



### Children.

A joyous sound of laughter  
Blown through the gates of morning,  
A gossamer of music.

(O little frightened whisper,  
And hands that reach for comfort!)

Glad lips with song upswelling,  
Wide eyes agaze with wonder,  
Hearts tiptoe for adventure.

(O glance that brands the liar!  
O words of baby wisdom!)

A rush, a cry, a scurry  
Of playmate seeking playmate;  
A gust of mimic passion.

(O little lifted faces  
Forever asking, asking!)

Blown bubbles floating lightly  
That cast no shadow after,  
That mirror only heaven.

(O clear eyes filled with vision!  
O lips like silent sphinxes!)  
—Helen Coal Crew.

### Travel Notes.

(FROM HELEN'S DIARY.)

Geneva, Dec. 17, 1915.

Alackaday! It's a weary world! I'm tired of everything—tired of this hotel, tired of looking at the same people day after day, and most awfully tired of the meals—of the rubbery, drab-colored war-bread, of the stuff that looks like butter but doesn't taste like it, of the muddy, flavorless coffee, and of that everlasting veal, sometimes disguised under another name, but always just the same old veal. Bread may be the Staff of Life in some countries, but not in Switzerland. In Switzerland the Staff of Life is veal.

And I'm tired of living in a perpetual fog, and of staying in the same place, and of being jailed in one little country. And no matter where you go in that little country, you run into the worst weather ever known in that section. If you go where it is supposed to be balmy and spring-like you are treated to arctic gales and furious snow-storms, and if you hie to the high Alps for winter sports, the snow melts and the skating rinks turn into lakes.

Everything is wrong this year. I'd like to get into an aeroplane and fly to realms unknown—to some place where it was balmy and restful, where meals grew on convenient bushes, and gunpowder was never heard of.

But here we are, and here we have to stay till the war-clouds clear away. Alackaday! It's a weary world!

Dec. 20.

They have some very curious street names in old Geneva. There is a short, narrow, gloomy street, or street-let I should call it, which rejoices in the high-sounding name of "The Street of the Rising Sun." If the sun ever gets a chance to peep into that street it must be just at dawn, for all the rest of the day it is as sombre and glacial as a cellar. Not far away is the street of the Black Horse, and a little farther on the street of the White Horse, and then one comes to the Hen Steps, a short, narrow street connecting two streets. Perhaps on its early days it was a hen-step, the day when I was mooning around, I found myself on Purgatory Street, and proceeding on my thorny way I had straight into Hell — — — Street. Mark Twain mentions these streets in his "Tramp Abroad," but I always thought it was just one of his jokes. But, no. The names are tacked up on the street

corners in plain letters. Mark Twain relates how one day when he was on an investigating tour around the town he lost his way.

"I got lost," he says, "in a tangle of narrow, crooked streets, and stayed lost for an hour or two. Finally I found a street which looked somewhat familiar, and said to myself, 'now I am at home, I judge.' But I was wrong; this was Hell Street. Presently I found another place which had a familiar look, and said to my-

homes have been ruined, their property destroyed, and now, the Germans have got tired of feeding them, and so they are shipping them out of the country. A hundred thousand of them are being sent to the southern part of France. As they are not allowed to pass through the fighting lines, they have to be sent around by Germany and Switzerland.

For one hour I stood on the cold, damp, ground, in a chilly foggy atmosphere, waiting to see them pass by

of improvised makeshift contrivances. A most pitiable sight!

Old men and women, bent and crippled, hobbling painfully along; pale-faced, haggard women; puny children; blind people, lame people, people with sore eyes and graveyard coughs. And babies. Such a lot of babies. I tried to imagine the interior of one of those cars when all those babies were squalling at once. What a pandemonium! And it lasted two days! Two days of ear-splitting racket! But I suppose those wretched people have become so inured to discomfort that a little more or less doesn't make much difference to them.

In almost complete silence the sad procession of refugees filed past. Once or twice some of the more ambitious ones tried to shout, "Vive la Suisse," but their voices were so weak and faint they could hardly be heard. The gray-coated Swiss soldiers walked along with them acting as porters and assistants. It seemed to me as if every third soldier was carrying a baby in his brawny arms. But I saw one frail-looking young mother who absolutely refused to give up her child. Three different soldiers offered to take it from her, but she would not give it up. Perhaps she had lost everything else she had in the world, and was afraid to let her baby out of her sight.

One of the most touching things was the sight of the orphaned children—poor little, homeless waifs, tagged like a lot of cattle, and going they knew not whither.

One little boy of seven was asked:

"Where is your father?"

"He was killed."

"And your mother?"

"I don't know."

"And where are you going?"

"To France."

In one car there was a bunch of little children from three to six years of age. They had been dumped into the train at the last minute like so much baggage. Some of them had parents, but they didn't know where they were. The Germans didn't waste any time sorting out families, or looking up parents. They just filled the cars. Many of the parents were left behind. Perhaps they will find their children later on, perhaps they will never see them again.

The condition of the refugees when they reach Switzerland is most deplorable. They are ragged, dirty and starving. Some are revoltingly filthy and covered with vermin. Many are suffering from physical ills due to neglect and exposure.

The refugees are brought into Switzerland by way of Schaff house, where they are taken in charge by the Swiss Red Cross. When they reach Zurich they are taken to rooms prepared for the purpose and bathed, fed, and re-clothed. Those too ill to travel farther are taken to hospitals, the rest are sent on to Geneva. Sometimes the trains come right through to Geneva, and then the clean-up process is done here. At Geneva the refugees are transferred to tram cars and taken out to Annemasse, the French town just over the frontier line, and from there they are sent on to the interior of France.

It takes an enormous amount of clothes to reclothe these ragged people, and the Swiss have contributed most liberally, but the supply is running out, and the Red Cross have called for more donations.

One old Frenchman refused to accept any clothes. He said all he wanted was a black crape cap. He was asked why he wanted a black crape cap. "For my son who was killed," he said. "I had a black cap, but the German soldiers tore it off my head and put it on the head of a horse that was passing."



The "Evacués" Coming from the Station, Geneva.

The Swiss soldiers made themselves useful in carrying the babies for the refugees.

self, 'now I am at home, sure.' It was another error. This was Purgatory Street. After a little, I said, 'Now, I've got to the right place anyway.' No, this is Paradise Street, I'm further from home than I was in the beginning. Those were queer names—Calvin was the author of them, likely."

Jan. 5, 1916.

I have had my first glimpse of some of the real victims of this terrible war. I have seen a train-load of

as they came from the station. Thousands of people had gathered in the neighborhood of the station for the same purpose. A line of armed soldiers held back the crowd. Hundreds of other soldiers, unarmed, were detailed to meet the refugees at the train, and help them in any way necessary. Drawn up beside the platform were big motor ambulances for the sick and crippled.

Every one was waiting—waiting, but there was no excitement, just a great silence.



Helping the Sick and Crippled Into the Ambulance.

"Evacués" on their way back to France. The "Evacués" are the French people from that part of Northern France now occupied by the Germans. The elements that are arriving here don't are from the region near Lille. Little villages in that section have been depopulated. Ever since the German invasion these people have been under German domination. Their

Suddenly, the whistle of a locomotive, the rumble of a coming train!

The train pulls into the station, and from it emerges a sad-eyed throng of battered human beings.

Here they come, slowly, haltingly, all conspicuously ticketed and numbered, and carrying in their hands all their worldly possessions—in bags, in baskets, in pillow-cases, in all sorts