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You may wonder, dear Reader, why I am bothering you at all with such matters? Well, I don't know quite myself, I am just following up a trend of thoughts produced by that dream I referred to. Perhaps I am wondering whether it would be possible, provided some millionaire philanthropist came along and financed the project, to establish an absolutely TRUTHFUL newspaper, a paper which would have the motto "Sans peur et sans reproche" and would live up to it. I wonder, perhaps, whether our little Swiss Observer would or could be the nucleus on which to build up. — Only to negative any such idea, you think? Well, I am not sure either. After all, most big things have had little beginnings and provided that we had the cash and were prepared to put every other consideration except the building up of such a paper aside, it might be done, or, at least attempted.

There is one fundamental principle which such a paper would have to follow and that is, again according to Stuart Mill's Essay "On Liberty."

"Complete liberty of contradiction and disproving our opinion is the very condition which justifies us in assuming its truth for purposes of action; and on no other terms can a being with humane faculties have any rational assurance of being right."

This is not a definition governing the so-called "Liberty of the Press," but an axiomatic formula to guide Editors in their handling of news and of opinion.

Meanwhile, to shut down on my dream and come down to Earth again, and while we are patiently awaiting our millionaire's coming, our Readers might help us, more than they have obviously done so far, by asking their friends to sport the paltry few shillings necessary to become regular subscribers to the Swiss Observer. I know times are hard and money is scarce, and I know that 12/- mean twelve visits to the Cinema, provided you are alone! But then, surely you are not a subscriber because you pity us and wish to help us, but because you have found that the arrival of our jolly little paper, once a week, provides you with a kick, as one now says, so elegantly, and brings you into contact once a week with your homeland. True, the Radio does the same, true also, your letters from home do the same and often better, but where is that Swiss who can honestly say that our Swiss Observer is not worth the paltry few shillings subscription? If there is such a Swiss I shall be glad to have his views on the matter. Let him write to me or to the Editor, we have thick skins and can stand a lot, and he need not mince his words either. I promise him a good hearing and a dignified retort! Come on, let's have some fun and don't

## REMINISCENCES. I ENTER SOCIETY.

by  
ST.

To every man or woman born into a certain *milieu* comes a time, when "Society" claims them; in short when they have to make their début or what the French call, "aller dans le monde." Some make their bow in most exalted circles, and others in humbler ones; but whatever the grade, it is undoubtedly a great event in the life of the one, who is about to enter into what is known universally as "Society," and of which it is said, that it is ever ready to worship success, but rarely forgives failure.

The act of "entering" takes various courses, all subject to the customs, ranks, and circles into which one is born. Amongst the savages, the entry into Society is attended, in many cases, by a long period of trials previous to the initiation. During this period the young men or women, form themselves into temporary republics in the recesses of the forest, when they dwell entirely apart from the rest of their tribe. Then again, in some Eastern countries, the entry into Society is accompanied with much ceremonial pomp, the candidates ornament themselves with jewellery of all kinds, bracelets, leather thongs, etc. To come to nearer or more civilised countries, we find, f.i., that ladies put white ostrich feathers in their hair, cover their lily white arms with white kid gloves, and drag a long train behind them. They usually are brought to the "slaughter-house" in a motor car, where they pass their time, waiting for the entry, by knitting, playing cards and by being admired by an envious crowd, which passes complimentary or often rude, remarks about the "victims." They enter Society as ordinary "females" and henceforth are expected to be "Ladies" in behaviour as well as name. Men, f.i., dress up in more or less becoming uniforms, which are known as Court or Levee Dress, of which knee-breeches are a distinct feature, instead of putting feathers into their hair they carry a dainty little sword; but I have never yet been able to discover for what reason, as I cannot conceive that they are going to slay each other on that conspicuous occasion. They are then supposed to make a very deep bow, or if they are lucky, to shake hands, and on leaving the place, they are

grumble only and look wise. Let's have it! —

The BIG BANKS have now published their melancholy balance sheets. Melancholy, because they report great increases in their deposits. Money is idle. Money, the token which ought to help the exchange of goods, from one hand to the other, from one country to the other, is IDLE. So are unteemed million of men and women. So are, in many instances, their digestive organs!

