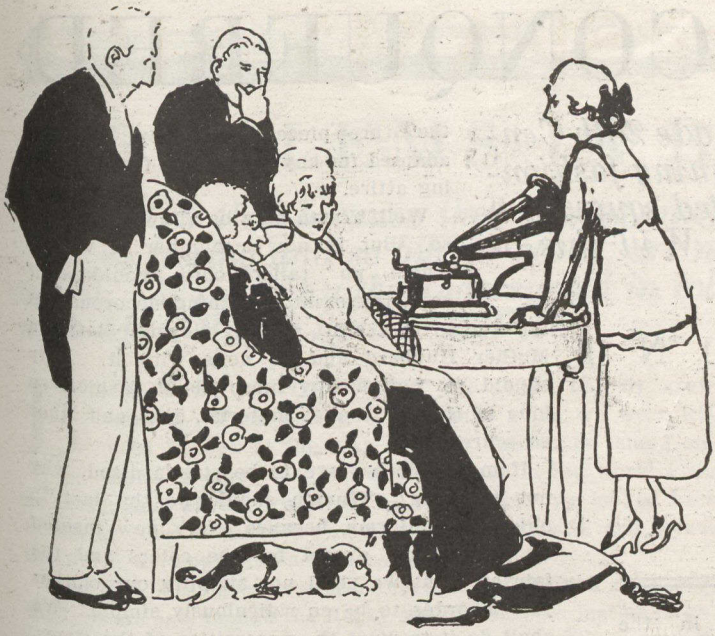




and a few Japanese lanterns. Then with good wine, cigarettes, cards, you are quite comfortable and can await a raid in tranquility, playing bridge or poker; and for your friends who aren't players a few illustrated papers and books.

Paris is protecting her favorite sculptured monuments with sand-bags. We regretfully see them retire behind their fortifications. Napoleon's tomb is protected by 25,000 sand-bags, while other priceless relics of a more distant past are left exposed. The workmen do not hurry at their tasks, and each raid finds a few more yards of statues protected than the last. It is with a feeling of sadness that we see our best-loved fountain become a formless mass, and delicately-modelled nymphs and satyrs assume uncouth shapes; though there are, it is said, some puritanical Parisians who rejoice to see so much nudity retire into oblivion. Shall we ever see them again in happier times? Perhaps after many years we may return and view them when we—but not they—will have grown old.

A FEW days ago I was trying to telephone from the basement of a department store when suddenly the salespeople left their counters, the shoppers dropped their parcels and purses, and rushed down the stairs. I was thrust against the wall, battered and bruised.

"Les Gothas . . . les Gothas!" cried the terror-stricken people.

I tried to go upstairs but the woman beside me caught at my skirt and implored me not to go.

"You will be killed!" she cried.

I felt that I would be suffocated if I remained where I was, and I said so. At that she released me, saying in disgust:

"Oh, these English! They are all mad!"

At the head of the stairs I met a woman carrying a child.

"My little baby!" she cried. "He was asleep in his carriage when a bomb fell right by his face, but le bon Dieu protected him."

I regained the ground floor and went by the deserted counters to the door. It was a great relief to be outside. The glass in the shop windows was broken, but that was the only evidence of disaster from the explosion, which had wrecked a large munition plant many miles away.

Apart from a limited number of very young lady ambulance drivers, who think it "simply too thrilling for words" to be ordered out for duty during an air-raid, and have never been allowed within a mile of a real disaster, I don't know anyone who appears to enjoy an air-raid more than our French neighbors. Probably they don't like them at all, but they act as if they were spending a most enjoyable evening. I am glad that they can do so, only I would prefer to have them do it elsewhere; for as soon as the clarion sounds they descend from their apartments on the third, fourth and fifth floors and ring our door-bell. There is a general impression in Paris—frequently belied by the facts—that bombs do not penetrate for more than three stories. The maids arrive first and take refuge in the kitchen, to the great disgust of our newly-married Marie and her soldier husband. There one of them indulges

in the luxury of a fit of hysteria, shrieking every time a bomb explodes or a gun is heard. Marie herself is kept busy for some time answering the door bell, for there are two families in each flat, and sometimes the daughters arrive later than the fathers, mothers and aunts. They all come with an air of expected and welcome guests. They shake hands with everyone, even though none of us ever saw them before, and "hope they are not putting us to the slightest inconvenience." If we try to take refuge in our rooms they follow us, expressing the greatest interest in ascertaining if our apartment is exactly like theirs; and then they stay to talk with great animation, while we sleepily reply in our very worst French, or listen with a puzzled expression to their execrable English.

