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HOME NEWS

At the forthcoming annual congress of the Swiss Socialist Party, which takes place at Berne in September (about six weeks before the Federal elections), measures are to be discussed to prevent a recurrence of the lack of discipline when last December only 35 out of a total of 49 Socialist members of the National Council voted for Robt. Grimm, the official candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the Council.

The municipal council of Aarau has voted a credit of Frs. 385,000 for the construction of a large gymnasium to be erected on the estate recently presented to the Federal Gymnastic Society by Mr. Rudolf Zurlinden.

The Radical Party of the canton Ticino passed a resolution regretting the adverse effect on Liberal institutions and principles exercised by the intense Fascist propaganda in Switzerland.

The municipal subsidy to the Zurich Stadttheater is to be increased from Frs. 327,400 to Frs. 466,900 on condition that a larger number of plays at popular prices are to be produced and that Swiss artists shall be given preference.

An old age pension scheme is to be introduced in Zurich. No premiums are levied and an annual pension of Frs. 400 is to be paid to citizens after having reached the age of 65 and whose yearly income does not exceed Frs. 1,500. The scheme will cost the municipal treasury about 1½ million francs per annum.

The present total prohibition of dancing on Sundays in the canton Zug has been slightly modified in so far that private parties are now permitted to indulge in this pastime.

Prof. Eug. Ritter, formerly a celebrated university lecturer, died in Geneva at the age of 91; he was a prolific writer and an authority on contemporary literature.

FIRST OF AUGUST CELEBRATION.

The arrangements for celebrating the First of August are now nearly complete and, given favourable weather conditions, the event will constitute a great patriotic rally of our Colony.

Most of the Swiss societies are actively contributing towards making the amusement part as attractive and enjoyable as the limited space at their disposal will allow. The Swiss Rifle Association are of course in charge of the rifle and pistol shooting, and it is intended to arrange a competition for non-members. Mr. Schutz and other members of the Swiss Merc. Society will run the 'cocoa-nut shies,' and the pillow fights (with prizes) will be staged by the Gaillard Double Quartet, which also prepares a "Gallery of London Swiss Celebrities." The "Darts" Competitions are in charge of Mr. J. J. Schneider, whilst the "Chinese Laundry" will be run by a fair member of the Colony.

All the side shows will be in continuous operation from 3 till 9, and the Committee would be pleased to have the names of a few compatriots who can offer their co-operation so as to give some relief to those officially in charge.

EXTRACTS FROM SWISS PAPERS.

Unsere Presse.—53 Jahre hindurch ist das in Berlin erscheinende "Correspondenzblatt" den Schweizern im Ausland ein treuer Kamerad gewesen. Nun liegt die letzte Nummer vor uns. Noch vor wenigen Jahren hätten wir an dieses Ende nicht gedacht. Es sei nur an den "Offenen Brief" des damaligen "Correspondenzblatt", Redaktors Willy Hieronymus an den Herausgeber der "Schweizer Heimat" erinnert (9. März 1925). Heute ist es Tatsache geworden: Der Selbstmord des Blattes ist geschehen! Was man vor Jahren strikte ablehnte—heute heisst man es willkommen. Die wahren Beweggründe werden diplomatisch ver-

schleiert. Wir möchten die Zweckmässigkeiten gründe und die Absicht, dem Auslandsschweizertum besonders gut zu dienen, die zu der Verheiratung des "Echo" mit dem "Correspondenzblatt" geführt haben, stark bezweifeln. Eine Auslandsschweizerzeitung kann nur im Ausland erscheinen.

Wir stehen am Grabe einer populären Halbmonatsschrift für uns Auslandsschweizer. Manche Feder haben wir in früheren Jahren für sie stumpf geschrieben. Am Grabe dieser Publikation steht aber noch ein Mann, den man in der Grabrede in der vorletzten Nummer des "Correspondenzblatt" ordentlich kurz erwähnte: Unser lieber Freund Carl Trudel in Männedorf. Sein Lebenswerk hat man zerstört. Jahrzehnte hindurch hat er sich mit dem Blatte abgemüht. Er rettete es durch Kriegen- und Revolutionszeiten hindurch. Carl Trudel ist ein Pionier unserer Presse. Stolz und dankbar blicken wir auf ihn!

Schweizer Heimat.

