the north shore—Very enjoyable[.] Took L train out to Chicago University where we heard Bishop McDowell—Dinner at Institute lunch room. American water color show on—also pictures by Ritman. Met Constance at 4 oclock—auto ride out on north shore again & then out on south side. A pleasant time. Parted with agreement to meet the next day at the Institute. Grant and I ate at the YMCA for supper & in the evening strolled up & down Mich. Blvd. Met Cooke, whom we had encountered the day before. Spent a few moments at the Institute again—Shower & to bed.

June 7

Got steamship ticket for return trip—also rr. ticket & birth for Montreal—Also checked our trunks through after packing away paint & brushes. Saw both French & British consuls for their visas—no trouble. Spent most of the afternoon at the YM & at 5 oclock went to the Institute where I met Constance—(In the forenoon Grant & I had visited the school & met old friends Mason [?] Forsberg & Phillnel both gave me addresses in Paris).

Took Constance to the LaSalle Hotel for dinner—a most enjoyable little girl—talks intelligently—We chat over the table until time to go to the show at the Studebaker—"Greenwich Village Follies"—a non-sensical affair but well staged & very very laughable. Home with Constance out at 73rd St & back to YMCA Hotel at 2 AM!!

June 8

Did not leave hotel until 10:30—Walked over to Institute & visited down in the old school until 11:30 when I met Constance—We ate at the Institute Cafeteria. After lunch took some photos up near the columns at the end of Grant Park & then to a movie show at Orchestra Hall. Bum show but pleasant company—Said goodbye at 4:20—hastened to YM Hotel—met Grant & we went to IC station. Train left at 5:40. We lunched before leaving. On the sleeper at night.

June 9

Woke up in Canada & put in a most tiresome day on a duty train. Scenery quite monotonous except for an occasional little lake. Got stung on box lunch! Read, slept & fidgeted all the way to Montreal, which city we reached at 5:20 P.M. I had asked a preacher on the train about the hotels & he informed me that we might obtain rooms at the Western College [Wesleyan Theological Seminary?]
—a theological school out a little bit from the downtown district. We checked our grips, went out to investigate, found things very fine—a good room with 2 cots for 75¢ per night! Returned to town for grips & supper & then lugged our baggage out to the school. Shower & to bed. Sleeping in a theological seminary in a strange city is an episode not to be lightly viewed! Fine sleep.

June 10

Breakfasted and then endeavored to locate Miss Heyberger at the different hotels. Found that she had been at Queens but had checked out. Wandered down toward the river front through a rather squalid part of town, & after a good bit of questioning we finally located the Corrican at Shed 7. Made inquiries regarding sailing etc & then wandered back to the heart of town by a different route, passing through the French section & then the Chinese section—very dirty but interesting. Dinner at Childs restaurant & then a sight-seeing ride about the mountain on an observation car—not much to see but quite a ride.

At 5 P.M. we met Higleys at the R.R. station & took them out to the Seminary where they found some rooms.

June 11

Ate breakfast with Higleys & then all of us went down through the foreign quarters of Montreal to the docks. In the afternoon Grant & I sketched down on the wharves—Met Mr. Higley after dinner & we went to a movie show.

June 12

Sailing Day! Up at 5:30—Breakfasted again with Higleys—Street car to docks on account of heavy grips—Everything O.K. Met the Poore's [Dr. A. B. Poore] on the boat. Enjoyed the 3 hours before the boat sailed—much bustle & excitement. The steamship "Canada" pulled out just ahead of us—a big boat—also the Saturnia—Everyone excited as the boat pulls away & great crowds on the docks waved us goodbye. Dinner much enjoyed altho there was a deal of confusion as no one had been assigned regular seats at table. The whole day was passed enjoying the fine scenery which accompanied us down the river—The boat rides very smoothly—We pass village after village—Our permanent places at the table were assigned at the dinner time & we enjoyed a very fine meal. The immense bridge just a few miles west of Quebec attracted a deal of interest as it seemed that our masts would certainly strike the center span. Spontaneous clapping accompanied the passing of the ship under the colossal span. I was much impressed by the size of this monster bridge. It was dark when we reached Quebec but the hundreds of lights in the city & along the lively river front illuminated the town & made quite a fairyland of it. Everyone on deck to enjoy the view. Weather fine & balmy.