The old Romans and Cicero who used to wind up his speeches with "quousque tandem?" TO WHAT END?

We, 20th century mortals are like frightened rabbits and behave as such. We slink about in our burrows, one looking to the other, watching his actions, his behaviour and trying to deduce from them what will happen next. We are mostly inarticulate. We have wonderful means of communications, by land, sea, air and by wireless, but what use do we make of them?

We have Governments, or at least, some of the countries have. What use do they make of them?

WE ALL KNOW where the rub is. WE ALL KNOW NOW, even those of us who did not know 18 months ago, WHAT TARIFFS DO.

Governments come and Governments go and the Slump goes on. HOW LONG? TO WHAT END?

Towards the end of the Great War, there arose President WILSON and his 14 Points. A great shout of deliverance swept across all lands, when his 14 points became known. Everybody felt in his heart of hearts that WILSON was right and that feeling soon became so strong that the Belligerents had to take notice of it. Analysed, the 14 Points were simply what the World-conscience had felt for some time. But, President WILSON VOICED that feeling.

The World now wants a VOICE which can interpret what it feels, so that all peoples in all lands can join in and with one mighty shout acclaim the TRUTH of that voice.

WHERE IS THAT VOICE?

I have a sort of intuition that such a CALL will come. Sooner or later, but it will come and then the World will rub its eyes and begin to see clear. All the tawdry discussions about who started the Slump, who put up the Tariffs first, who stole the Gold, the token of exchange, all the undignified pourparlers which have been going on for such a time to turn JAPAN into a proper frame of mind or out of the League of Nations, all such questions will appear in their true light. Mind you, it is not, as if not everybody did not KNOW NOW what is right and what is wrong.

then supposed to be really and truly "Gentlemen."

The day of my entry into Society, many, many years ago is still vividly in my memory, it is true there were no feathers and no swords, but it was nevertheless an imposing show, and coincided with the very day on which I finished my apprenticeship.— One fine day my mother acquainted me with the fact that a friend of the family, had been appointed to a high government position in relation with banking, and that he was giving a reception and dinner, to which the cream of Society in my home town was invited, accompanied by their various offspring. These were exciting times for myself and my brothers and sister, and not a day passed without some reference to this great event. I felt however a little uneasy; as mentioned before, on that very day, I was to leave the firm where I had spent three long years, trying to become an efficient business man. It was the age long custom in this institution, that on leaving, the departing one should invite his former colleagues to a little luncheon, and treat them to a small barrel of beer. In view of the impending party, at the house of my family's friend, I tried to make an exception to the rule, or to at least postpone the luncheon to a more opportune moment. But for some reason or other this was not possible, and after a more or less heated argument with my parents, I received the permission to invite my colleagues to the customary luncheon, which was held at a small Restaurant in the town, provided I should later on make an appearance, and my *début* into Society. I can still remember, how my mother, gave me some sound advice on how to deport myself at the two parties. I was particularly requested not to forget to "whom I belonged," and that we had been brought up decently, and that I should be judged by my manners. I promised faithfully that I would bear all those counsels in mind, and after I was inspected as to clean collar, ears and finger-nails, I was dismissed. My luncheon party was a great success, I made a little speech to my colleagues, who still had to "slog" along in the fetters of their apprenticeship, telling them how sorry I was to leave them, — although in fact I was jolly glad to have seen the last of them. In return they also expressed their heartfelt regret at losing my valued collaboration, and the youngest apprentice even recited a poem, which he had composed for the occasion, and each verse closed

But the conscience of the WORLD has not found its mouthpiece and is waiting for it. IT WILL, IT MUST COME.

Friend "ST." sent me the St. Galler Tagblatt of January 19th and in it I find a report of a conference or a speech made before the League of Nations Union and the Pan-Europe-Union, entitled "Die Schweiz in einem europäischen Kleinstaatenblock."