L'activité de l'Office national suisse du tourisme.—Les bureaux de Zurich et de Lausanne de l'Office suisse du tourisme ont expédié, en 1927, en fait de matériel de propagande, 352,643 imprimés de l'Office, 433,438 imprimés des intéressés et 28,619 affiches. La plus grande partie de ce matériel a été destinée à la Suisse, à la Grande-Bretagne, à l'Allemagne, à la Hollande, à la France, à l'Italie, à la Belgique, à l'Autriche, à l'Espagne et à l'Amérique du Nord, bien qu'aucun pays n'ait été négligé, pas même l'Afrique, les Indes, le Japon, la Chine et l'Australie. En outre, 46,000 exemplaires du "Bulletin d'information" ont été adressés aux autorités, à la presse, aux agences et bureaux de voyages, aux représentants officiels de la Suisse à l'étranger. Ce bulletin paraît en français, en allemand, en italien et en anglais. Son tirage est de 2,100 exemplaires, dont 1,700 sont destinés à l'étranger. Les renseignements publiés dans le bulletin ont trait au trafic ferroviaire, à la navigation sur les lacs, à la circulation routière, à l'aviation, aux postes, aux douanes, au télégraphe et au téléphone, ainsi qu'aux manifestations sportives et festivités diverses.

Parmi les publications nouvelles de l'office ou les rééditions de ses publications existantes il convient de citer les suivantes: 90,000 exemplaires du "Printemps en Suisse," en trois langues; 15,000 exemplaires en français de "La Suisse et ses institutions d'éducation et d'instruction," 30,000 exemplaires de "La saison d'été en Suisse 1927," liste des manifestations sportives et mondaines, en trois langues; 30,000 exemplaires de "La saison d'hiver en Suisse 1927-8," en trois langues; 10,000 exemplaires de "Winter in Switzerland," brochure illustrée en langue hollandaise et 50,000 exemplaires du guide illustré "Switzerland" en langue anglaise, avec carte de la Suisse. L'Office a aussi fait paraître 100,000 exemplaires de sa "Carte du touriste" au 1: 600,000; 10,000 exemplaires de la même carte avec texte hollandais et illustrations au verso, puis 24 mille exemplaires semblables avec texte anglais. L'édition 1928 du calendrier à feuillet "La Suisse" comprenait 1500 exemplaires allemands, 1500 anglais et 500 français. Une liste des huttes pour skieurs a été tirée à 1000 exemplaires. Les affiches en héliogravures pour les sports d'été ont paru en 14,000 exemplaires en sept sujets différents: automobile à la Furka, sports nautiques à Ouchy-Lausanne, la pêche à la Lenk, l'alpinisme dans les Alpes d'Appenzel, terrain de golf au Dietschberg près Lucerne, sports nautiques à Neuchâtel et le tennis à St. Moritz. Une affiche en couleurs relative aux stations, d'hiver et aux Jeux olympiques de St. Moritz a paru en 3,000 exemplaires grand format et 1600 exemplaires petit format.

A côté de ses propres publications, l'Office a favorisé l'édition de divers ouvrages de propagande, en collaborant à leur rédaction, en leur accordant son patronage et en se chargeant de leur diffusion. Tel est le cas par exemple pour la brochure illustrée en couleurs Stations balnéaires suisses, en cinq langues, envoyées surtout aux médecins étrangers.

Le Pays, Porrentruy.

Eine alpine Gedächtnisfeier im Wallis.—Zur Erinnerung an den früheren Präsidenten des Genfer Stadtrates, Marcel Brunet, der Mitte Februar in einer Lawine unkam, fand letzte Woche an der Unglücksstätte, in der Combe de Médran (2500 Meter) an den Hängen des Mont Gelé, eine ergreifende Feier statt. Nach einer Ansprache des Präsidenten des Genfer Bergklubs "Cyclamen" wurde eine in den Felsen eingelassene Gedenktafel enthüllt. An einige Gesangsvorträge schlossen sich weitere Ansprachen an, in deren Verlauf der Präsident der "Fédération Montagnarde" erklärte, dass die künftige Hütte dieser Vereinigung, die hier entstehen soll, den Namen Marcel Brunets tragen werde. Eine der Feier vorausgehende Rekonstruier-

ung des Unglücksfalles unter Leitung des Wartes der Montfort-Hütte bestärkte aufs neue die Ueberzeugung, dass die Katastrophe vom Februar weder einem waghalsigen Entschluss, noch einer Unvorsichtigkeit in der Ausführung, sondern tatsächlich höherer Gewalt zuzuschreiben ist.

