

ing, impatient public, intent on getting the *laissez-passers*.

At the bottom of the hall, but at a separate table, were two anæmic-looking young men stamping *sauf-conduits*. The virtue of patience must be exercised on these occasions, so I took my place in the queue and bided my time. When, after a wearisome wait, one was at last able to ask for another *sauf-conduit* (presenting the old one as a guarantee), a pert young clerk demanded to see my *permis de séjour*. I had none! "Then," said he, "you must go at once and get it. *Tonnerre à Dieu!* Madame, you have no papers of identification, no *permis de séjour*, nothing, and you demand a *sauf-conduit!*" "*Mais, Monsieur!*" said I (not at all willing to be crushed in this relentless manner), "my last *laissez-passer* is my paper of identification, and what sense is there in asking for a *permis de séjour* when all I want is leave to depart?" "*Vous êtes étrangère, Madame, n'est-ce pas? Hé bien!* I must be sure that you are not a spy before I give you permission to depart. *Voilà!*" There was no remedy for this reason, which, after all, was logical enough, but that I fetched passport, photograph, obtaining a *permis de séjour*, and flourishing them all before the unbeliever's eyes!

To leave the Côte d'Azur, however, is an easy matter compared with the difficulty of getting away from Paris. Four different officials must be visited, and each is obliged to *viser* the travel passport. First on the list for English pe