

My Mother's Garden.

Sweet alyssum, mignonette,
Phlox and lavender,
Baby pansies happy yet
With the thought of her;

White petunias, asters tall,
Hollyhocks a-row
Sunning by the garden wall,
Pinks and morning-glow;

Purple Canterbury bells
Stiff with pomp and pride,
Love-lies-bleeding, marigold,
Rose and morning-bride;

Fragrant honey-suckle vines
Flowering where they stand
Tendrils trembling as if still
Swaying from her hand;

Lovingly they look for her,
Wistfully they wait;
But the grass is overgrown
At the garden gate—

Mary Carolyn Davies, in "Craftsman."

Travel Notes.

Vevey, Switzerland, March 20, 1917.

Think of all the bells in Switzerland ringing at the same time!—ringing on the heights, ringing in the valleys; ringing in all the cities and towns and villages and hamlets, bells of Catholic and Protestant churches alike joining in one universal jubilation.

That is what happened last night.

From eight o'clock till eight-fifteen the bells of all Switzerland were united in one grand paean in honor of *Nicolas de Flue*, a Swiss hermit who lived and died before Columbus set sail from Spain in search of the new world.

This *Nicolas de Flue* (Nicolaus of the Ravine) is the same *Bruder Claus*, the same St. Nicolaus (he was canonized after his death) whose pictures and statues confronted us at every turn when we were staying at Sackeln, just before the war broke out. But I didn't know so much about *Nicolas de Flue* then as I do now, for the newspapers have been devoting columns to his history for several days, and this, the 500th anniversary of his birth, is being made an event of national importance. Switzerland is grateful to *Nicolas* for having saved the country from disruption. At a critical period in Swiss history, when the cantons were on the verge of civil war, *Nicolas de Flue* acted as peacemaker, and by his wise counsel induced them to compromise their differences and unite for the common good and mutual defence. For this he has been called the "Apostle of Peace." For this, he is being honored to-day. And this man whose sage advice saved Switzerland was a peasant farmer who could neither read nor write. He lived his seventy years in sight of his birthplace—a little hamlet in the mountains near Lucerne.

During his youth he served as a soldier for his country, and reached the rank of Captain, but he abhorred the brutality of war. Here are some directions he gave to his soldiers:

"Pity the vanquished. Have consideration for the villages occupied. Divide your bread with the widows. Cover the orphan with your mantle. Do not steal a grain of wheat. Spare above all things the house of God, and God will give you the victory."

These are some commandments that certain belligerents called "Christians" have lamentably transgressed during the present war.

When *Nicolas de Flue* was thirty he married. When he was fifty he decided to abandon the world and live a life of solitude and prayer. So forthwith he assumed the garb of a monk, bade farewell to his wife and ten children, and retired to a deep, gloomy ravine in the neighborhood. There he built himself a rude hut

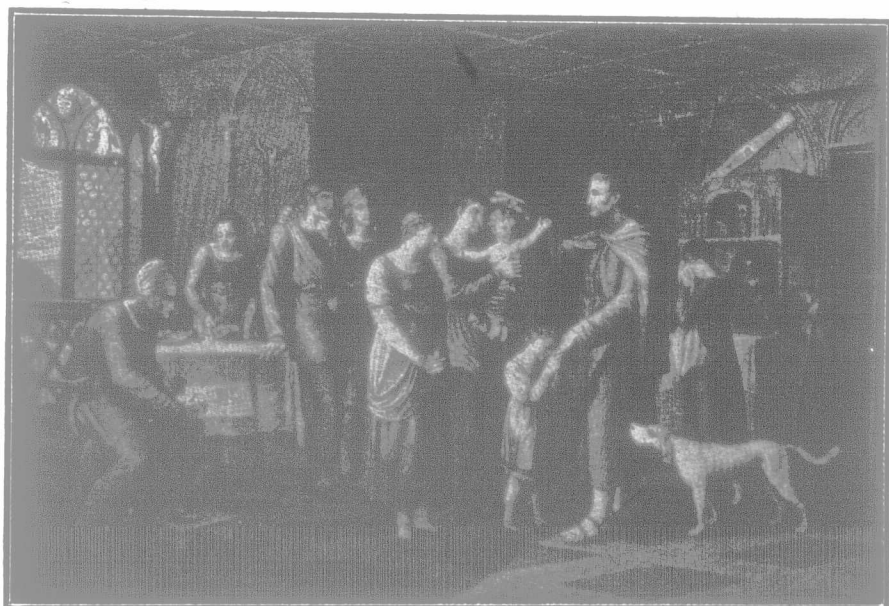
and remained for 20 years. According to the legend, his only food during this period was the sacramental bread and wine of which he partook once a month. After he had been there for some time the natives built a little chapel for him, which still stands and is much visited by pilgrims.

As the years went by his reputation for sanity and wisdom became so great that his advice was eagerly sought by the public men of the day, not only of his own country but also by those from powerful foreign cities, including Venice and Milan.