Walliser Volksztg., Brig.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

Apart from the article dealing with one of our compatriots prominent in the industrial life of this country, there is very little in this week's gleanings of interest to our readers. Zermatt and the Matterhorn have enjoyed a great deal of publicity, chiefly on account of the lateness of the season; snow is still abundant on the higher Alps, making the ascent of the higher peaks difficult and dangerous. It is barely a fortnight ago that the first climb this year of the Matterhorn was effected.

We have been taxed with giving in one of our recent issues a full description of the "Rheingold"—the new German route to Switzerland. We should like to inform our critics that we do not hold a brief for the German railways nor have we received yet a free pass in consideration of any services that we might have rendered. However, in order to please our friends on "the other side" we reproduce a description of the

Simplon-Orient which appeared in the *Irish Times* (July 2nd).

"The white cliffs of England lie far astern; the low shores of France draw closer on the bow. In a few moments the steamer glides between narrow piers and up to the more substantial landing stage, where rises the wholly inartistic *Gare Maritime*, an island entirely surrounded by trains, porters and gentlemen eager to exchange your pounds for their francs.

At the *Gare Maritime* you suffer Customs, and board your train. Sometimes the latter operation is not so easy. Trains give the impression of being strewn carelessly over the landscape. "*Paris-Nord*," it is true, lies in orderly fashion along the main platform, but, if you seek another train, it is necessary to go all round the place to find it. Even your blue-bloused porter will sometimes be puzzled. He will be certain, however, of the amount he intends to extract from you before the parting.

While stumbling over the metals, keeping an eye on your porter, and trying to imagine that he would thank you for five francs, spare a glance if no more, for certain imposing-looking trains sandwiched among the general collection. Their massive carriages are dark grey or brown, with large windows and doors at each end. They bear the imposing legend, "*Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits et des Grands Express Européens*," in gold lettering, and carry white route placards. Above all, they carry titles by which you shall know them as being some of the great trains of Europe—the *trains-de-luxe*, which can rush you to the farthest corners of Europe and the Near East in comfort and without a change.

To islanders like ourselves, accustomed to seeing our noblest expresses labelled "Dublin-Cork" or "London-Edinburgh," these great trains appear of surprising performance. Here is "Simplon-Orient" express, Calais to Constantinople, two thousand miles or so in all, through France, by Lake Geneva to the Simplon Tunnel, Milan, Venice, Trieste, Belgrade, Sofia, and so to the Bosphorus.

Perhaps you are fortunate enough to be one of those boarding a *train-de-luxe*—a relatively short journey, say Calais-Lausanne, to suit this relatively short article. "Simplon-Orient" is your train, but, before approaching the brown-uniformed *controlleur* guarding your carriage steps produce your passport and book of tickets, and be ready to hand him the lot. He will return them to you at Lausanne. You have, of course, reserved your berth—it is most unwise not to do so—and the *controlleur*, with list of reservations in hand, directs your porter to the proper compartment. Following him, you see that the carriages are similar in "lay-out" to the ordinary corridor car at home—corridor at one side, compartments at the other—but everything is on an elaborate scale, and the windows are of generous size. Beneath the corridor windows tip-down seats provide unusual resting accommodation.

Now the porter turns into your compartment, and, having left your luggage, stands expectant. Let us hope that you satisfy him, and let us hope also that you have been lucky enough to secure a compartment to yourself. Here it is—a comfortable little room, one large and one small window facing you as you stand in the doorway; seat

the whole breadth of one side, and, facing it, in recess beside the window, a neat box cabinet which, on being opened down, becomes a wash-basin with running water. Above this is another smaller cabinet, containing tumbler and carafe. The "gadgets" would almost satisfy a motorist—tip-down table beside the window, shaded reading lamp for use when you retire, special hook over circular pad to keep your watch safe and in full view during the night, together with an assortment of clothes hooks, the inevitable ash tray, and an itinerary of the whole journey, with arrival and departure times at all stations.

By the time when you have got out a few magazines, filled your cigarette case, and generally settled down, signs of impending departure will have multiplied. Divers languages will be heard in the corridor, as passengers of all nationalities come aboard. You will certainly hear American accents. Outside the *controlleur* discusses his passenger list with various uniformed dignitaries, the while "Paris-Nord," over the way, impatiently awaits your departure.