June 13 – Sunday—a wonderfully fine day on a wonderfully fine ship & a lot of wonderfully interesting people. The scenery was immense—The river was much wider but the banks were higher. Meals are excellent. I am overeating so try to counteract this unavoidable sin by frequent promenades about the ship. Have a little "tiff" with the desk steward [sic] regarding our chairs but finally bring him to time & secure sound & safe chairs. We are located on the fore part of the ship on the starboard side—a fine unobstructed view of the sea. Everyone seems to be having the time of his life. In the afternoon Grant & I draw quite a bit of attention by painting on the deck. The slowly passing shores are exquisite in color & design & the clouds are very paintable. I secure quite a passable sketch. Loafed about in the evening—sometimes on the deck—part of the time in the music room listening to good piano playing by a certain distinguished individual among the passengers. I have an interesting lady at my side at the table—an Englishwoman from Montreal who is going back to the "old sod." I find her hard to understand & have considerable fun kidding her about her corrupt English. I look forward to the good meals. There are only 64 people from the States on board the ship—That is, among the cabin passengers. The rest are Canadian mostly & their talk is odd. I find myself imitating their

pronunciation unconsciously, much to my own amusement. The sea, or rather the gulf of St. Lawrence is very smooth & the ship is riding evenly.

June 15

Slowly getting out into the open sea. Just a trace of ship-rolling is observed—Day passes rather monotonously—Loafing about the lounge room—walking about deck etc etc.

June 16

Met Miss Enid Agnew—a very pretty girl from Prince Albert Sask. She is traveling across with her father. Played cards in evening & enjoyed an impromptu concert in the music room. To bed late. We set our watches ahead every evening.

June 17-22

Day passes much the same—meal time is the event looked forward to. We have prompt service & everything tastes good—but for the amount of exercise one gets, it is easy to overeat. Walking back & forth on the decks seems to be the great diversion—aside from cards & shuffleboard. The ocean air is fine—

June 22

Woke up to find myself in the river at Liverpool. The old boat was still in mid-stream when we ate our early breakfast. Everyone was hurried but still we all hated to say goodbye at this our last meal together. After breakfast there was much scuffling about getting grips up on deck & getting our passports visaed. The Americans were among the last to leave the boat. We debarked at the same pier or landing where I had landed before when I came across as a soldier—how queer & unexplainable it all is! Higleys, Poores & their son Dudley, Grant & I, get on the same train for London. It pulled out at 10:45 & we enjoyed quite a memorable ride through the heart of England down to London—The English landscape is in all its glory & the time passed rapidly, as we sped along through smiling & productive country—very trim & neat as the English landscape ought to be. Euston Station in London was reached at 4:30 & after taking care of our baggage ourselves, as seems to be the English custom, we "embarked" in a taxi for the Thackeray Hotel, just opposite the British Museum, where we found accommodations. Grant & I are located on the second floor—room 17—We took a walk down to London bridge & back before turning in--& also ate our supper in quite a disreputable dump.

June 23

In London. We walk with Higleys after breakfast down to the houses of Parliament, Westminster Bridge and Westminster Abbey—Thoroughly enjoyed everything—was especially impressed by the graves of Tennyson and Browning in the abbey. Grant almost locked in the underground vaults! Stopped a few minutes on the way back to our hotel in a vain effort to see Mary Pickford & Doug Fairbanks who were at the Ritz hotel. Ate dinner at the Thackeray with the Poores. In the afternoon Grant & I took in the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy & walked until we were tired out. Ate supper at a J.P. Restaurant. In the evening went to the Russian ballet with Higleys. Sat up as high as they had constructed seats. Enjoyed the pantomime of the dancers & the gorgeous color of the scenery—well worth while. To the hotel & to bed at 11:30.

