

The Roadway of My Heart.

By Teresa Brayton.

A big road circles round the world, sure
fine it is they say,
But the little boreen of my heart runs
lone and far away.
'Tis winding over weary seas with many
a sigh beset,
But Oh, of all the roads I know it is the
dearest yet.

By common ways and common homes and
common graves it goes,
But no one knows its beauty like the
soul within me knows;
Its dawns are drenched with dews from
heaven, its nights are tearful sweet,
And sometimes One long crucified walks
there to guide my feet.

It leads me down by purple hills where
fairies sport o' nights,
It shows me many a hawthorn lane, the
scene of dead delights,
It clothes again with living fire the faces
laid away
Beneath the cold of grass and mold, my
road of yesterday.

O twilit boreen of my heart, the world is
vague and vast,
But you are holy with the balm of all
my hallowed past;
You thrill me with the touch of hands
my hands were wont to hold,
You lure me with the lilt of dreams I
dreamed and lost of old.

The big, big road of the world leads on
by many a stately town,
But the little boreen of my heart keeps
ever drifting down
By common ways and common graves
and common homes, but Oh!
Of all the roads in life it is the sweetest
road I know.

Travel Notes.

(FROM HELEN'S DIARY.)

Locarno, Switzerland, Jan. 25, '15.

Locarno is looking its worst, and it
is as dead as a door-nail. At this par-
ticular season of the year it ought to
be thronged with people, and its famous
Camellias on the mountainside should be
as big as cabbages. At least, that is
what they say. But the people are not
here, the good weather is not here, and
I haven't seen a single Camellia in bloom
yet. The natives look discouraged, the
town looks seedy, and instead of spring
flowers there is winter's snow.

We came to Locarno for the mild
climate—but the mildness hasn't arrived
yet. But they are expecting it by the
first train from Springland.

We were very sorry to leave Berne, but
the weather drove us away. There was
an influenza epidemic, too—the "Flu"
they call it here—and the whole town
was sneezing. Poor Aunt Julia was laid
low, and as soon as she was able to
talk again it was decided that we should
move on to a more salubrious clime.
But the question was—Where was that
clime?

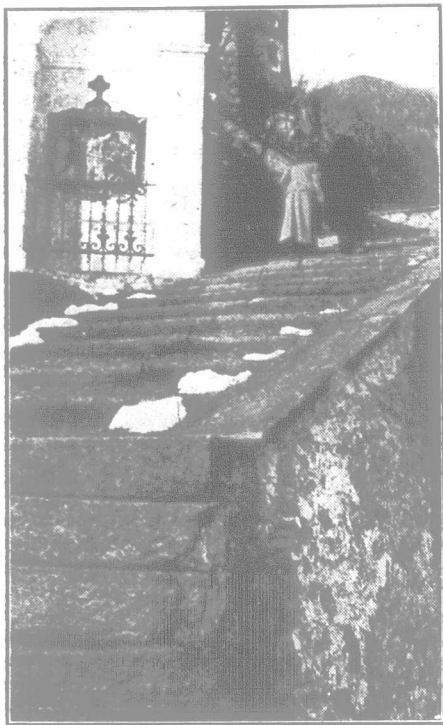
With earthquakes in Italy, floods in
France, storms in England, avalanches
in Switzerland, and all the surrounding
countries engaged in deadly combat—
where can one go these doleful days?
We can't even go home; at least, we
wouldn't like to risk it, with those ter-
rible German floating mines lurking around
in the Atlantic Ocean ready to blow
anything to kingdom come.

Aunt Julia had her mind set on going
to the Italian Riviera, but the earth-
quake scared her off. We had an earth-
quake in Berne, too, but it wasn't very
much of a shake. Then everybody said
Italy was uncertain anyway. If you
mention Italy to a German-Swiss he just

shrugs his shoulders, as much as to say,
"You never can tell what Italy has up
her sleeve." For some reason, the Swiss
and the Italians are very suspicious
neighbors—just now.