Then it is 2.40 p.m., and "Simplon-Orient" leaves for Constantinople. From your window you see the streets of Calais slip past. Peak-capped workmen glance casually at the big train; children mount crossing gates and wave frantically. When you are clear of the town, tilled uplands rise to the northward, while through the open door, the corridor window frames mansard-roofed farmsteads, sand dunes and the Channel.

The run to Paris is too well known to be dwelt on here. Smoothly you slip through the quiet countryside of the Pas-de-Calais. A clatter of points marks Abbeville. The Somme, of sad and glorious memory, is with you until the houses and steeples of Amiens tower aloft, as you racket over more points beneath their shadow. Presently comes the dining-car attendant. Yes! afternoon tea is indicated. Up the corridor you go to the dining-car—an ordinary dining-car—with more space, perhaps, than usual. What is more to the point, you get the best of fare. An old *habitué* of the great trains has told me that he enjoys better meals on board than can be obtained at many alleged first-class hotels, and I would certainly agree with him.

"Simplon Orient" runs into the Gare de Lyon at 6.52. Between that hour and departure time, at 8.35, many more passengers will come aboard. What a feast for the student of humanity are these passengers! There are tired-looking diplomats *en route* for the Orient, voluble French ladies with numberless articles of luggage, a palpable leisured aristocrat or two, a palpable business man or two, and the usual sprinkling of British and American tourists.

At 8.35 you are off into the darkness as unostentatiously as from Calais. All along the great cars, now glowing with light, passengers are settling luggage for the night, as the train rushes out through the suburbs to the open country. The *controlleur* is at your door—"If you please, *m'sieu*—and you adjourn to the corridor while he does some lightning tricks in your compartment. You step in again, and, in place of your seat, is a comfortable bed, with pillow, blankets, and snowy sheets complete. Should you be sharing the compartment a second bed is serenely suspended over the lower one. Where it comes from I cannot say. It is the *controlleur's* little secret.

However, with a courteous "good night," your door is closed, and you are soon in your most comfortable bed. If you are a newcomer to the great trains, the rhythmic thud and thump, never varying in beat, first annoy and keep you wakeful; but finally soothe you to sleep with their steady monotony. You slumber peacefully as the heavy train thunders over the plains of France towards Vallorbe and the Alps.

You should never fail to enjoy a good night's sleep on the great trains. Sometimes, however, you may awaken suddenly in the morning hours, surprised at a dead, heavy silence. You have stopped at a station. The cessation of the steady thudding movement comes almost as a shock to you, half-awakened. There is a "drip, drip" of condensed steam outside. Down the platform footsteps ring out weirdly clear, and someone calls. Then, with a slow rumble, you are off and sleep comes again.

Vallorbe and the Swiss frontier! Being a wise traveller, you have "expressed" the bulk of your baggage, and the Customs examination is short and most courteous. Indeed, you need not leave your bed as a rule, and it is well so, for the hour is but 4.55 a.m. Greenwich time, and you will scarcely feel at your best. While awake advance your watch one hour to save future confusion, as you are now within the region of Central European time.

Five minutes to six, then, and you are due at Lausanne at 7.03. The hour of arrival being so early you will, doubtless, breakfast at your hotel. You can get coffee and rolls at once to strengthen you until then, so there is no need for haste.

The hour is not long in passing, however, and very soon placid Lac Lemman lies beneath the flying corridor windows. Morning mists veil

towering Savoy Alps on the farther shore. Trim Swiss villas multiply on all sides. Speed slackens, and presently you glide into Lausanne Station. When you have received back your passport, seen your luggage out, and remembered the *controlleur*, spare a sympathetic thought for "Simplon-Orient" whose last carriage slips past you as you stand on the platform. She has three days' and three nights' journeying still before her."

The Federal Postal and Passenger Service on Alpine Roads.

Some instructive figures are published in *Motor Transport* (July 2nd) emphasising the reliability of these motor vehicles, which work under extremely strenuous conditions.

"The Swiss Department entrusted with the running of the Alpine combined mail and passenger carrying road services have lately issued a return showing the number of breakdowns of the vehicles employed and their causes during the past two years.

