

Leysin's healing wonders

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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 quandry; 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, plausibly. 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!