

Many pathetic tales they told us ! Among others that of a little girl whose arm had been shattered by a shell, and consequently amputated. A few days before Christmas she beckoned to a nurse and said : " Dis-moi, madame ! Si je suis sage est-ce que le petit Jésus me rendra mon bras pour Noël ? " Our progress on the journey was terribly slow, the train crawled and, although we left Boulogne shortly after twelve, we did not arrive at our hotel in Paris until long after ten. The station looked deserted and dreary, few porters were to be seen, and none yielded to our blandishments, so that at last resourceful Gertrude, Lady Decies, finding an empty trolley, wheeled it up to our carriage, and we prepared to load it ourselves.

When at last the capture of a taxi was achieved and we drove away in weary triumph, what a strange, unfamiliar Paris met our eyes ! Dark, deserted streets, no life on the boulevards, no sounds of " revelry by night," all gloom and silence. Our hotel we found shorn of the familiar presence of the manager, and thereby hangs a tale. He was born of Danish parents, and came of purely Danish ancestry, but by sheer ill luck contrived to arrive on these scenes after Schleswig-Holstein had been ceded to Germany. Although he had lived twenty-five years in Paris, and was at heart a Frenchman, he had never been naturalized, and the unlucky man is now reaping the fruits of his negligence in a fortress near Brest. Such are the drastic but sagacious methods of the French when dealing with aliens !