June 24—London

Breakfast at hotel with Higleys. Then down to National Gallery where we spent the morning. Met Higleys at noon & we ate at the "Cheshire Cheese"—an old tavern made famous by Dr. Johnson. We ate of the famous pie & indulged in a mug of ale. Back to the hotel by the Underground & then to the British Museum where we listened to a good talk on the Elgin marbles. It was difficult to realize that we were in the presence of the actual sculptures themselves—The famous frieze, the groups from the pediments etc. At 4 P.M. we hastened over to Euston station & escorted our trunks down to Victoria station. Walked about London's streets in the evening—to bed late after saying goodbye to Higleys.

June 25

Left London at 7:50 for Folkstone—an uneventful & sleepy ride. The train runs out on the pier and we boarded the channel steamer immediately. I was so tired from my London experiences that I could hardly realize that we were crossing to the continent. The day was clear & the sea very quiet—no rocking whatever. Reached Folkstone at noon & after having our baggage examined boarded the train for Paris—which we reached after a rather slow run from one o'clock until about six. Checked our grips at the Nord station—got on Metro line & came to 79 rue Notre Dame des Champs. Found that the Villa des Dames had been taken over by the American Red Cross—that no rooms at all were available & that we must scare up something ourselves. Tackled a little hotel nearby "Hotel Moderne" which did not live up to its name—rather, the sign said "Confort Moderne" & the hotels name was

"Hotel de Chevreuse" on the street of the same name. Our first night spent fighting bedbugs—only we did not know what they were—next night more comfortable but the third night we slaughtered the enemy to the extent of nine.

June 26—Paris

Walked over to the American Express company to exchange & deposit money—Our route lay through the Luxembourg gardens & on down to the river by the rue Bonaparte. Constant stopping to look in interesting windows retarded progress & we were too late to deposit our checks in the bank. Ran across my old friend Thompson whom I had known down at Montpellier. He had married a French girl & works now in the Am. Ex. office.

After a dinner eaten in the vicinity of the Opera, we took in the Salon des Artistes francais—as we learned that it was to close June 30—The size of the whole thing—both building & pictures—impressed both of us very much. Never saw so many pictures nor so much statuary together in my life. We walked until we were dead tired & our brains a confusion of colors & shapes. At four o'clock we took the Metro to the Gare du Nord where we had our trunks passed by the Custom officials & then checked. Home for dinner in the evening & a most refreshing stroll thru the Latin Quarter in the evening.

June 27—Sunday

Still at the little buggy hotel on Rue de Chevreuse. Got up late. Started out to the country but the Sunday crowds deterred us & we returned. In the afternoon we sketched near the Fountain of the Medicis & then took a hasty run through the Luxembourg galleries—a very splendid & impressive collection of paintings. The day was fine altogether—The Luxembourg gardens crowded but it was remarkable the way people did not pause to watch one painting. They are used to painters.

June 28

After a miserable night we resolved to find new quarters—no more impossible nights for me. Got an address from Red X [Red Cross] & liked the room pretty well. 85 Boul. Port-Royal. Mlle Bétat. Engaged it for one month.

Chased over to Am. Ex. to deposit money & get mail. After dinner we transferred our trunks from the station to our new address—getting quite a nice ride in the bargain—14 francs. Later in the afternoon we sketched in

the Lux. gardens. A good dinner at night at a restaurant in Boul. Montparnasse. A stroll in the evening through the quaint streets off the main boulevards.

June 29

To Arch of Triumph & American Consul. Had new photos taken. Immediately after lunch we took in the Salon des Beaux-Arts—Then went out to the Commusaire de Police of the 13th Arrondissement to have our lodging certificate stamped.

June 30

To the Prefecture to get our "Permit" to stay in Paris. On to Am. Ex. to get our mail & then to Am. Consul to get blanks for returning our paintings. In the afternoon we sketched in the Luxembourg Gardens.

