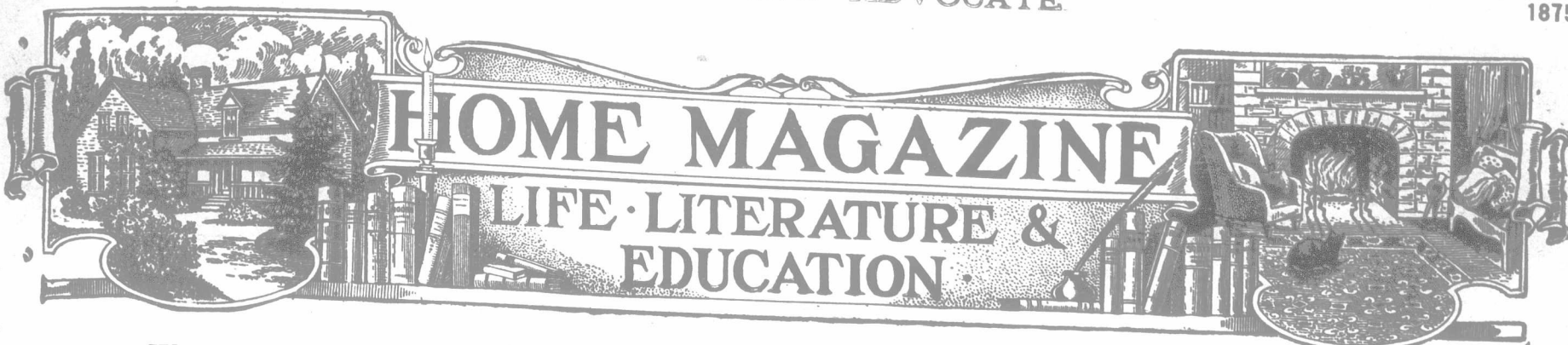




War.

The women harrow the ground, and the children scatter the grain,
They pause by the gate, and look down the winding road in vain
For those who went away, and will not return again—
Dead-trodden into earth, and their bones washed out by the rain.

The children are tying the sheaves, the women winnow the ear,
The children are plucking the grapes, the women yoking the steer,
Doing men's tasks, and thinking men's thoughts, with no time for a tear.

They have watched by the gate in vain, and they fight a battle alone,
Keeping the desert at bay, they wait till the children are grown.
The seasons betray not, as nations betray—the fruits once garnered, are won.

Yet, O hills by the city and woods by the sea, were they not enough that died,
Sons of our bodies, our brothers, our lovers, our pride?
Do ye remember as we remember, though we boasted not, nor cried?

We keep the desert at bay; and wait till the children are grown.
—Lucy Masterman, in the Nation.

Religion.

What is religion?—Word of many creeds
Blared forth in streets by solemn Pharisee,
And piped in doleful tones on scranell reeds,
Untouched by love, or tender sympathy
That moves the soldier where the Master bleeds?

What is religion?—Lofty minster-spires,
And rich mosaics on the chancel-wall,
Deep organ-tones and silver-throated choirs,
Whose golden glorias night and morning fall
With sanctus-bell and flares of altar-fires?

What is religion?—Note of bird on bough;
The sunlight falling o'er the waving grass;
A child's clear gaze and unashamed brow;
The little deeds, that, living, come and pass
And are forgot,—religion is, I trow.

What is religion?—Why, who everywhere
Stoops down to touch the dusty way-side-flower,
And then as tenderly the face of care—
Who thus in love lives on from hour to hour,
Has caught the secret and has mastered prayer.

ROBERT W. NORWOOD.

The Falling Leaves.

Lightly He blows, and at His breath they fall,
The perishing kindreds of the leaves;
They drift,
Spent flames of scarlet, gold aerial,
Across the hollow year, noiseless and swift.

Lightly He blows, and countless as the falling
Of snow by night upon a solemn sea,
The ages circle down beyond recalling,
To strew the hollows of Eternity.
He sees them drifting through the spaces dim,
And leaves and ages are as one to Him.

