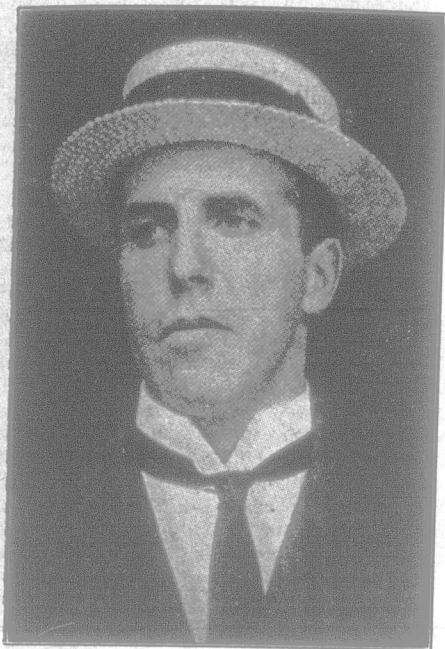
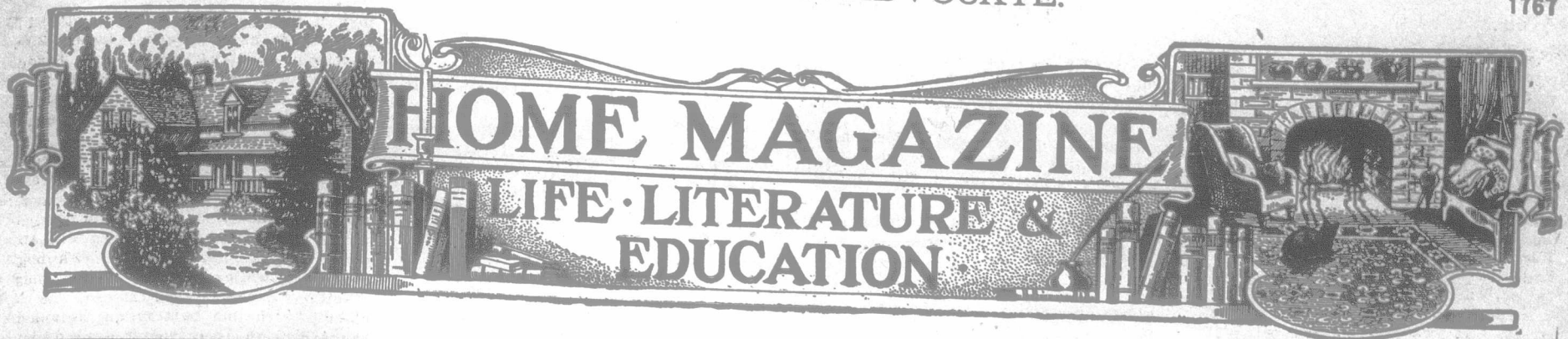




Men at the Helm.

Lieut. John Cyril Porte, who has been put in charge of the training school of the aviator corps of the Royal Navy of Britain.

The Destroyers.

(By Kipling.)

The strength of twice three thousand horse
That seek the single goal;
The line that holds the rending course,
The hate that swings the whole:
The stripped hulls, sinking through the gloom,
At gaze and gone again—
The Brides of Death that wait the groom—
The Choosers of the Slain!

Offshore where sea and skyline blend
In rain, the daylight dies;
The sullen, shouldering swells attend
Night and our sacrifice.
Adown the stricken capes no flare—
No mark on spit or bar—
Girdle, and desperate we dare
The blindfold game of war.

Nearer the up-flung beams that spell
The council of our foes;
Clearer the barking guns that tell
Their scattered flank to close.
Sheer to the trap they crowd their way
From ports for this unbarred.
Quiet, and count our laden prey,
The convoy and her guard!

On shoal with scarce a foot below,
Where rock and islet throng,
Hidden and hushed we watch them throw
Their anxious lights along.
Not here, not here your danger lies—
(Stare hard, O hooded eyne!)
Save where the dazed rock-pigeons rise
The lit cliffs give no sign.

Therefore—to break the rest ye seek,
The Narrow Seas to clear—
Hark to the Syren's whimpering shriek—
The driven death is here!
Look to your van a league away—
What midnight terror stays
The bulk that checks against the spray
Her crackling tops ablaze?

Hit, and hard hit! The blow went home,
The muffled, knocking stroke—
The steam that overruns the foam—
The foam that thins to smoke—
The smoke that cloaks the deep aboil—
The deep that chokes her throes
Till, streaked with ash and sleeked with oil,
The lukewarm whirlpools close!

A shadow down the sickened wave
Long since her slayer fled:
But hear their chattering quickfires rave
Astern, abeam, ahead!
Panic that shells the drifting spar—
Loud waste with none to check—
Mad fear that rakes a scornful star
Or sweeps a consort's deck!

Now, while their silly smoke hangs thick,
Now ere their wits they find,
Lay in and lance them to the quick—
Our gallied whales are blind!
Good luck to those that see the end,
Good-bye to those that drown—
For each his chance as chance shall send—
And God for all! Shut down!

