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ARMS OF GRISONS.



Tierced, per pale and per chevron; 1, per pale argent and sable; 2, quarterly azure and or, a cross counterchanged; 3 (in point), argent a steinbock salient sable.



the Ten-Jurisdictions.

The St. George and the savage, who are in fact external ornaments of secondary importance, ought never to have figured on the field of the escutcheon. These ancient arms, outrageously incorrect in the heraldic sense, reflect the political confusion that existed at the time of their origin.

The modified escutcheon, the actual emblem of the canton, is simplified; the St. George and the savage have disappeared leaving the whole field for the colours of the three Leagues. It is parted in three fields bearing respectively the white and black arms of the Gray League, the white and black arms of the Maison-Dieu, and the yellow and blue cross of the Ten-Jurisdictions, and the steinbock of the Maison-Dieu.

P.S.

may be obtained at the reduced price of Swiss francs 7.— (plus postage) from the "Secretariat of the Swiss Federation of Commerce and Industry," Zurich, Boersenstrasse 17.

AN APPEAL.

The Swiss Benevolent Society, l'Eglise Suisse and the Schweizerkirche in London appeal once again to their countrymen for their kind contributions, either in cash or in kind, in order that on the occasion of Christmas they may provide a little extra cheer for their compatriots in need. Wearing apparel and especially warm under-clothing, footwear and childrens' garments are most appreciated and any such gifts will be gratefully received.

Parcels should be addressed not later than the 14th December to:

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and

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T.R.

REMINISCENCES.

"Disastrous consequences of my first ball."

By ST.

Undoubtedly one of the first exciting events in one's life is the one, when one begins to walk; most of us can hardly remember this happening, but perhaps in later years we have heard from our parents or relations, with what joy they have watched these first steps. It might, of course, be an insignificant event to the world at large, but in the intimate circle of the family it is nevertheless a great and momentous event.

Grand-parents, uncles and aunts as well as acquaintances are promptly informed, photographs of the "babe" are taken from all angles and exhibited on every conceivable opportunity.

Another event, taking obviously place at a more distant time, but which is equally exciting, and also connected with a pair of legs, — is dancing. — I do not remember those far gone days, when I first "toddled" along, but I have since been told, that on that conspicuous moment, I promptly fell down the staircase, hitting my tender and innocent little head on each particular step, which undoubtedly must have had, in later years, its consequences. As a matter of fact, an old aunt of mine would have it, that I have never been the same since, but since I do not remember how I felt previously to this accident, I thought it was a particularly nasty thing to say and henceforth I took a violent dislike to her.

One thing, however, I can vividly remember, and that is the attendance at my first ball, as it was connected with some disastrous consequences. —

At one time I attended, together with my brothers and sister a dancing-class in my home town; this class was presided over by an Italian dancing master. I can still picture him in his brown velvet jacket, he was of small stature and his face was adorned with a ruddy coloured pointed beard. He used to carry a small stick of which he made rather a free use, hitting the legs of his pupils, when they refused to move in accordance with the rhythm of the music. Maestro

Spaghetti, as we called him, had a peculiar habit, he would disappear, from time to time, and slanderous tongues would have it, that he went round the corner "to have one;" this insinuation was perhaps not far off the marks. For some unknown reason he used to pounce upon me each time he returned from his mysterious errand, leading me furiously round the room, he would shout one-two-three, one-two-three, tickling my legs with his nasty little stick. But, I was far more interested to find out what stimulant he took, than of the false tune played, and I did find out, it gave me a profound shock; the great Maestro drank common or garden "Schnaps;" if he would have "fortified" himself with a more dignified stimulant I could have forgiven him, but vulgar "Schnaps," it was too bad.

Everything was otherwise most prim and proper, the young Ladies sat most sedately along the wall facing the young Gentlemen sitting opposite them. There were perfect ball room manners *de rigueur*, each time one of the Ladies was asked for a dance, a neat bow was made, and afterwards she was politely conducted back "from whence she came," and another bow concluded the ceremony, none of the rough ball-room manners, which are unfortunately so prevalent nowadays. —

After a few weeks tuition it was announced that in terminating the class, a "Grand Ball" would be held at one of the large Halls of the town. This was to be a grand affair, to which former pupils, friends and parents were invited; those were exciting times and for weeks this ball was a daily subject of conversation.

We nearly ruined mother's carpet in order to practice some of the more difficult steps; dances such as jazz, rumba, tango, and Jimmy shake were, of course, not known in those days. I remember, however, a dance called "Washington Post," which was rather an exciting one, it consisted of a "hop" about half the length of the room, and after executing a few neat steps you rushed back from your starting point, this was repeated until either your partner was in a state of utter exhaustion or the band stopped

playing. It was this particular dance we used to practice with great gusto and poor mother's "Salon" used to look like a scene after an earthquake had taken place; pictures suddenly became, for no reason whatsoever, dislocated, a large standard lamp took it into its head to lie down, chairs began to dance too, and the atmosphere was pregnant with excitement. —

Then came the time when one had to choose a partner for this famous "Soirée Dansante," it was not an easy matter, as both my brothers and I wanted to invite the same lady, but after many animated discussions, interceded with an occasional fight, I succeeded in being allowed to "approach" the young Lady of my choice.

She was a very pretty young Lady, she had two lovely blue eyes and a saucy little dimple in her cheeks; and when she accepted my invitation I felt in the "seventh heaven." Her father was a Colonel in the Army, but the command at home was in the hands of his wife.

So the day of the great event arrived, a cab (taxi were then an unknown quantity) took me and a box of chocolates to the house of my partner.

After many handshakes with the various members of the family, the cab took the young Lady, myself and the box of chocolates to the appointed place.

The Ball proved a great success and the tragedy only occurred subsequently of which more anon. The Ladies looked simply lovely in their pretty dresses, the band played supremely and Maestro Spaghetti never disappeared once, and like a good boy drank tea and lemonade with elderly ladies, who were present as "chaperones." I do not think I ever danced better in my life; my feet seemed hardly to touch the floor, it was as if I had wings, and my partner seemed to float through the ether with me. Her frock looked like a mass of flowers, and round her slender shoulders she wore an embroidered silk shawl, it was this shawl which caused the tragedy and cruelly ended a romance which had started in such a promising way, and whenever I see a lady wearing a shawl it makes me shudder.

(To be continued).

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