The aggregate mileage for 1927 was 427,575; thus there was one breakdown in every 9,717½ miles, the average duration being 32 mins. In the case of tyres alone, there was only one puncture or other defect for every 47,507 miles run, the total time lost owing to tyre troubles being 131 min. In 1926 the total mileage run was 342,895, when there was one stoppage for all causes every 7,143 miles, and for tyre troubles one for each 38,099 miles, the average delay for all causes being 30 mins, and the total time lost due to tyre troubles 196 mins. Thus, with the exception of a slight advance in the average time lost, last year showed a notable improvement over 1926, although the record for both years is one of which those responsible for the running of the vehicles over the difficult roads in Switzerland are to be congratulated.

The records provide columns for stoppages due to defects in sparking plugs, ignition, wiring, seized pistons, engine valves, and back axles, but for the past two years there has been no stoppage due to trouble in any of these."

Swiss Glaciers.

From the *Times* (June 26th):—

"A group of scientists, working under the direction of Dr. P. L. Mercanton, of Lausanne, has reported the results of very careful observations of snowfall and atmospheric conditions during the period October, 1926, to September, 1927. The year 1927 was warm, with abundant precipitation. The result was that the glacier advance, reported in 1926, was turned into a retreat. The year 1926 was an exceptional year, and the retreat of the glaciers, which began four years ago, has been resumed.

Out of 100 glaciers observed in 1927, 22 were advancing, 7 were at a standstill, and 71 were retreating. The corresponding figures in 1926 were 52, 8 and 40.

One of the outstanding features in the history of Swiss glaciers in 1927 was the formation of a huge water pocket in the Crêt Sèche glacier, in the Vallée de Bagnes (Canton Valais). In 1898 the bursting of a water pocket in that glacier caused widespread damage in the valley over a distance of about 25 miles. Minor accidents, due to the bursting of similar glacial lakes, were recorded in 1894, 1895, 1896, 1901 and 1926, though a trench had been dug through the ice to allow for the gradual emptying of the water pocket.

There was a new and serious menace in 1927, when a lake, 520 yards long, 125 yards wide and 90 feet deep, was formed in the glacier. It was feared that the pressure of the water might cause the sudden bursting of the ice that maintained it, and the boring of a tunnel was at once begun during the first days of July. A few weeks later the lake was nearly empty and serious danger averted, thanks to the regular watch kept by scientists over the glacier."

The Inventor-Capitalist.

We are greatly indebted to the *Birmingham Evening Despatch* (June 29th) which under this title published a somewhat amusing sketch of our distinguished compatriot Dr. Henri Dreyfus; no secrets are disclosed though some members of the Colony will take due note that he is fond of cakes. As he, in common with other moneyed members of the Colony, is sure to be a target for the inevitable financial appeals, we suggest that he should be waited upon *in corpore*, say the President of the premier society with a "Gugelhupf," the next one with a "Swiss Roll," etc., the rear of the cortege being formed by the Editor of the *Swiss Observer* with a little bun!

"Dr. Dreyfus is fond of cake. The taste is, perhaps, symbolical of much in the character of this dapper Swiss industrial chemist, who has made himself a power in the finances of Europe,

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GOLD MEDAL, Swiss Agricultural Exhibition, Berne, 1925

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and the controller of a vast artificial silk concern.

He is still young, several years on the sunny side of 40, I should imagine, and he is proud of his well-preserved appearance. He conducts his life, and his business, from a fabulously expensive suite of rooms in one of London's fashionable hotels. Let us pay him a call; he is always delighted to receive visitors.

A lift whisks us up to a floor far above the street and the roar of its traffic.

A motherly, grey-haired woman opens the outer door of Dr. Dreyfus's suite. She is his Swiss housekeeper; his comfort and convenience seem the only considerations in her placid existence. She passes us on to a man of her own age, Dr. Dreyfus's confidential secretary.

Occasionally this gentleman is mistaken for his employer. It is not remarkable, for he has the appearance of a scholarly archdeacon, and the manners of a discreet prince.

We are shown into a large drawing-room. You grip my arm and whisper, "Here. This is a mistake! This is a woman's boudoir."

I reassure you that, in spite of the grand piano, in spite of bric-a-brac, in spite of many bowls of flowers, this is Dr. Dreyfus's office—or the nearest approach to an office he has ever been surprised in.

The sight of Dr. Dreyfus lounging in a deep easy chair completes your reassurance. His secretary has never blundered—yet.

Dr. Dreyfus springs up with a pleasant exclamation, and comes to meet us with outstretched hand. He looks like a clever man about town, like one's imaginary ideas of Mr. Michael Arlen.