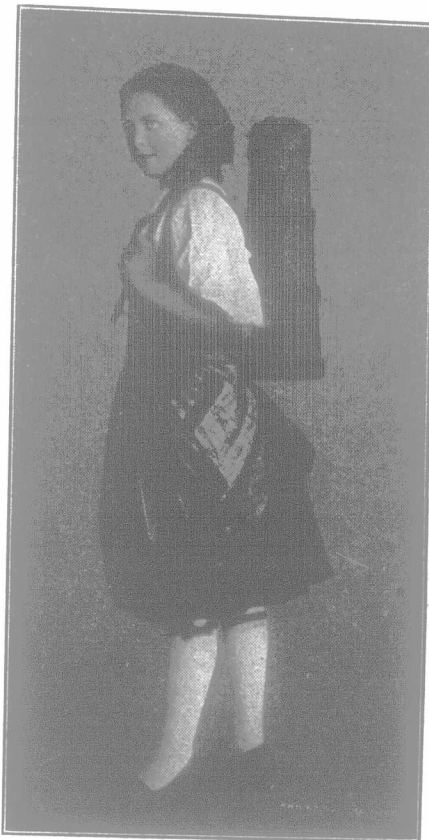
—C. G. D. Roberts.

Travel Notes.

(FROM HELEN'S DIARY.)

Interlaken, August 19th.

Such long, dreary days!—Gray days, and no news but bad news. Even the sun has withdrawn its friendly warmth; the far-away mountains have completely disappeared from view, and the near-by ones are heavily veiled in sombre clouds. Interlaken is like a deserted village. So many hotels and pensions and shops have closed, and so many panic-stricken tourists have departed, that you can hear the echo of your own footsteps on the streets.



A Swiss Milk Carrier.

Every morning now we are awakened by the tramp of horses and the clanking of the artillery wagons as they roll past. No person thinks or talks of anything else but the war. Nothing else seems of any importance. My mind seems to be a kinematograph of war pictures,—bloody battle scenes; men being butchered by thousands; bursting bombs scattering destruction and death; hospitals full of wounded soldiers; horrible pictures of pillage and carnage, torture and ruin.

Such a brutal war! It is worse than the fiendish barbarities of the Middle Ages. And this is our boasted civilization!

August 22nd.

The sun is out again, and the days are bright and warm, and at last, thank goodness, we have found something to do with our time—besides talking. We are all working like mad for the Red Cross Society of Switzerland. We are making shirts and pillow-cases and sheets and towels for the soldiers. There is a continuous sewing-bee going on under the trees on the Promenade, where a few weeks ago fashion was proudly disporting itself.

If a man from Mars should drop from the clouds into Interlaken just now he would form a queer impression of the place, and would probably send some strange and misleading paragraphs to his home paper. He might say, for instance, that the chief amusement of the silk-clad, diamond-decorated feminine visitors in Interlaken was to sit in groups around an empty band-stand and—sew. Of

course, he wouldn't know that they were stranded summer guests working for the Red Cross. Then he might remark that the men visitors did nothing from morning till night except sit under the trees and smoke and read and talk and look at the Jungfrau and meditate. But, of course, he wouldn't know that they were jailed here by the war, and that their chief occupation was talking about some way to get back to their native land.

And he—the man from Mars—might observe the Swiss women working in the fields, raking hay and loading the wagons, and he might rashly conclude that Switzerland was still in the Dark Ages,—that the men made the women do all the work, and even harnessed them to wagons and made them pull heavy loads through the public streets. But then, he wouldn't know that the most dreadful war the world has ever known was in progress, and that while the Swiss men were away guarding the frontier, the Swiss women were shouldering a double responsibility—doing their own work and the work of the absent men as well.