Then somebody said, "Go to Locarno.
It's on the south side of the Alps; it's
warm and bright and sunny; you will
have an Italian climate and still be safe
in Switzerland."

So to Locarno we came, and found it
in the grip of winter. The day after we
arrived it snowed steadily all day long.



On the Way Up to the Madonna
del Sasso.

Nothing could be seen from the windows
but snow. The flakes were as big as
butterflies, and as there was no wind,
they came straight down and rested
where they fell. Not the faintest glimpse
of the lake or the mountains could we
see.

The next day it thawed. I went out
and slopped around in the slush for
a while and wished myself back in Berne.

From busy Berne to lazy Locarno is
such a startling change that it is hard
to believe one is still in Switzerland—
everything is so different. Berne is a
bustling little city, full of activities of
all kinds; Locarno is a resort. In
Berne, the main streets were thronged
with people; there were soldiers on foot,
on horse, on motorcycles, and in auto-
mobiles. At certain hours of the day
there seemed to be millions of children
on the streets going and coming from
the schools, all the boys with bright-
blue or red caps on their heads. Just
a few days before we left there the long-
expected but long-delayed snowstorm
arrived in the shape of a furious blizzard.
The next day every kid in town was out
with a hand-sleigh, coasting down the
nearest hill, and venting his joy in wild
whoops. Every hill was black with
children, and how they managed to
escape without breaking their bones was
a marvel. Infants hardly able to tod-
dle were shooting boldly down those
snowy slopes by themselves, on hills so
crowded that it looked like sudden death
for any but the wisest and most experi-
enced to venture, but the ability to keep
a level head on a steep declivity in the
face of terrible danger seems to be in-
grained in the Swiss nation. I really
believe they could walk on slippery ceil-
ings if they tried.

In Locarno, snow is such a rarity that
the children have no sleighs, and conse-

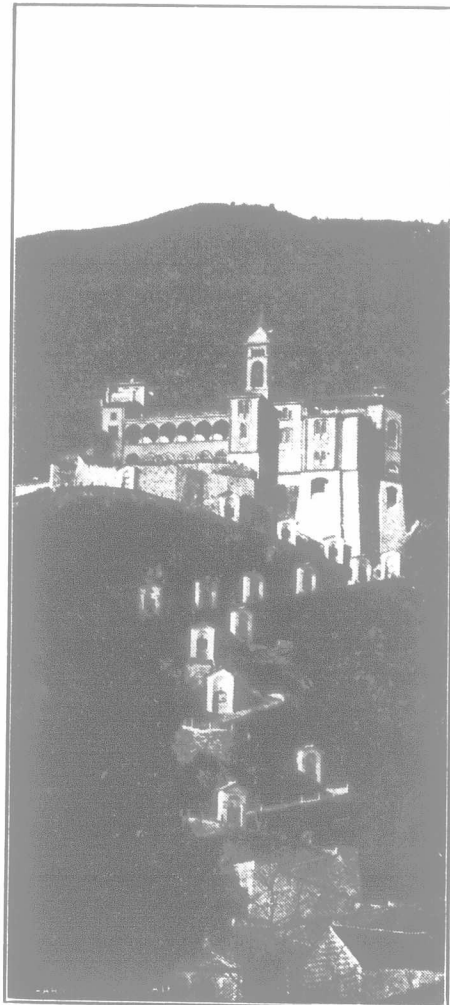
quently they can't have any fun. They
don't seem to know what to do with
snow. They just look miserable and
unhappy. I thought of the jolly times
the Berne children were having, and of
all the merry sport the children of
Locarno were missing. The chief and
only amusement in this forlorn town is
watching the men shoveling snow off the
street-car tracks. Think of coming to a
place with your head full of beautiful
visions of gathering spring flowers on the
hillside, and then, out of pure despera-
tion, for lack of any other diversion,
going out on the street to watch men
shoveling snow! And a dirty lot they
are, too, ragged and slouchy, with can-
vas bags pinned around their shoulders
to keep out the winter's chill.