He is beautifully dressed, most carefully groomed, debonair—almost effeminate. You immediately notice his mobile and unusually red mouth, and his somewhat languid dark eyes.

"How nice of you to come and see me," he says, in the most cordial voice in the world. Only a slight foreign accent betrays the fact that his English is not native.

Until shortly before the outbreak of the War he lived in a French speaking canton of Switzerland.

"Have some tea," he suggests, and rings a bell before we can answer. With the tea arrives cakes, any number of them. Little cakes, big cakes, and then the biggest cake of all, wheeled in reverently by a waiter and cut by Dr. Dreyfus himself.

His liking for cake is as naïve and spontaneous as his delight in all the good things of life which his money has brought him. He enjoys his clothes, his holidays, his motor-cars, his whole physical life, gaily and unaffectedly. His pleasure is as charming as a child's.

As he talks to us, explaining his latest development of the artificial silk industry he inevitably grows excited.

The manicured hands gesticulate, the voice rises and falls unevenly, his English grows spasmodic, explosive, well nigh unintelligible. The eyes you had remarked as languorous harden and glitter. He seems transformed to a being of nervous tension and audacity.

This is the Dr. Dreyfus who has dominated meetings of angry shareholders, and changed them into cheering enthusiasts for his own point of view.

He comes to a point when his information fails him. "I'll ask my brother Camille," he says, and casually picks up a telephone. "Put me through to New York, please," he asks.

Camille Dreyfus is President of the Celanese Corporation of America. His brother holds several conversations with him each day. The minimum charge for a London-New York telephone call is £15. The Dreyfus brothers subsidise the trans-Atlantic telephone service.

Henri Dreyfus was educated in Switzerland as a chemist, and proved a brilliant pupil.

Behind his negligent, suave manner lies a vivid and highly trained intelligence, swift and polished as a stainless steel surgical instrument. Together with his brother Camille, he discovered and patented the "acetate" cellulose process, which was originally applied to the manufacture of non-inflammable "dope" to coat aeroplane wings.

He came to England, a scientific adventurer, with his process, his brilliant reputation, his courage, and very little else.

The War brought his opportunity, for his patent was taken up and developed industrially by a company in which the Government was largely interested. For years Dr. Dreyfus controlled the works at Spondon, Derbyshire, where his processes were being applied.

All the while he was conducting further research, making ready to adapt his process to peace, when the War should have ended.

He plunged in the artificial silk industry, with characteristic energy and foresight. Captain Loewenstein, the Belgian mystery man of European finance, supported him with capital; the germ of British Celanese's present vast undertakings was established.

From that day to this Dr. Dreyfus's story has been one of constant and rapid growth in wealth and power.

The record of his company has been chequered and scarred by misunderstandings and quarrels, but Dr. Dreyfus's policy has ever emerged triumphant from them, and results have proved that policy to have been the best.

At company meetings he is a redoubtable fighter, and he has needed all his doughtiness. He has vanquished many opponents, including directors nominated by the Government to represent their interest in the Dreyfus undertakings.

His method in such tussles is particular and strongly individual. He is not content to outline his policy in a short, crisp speech. He sways shareholders by a kind of wild rhetoric. In abominable English he storms, threatens and scorns.

He will speak for an hour with Gallic intensity, resembling nothing so much as one of the passionate orators of the French Revolution. He has their fire, their huge sincerity, their egotism—because he is speaking of the most real and wonderful thing in his life, the industry he has created by his personal application and invention.

He is a new portent in the world; the first scientific inventor who has exploited his own brains, capitalised his own discovery, acted as his own financier, and captured for himself a commanding position in the money market.

Another man who made his discoveries, would still be toiling in a laboratory, drawing a few thousand pounds a year in royalties from his patents, or watching the men, to whom he sold his ideas for hundreds, heaping their profits in hundreds of thousands.

Dr. Dreyfus wields a power he could never have exercised from his laboratory. Shoals of financiers, brokers, jobbers and all the hangers-on of the Stock Exchange are on the alert for his lightest word. He can convulse the artificial silk markets of the world by a gesture, he can make or unmake a thousand fortunes in as many hours.

He is not a hypocrite, and takes no pains to conceal that he revels in the consciousness of his power. He takes no sardonic pleasure in watching the scynophany which the world offers him, but accepts all its deferential homage as the natural outward sign of his position. He delights in it all, tastes it deliberately, and finds it almost as sweet as cake.