The log house in which he first saw the day still stands and is in an excellent state

There are 12,000 French and Belgian soldiers in Switzerland, most of them in this district. Many of them are too ill to work, but others have quite regained their health or, at least, to such an extent that they are eager to turn their enforced vacation to advantage.

When they first arrived here they were in a most pitiable state—weak, sick, crippled and half starved. The people went crazy over them, in fact, they adored to such an extreme, that a goodly number of the interns completely lost their heads. The change from starvation and bad treatment and German prisons to liberty and adulation and Switzerland was more than some of them could stand. They



Nicolas de Flue Bidding Farewell to his Family.

of preservation. When we were in that district we made a little pilgrimage to see it. It looked just about the same as the other houses in that part. Architecture was just the same. It was hard to believe it had been built before America was discovered.

Among the numerous descendants of *Nicolas* are many names of local note and some of national importance. One of his present-day descendants is a superior court judge in the Canton of Oberwald, where *Nicolas* lived and died. Another direct descendant is a French war prisoner in Switzerland.

Nicolas was buried in the church at Sackeln, where his skull with the glaring glass eye is still an object of reverence, and exhibited on great occasions.

It was at Sackeln that the two days' festivities in his honor are taking place. The President, representatives from all the cantons and other high dignitaries are taking part. Also a detachment of Swiss soldiers. There are to be speeches, processions, music, services in the church, fireworks, cannons and bells.

Seems a pity *Nicolas* couldn't know about it!



Easter Sunday Parade.

How pompous he,
How submissive she,
How obedient the little three.

April 20, 1917.

The continuance of the war has caused endless complications and troublesome problems in Switzerland. One of the problems which is agitating a good many minds in this section is what to do with the interned prisoners of war who are well enough to work, who want to work, and who cannot get work to do.

got into all sorts of trouble as a result of idleness and freedom. They frequented the cafes, drank too much, and made themselves obnoxious to a good many people. There were numerous cases of insubordination. Some of them even tried to escape, and some really got across



Easter Sunday on the Lake Promenade.

This happens to be a Swiss soldier, but one is quite likely to see a "Tommy" or a "poilu" doing the same thing. It is one of the popular pastimes of the internes.

to France—a very easy thing to do from Vevey, all that is necessary is to hire a boat and row across the lake, a distance of six miles or so. But those who managed to get to France were promptly sent back by the French Government, so the craze died out.

Now, conditions are very different. The rules and regulations are much stricter than at first, and the men are obliged to work if they are well enough. Opportunities are given them to go on with their regular trades or professions or studies. But in countless cases this is impossible, owing to the injuries they have received. These unfortunates have to be re-educated so that when they get back to their native country they will be able to support themselves. For this reason, and also to provide work for the able-bodied, a number of *ateliers* have been opened in Vevey and in other places in this section. We have visited several of them to see what is being done. In Montreux there is a flourishing *atelier* under the supervision of Lieutenant Vouaux, a French intern whose marvellous wood-work display attracted so much attention in Geneva last year at the Exposition of the Soldiers' Work. He is the man who constructed the miniature houses and churches out of cigar boxes, during his confinement in a German fortress. He has about fifty men working under him at Montreux. Originally they made toys and reproductions of historical monuments and buildings, all of which were sent to France to be sold, as the work of the interned soldiers must not compete with Swiss industries. But toy-making has been abandoned now, and the *atelier* has been turned into a furniture factory. The furniture is destined for the invaded regions of France. An American lady donated a large sum of money to the work, and this is the reason of the change from toys to furniture. We saw the miniature models of the furniture and the drawings, all of which came from the United States.

In Vevey there are several *ateliers*. We visited one of the largest the other day. It occupies two floors of one of the buildings of Peter's Chocolate Company. The firm generously donated the space. The rooms are large and bright and airy. On the upper floors they make toys and small articles of various kinds; on the lower floor, which is as noisy and dusty as a sawmill, they make wooden shoes. We saw the entire process from the Swiss log to the finished sole. Seemed to me there were enough shoes in that room to supply all the peasants in France.

The first thing we noticed when we went into this *atelier* was a gorgeous display of flags on the wall—the flags of France, Belgium, England, Switzerland and—the Stars and Stripes of the U. S.

"Why the Stars and Stripes?" we asked.

The French Captain who was personally conducting us around the place, smiled engagingly (these French officers are certainly fascinating) and explained that an American lady was defraying all their expenses, and the American flag was there in recognition of her generosity.

This month two schools of commerce are to be opened here for the benefit of the internes. In all the centres of internment activities of various kinds are going on. At one of the centres in the high Alps the internes are constructing a road. A few miles from Vevey there is a colony of musicians where students can continue their studies under the best French and Belgian teachers. They have an orchestra of 65, all professionals. This orchestra is just about to make a tour of Switzerland, so we will have a chance of hearing it.

But the most ambitious plan yet broached for providing employment for the internes is the erection of a huge military hospital for tuberculosis. All the work in connection with it to be done by French and Belgian internes. This hospital is to be called *Le Sanatorium des Allies*. It will accommodate about a thousand patients, and cost two million dollars. The money will be furnished by the governments of the Allies, and by individual subscription. The hospital will be built on the slope of the mountain at