

Mourning.

BY GERTRUDE KNEVELS.

Shall I wear mourning for my soldier dead,
I—a believer? Give me red,
Or give me royal purple for the King
At whose high court my love is visiting.
Dress me in green for growth, for life made
new;
For skies his dear feet march, dress me in
blue;
In white for his white soul—robe me in
gold
For all the pride that his new rank shall
hold.
In earth's dim gardens blooms no hue too
bright
To dress me for my love who walks in
light!—In *Outlook*.

A Prayer.

Help me, O God, to keep before my eyes
The larger visions of this war; to be
Inspired each day by noble thoughts that
rise
Of duty, honor, country and of Thee.
Help me to think of war as one vast
whole
Of human effort struggling toward the
right,
Ever advancing nearer to the goal
Of freedom, from the iron rule of
might,
Lest I forget, and in my sorrow see
Only the face of him who goes from me.
—Soldier's Wife, in *The Globe*.

Travel Notes.

(FROM HELEN'S DIARY.)

Mont Pélerin, Feb. 20, 1918.

YESTERDAY we were in Purgatory; to-day we are in Paradise—that is, comparatively speaking.

From my window I look out on a heaving sea of grey fog, that stretches from the mountains of Switzerland clear across the lake (six miles) to the mountains of Savoy, in France. All the towns along the lake shore, and all the towns on the lower mountain slopes have entirely disappeared—buried deep under the fog. They have been buried for two weeks. And so have we.

Not for thirty years (they say!!) has such a continuous fog prevailed in this region. And so dense!

Uncle Ned said you could lean against it and leave an impression.

And so cold!
It was quite impossible to get warm outdoors or keep warm indoors. The hotels were as chilly as barns, owing partly to the lack of coal, and partly to the Swiss regulations concerning heating.

The inevitable result was dumps and ailments.
Aunt Julia was groaning with sciatica, and anything but angelic. Uncle Ned was hobbling painfully on two canes, and some of his language was not printable. Then the frontier was closed and there was no mail, not even newspapers. It really seemed as if we were jailed in some great cavern never reached by the light of the sun, and cut off from all the rest of the world.

Everybody was horribly depressed. And meanwhile, above the fog was the most glorious sunshine and an atmosphere like summer. For one franc, one could take the funicular, escape from the fog-choked valley and reach the sun-bathed mountain heights in twenty minutes. Crowds of people came up to Mont Pélerin every day not only for the sunshine, but to see the unusual sight of a great sea of fog heaving and billowing like a veritable ocean—an ocean so realistic that one expected to see ships riding the waves. Especially magnificent was it at sunset time, when the rough surface of the west fog-sea became opalescent and the snow-mountains which formed its shores reflected the brilliant

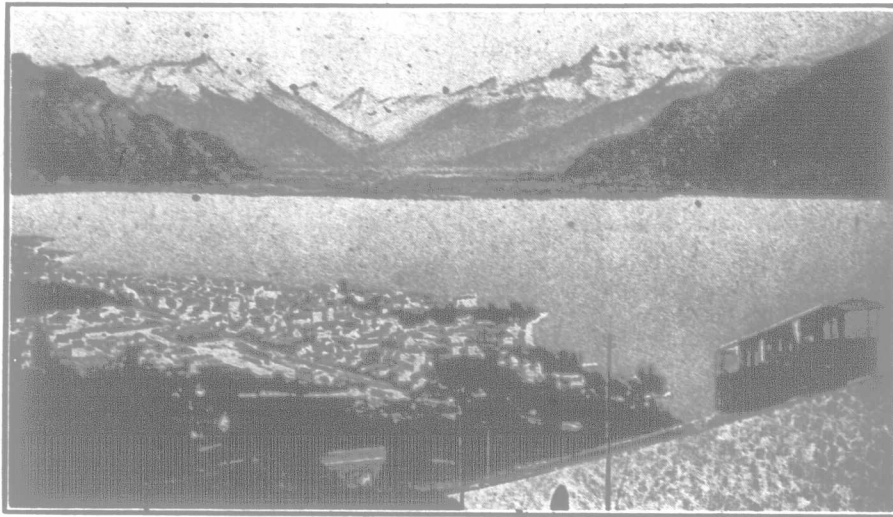
colors of the glorious sky. It was indeed a marvellous sight!