[About this time, Marvin Cone was transitioning from one diary book to another, creating two versions of his June 30 entry.]

June 30

We spend a very fine cool evening in the Luxembourg gardens—first sketching down near the big pool until a slight shower drove us under the trees—fine rainbow—Hundreds of people are strolling about, singly, in pairs & in groups—scores more sitting under the trees—resting or cooling off after the days work—children are rolling hoops—babes are toddling about[.] Students arm in arm are caning [?] themselves along—pipes [?] in mouth—Folk are writing letters & reading & some seem to be just sitting for sitting's sake. The yellow iron chairs stacked against trees will be memorable—And the old lady who spots you out as soon as you sit in one & comes to collect her pennies—Army officers are strolling about. The roar of the busy streets is heard off thru the trees but here in the gardens it sounds as a far off hum & is not disagreeable. What a boon for Parisians is this garden with its water jets, statues & shady paths—flowers. Balustrades—fountains & trees.

July 1st—to Chatenay

July 2nd—to Chatenay

July 3rd

Rainy—Got Mail—Then went to Rodin Museum.

July 4—Sunday

In room all morning—rainy—I pose for Grant for his bas relief. The afternoon was spent at the Louvre.

July 5

Rainy—Painted down along quais in morning. Interesting lot of dirty people under bridges. I painted in room in afternoon & Grant went to Lux. Gardens. Letters in evening.

July 6

Rainy—To Am. Ex. & Pantheon. Sketched in Lux. in afternoon—Rainy—poor weather for outdoor work.

July 12

Ville d'Avray & to the Prefecture to get our Cartes d'Identité. We are painting out near Ville d'Avray where Corot used to live and paint. It is altogether a charming little village on the way to Versailles & the main thoroughfare through the town—paved with asphalt—is a constantly alive with rushing automobiles. Hotels & restaurants line this highway & they open out in terraces in the rear which overlook the "étangs" or ponds of Ville d'Avray. It was here that Corot used to paint his silver little landscapes. There is a marble monument erected in his memory on the bank of one of these ponds.

I cannot begin to tell you how very lovely they are & how very paintable. Here & there graceful trees hang their drooping branches down into the water. Slender water grasses grow in profusion along the grassy banks & lily pads form patterns on the mirror surface of the water. Poplar trees & tile roofs of creamy houses find themselves repeated in the water.

Were it not for the noise of passing automobiles & the hum of airplanes one would imagine himself far in the country & not on the fringe of Paris. A twenty minute walk takes you to Sèvres—famous for its china & porcelain & from here a dumpty street car rolls you into Paris. And then the subway takes you home!

But we got home in time to see a pure white cat sitting out in the court in a spot of golden sunlight!

July 13

In afternoon went to Ville d'Avray—Got painting of reflections in pond—
We met the old painter who proceeded to paint all over Grants picture. Ate
at Sèvres—Home before dark.

July 14

Fête Nationale—We go to Père Lachaise in the morning—Ate at a restaurant
on Boul. Beaumarchais. To room in afternoon—Big celebration in the
streets—Decorations everywhere. Flags—balloons—fireworks lanterns [?]
etc. Made me think of Armistice Day—In evening tried to ascend Eiffel
tower but failed—Ferris wheel

July 15

To Chatenay—9 a.m. train—Dinner in restaurant there—on corner—Painted
separately in afternoon—General view of Sceaux – In evening—café &
band concert & dancing—

July 16

Met Charles Laurance in morning at Hotel d'Iena [--] Bummed about with
him until eleven o'clock—Mail—In afternoon we went to Ville d'Avray—
Another painting of reflections done between 6 & 6:30 P.M. Ate at
Sevres—Home.