The question as to whether Switzerland ought to join such a group of European small Nations or not may be discussed from various angles. What is interesting and what throws a lurid light on present-day conditions is that such a question should be discussed at all, when we have the League of Nations still in existence! Again, LET THAT VOICE COME SOON, O LORD!

## PERSONAL.

Nous sommes navrés d'avoir à annoncer le décès, lundi dernier après une courte maladie, de Madame Alice de Cintra, mère de Monsieur Raoul de Cintra. Soeur cadette de George Dimier, elle était veuve du Docteur de Cintra, de Genève, qui lui aussi fit un séjour prolongé à Londres, et nombreux sont les membres de notre Colonie qui ont gardé un souvenir affectueux de cet homme calme et charmant d'abord si accueillant.

La défunte partageait ses séjours entre ses deux fils de Londres et à Genève au cours des années qu'elle passa dans notre ville, elle avait groupé autour d'elle un cercle de nombreux amis attirés par sa personnalité d'où rayonnait une grande affection.

Genevoise dans l'âme, active et pleine d'entrain, son départ laissera un grand vide et nous adressons à sa famille, l'expression de notre profonde sympathie.

Un service funéraire a été célébré à l'Eglise Suisse vendredi dernier, suivi de l'incinération à Golders Green. Parents et amis accompagneront les cendres dimanche prochain, à Genève, jusqu'à la tombe de la famille.

Monsieur Marc Mange et sa famille remercient bien sincèrement les nombreux amis qui leur ont témoigné tant de sympathie lors de leur récente et grande épreuve.

## FOYER SUISSE

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with the Refrain: "Fare well, Exelsior!" I thought it was awfully nice, and I really began to feel sorry to say valet to such fine specimens of the commercial fraternity. There were many sing-songs, and many glasses were emptied on the slightest provocation. As the afternoon wore on, the singing became louder, but rather less melodious and a note was sent upstairs by some person in authority, that various customers did not enjoy the concert, with the usual result, that everyone bellowed louder than before, and remarks such as killjoys and wet blankets were uttered. It was unanimously agreed, that we were living in a free country, and therefore could do as we liked; these high sounding words, so full of common sense, were sealed with two extra rounds of beer, the glasses to be emptied in one gulp. A glance at my watch revealed the fact that the time for my departure was rapidly approaching, and after many handshakes, and tender words of farewell, I said good-bye to my former colleagues in order to "enter Society." On the way to the appointed place I tried hard to memorise the many counsels I had received that morning, but striving to think as hard as I could, my brain only echoed time and again those insane words: "Fare well, Exelsior!", and for a time I even forgot to "whom I belonged."

The first stop was made at a flower-shop, where I bought a bouquet of carnations which were surrounded by asparagus fern, and the whole was neatly enveloped in spotless white tissue paper; and onward I marched with a martial stride, swinging my arms like propellers. On arriving at the front door, I could hear merry laughter and sounds of many voices. I rang the bell, once, twice, three times, nobody seemed to take the slightest interest, in a fit of despair I even kicked the door, doing more damage to my foot, than to the door, but then suddenly I remembered those words of my mother, "by your manners you will be judged," and as a last attempt I pressed the button of that infernal bell, until I got the cramp in my finger; it was no good, I came to the conclusion that the servants were either deaf or drunk. Wearily I started to trot round the house, when I perceived, that a door leading into the garden was ajar and peeping through the opening, I saw that it led straight into the Drawing Room, where the whole company was assembled. There I could see the elite of my home town, amongst

## LEYSIN'S HEALING WONDERS.

AN N.S.H. LECTURE.

On the occasion of the last monthly meeting of the London Group of the New Helvetic Society, an extremely interesting lantern lecture on the development of Leysin as a sun-cure centre for surgical tuberculosis was given by Dr. Francis Rollier, who is at present working at the French Hospital in London. The lecturer is a nephew of the famous Dr. Rollier who has originated the heliotherapeutic treatment of bone-tubercular patients at the high Alpine village of Leysin, above Aigle in the lower Rhone-Valley. From a small converted chalet this new healing centre has grown in the space of under thirty years to a large international colony of large and small clinics with some 3,000 beds. In the most lovely mountain setting, facing the Diablerets and overlooking the Rhone valley towards the Mont Blanc group, the patients, as nearly naked as feasible, bask in the sun, play in the sun, work in the sun and thereby cure themselves of the dreaded disease.

