

M. L. H. H.

Feb 3d 1913

Langham Hotel

NICE

MÊME DIRECTION: HERMITAGE HOTEL

NICE

Dear Harriet!

This letter must be short because I have not time to write in detail. The morning I called on a certain person, delivered the message of Our Beloved, and received a few; then coming out of the house I walked on the avenue or Le Promenade des Anglais which is very much similar to River Side drive in N. Y. with this difference that instead of the Hudson River we have the calm blue Mediterranean, right on the shore palatial Casinos are built and facing the Sea

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beautiful villas and hotels are constructed. It was specially a lovely day. The sky was blue, the sea was blue, the promenade from one end to another was decorated with flags and bunting and streamers and flowers. Stands were built. Multitudes of people are out gay and laughing. Everybody wears flowers. Little girls sell large bunches of violets, carnations roses etc for five cents each. What "is going to be today. They tell me. The battle of flowers," Le bataille des fleurs. Very lovely. Is it not? I wish all ^{the} battles were carried ^{on} with flowers instead of deadly weapon. So I walk from one end of the boardwalk to another meeting thousands of well-dressed women

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happy children, gay men all.
enjoying the wonderful shimmering
blue sea, drinking the fresh breeze,
imbibing the warm rays of the
sun. I had my thin overcoat.
It got so warm that I had to take
it off. The battle starts at two
pm. I am invited for lunch
to a heavenly Villa. Arriving
there I am taken in the charming
park. It is a dream, orange
groves, palm trees, all green
and verdant. Up and down
through green bowers and
quiet lovely lanes we walk
and talk. The villa that my
host lives in is of Florentine
architecture, very imposing,
overlooking this vast system

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of Paris which the eyes never
are fatigued to look at it. We
return and have lunch. Then
I leave and come to the Promenade
des Anglais. All the roads leading
to the Promenade are closed.
I get in however and buy a
seat. The floral floats splendidly
decorated start to pass in
review. The girls and boys or
men and women in these
floats throw bouquets of hyacinths,
anemones, violets, roses, carnations
and other flowers to the
spectators. They turn throw
at them. They sell one hundred
quite large bouquets for 3 francs
a matter of 60 cents. Everybody
has besides himself or herself
a large basket. Some two or
three baskets. There for the

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space of three hours the carriages, automobiles and floral chariots pass before the view, each one vying with the other in beauty of decoration and embellishment. This battle of flowers which is the most beautiful thing that I have ever seen in my life goes on; sometimes a regular shower of bouquets are exchanged between the spectators and the chariots. The ~~avenue~~ promenade is literally covered with these bouquets. No one stoops to gather them. It is not the etiquette to throw a bouquet which

has dropped on the ground but ^{if}
you catch it while in the air
it is all right. I had a good place
in front row and often I would
look out and watch all along
the line which is more than
two miles a regular ^{"war"} ~~masses~~
was carried on with the utmost
of earnestness and thousands of
these "fragrant weapons" and
sweet ^{trying} missiles were flying in
the air to find a victim. I have
not time to give you the
description of some of the
Choreats which were a
mass of flowers out of
which peeped forth girls
dressed in white with
flower - bonnets but if
I get a few photos I may send

you. Suddenly we heard ~~the~~ ^{attempts}
whir and hum above our head
and looking above it was an
aeroplane flying over the
promenade and instead of
throwing bombs ~~over~~ ^{over} the
crowd, the aviator was throwing
large bouquets of flowers.
It was a beautiful sight
to see these fragrant bouquets
tumbling in the air and
gracefully falling in the
hands or over the heads of
the already enthusiastic
and applauding people.
There were large silk banners
to be given to those whose
chariots were most
beautifully decorated.

These passed in review at first. Toward the last the chariots joining the banners according to the judgment of the Committee passed by carrying them along. It was about five that the "war" ended into a skirmish and the police setting the doors open, the crowd fought amongst themselves ruthlessly.

I came to the hotel bewildered and pleased with this battle.

I wrote a letter to our Beloved and went out to walk along the main avenue. Later on I went to a French theatre. I was so tired and sleepy that I could hardly open my eyes. When intermission came I left the theatre and ^{arrived} came to my hotel to sleep.

Love & all