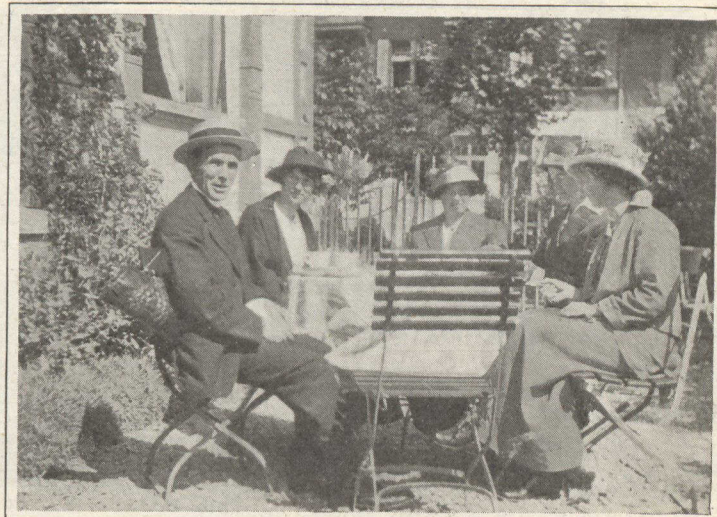




THE KISS THAT CHEERS BUT NOT INEBRIATES.

The famous stone at Blarney Castle was probably to thank for the gift of persuasion which enabled the Cuthbert party later to follow a "charmed" course through a sudden war zone. Madame LeMar is here the osculator.



TEA-DRINKING AT ZWEIZIMMEN.

Toronto tourists who continued to sight-see even when the murder of a vague archduke had ended in visible warfare, and every mile in Switzerland was soldiered. They are snapped here in a moment between excitements.

Sight-Seeing in the War Zone

An Interview with Madame Benita LeMar

By M. J. T.

THE returned Cuthbert party of tourists, which "sight-saw" in the war zone as lately as August 26th, by arriving practically intact on this side the Atlantic, reminds the observer of the boy who declined, individually, to do so when the teacher ordered his class dismissed "in sections." At the first trump of war many parties were disbanded and the units of the fragments were considered lucky to arrive home without becoming factions. In addition to its remarkable cohesion the Cuthbert party was further unique in following up its programme—with digressions—even after the definite outbreak of war.

A member of the said party, Madame LeMar, the well-known vocalist of Toronto, gave a thrilling account to the interviewer of the chain of excitements—not in the bond—with which its memorable two months' trip concluded.

The itinerary up to July 26th had the regulation features. It covered the British Isles pretty thoroughly with honourable mention to the stone at Blarney Castle, which stood the party in good stead later when it came to cajoling obdurate officials, placating outraged deities at wickets, and pacifying avaricious landlords; and also to the militant suffragettes of London, an impressive mass meeting of whom was attended by Madame LeMar and other tourists.

The meeting was mobbed, to the terror of the strangers, although to the unconcern of the wearers of the mauve, green and white ribbons, who continued to "ush" and collect, serenely, and "lifted" (real muscle on this occasion) the amount of \$75,000 for their work. The militants have since then changed their name to the Emergency Relief Corps, and are using their superb organization as diligently as ever, but now in strict accord with Mr. Asquith. Christabel Pankhurst is quoted as saying she hopes he will never disagree again.

"I never in my life heard abler speakers," said Madame LeMar. "I was proud of my sex and I sat in the monster meeting listening with the thrills chasing one another down my spine."

MADAME LEMAR in private life is Mrs. Somers-Cocks, of Pickering, Ont. We had met in her studio at the Toronto Conservatory and it was at this point in the conversation that I sharpened my pencil professionally and she extracted a tiny fork from a Tiffany box of chocolates to ply, in addition to its natural use, in tracing maps of the trip as it grew exciting.