A generation ago the surgeon's knife used to mutilate the afflicted limbs and bodies, cutting out the affected parts, usually leaving the patient a cripple for the rest of his life. Dr. Rollier has found the Alpine sun a much better, more reliable and, above all, kinder healing agent for surgical cases of tuberculosis. He has found that, under the influence of the sun rays the recreative power of the blood and tissue and bones are amazingly intensified, so that diseased parts are slowly built up and replaced again and the affliction banished.

Dr. Rollier has chosen Leysin for its protected high and southerly position with an exceptional purity of air, permitting the sun to do its healing work at the fullest possible intensity of the ultra-violet rays. Thanks to his long experience he has developed the technique of treatment to the highest perfection, he has invented a special mobile and hard bed with appliances to expose the affected parts to the sun in the most effective way. He has given his patients work to do, to keep their spirits up, first art-craft and later, in regular clinic-factories, thanks to the co-operation of Swiss industrialists, on the identical tools and machines used in practical life, he enabled workers to continue their normal occupation and earn part of the costs of their treatment while healing their afflicted bodies. There are social rooms, there is a Swiss University Clinic, in which lectures are given by visiting professors and there shortly will be an international University Clinic, to be built with the assistance of many governments.

Dr. Rollier's lecture had drawn a very considerable number of compatriots to Swiss House,

whose curiosity was duly rewarded with an excellent survey of the work, development and meaning of Leysin and with a large number of fine lantern pictures illustrating the theme of the lecture.

Dr. E.

## UN SPORT NATIONAL: LE JASS.

Quand un brave Helvète arrive à l'âge de raison (c'est-à-dire quand il perd l'envie de faire des bêtises sans cesse d'y penser), quand il désire assise sa réputation de bon époux, d'excellent père et de citoyen dévoué, il devient urgent pour lui de s'initier aux mystères du démocratique jeu du jass.

J'ai débuté l'autre jour, trop tard, hélas! guidé dans mes pas chancelants par les conseils de généreux protecteurs. Les Jeux de cartes, où l'habileté et l'expérience corrigent quelquefois le hasard, ne sont pas si vains, ni si simples qu'un peuple de profanes, se l'imagine. On ne joue pas de l'éventail de ses neuf cartes aussi aisément que les jeunes filles des bals blancs, s'il en reste, ne jouent du leur. Il faut de la mémoire, du sang-froid, un beau tempérament de calculateur, un grand sérieux et un coup de poing solide. Il faut savoir battre les cartes et brutaliser les tables.

Il faut aussi pouvoir expliquer ses coups, surtout quand il sont inexplicables, sous peine de disqualification. Quand on vous demande brusquement, d'une voix aigre et polie: "Pourquoi diable jouez-vous cet as?" il est absolument indispensable de ne pas étaler une candeur naïve. Un air surpris ou légèrement abruti produit le plus mauvais effet. Il faut toujours posséder quelques bonnes raisons et les plus compliquées sont les meilleures.

On peut répondre avec désinvolture en fournissant les chiffres et des statistiques, en jonglant avec la théorie des erreurs et le calcul des probabilités. On reprend le problème dans son essence, on précise les positions, on asservit le destin à des raisonnements irréfutables, on discute les variantes possibles, on détruit méthodiquement toutes les hypothèses en ne laissant debout que la sienne. C'est un des procédés. Il demande de la science et de l'habitude. Mais à comme ailleurs, il y a deux écoles, et l'on peut aussi, si l'on a commis une erreur grave, s'enfermer dans un silence altier: le silence de l'homme qui connaît la vie et ses petites et qui juge inutile de se disculper devant un tribunal d'incompétents.