July 17

Painted in Lux. Gardens in morning—To Montmartre in afternoon—Mimi
Parsons [?] house—Bought vases—

July 18

Sunday—To Luxembourg galleries in morning—Dinner at Amagats—
Painted in our room in afternoon—Promenade at 5 P.M. Dinner at new
restaurant on Boul. Montparnasse—

July 19

Went for mail—stopped at Julians to meet Huotari—Bought painted hanging
& shirts—80 francs & 30 f. respectively. Painted in room in afternoon

July 20

Sketched in Lux—in the morning—also in afternoon—

July 21

Went for mail—Tried to go up tower of Notre Dame & failed—Took in Prix de Rome Ex—Grant starts a new relief of me in afternoon. Met Huotari—Strolled in Lux. Gardens & ate at Amagats.

July 22

Modeled in room all morning—Grant making bas-relief of me & I a door bell arrangement—after dinner hunted up foundry—Grant almost arrested at Montparnasse cemetery [?] on account of having bowl he had exchanged. Late in afternoon to Lux. Gardens to paint—wrote in evening—

July 23

Went out to Bois de Boulogne in morning hoping to sketch—no material—Saw zoo—no good—Ate at restaurant near Bois—In afternoon climbed to top of Arch of triumph—got mail—underground home—where we painted until dark—rather rainy—To bed early.

July 24

Painted in Lux. in morning—After lunch we bought flowers & I painted in the room all afternoon while Grant drew in a big canvas of Carpeaux fountain [Fountain of the Observatory?]. Wrote letters in evening. Grant sketches at Notre Dame.

July 25—Sunday

To the Lux. Galleries in the morning—In afternoon painted in room—finished still-life & worked on two other paintings—To movie in evening.

July 26—Monday

Painted down along Seine in morning—I climb to top of Notre Dame—Ate dinner on north side & bought tickets for the nights performance of Louise at the Opera Comique [Roman musical in 4 acts by Gustave Charpentier, first performed in 1900 at the Théâtre National de l'Opéra Comique, Paris]. Got mail.

July 27—Tuesday

Took it easy after getting back from Opera at one o'clock—Cleaned up etc. In afternoon went to Cluny museum & tried to go up Eiffel tower. Went to movie over on Boul. des Italiens.

July 28—Wed.

Got mail—met Mr. Pratt—bought tickets for Sat. performance of La Boheme—Ate dinner up in Montmartre [--] painted in afternoon near Cabaret of Agile Rabbit. Very interesting place—Rainy weather—To bed early.

July 29—Thurs.

To Louvre in morning—Ate at Place St. Michel [--] Grant bought cap. I painted in Lux. Gardens—Grant near Roman arena—In evening we painted down on river front Notre Dame.

July 30—Friday

To Versailles—Took 10:13 train from Gare de Montparnasse—Reached V. at eleven—Went through the Royal Palace before noon. In afternoon sketched in the parc—Amagats for dinner—Home.

July 31

Painted in room all morning—"poplars.["] I went to Louvre in afternoon after unsuccessful attempt! To "La Vie de Bohème["] in evening—

Aug 1st Sunday

Painted down on river bank in morning—Notre Dame. In afternoon I painted in room. Grant painting elsewhere.

Aug 2nd

Painted in morning—rue Sufflot [Soufflot] looking up toward Pantheon. In afternoon went up Eiffel tower & on over to get mail & inquire after steamer—To Dr. Poore's in evening where we spent a very enjoyable hour or so—

Aug 3

I went to R.R. stations to enquire about trains to Fontainebleau & to Antwerp—Grant painted in Lux. Gardens. I bought 2 Jap prints & a book by Musset [Alfred de Musset?]. In afternoon in room—

Aug. 4

Left on the 8:10 train for Fontainebleau—Walked out to Palace & went through the magnificent apartments. Ate dinner downtown—Then walked to Moret—a distance of about 7 miles through the forest. Made a sketch

there along the river—a very picturesque town—Ate supper at the Café of the Palette—Home on the 7:13 train—Tired but well satisfied.

