

IN BOHEMIA

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In Bohemia by James Clarence Harvey

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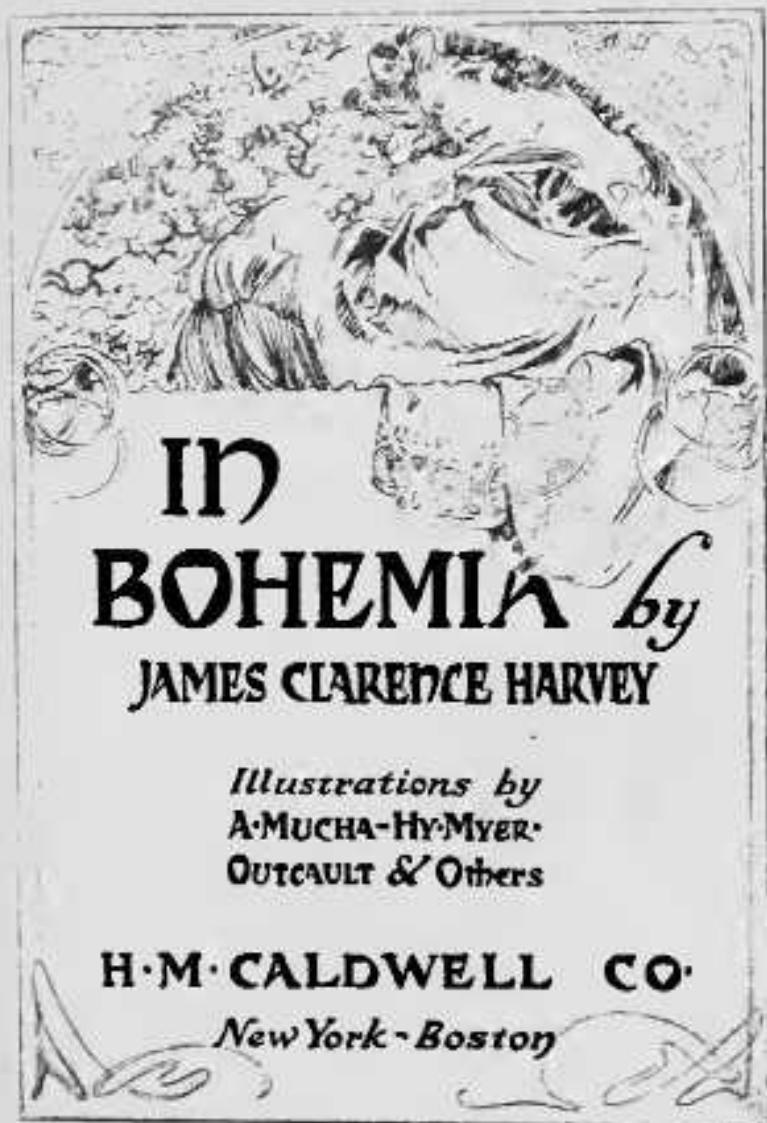
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JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY

IN BOHEMIA





IN
BOHEMIA *by*
JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY

Illustrations by
A. MUCHA-HYMYER
OUTCAULT & Others

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M. Mucha

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DEDICATION



O you whose footsteps, long before my own,
Have trod Bohemia's paths and found them fair,
To you whose souls shall find them free from care,
Long after my contented soul has flown,
But, more than all, to you whose lives have grown
Close knit to mine, its grief and joy to share,
Whose smiles made light the burdens all must bear,
And never yet, for bread have given a stone.

To you I may inscribe what here is writ
Of knights Bohemian, in the pleasant past,
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DEDICATION

With hopes for repetition near at hand.
If aught is cribbed, what scribe will kick a bit,
To read again of hours too sweet to last?
On common ground, Bohemia's children
stand.

J. C. H.



INTRODUCTION

BOHEMIA is not a place. It is an atmosphere. It is as subtle as electricity and as changeable as a woman's smile. It may exist at the banquets of the opulent, or it may flourish at the table d'hote of the comparatively poverty-stricken, for we are only rich or poor by comparison.

You may find it to-night where corks are popping and not counted, and to-morrow, like the smoke of yesterday's cigar, it has floated away.

Even in the Quartier Latin of Paris, where it is supposed to reach its perihelion, you may seek for it in vain, for there are those who mistake rudeness, soiled linen of table or person, sour wine and a loosely tied neckerchief for Bohemianism.

They want to be known as Bohemians, and
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the eagerness to be known defeats their purpose.

As mighty Mars sprang, full-statured and full-armoured in an hour from the head of Minerva, so Bohemia suddenly springs to life when least expected in the most unforeseen surroundings.

Bohemia is not synonymous with license, nor intoxication, nor immorality, but it learns to look upon the foibles of fate and the powers of chance with a philosophic eye.

Where there is a saturation of the air with mixed intelligences, where genius, talent, ability, and appreciation fill with magnetic receptivity the hearts and minds and souls of men and women, and where breadth of thought and the sincerity of the hour stamp vivid pictures upon the page of memory, there is Bohemia.

Bohemia is not ostentatious. It is unconscious. Here and there little Bohemias spring into being, through the natural cohesion of congenial spirits, and the unconsciousness of it all charms and stimulates.