Le truc n'en impose pas toujours. Il arrive que les partenaires se fâchent, surtout s'ils y sont

de quarante sous. On est alors abreuvé de reproches et de recommandations pour la prochaine fois. On baisse la tête avec un gémissement de désespoir et l'on se jure de veiller sérieusement au grain. Quand la prochaine fois arrive, on repasse dans son cœur tous les avertissements reçus, puis, triomphalement, on joue comme on vous l'a indiqué.

Je n'aime pas les exagérations, mais neuf fois sur dix, votre coup provoque un concert de vociférations. On vous meurtrit d'insinuations abominables et l'on vous démontre noir sur blanc que: "Vu que le roi n'était pas tombé, vu qu'il restait encore trois piques, deux cœurs, le sept d'atout, le valet de carreau et un gros trèfle, il fallait de toute évidence jeter le valet de carreau, garder l'atout pour empêcher le roi de... etc., etc." Et l'on ajoute: "Un enfant aurait compris ça!"

Vous écoutez, ouvrant de pauvres yeux de bête traquée, vous vous écriez gentiment: "Oh! mais oui, suis-je assez bête!" et vous n'y comprenez rien du tout.

Ce n'est évidemment pas une raison pour désespérer, mais il serait déplacé de se faire trop d'illusions. On arrive, avec de la patience, de l'entraînement et une intelligence moyenne, à devenir un joueur acceptable. Mais on nait excellent joueur de jass comme on nait artiste. Et là encore il faut du métier, il faut développer ses dons jusqu'à la virtuosité.

Si vous voulez, au soir de votre vie, mériter le titre de jasseur incomparable, commencez très jeune. Mes plus brillants camarades, à ce point de vue, ceux qui infailliblement ne paient plus jamais un seul de leurs cafés-crèmes, ont fait leurs débuts sur les bancs du collège, pendant les leçons de grammaire française. Ils n'ont pas eu, certes, à le regretter. J'essaie de rattraper le temps perdu, mais sans grand succès. Oh! ce n'est pas qu'on soit méchant pour moi! Au contraire. On me manifeste même une sorte de compassion attendrie: Je suis l'homme du district qui joue le plus mal au jass. Ça correspond presque à une situation.

Tout de même, je sens qu'on me considère un peu comme un suspect. Et de ce fait, mes opinions sont sujettes à caution, mes idées manquent de poids et mes discours d'assurance.

Je vous le dis en vérité, Compatriotes, mes frères, qui désirez acquérir un bon renom et une inattaquable réputation, sachez jouer au jass.

Car nous avons au moins cinq sports nationaux: Le tir, le chant, le cortège, l'éloquence et le jass.

Jean Peitrequin.

them my parents, brothers and sister all merry and bright, so I decided to "enter into Society" through that very same door, thinking that such an entry was rather impressive and quite out of the ordinary. — It was. — I pulled myself together, opened the door, stepped forward and fell headlong into the room. The cause of this accident was a loathsome little footstool, which stood right in front of the door, and which I could not see, as my eyes were eagerly fixed on the many faces to detect the effect which my unsuspected entry would have. I collected myself as quickly as I could, muttered a few inaudible words of excuse, met the eyes of my whole family, which were not very encouraging, and stepped forward to the hostess to present my bouquet with a few words of congratulations. To my intense horror, there was only the paper and a few pieces of asparagus fern left, the rest I must have lost on the way, and this so unnerved me that I simply could not think of anything to say. All I remembered were those words: "Fare well, Excelsior!" but as I had only just arrived, I thought perhaps this would not do; so I simply made a deep bow, and after that was speedily ushered into a corner by my brothers. They anxiously wanted to know, whether I was alright, I assured them that I felt very well indeed, and hoped that they felt equally well, and after we had mutually agreed that we felt all very fit, we joined heartily into the merry-making.—