Aug 5

To Belgian consulate in morning & for mail—Afternoon to Prefecture of Police to get passport visaed

Aug 6

Went out to see Minazolli [Edward Minazzoli, 1887-1973]—the sculptor friend of Hoftrup [Lars Hoftrup?, 1874-1954]—Pleasant time—To Louvre immediately after dinner—In afternoon went to City Hall to get back our passports—then to Am. Consul who refused to legalize our invoices until next day. Movie in evening—Raspail

Aug 7

To American consulate in morning to get our invoices of paintings legalized. In afternoon to Le Bourget—Airplanes—Mme Weber & Maurice—To Montmartre to see Huotari in evening.

Aug 8—Sunday

To Cluny museum in morning—Ate dinner near Pantheon—Macaroni—In afternoon I went to Rodin Museum, Napoleon's tomb & Petit Palais—wrote letters in evening.

Aug 9

To American consul in morning—Got passports visaed—then to get mail & find out about boat. Discovered that she leaves one week later Aug 24 instead of 17—home to find out if we can keep room—Yes.—Huotari called in evening—We eat supper in room.

Aug 10

Grant buys Duncan hanging—We go to Louvre—Musée of Art decoratif—Ate near Louvre—Fish fuis [?]-Drew in afternoon—(mural decoration sketch). Sketched in evening—

Aug 11

I paint on slanting street—Grant working in Lux. Gardens. To Louvre in afternoon—In evening I painted sketch of Bol Bullier [Bal Bullier, famous dance hall where the Delaunays and friends met, on Ave. of the Observatory]. Got our own supper.

Aug 12

Still painting on street scene—in morning. In afternoon we went to get mail & then to Petit Palais until 5 o'clock. Ate in our room. To movie up near Gare Montparnasse. Two letters—one from Father and one from Constance.

Aug. 13

I paint on st. scene in morning—finishing it. In afternoon we clean up & meet the Poore's at 4 o'clock near Fontaine de Medici—They have tea with us & look over our pictures—Wrote in room in evening.

Aug 14

To Mendon—In an attempt to see Rodins studio—No luck—Climbed the terrace for the view—After dinner walked to Sevres & took st[.] car home—tired—Huotari over in evening

Aug 15—(Sunday)

Worked all day in our room packing paintings in trunk[.] To movie in evening—

Aug 16

To trunks to Depot in morning[.] Ate near Am. Ex—no mail—Went to Pantheon, Notre Dame, St Chapelle—St Gervais—Rue Venise in afternoon—Cafés in evening.

Aug 17

To American Express to get travelers checks—Bought Belgian money—Bought R.R. tickets[.] To Louvre in afternoon—Ate dinner at Little Marquery's & then Mlle Betat brought us up some old wine. To bed late.

Aug 18

We leave Paris—8:10 train for Brussels[.] Reached there 2 o'clock—changed stations—Reached Antwerp at 4:30 & took cab to Flandres Hotel—Everything fine—Took baths & to bed in evening

Aug 19

In Antwerp—To Fine Arts Museum in afternoon—Wandered about streets in morning after giving trunk checks over to C.P.O.S. To movie in evening.

Aug 20

To Plantin museum in morning & Steen in afternoon—after visiting
"Grampian[.]" Promenade in evening—Café

Aug 21

Grant buys a suit—In afternoon we went to Museum—Room, in evening—
Bought bell & buddha

Aug 22—(Sunday)

The remaining pages of Marvin Cone's diary are missing.

Undated entries

As a rule we buy a long loaf of bread, a bottle of red wine & some Camembert cheese & take these along with us to the woods. The night meal is generally secured at a restaurant. Last evening we painted until 7 o'clock for the evening hours are among the best & it does not get dark here until 9:30 P.M. Then we packed up our painting traps & found a cozy little restaurant in Ville d'Avray where we dined. Herring in onion sauce, beefsteak & fried potatoes, omelette, wine & a white cream cheese (petit Suisse) served with sugar—this was our meal. We did justice to it too.