There isn't a street in Locarno that
is both straight and level, and the houses
seem to shun uniformity, the main idea
seeming to be to get all the sun possi-
ble. The architecture is quite Italian in
character. The houses are built of the
native rock, and then covered with stucco-
work, painted in the gayest of colors,
and embellished with painted foliage and
flowers and tracery. There seems to be
a rooted objection to blank wall space,
and if there happens to be a vacant spot
they fill it up with painted imitations
of windows or balconies or statuary.
This being a Catholic community, one
often sees frescoes of religious subjects
on the walls of the houses. The moun-
tain slope back of the town is covered

your feet feel too large for your shoes,
but the air is bracing, and the views are
charming—and there's nothing else to do
here but walk. So we read the war
news and then we walk and come
home for luncheon; then we read the war
news and then we walk and come
home for afternoon tea; in the evening—
for variety—we read the war news.

This is a beautiful hotel, but duller
than a cemetery. There is the usual
mixture of nationalities, but even those
of the same race have little to say to
one another, and that little is usually
about the erratic actions of the barom-
eter in the corridor—a good, safe sub-
ject. One could engage in conversation
about a barometer with a spy without
any fatal results. But suspicion lurks
in the air and makes the social atmos-
phere in the hotel very frosty. There
isn't a thing to laugh at here. A joke
would die a sudden death. Joke! The
word has been out of use so long it is
almost obsolete. But I can extract
some humor from the doings of an old-
fashioned old German couple who are
staying here. The husband is an ex-
citable, fussy, red-faced, bald-headed lit-
tle man who is always fuming about
something. His wife is as placid as he
is nervous. Every night immediately
after dinner the two of them toddle off
to the reading-room to grab the latest
German newspapers before anyone else
has a chance to get them. If they get
them first they keep them all the even-
ing. The old gentleman, by virtue of
his divine right as head of the family,
always appropriates the latest edition,
and his wife is obliged to content herself
with the one of the day before. They
always occupy the same two chairs on
the same spot in the reading-room.
When the old gentleman has gleaned all
the news he rises, puts his paper back
on the table, and looks at his wife. She
immediately, like a dutiful, well-trained
German frau, puts down her paper, rises,
and they go off together. He never by
any chance inquires if she is ready to
go, and she never says, "O, wait a min-
ute till I finish this," or words to that
effect. No. She just meekly gets up
whenever he is ready to go. This
pantomime occurs regularly every even-
ing. Sometimes somebody else gets the
Frankfort paper first, and then the old
gentleman gets redder and more peppery
than usual, and, after the manner of
husbands—some husbands—vents his
wrath on his patient and long-suffering
wife.

One of the main objects of interest in
Locarno is the Pilgrimage Church of the
Madonna del Sasso (Madonna of the
Rock), which is perched on the summit
of a high, jagged crag which overlooks
the town. A steep zigzag path of stone
steps leads up the face of the cliff to the
church. At intervals along the pathway
are placed the fourteen stations of the
cross containing sculptured representa-
tions of episodes of the crucifixion.
These groups are of burnt clay, vividly
colored. The shrines are white, and are
very conspicuous from a distance when
the sun is shining full upon them. One
wonders why a chapel was ever built in
such an inaccessible spot. Tradition
says that one beautiful starlight summer
night away back in the year 1480, a
pious monk of the Minorite Convent of
Locarno was kneeling at his devotions,
when, happening to cast his eyes to-
wards the mountain, he saw there a
most entrancing vision. The summit of
a high, sharp crag which jutted out
from the mountain-side was illuminated
with a flood of golden light. Hovering
over it, circled by shining clouds of
glory, appeared the Queen of Heaven
surrounded by a throng of adoring
angels. The pious monk brooded long
and deeply over the significance of this



The Pilgrimage Church of the
Madonna del Sasso.

A zig-zag path marked by the stations
of the cross leads up to it.

with modern villas, some of them very
costly and magnificent, and there are
vineyards everywhere.

January 31.

The snow has just about disappeared,
and we have been able to go for long
walks on the mountain. Going up
makes you puff, and coming down makes

wonderful
the conclu-
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