In those days, wireless was, of course, an unknown quantity, and people had to provide their own amusement. Some of the guests regaled the company with playing on various instruments, such as the piano, violin, flute, etc., whilst others recited, and one Gentleman excelled in conjuring tricks. I, f.i., was asked to sing, which put me rather in a quandary; I simply could not think of an appropriate song. Receiving however, some encouragement from a sweet little lady for whom I had nourished a tender regard for a long time, I felt I ought to do something, and I announced with a trembling voice, full of emotion, that I was going to sing a song entitled "Du hast mich nie geliebt" (Thou never has loved me). I got through it quite well, and sang it with feeling and restraint, but when on finishing, I looked towards the lady with the bewitching eyes, she gave me such a look of contempt, that my heart almost ceased to beat. She at least must have

thought, that my turn was a failure, and I silently stole away to my corner, reflecting that it is very difficult to please some people, and that so far my entry into Society had not been exactly a success.— But worse was to come.— Dinner was now announced, and full of pleasant anticipation, everybody filed into the dining room, where a beautifully laid table delighted the eye. The dinner was excellent, with one exception; one of the vegetables dished up, consisted of little carrots. Now I simply loathed carrots. I was told at home that this special dish was a very healthy one, as carrots purified the blood, and also made the hair curl; yet I considered that my blood was quite healthy enough, and I had not the faintest wish to be adorned with curls, as a matter of fact, I hated boys with curls. However, bearing in mind the good counsel I had received, I attacked with a stout heart these disagreeable little articles, but it was no good, I simply could not swallow them, they made me feel sick, and yet it would have been rude and impolite to leave them on the plate. Suddenly an inspiration crossed my mind, what about making them disappear, somehow. I awaited an opportune moment, when the attention of my table neighbours were diverted, and quickly made them disappear into my handkerchief, which I had previously brought into the vicinity of my plate. The trick proved to be successful, not a soul noticed my clever manoeuvre.—After the dinner all and sundry adjourned again into the Drawing-Room, and it was proposed that a game of blind man's buff should be played. I was chosen to start it, and innocently, quite having forgotten what secrets my handkerchief harboured, snatched it with much gusto out of the depths of my pocket, with the distressing result, that a shower of carrots descended on the expectant onlookers, one nearly hitting my distinguished hostess in the eye.

There was great consternation, I secretly prayed that the earth would open and swallow me up, but as earthquakes cannot be ordered at convenience, I had to give some explanation, and luckily enough I hit on one which was, the least said, plausible. I, at once declared, that it was rather a mean trick of the conjuring gentleman, to let those carrots disappear into my pocket, and on the whole, this statement went down quite well, in fact, some members of the company congratulated my friend on his clever performance. Not so my family, they, of course, knew of my

aversion to this special dish, and black looks were cast in my direction, with the consequence that for the rest of the evening I kept rather quiet and subdued.

Luckily enough, soon after this for me most trying incident, the company dispersed. The home journey, was a quiet one, but this uncanny silence preyed on my mind, was this, I thought, what is known as the "silence before the storm."— It was.— The storm broke out in all its fury, on arriving home. I was told, that I did not only disgrace myself, but the whole family, that I was not fit to be let loose amongst decent people, that the company of Hottentots, Bushmen, and any other savage tribe, would be more in my line. I vainly protested, no excuse was accepted, and I was ordered to bed. Oh, how I hated Society that night, on laying a weary heart to rest; and during a sleepless night I made my mind up to keep aloof from it, as long as I would live, it was certainly no place for me.

The next morning I was ordered to personally tender my apologies to our host and hostess for my disgraceful behaviour. With a heavy heart, and a ready made speech, I arrived at the door, where I casually noticed, that I had the previous evening been pressing the door knob, instead of the bell, which explained, why I could not get a hearing. I was shown into the Drawing-Room, which evoked in me some mixed feelings, and I was just going to look around, whether there were any more carrots to be found, when the door opened, and my host and hostess entered. Before I could utter a word, they shook hands with me, tapped me on the back, at least my host did, and told me that I was the success of the evening, and that they haven't had for a long time, such a good laugh. I could hardly believe my ears, after all Society was not such a dreadful thing; and I was looking forward to the next event; which soon turned up, and which unfortunately, was also accompanied with some disaster, but about this another time.

Drink delicious "Ovaltine"  
at every meal—for Health!