Feb. 26.

WE have been here about a week now. The ascent was not cheap, owing to the fact that we had to come up in an automobile on account of Aunt Julia. Fortunately there is a fine sanatorium here, and she and Uncle Ned are comfortably installed there and well looked after by the Sisters, who are very kind and most picturesque in their black gowns and big, floppy white caps. I am staying at a hotel nearby—one hill away,

about holding hands. (This is a favorite pastime of the interned soldiers.)

Although Mont Pélerin is just above Vevey, it is like another world. Everything is different. For instance, I haven't heard a word of English since I came. In Vevey, one hears a great deal of English, because of the number of English and American people there. Then the bread! Such a difference! Here, it is excellent, while in Vevey it is notoriously bad—even for war bread. I never tasted compressed sawdust, but I feel quite certain it would taste exactly like the Vevey bread.



Vevey and the Funiculaire to Mont Pélerin.

A clear day, showing Dents du Midi in the background.

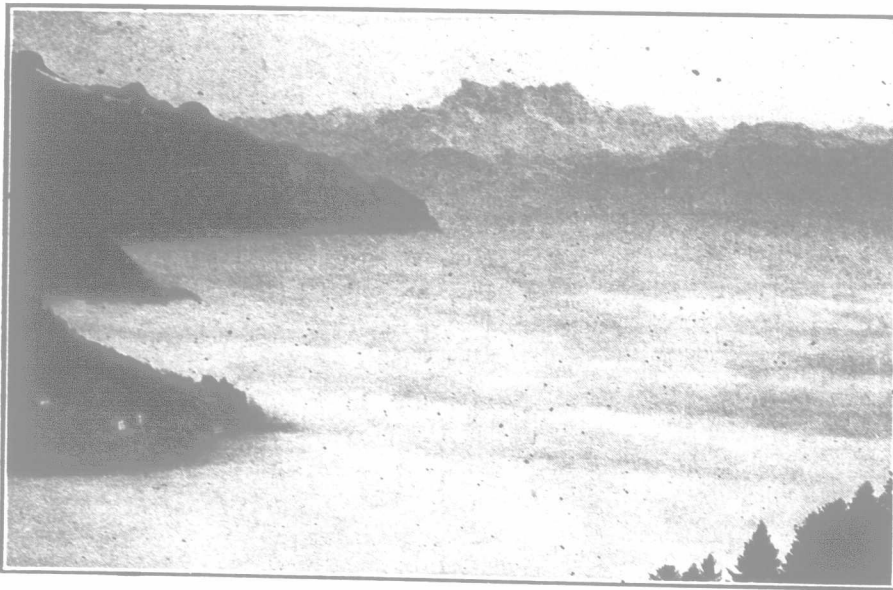
so to speak, but every afternoon I go over to the sanatorium and take tea with my afflicted relatives. It isn't exactly gay, but it is more or less interesting and amusing to see the different types of people collected there. There seem to be representatives of nearly every nation. I have not yet seen a Chinese, but I feel sure that there must be an invalid Chinaman stowed away in some room, and that he will flash into sight some day arrayed in gorgeous oriental robes.

A few days later.

THE air up here is magnificent—so bracing! I'm commencing to feel as if I had been made over. Hills seem like level stretches to me now.

As I said before, I have made no acquaintances, but every day on my mountain strolls I am greeted with frantic joy by the friendly cat, and looked on with scorn by the gorgeous peacock.

The friendly cat is a young and trustful creature, full of the optimism of youth.



The Great Sea of Fog which Covered Vevey and the Other Towns Along the Lake for Two Weeks.

I am really enjoying the solitude of this place. It is a sort of self-imposed solitude, as I am in that non-talkative, unsocial mood which follows the grippe.

