

AMERICAN GIRL'S PLUCK—PENNILESS AND ALONE MIDST WAR-CRAZED PARIS MOBS

CHAPTER III.—A SMILING HINDU

By Louise Townsend Nicholl.

But before we could find the police we must have our bags out of the hotel by noon, and find another hotel where, if possible, meals could be charged. We gave checks to the Russian, but he was too excited to know what he was doing, and his wife, a charming French woman, laughed bitterly in our faces. Finally, it was arranged that the East Indian, who was to stay and shut the house, should take us to another hotel and should come there for our money next day. All of which he did. We met him in the Champs Elysees the next day, or rather, it seemed as though he rose before us out of the earth in a dark cloud, bowing and smiling too sweetly. I cannot tell whether he was an evil genius of the house which closed with such terrible loss to the Russian, or whether he was an angel walking the earth in strange disguise, as others have.

But for me, Paris will always be haunted, not by the sound of marching feet and the huzzahs of the soldiers and the snatches of the "Marseillaise" sung by many voices, but by the cat-like tread of an East Indian, who rises, smiling softly from the air beneath, who looked so evil but was so kind.

We were the only Americans at the hotel to which he took us, and it was here that my weak and feeble French grew strong and flourished, for the two women who kept the hotel could speak no English and my friend could speak no French. There we had three meals, until we dared run up the bill no longer, and after that we ate here and there or not at all. The worst of it was that I could not swallow one bite of that Sunday luncheon, though I knew that all the days to come must depend on the strength I could keep up.

In searching for the Police Head-

quarters that afternoon, we incidentally saw some of the city, the Madeleine, the Rue Royale, the Champs Elysees, the Arc de Triomphe, the Place de la Concorde, the outside of the Louvre and Notre Dame, and other things. The artificial beauty of it all seemed just a mockery that day, and the only sudden joy I had was in seeing the red



goldfish in the great pool of the Tuilleries Gardens, swimming together in one great patch of color, alive and true and natural.

When we found the Police Headquarters, after much weary walking, we were told that it was the wrong place, and that every one must go to the police chief of his own district. We walked the many weary miles, it must have been at least six, back again, and because there was nothing more that could be done that day, and because we were afraid of the