

scape, beautiful with the sunshine of a perfect day. The blue Rhone ran below, cattle fed on the meadows, blue-smocked men were at work in their fields, one man holding the plow and one man leading the horse, just as their ancestors did in 1870.

Civilians, with rifles, guarded the stations, and we passed companies of cavalrymen, trains tore by at frequent intervals, crowded with people, and we read in the papers that two million people were being evacuated from Paris.

We stayed at a small hotel, the Burgundy, just off the Rue de Madeleine in Paris and all night there were sounds of feet on the street below and the beat of horses' hoofs, for mobilization was carried on at night. I got up to watch the street activities and could see below me, men with bundles hurrying, women saying good-bye. It was a weird scene at three in the morning in the dimly lighted street.

The next day came the news that the men at Munich had arrived at a settlement, and Paris relaxed. We were sitting outside the Cafe de la Paix when we heard it. An American woman who had lived in Paris since 1907 came over to our table and told us. "I was here on the night war was declared in 1914, and last night I stayed until everyone was gone. I am the only one left of the old crowd, and the boys wanted me to stay."

That afternoon we stood in the crowd which lined the streets to see the triumphant arrival of Daladier, who had flown back from Munich. The steps of the Madeleine were filled with people. Every window, every doorway, every balcony above the street. Policemen with white batons directed the traffic, and the big trucks and busses shoved the people out of their way like snow-plows. But there was no confusion, or shouting. Everyone smiled and chatted. Children with candy sticks, held on