When we are in Paris we eat our evening meal at a restaurant on the Boul. Montparnasse "Amagats." Soup—an entree of veal (for example) potatoes in oil, Salade Romaine (a sort of lettuce) & a plate of Crème fraiche (an almost liquid cream cheese something like soured thick cream—served with sugar—very fine). And of course, wine & bread go with all this—The bread in France is excellent. Why don't we learn in America not to make that white crumbly stuff but instead this crisp bread in long loaves to eat which without butter is a genuine pleasure. It has a real flavor all its own which cannot always be said of American bread. Perhaps that is why we have to dope it up with butter & jam. Bread is eaten dry here—no "spread" is necessary.

During the meal, there is always sure to be a singer or violinist happen along to entertain you & collect copper cents afterward. Sometimes the music is

of a high order—then again it is laughable. One comic fellow played on a one stringed fiddle made from a cigar box—with this, he accompanied himself as he sang the popular music hall songs of the day.

The sculpture gallery of the Luxembourg museum is wonderfully fine but overcrowded & much of it has to be placed outside among the trees of the adjoining gardens. The bronzes are very effective so placed but the white marble soon discolors & loses its fine chisel marks. This does not detract from its beauty among the foliage but it must be rather disheartening to the sculptor to know that the evidence of his craftsmanship which it has taken so many years of labor to perfect, gradually disappears.

Yesterday we spent an enjoyable day up on the butte of Montmartre—a very high section of the city on the north side overlooking all of Paris. Many of the streets leading up to the summit are so steep that they consist of nothing but steps—There is also a cogged railway to carry you to the top if your legs do not feel ambitious enough for the climb. The view is superb from the top. Paris literally lies at your feet & her domes and towers stretching off in the hazy mist to the horizon are very impressive. I assure you.

Montmartre is a very old section of Paris—her streets are narrow & winding & often inclined to dirtiness but very picturesque nonetheless. It is quite a wild place at night—since "Bohemia" has moved over there from the Latin Quarter. There is one old cabaret left—"the Cabaret of the Agile Rabbit." We visited it yesterday afternoon—of course, everything was dead since life there is at its height in the small hours of the night, but the place was interesting nonetheless. The walls are covered with paintings & sketches that artists have made there. In fact, artists, poets [?] & musicians & philosophers are the only frequenters of the "joint."

Louis XIV surely had some ideas of his own & altho he had rather exalted [sic] opinions about his own divine importance France has been the gainer in the vast treasure house which he created to house his royal self. The gallery of Mirrors, where Peace was signed is a truly magnificent hall. We saw the table at which the lousy Huns signed the agreements that they did not intend keeping etc.

A financial accounting of Marvin Cone's 1920 trip

Steamshp tickets	220.00
Photographs	1.00
Passport	2.00
RR to Chicago	7.60
YMCA Hotel	3.00
Theatre tickets	6.60
RR to Montreal	31.50
French Consul	2.00
British Consul	2.50
Paints etc.	4.75
Baggage check	.60
Seminary	2.25
Dinner in Chicago	5.25
Deck Stewart	1.00
RR to London (purchased on boat)	5.94
Ships concert	.40
Ticket from London to Paris	7.00
Trunk from London to Paris	1.30
Taxi (Euston to Victoria)	.50
Films (Dev & printed) (London)	1.25
Hotel in London (Thackeray)	6.30
Supplementary fare on channel	.75
Supplementary fare to Paris	3.50
Baedeker-"Paris"	2.00
Trunks to Pension	1.20
Rent—one month	25.00
Frame	3.60
Breakfasts—one month	12.00
Folding chair	3.00
Easel	5.00
Paint	1.20
Panel	.60
Wall hanging	16.00
Pewter plate	5.00
Jap prints	1.00
Bronze casts	20.00
Opera	1.50
Vase	.80

Rent & breakfast 12 days	15.00
Film	1.25
T?ey [?]	5.00
Invoice of paintings	7.00
Room & breakfast	8.00
5 extra days	
R.R. to Antwerp	11.00
Trunks to station	1.00
Trunks registered to Brussels	2.00
Trunks registered to Antwerp	.80
Tips	2.00
Bell	2.50
Buddha	3.00
Perfume [?]	5.00

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