

Men at the Helm.
General Joseph Joffre, Chief of the French General Staff.

The Pumpkins in the Corn.

By Charles G. D. Roberts.

Amber and blue, the smoke behind the hill,
Where in the glow fades out the morning star,
Curtains the autumn cornfield, sloped afar,
And strikes an acrid savour on the chill.
The hilltop fence shines saffron o'er the still
Unbending ranks of bunched and bleaching corn,
And every pallid stalk is crisp with morn,
Crisp with the silver autumn morn's distil.
Purple the narrowing alleys stretched between
The spectral shocks, a purple harsh and cold,
But spotted where the gadding pumpkins run,
With bursts of blaze that startle the serene
Like sudden voices,—globes of orange gold,
Elate to mimic the unrisen sun.

Browsings Among the Books.

ON WAR.

From "Sartor Resartus," by Thomas Carlyle.

"Horrible Enough! A whole Marchfeld strewn with shell-splinters, cannon-shot, ruined tumbrils, and dead men and horses; stragglers still remaining not so much as buried. And those red mold heaps: ay, there lie the Shells of Men, out of which all the Life and Virtue has been blown; and now are they swept together, and crammed down out of sight, like blown egg-shells! Did Nature, when she bade the Donau bring down his mold-cargoes from the Carinthian and Carpathian Heights, and spread them out here into the softest, richest level,—intend thee, O Marchfeld, for a corn-bearing Nursery whereon her children might be nursed; or for a Cockpit, wherein they might the more commodiously be throttled and tattered? Were thy three broad Highways, meeting here from the ends of Europe, made for Ammunition-wagons, then? Were thy Wagons and Stillfrieds but so many ready-built Case-mates, wherein the House of Hapsburg might batter with artillery, and with artillery be battered? Koenig Ottokar,

amid yonder hillocks, dies under Rodolf's truncheon; here Kaiser Franz falls a-swoon under Napoleon's: within five centuries, to omit the others, how has thy breast, fair Plain, been defaced and defiled! The greensward is torn-up and trampled-down; man's fond care of it, his fruit-trees, hedge-rows, and pleasant dwellings, blown away with gunpowder; and the kind seedfield lies a desolate, hideous Place of Skulls.—Nevertheless, Nature is at work; neither shall these Powder-Devilkins with their utmost devilry gainsay her; but all that gore and carnage will be shrouded-in, absorbed into manure; and next year the Marchfeld will be green, nay greener. Thrifty, unwearied Nature, ever out of our great waste educating some little profit of thy own,—how dost thou, from the very carcass of the Killer, bring Life for the Living!

"What, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net-purport and upshot of war? To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil, in the British village Dumdrudge, usually some five

sciously, by Commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! their Governors had fallen out; and instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot.—Alas, so is it in Deutschland, and hitherto in all other lands; still as of old, 'What devilry seven kings do, the Greeks must pay the piper!'—In that fiction of the English Smollet, it is true, the final Cessation of War is perhaps prophetically shadowed forth; where the two Natural Enemies, in person, take each a Tobacco-pipe, filled with Brimstone; light the same, and smoke in one another's faces, till the weaker gives in; but from such predicted Peace-Era what blood-filled trenches, and contentious centuries, may still divide us!"

Travel Notes.

"PRISONERS OF WAR."

(From Helen's Diary.)

Interlaken, Switzerland, July 28.

When we came here a few days ago, Interlaken was humming with life and activity; bands were playing in all the parks and gardens, the hotels were crammed with people, the Promenade was thronged with a holiday crowd all day long, and swarms of tourists were coming and going by every boat and train;—now, the town is as dead as a door-nail. Rumors of war are in the air. The Russians, Germans, Austrians, and French, have all been recalled to their respective countries, and are hurrying away by every train. The hotels are almost empty.

Interlaken is a town of hotels, and is charmingly located in a valley between the lakes of Thun and Brienz. The valley is as flat as a table, and walled on two sides by giant mountains which rise to tremendous heights. Many of the mountains are accessible by funicular or cog-wheel railways. The Swiss are such marvellous engineers that no obstacle seems too great for them to overcome. They build railways in the most impossible places, and on the dizzy heights on the edge of hair-raising precipices they erect magnificent hotels. The prices, of course, are correspondingly high. The star feature in the Alpine scenery of In-

terlaken is the snow-capped Jungfrau, nearly fourteen thousand feet high. In this clear air it looks so near that one would think a good golf player could drive a ball right into the snow. The world-renowned Jungfrau Railway is the highest railway in Europe. It is an electric cog-wheel line, six miles long, and it can supply a timid passenger with thrills every minute. It doesn't go to the top of the Jungfrau yet, but it goes up 11,480 feet, which is quite high (and cold) enough.

Friday, July 31.