One of us, tired of having our privacy disturbed by a voluble matron, said, "I am very tired, madame, I am going to have an extra couch in my room, may I offer it to you?"

We tried to be polite the first time they came, but they stayed very late and we were so tired the next day that we decided when another raid occurred a few nights later that we would retire to our rooms. We explained that most of us were engaged in manual labor, and could not keep late hours, raid or no raid. They looked at us in blank amazement. What! Sleep during an air-raid? The thing was impossible!

"But if your boys at the front never sleep when the guns are firing, they would get no rest. We are doing war work too," we told them; and they shrugged their shoulders and said, "Oh, you English, you have no nerves!"

Then came a loud rapping at the door. It was the concierge to tell us that the police had complained—we were showing a light. Consternation! The French ladies dashed madly about trying to turn off the electric lights, and turning them on by mistake. They opened the door of a bed-room and saw by the light of a candle two girls leaning out of the window watching for the bursting shells, that look in the distance like falling stars.

"Oh, mon Dieu! They have opened a window! Oh, the idiots! All the English are mad!"

Our windows have shutters, but the curtains are thin, so we are obliged to use only candles during an air-raid, except in the drawing-room which opens on the court. There our French neighbors felt secure and comfortable. We gave them all the chairs that our meagrely-furnished flat possessed, and retired to bed. The hysterical cries from the kitchen ceased, and far from the chattering voices in the salon, I could hear the boom of the guns and the louder sound of an explosion; but I was soon sound asleep. An hour later I was awakened by the banging of the front door, and I judged from the sounds that followed that the clarion had sounded "all clear." Our last guest had departed. Marie's husband was locking up for the night.

Next morning we awoke refreshed, but we had to get our own breakfast. The late party in the kitchen and the hysterical visitor had proved too much for even our stoical Marie, and when next the Gothas come, we hope she will follow the inhospitable example of the "mad English." The papers told of the wonderful behavior of the Parisian people; except for a disastrous panic in an "Abri," where scores had been injured. The bombed quarters were not mentioned, and only from gossip did we learn their whereabouts. But when the Germans sent a demand through Switzerland for appallingly large sums "for damage done to the German Embassy in Paris during the last air-raid," they couldn't help talking of that.

Once again the "mad English" scored; for the windows left open near bombed quarters were undamaged, while the glass from those that had been closed was strewn on the pavements. At lunch I heard an American lady at a table near

me say to her companion:

"I have the Baron F. with me now. He has the flat next to mine, but all his windows were broken, and of course a Frenchman couldn't sleep with open windows."

Madeleine, our pretty waitress, told of a house near hers that was shattered. A bomb had cut right through it. Happily all the inmates were in the cellar at the time, and so escaped.

"Ah!" we cried, "we shall mention that to our French neighbors. Then they won't be so anxious to spend the night in a second-floor apartment."

THERE has been another air-raid since that time. As soon as the "Alerte" sounded we all fled to our rooms, where we waited in anticipation—not for bombs, but for the door-bell. But it never rang. Our French neighbors were safe in the cellar.

On the following day the bombardment began—one small shell every twenty-five minutes. Still Paris remained in its cellars. The underground stopped running, and stores remained closed; but the "mad English" stayed above ground, indignant because they couldn't go about as usual.

I wonder what cellars in Paris are like? There must be some place in the basement reserved for our use. I must ask Marie to take me there some day.

A Short Siesta

ONE of our officers had just entered his palatial residence one day and stretched himself out for a short siesta on a downy couch consisting of a few empty sand-bags laid on the hard earth fire step, which was about one and a half feet wide, when Fritz decided to throw over a few "beer kegs" (Minenwerfers). We got forty of them in about twenty minutes. The last one landed plumb in the centre of the trench just beside the officers' dugout. It made a hole about twenty feet across, twelve feet deep, and buried three of our men alive. We eventually managed to dig them out, however, unwounded but shell-shocked. It was at this moment that the officer, who had gone blissfully to sleep, emerged from the so-called dug-out, rubbed his eyes and muttered, "Say, boys, what's going on? I thought I heard something." He was the soundest sleeper I ever knew. — From "Captured," by Lieutenant I. Harvey Douglas (Canadian).