Every day I go for long tramps on the mountain—up and down, up and down, always either up or down, there are no level places here except the terraces in front of the hotels. On my solitary rambles I meet very few people, except on Sundays when lovers are mooning

It inhabits a house at the top of a long ascent where two roads meet. From its sunny perch on the window-ledge it sentinels the road, and at the sight of an approaching pedestrian rushes joyously forth to meet him (or her, it is usually a "her") displaying the most unmistakable signs of feline delight. If there are several persons it greets them first collectively and then individually. It rubs against them with arched back, purring loudly and happily; it circles round and

round them, reaches up and claws them with its fore feet, emitting meanwhile meows interrogatory, meows friendly, meows joyful, meows unmistakably cordial—but sometimes misunderstood. It bestows its greetings quite impartially on Germans and English, Jews and Gentiles, being evidently a cat imbued with strict ideas on the subject of Swiss neutrality.

In spite of an occasional rebuff its faith in humanity remains unshaken. Yesterday I witnessed a most unpleasant encounter which it had with a nervous Russian lady from the sanatorium, who it seems has such a holy horror of cats that the mere sight of one sends her into spasms. She was taking her first constitutional, quite unaware, poor lady, of the awful fate awaiting her. She was plodding slowly up the hill, carrying her parasol in such a way that the immediate foreground was concealed from her view. Just as she reached the summit she shifted her parasol and saw, instead of an Alpine landscape—a cat, which to her terrified eyes looked as big as a tiger and as bloodthirsty. With a wild cry of terror she turned and fled shrieking down the hill.

Naturally, the friendly cat was very much perplexed at such extraordinary conduct on the part of the lady, and, when I went over to pick up the parasol which she had dropped in her flight, the friendly cat looked at me in a sad, puzzled sort of way which was really quite pathetic. I patted it sympathetically, which seemed to restore its spirits considerably.

Halfway down the hill, at a turn in the road, I came upon the Russian lady weeping bitterly. She had fallen and injured her foot so that she was unable to walk.

Fortunately, three boys came along in a few minutes trundling an empty cart. I commandeered it for Red Cross purposes, and with the assistance of the three dirty boys dumped the lachrymose lady therein. As the cart was small and the lady large, we had some difficulty in getting them separated afterwards.

Our progress to the sanatorium was rather exciting, owing to the lamentations of the lady and the fact that the funicular arrived just as we were passing the station. The passengers thinking we were indulging in a pleasant little lark, formed into a grinning line and cheered us as we passed. This agitated the Russian lady so much that she became quite hysterical and tried to get out of the cart, but being unsuccessful shrieked louder than ever.

I was glad when we reached the sanatorium and the officials took charge of the case.

The gorgeous peacock does not seem to share the altruistic views of the friendly cat. The peacock is suspicious. It peers at you out of its beady eyes with evident mistrust. It squawks raucously and intimates by its pompous actions that you are trespassing on private property. Regarded as a color scheme the peacock is certainly a thing of beauty, but its beauty would be tremendously enhanced if displayed from a pedestal more aesthetic than a manure heap.

But what can one expect from a pin-headed peacock?

March 3rd.

VERY peaceful and lovely it is up here on the mountain top. Spring is tinting the landscape with her magic wand; flowers are coloring the meadows and peeping out from rocky crevices.

Yes, it is very restful, very peaceful, and yet, sometimes, the silence is broken by the booming of cannon—far away, but quite distinct. And then, one remembers the tragedy of the war and walks with a sadder step.

I have made a discovery—quite an interesting one to me. I have discovered

a hotel on here on the that is not Switzerland displayed in country is where the s one in the town and y pursue you National; Hotel du La d'Angleterre Beausite; E The latter n One may tr date every l It was, t prise to see What was Les Trois I do not gentlemen enormously less. I look factors. Bu inn named i the-heels so suppose th alcoholic, a that the wi Trois Suisse place. But taken.

WHEN day to heard the la "No." "If there and the cou would lose people?" "What's t "The peop "Why?" "They wo king would c

TI The almanac Are the lo They are far Just why v

The robin is The oriole The bobolink 'Way down

The catbird i In cadence The clover a Where mea

The lake is a In a circle The columbi At the foot

The violets p The orchar As, floating o Its scent

The lilacs blo The woods Was ever a p In a pictur

Roadsides an coin Of the dan As if the not Had dropp

The wild rose Where the On a limb in The scarlet

In view of al This riot o Do you wond The alman

Bobcaygeon

I love to fish t And climb up It fills me full To feel the bi And as the fis I simply love Then when I I reel in happy