Big, red placards were posted on the streets to-day, stating that the entire Swiss army was ordered to the frontier. They are to go to-morrow. This will take away so many hotel employees that they say the hotels will have to close up, as there will be no men left to do the work. This is very serious for Interlaken, which depends entirely on summer visitors and the tourist trade. The hotels are already handicapped by the loss of so many waiters—the waiters being nearly all German. The porters and 'bus-drivers are all Swiss—and now they must go. Every man in this hotel has to leave to-morrow, so we are going to move to a pension. This is the very height of the season here, but the war scare has completely paralyzed everything. When the hotel 'buses came back from the station to-night they made a procession nearly a mile long, and every single 'bus was empty.

Great excitement on the street to-night. Extras were issued stating that Germany and Russia were at war.

Saturday, August 1st.

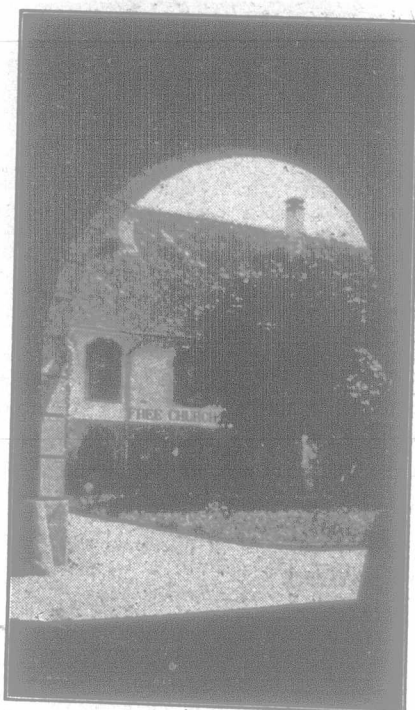
Worse news about the war. The banks are closed and people are getting panicky. Cook's Tourist Office was open a few hours, but would not cash any checks or letters of credit. Would not even cash their own checks.

All sorts of rumors are current. No one can get any money. Many English and American tourists who have money are buying through tickets to France or England and hustling off as fast as they can. The hotel 'buses going to the station were filled with people, and piled mountains high with baggage. They say there won't be a 'bus on the street to-morrow, as all the horses are needed for the Swiss army. They say if you don't get out of town to-day, you may not be able to get away at all. They say the German and French frontiers are closed, and that many people who left here only got as far as the frontier. They say many of them had to come back. They say refugees from France and Germany are pouring into Switzerland, and that they have had all sorts of terrible things happen to them—have lost their baggage, could get no accommodation, had to sleep on benches in any old place, were put off trains in the middle of the night, and had to walk miles and carry their own hand-baggage. They say the travelers were packed in the cars like cattle, and could get nothing to eat.

Everybody is out in the street asking questions and trying to find out something definite. But nobody knows anything. No introductions are necessary; all formality is dropped; all that is needed is a language in common. The one topic is war.

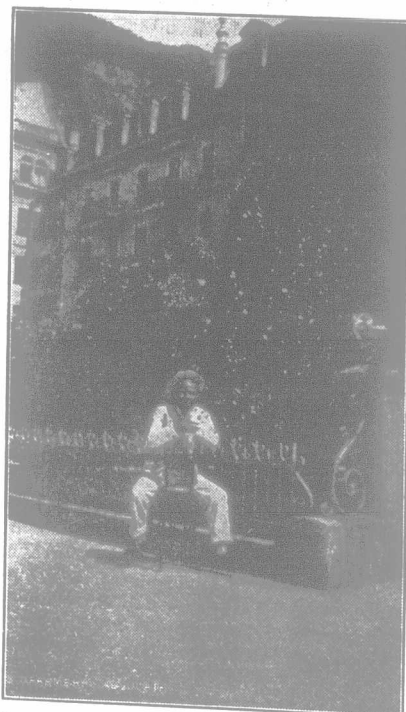
Every hour or two the "rat-ta-ta" of drums is heard, and people rush to hear the latest proclamation.

To-day is the Swiss National Holiday—but this year it is a day of sorrow instead of joy. In this little Republic there are only three million people altogether, and 450,000 of them are now guarding the frontier.



The Cloistered Court Where the Presbyterian Service is Held.

hundred souls. From these, by certain 'National Enemies' of the French, there are successfully selected, during the French war, say thirty able-bodied men: Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them: she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected; all dressed in red; and shipped away, at the public charges, some two thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain; and fed there till wanted. And now to that same spot, in the south of Spain, are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending: till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual juxtaposition; and Thirty stands fronting Thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word 'Fire!' is given: and they blow the souls out of one another; and in place of sixty brisk, useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury, and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the Devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart; were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a Universe, there was even, uncon-



"Sambo," the Happiest Man in Interlaken.

No matter what happens he keeps on smiling. He can't help it. He is made that way. He is a bit of Swiss wood-carving.