



Venus de Milo, Musee du Louvre.

nothing of the interior of French schools, and my confidence in the Academie Francaise is shaken for ever ! One doesn't expect the man in the street—even in an English street—to know anything of our little country, but I have always believed that the Sorbonne was so saturated with learning, that even the humblest official within its walls would know everything in this world there is to know. And also, where are the Liberty, Fraternity and Equality of this great Republic, whose school doors are so tightly tied up with red tape ?

My nationality has often been a source of pure joy to me. I happened once to mention to a very charming English woman that I came

from New Zealand. "Do you really ?" she said, "I should never have thought it ; why, you speak quite good English !" I assured her that we didn't always converse in Maori. A servant who heard the same fact mentioned, gave vent to this delicious remark : "Why, I didn't think you was half black enough !" But that was in the days before the war.

I have said nothing of the sights of Paris, which are many : the Pantheon, the Luxembourg, the lovely little Sainte-Chapelle, the theatres, palaces, churches, and shops. The three that attracted me most were the Louvre, Notre Dame, and the Musee de Cluny. Everyone knows something of the history and