My informant said she had remained in London with one girl member of the party under her wing while the bulk of the company proceeded to Holland and Belgium. They "did" Liege—since "done" more tragically—spent a day in Antwerp, saw Cologne, and set forth in due course for Heidelberg. It was after the tourists had boarded the train and were about to cross the frontier between Belgium and Germany

that they had their first intimation of the loosing of the war-dogs. The result was they walked across the border. The frying-pan was escaped for the fire; they were told they could not cross to Switzerland.

Meanwhile, rumours of pending trouble had made the two of the party in London anxious to make connections with the others earlier than they had otherwise intended. The date of their leaving should have been August 1st, a Saturday. They found on

conductor announced the likelihood of the passengers having to change at Belfort, a fortified town near the Franco-German boundary. They learned at 6 a.m. that war was declared. Then, without changing at the French fort, after all, the tourists were taken to Petit Croix, directly on the border, from which point the line of railway continued through German territory to Basle. But the line of railway had discontinued, destroyed by order of His Imperial Highness, Wilhelm, and the dismayed travellers were confronted with the order, "Tout le monde descendre."

Bag and baggage, lug and luggage, everyone got out and dismally waited. The enterprising of them plied the officials with questions as vain as they were importunate. No one could give information regarding trains. Eventually they returned to Belfort and again the order was, "Tout le monde descendre." Bag and baggage, lug and luggage—the act repeated itself like a grim refrain.

There was much waiting in the fortified town, and little drinking with less eating, black coffee minus milk and little cakes of a sweet concoction being all that could be procured for love or money—especially the latter. Frightened waiters dropped the refreshments between rushings to look in the street where every noise was misconstrued for firing. The place in a twinkling seethed with soldiers. And white-faced women hovered among them, some wringing their hands, some weeping, others singing. Tourists attempted to take snapshots, but policemen warned them promptly, "It is not prudent." Efforts were made to despatch communications, but telegrams failed and mails were disorganized. Nothing to do but accept the isolation.



BY KILLARNEY'S LAKES AND FELS.

An Elysian moment near the Wishing and Wier Bridges, which, on the eve of Armageddon, appears, indeed, as the lull before the deluge. The group includes Mrs. Heintzman, of Toronto.



MARKET-DAY IN VENICE.

"High-heap'd with sun-kiss'd fruits, the boats go by"—and the Cuthberts saw it as the poet saw it, though the venders were whistling Italy's war-song as they doled out the "bronzed melons" and "bloomy grapes."

the previous Thursday, however, that the office was willing to sell tickets for not more than twenty-four hours in advance. They secured passage immediately, therefore, on the last boat to cross the Channel, and also caught the last boat down the Rhine from Cologne to Heidelberg, before the storm.

It was en route from Calais to Lucerne, travelling at night on a train without a sleeper, that the nervous

FINALLY a train by way of Delle, where again it was "Tout le monde descendre," bag and baggage, lug and luggage, this time with rolls and cheese for refreshment, and again complete non-success in establishing communication with friends, deposited the not-so-hapless travellers at last at Basle, their desired destination. And so to Lucerne.

Here, dilemma which had branched like antlers, resolved itself into orthodox horns, for here it was they had planned to meet the Cuthberts. Mrs. Cuthbert had wired from Heidelberg that she doubted if the party would be able to cross the frontier. They boarded a train, however, and no one stopped them.

The entire party proceeded to Brunnen. Every mile of the way was guarded. Again a boundary confronted the travellers and again anxiety was dissipated as they made Milan, a veritable ferment of military manoeuvres, it being Italy's centre of mobilization. It was here that the matter of the personal exchequer began to grow extremely interesting. The Cuthberts' credit was good at hotels. But nobody had any money. American sensationists had circulated stories that at Venice, to which the party was going, American express cheques had been suddenly discounted—two to one. And nothing else was honoured anywhere. The statement was surely a fabrication. The Cuthbert party got money the second day in Venice, with little trouble.

Everywhere, the American Express Company's windows were surrounded by shifting crowds of

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