As a result of the war and the scarcity of men and horses, one sees some very strange sights on the streets here. All sorts of queer combinations are harnessed together to drag wagons. Yesterday I saw a load of hay being pulled along the street by two men, a dog, and a boy, and pushed behind by a woman. I also saw on a side street a substitute street-cleaning department in operation. It consisted of four little boys—the youngest one about three, the eldest about six. They had a small cart and a broom and a shovel, and were performing their duties with great seriousness. At first I thought they were just playing, but after watching them for awhile, I concluded they were quite in earnest, and that probably their father was off on military duty and they were doing his work. Children and dogs have to do all sorts of things here now that were formerly done by men and horses.

We have a library in Interlaken now.



Farming Near the Snow Peaks.

with the high-sounding name of the Anglo-American Library. It is the outcome of a dearth of reading matter, and an indisposition to squander money on new books. Someone suggested that we dump all our books into one heap and start an exchange library. No sooner said than done. A vacant room in the schoolhouse was procured, and in two days the Anglo-American Library was the most popular place in town. The room became a social center for the stranded, and later on developed into a work-room for the Red Cross Society. It was the busiest place in Interlaken. So many guests from the hotels applied for work that the supply could not keep up with the demand, and lots of fashionably-dressed women with diamonds galore went away quite disappointed because they

could not get any towels to hem. Aunt Julia is one of the leading spirits in the Red Cross work, and is so busy she hasn't time to worry about anything.

* * * * *

August 24th.

Now that the weather is so ideal and the money scare somewhat abated, people are opening their purse-strings (cautiously, to be sure) and taking little jaunts in the neighborhood. They say they owe it to the Swiss. But the train service is so irregular that one's plans are apt to be upset at the last moment.

That is what happened to us to-day. We hustled off early in the morning to catch the first train to Kleive Scheidegg; and there wasn't any first train. It had just been taken off. The first train to-day was the second train of yesterday. So we had to dawdle around for three hours waiting for it, and, of course, our time at Kleive Scheidegg was shortened by three hours.

The trip through the Lauterbrunnen Valley is a scenic marvel. Everything is so stupendous it fairly makes one gasp. When a descriptive writer finds the contents of the dictionary inadequate to express his admiration and emotion, he says: "Words fail to ——" And that is the only way I can describe the Lauterbrunnen Valley. It is simply overpowering. We went up and up and up, the valley receded to a mere strip, and the snowpeaks became bigger and brighter. We looked up at awful precipices that seemed to bore right into the sky, and in a short time we were on top of those precipices and gazing up at other cliffs miles higher. We went on and on, and up and up, until at last we reached Kleive Scheidegg. I've forgotten how many thousand feet high it is, but it is at the base of the snow-line, and is the starting point for the Jungfrau railway, the highest railway in the world.

I shall always associate Kleive Scheidegg with cows. I have been in Switzerland six weeks or more, and never until to-day have I laid eyes on a cow—a real cow. I have seen hundreds of highly-colored crockery ones, and hand-carved wooden ones of all sizes in the shops, but never a real, live Alpine cow until to-day. Herds of them were grazing on the mountain slopes around Kleive Scheidegg, and the jingling of their bells could be heard a great distance. If Edgar Allen Poe had been a modern poet in Switzerland, he would doubtless have added another verse to his celebrated poem of "The Bells," extolling the beauties of the Swiss cow-bells.

I was awfully anxious to get a picture of an Alpine cow, but, although there were hundreds of them in sight, they were too far away to photograph. But there were a few stragglers at the foot of the hill behind the hotel, and I thought I would try for one of those. It was a steep hill, and a slippery one, and I got down sooner than I expected to. When I was able to stand up straight again I saw one of those stragglers making straight for me.

I am not used to cows. They seem to me just as dangerous as wild animals. If one looks at me intently I feel that it has intentions on my life. This one came quite near me, and stared fixedly at me in a speculative manner that fairly made me quake. It seemed to me I detected a sinister gleam in its eye that boded ill. I was just on the point of dropping my camera and bolting, when the cow gave its head a wild toss in the air which started its bell clanging like a fire-alarm, and then—it just calmly walked away and paid no more attention to me.

I hastily took a snap-shot, and then scrambled up the hill as fast as I could.