The strength of twice three thousand horse
That serve the one command;
The hand that heaves the headlong force,
The hate that backs the hand;
The doom-bolt in the darkness freed,
The mine that splits the main;
The white-hot wake, the wildering speed—
The Choosers of the Slain!

Travel Notes.

(FROM HELEN'S DIARY.)

Interlaken, August 15, 1914.

This town is as dull as a cemetery.
So many hotels have closed up, so many
shops are locked and shuttered, so many

on the subject. It has also prohibited all criticism of any action of the Swiss Government. Also, it is rumored that the Police Department have issued orders that everyone must be vaccinated. But I hope it is not true.

During these hours of enforced idleness, I am going to jot down a few notes about the places we visited before we came to Interlaken.

From Wiesbaden we went direct to Freiburg, in Baden, a quaint old German city on the edge of the Black Forest. Such a contrast! Wiesbaden is architecturally modern, and Freiburg is strikingly medieval. There was as much difference in the looks of the inhabitants of the two places as in the architecture, only it was the other way round: Wiesbaden was an up-to-date town, full of old men trying to renew their youth; Freiburg was an ancient-looking town full of young wisecracks. The reason there are such shoals of young men in Freiburg is because there is a University there—a very venerable, gray-haired institution, which existed long before Columbus and America had their celebrated meeting in 1492.

The first impression one gets of Freiburg is that it is a reddish town, circled by green hills of varying heights. Tourists usually rave about the quaint architecture, the weird-looking towers, and the noble gothic cathedral. I raved, too; but just at first the sight of so many

sight of so much youth and energy, I wondered if—say in thirty years—these same slim, handsome students, would be corpulent, crochety, bald-headed, leathery-faced old gentlemen taking the "cure" at Wiesbaden.

Now, alas! the majority of those fine-looking young fellows are shouldering their muskets and marching to their death, and Freiburg is a hospital for wounded soldiers.

Freiburg is certainly a fascinatingly quaint old town. The architecture is extraordinary, so bizarre, so full of kinks and ornamental fal-de-rols—gilt balconies, carved stone-work, gold embellishments, queer sculptured creatures of a species unknown, and all sorts of "uncatalogical" decorative jimcrackery. Some of the houses are completely covered with frescoes—vines, and pictures, and unreadable texts in fancy German lettering.

Then there are the high, square, massive, much-painted and decorated green-roofed towers that give such a medieval touch to the city. And the fountains—one could write a book about the fountains of Freiburg, there are so many of them, and they are so extremely odd. If collected, they would form quite a colony of halo-wearers, as most of them are presided over by saints, or madonnas, or martyrs.

And then the streams of clear water rippling along the sides of the street all over the city. History says that in olden times these streams were the sewers of the city—but that was long, long ago; now, they are wholly ornamental. They vary in width from a foot to four or five feet; some are shallow, and some are quite deep. The water comes from the River Dreisam, and is as clear as crystal, and the current so swift that the water swirls around some of the corners with a roar like a mountain torrent. On a hot day these streams have quite a cooling effect on the atmosphere, and furnish no end of amusement and pleasure to the children—and dogs—of the city. I saw a row of happy little girls sitting on the curbstone dangling their feet in the purling stream; and on another street I saw a procession of ten boys wading in the water, hooting joyfully as they went along. I felt like getting into line with the boys as it was a blistering hot day, and my feet were six sizes too big for my shoes.

I wish some clever person would invent a shoe for travellers that would accommodate itself to the shrinkage and swellage (I don't think there is such a word, but there ought to be) of a person's foot.

In Freiburg there is no lack of water, and, judging by the street signs, there is no lack of beer, either.

But the star attraction of the town (according to Baedeker) is the Cathedral—a beautiful old gothic building begun in the Thirteenth Century, and finished in the Sixteenth. It is built of that soft-colored red sandstone so much used throughout the city, and it has a wonderful tower of fretted stonework 380 feet high.

We went to service in the cathedral on Sunday, and from a musical and artistic standpoint it was very beautiful. But there was one thing that amused me very much, and that was the collection-box. It wasn't really a box at all, but a bag on the end of a long pole. Hidden in the tassel which dangled underneath the bag, was a little bell which tinkled constantly, and seemed to say: "Here I am—put in your money."

One of the "things to see" in Freiburg is the big market on Saturday morning. It is held on the open space surrounding the cathedral. They said that in order to see the market in all its glory one must get there early in the morning (I



A Corner of the Market in Freiburg.

people have gone away, that it gives one the blues to walk around town. The only excitement is reading the war bulletins—which are mostly lies—and chasing around after English newspapers. When we do capture one it is two or three weeks old, but we read every word, and then pass it along to the waiting list. No matter what we think about the war we have to keep quiet, as the Swiss Government has prohibited public speech

young men trooping around the streets was so thrilling that I couldn't talk of anything else. After being six months in Wiesbaden gazing daily upon rheumatic processions of old gentlemen, it was positively exciting to see streets full of energetic young students striding along as if they were really going some place. I felt as if the world had suddenly become young again. But after I had recovered from the first thrill at the