He never pretends that he longs to be back in his laboratory, probing the secrets of Nature; he does not feel bowed down under the responsibilities of his undertakings; he confesses no pathetic longing for an escape to the simple life.

Let us hope he will never tire of his boyish fancy for playing at millionaires, for that is this gay creature's real occupation. Should he do so he will find that his money can buy him no happiness, and very sorry pleasure. Long may he keep his child's delight in glitter, and his simple gusto for filling the rôle of Dr. Dreyfus.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL NEWS FROM SWITZERLAND.

The Swiss Federal trade returns for the month of June are now available and it is thus possible to compare the results of imports and exports during the first six months of the present year with corresponding figures of the previous year. While imports have increased by over Frs. 125 million, exports show a rise of about Frs. 61 million. After making allowances for the exports and imports of gold which do not properly belong among the trade figures, the Swiss foreign trade for the first part of 1928 shows a balance of Frs. 314 million in favour of imports as compared with Frs. 235 million in the first half of 1927.

The Compagnie des Chemins de Fer du Midi is reported to be in negotiation for the issue in Switzerland of a new loan of French Frs. 50 million in 6% bonds.

The accounts of the Société Générale Maggi for the year ended 31st March 1928 show a considerable improvement in the profits. The increase in the volume of business transacted by the company has necessitated the increase of the capital from Frs. 21 million to Frs. 24 million during the course of the year. The company is a holding concern drawing its income from the manufacturing activities of its subsidiaries, of which the Fabrique des Produits Alimentaires Maggi in Kemptal is the Swiss representative. The net profit amounts to Frs. 4,656,000, as compared with Frs. 2,870,000 a year before. The dividend is fixed at 10%, which is a repetition of the distribution made last year, and Frs. 2 million are being placed to reserves as compared with Frs. 300,000 a year ago.

The accounts of the Compagnie Générale de Navigation sur le lac Léman show a net profit of only Frs. 11,627 as compared with Frs. 165,773 in the year 1926. This falling off is accounted for by the very considerable increase which was shown in expenditure, largely owing to the high price of coal in 1927 and to the outlays made by the company on the occasion of the Vintners' Fête at Vevey last year, added to the effects of the persistent bad weather which was experienced during the summer season. The shares of this company, in which some of our readers are interested, are quoted regularly in our columns.

The general meeting of the Chocolat Tobler Holding Company in Schaffhouse was held on the 11th inst. For the year 1927 net profits amounted to Frs. 719,798, as compared with approximately Frs. 807,000 last year. This profit is again being devoted to writing off depreciation.

QUOTATIONS from the SWISS STOCK EXCHANGES.

BONDS.		July 2	July 10	
Confederation	3% 1903	81.00	80.50	
	5% 1917, VIII Mob. Ln	100.75	101.15	
Federal Railways	3½% A—K	86.55	85.80	
"	" 1924 IV Elect. Ln.	101.60	101.50	
SHARES.		Nom.	July 2	July 10
Swiss Bank Corporation	...	Fr. 500	811	815
Crédit Suisse	...	Fr. 500	952	950
Union de Banques Suisses	...	Fr. 500	730	725
Société pour l'Industrie Chimique	...	1000	2768	2815
Fabrique Chimique ci-dev. Sandoz	...	1000	5000	5060
Soc. Ind. pour la Schappe	...	1000	4010	3997
S.A. Brown Boveri	...	500	598	594
C. F. Bally	...	1000	1595	1570
Nestlé & Anglo-Swiss Cond.Mk. Co.	...	200	886	874
Entreprises Suizer S.A.	...	1000	1198	1174
Comp. de Navig sur le Lac Léman	...	500	505	505
Linoleum A.G. Giubiasco	...	100	324	345
Maschinenfabrik Oerlikon	...	500	863	875

EIDGENÖSSISCHE GLOSSEN.

Zentralismus und Föderalismus (Strafgesetz bis Radio.)

Die "Gazette de Lausanne" bespöttelt die Behandlung des Strafgesetzbuches im Nationalrat mit der Bemerkung, dass dieser eidgenössische Entwurf nach der Art einer schlechten Arznei tropfenweise eingenommen werde. Mit dem "tropfenweise" hat sie sicherlich recht. Wird nach dieser Methode weiter gearbeitet, so wird man sich wahrhaftig fragen müssen, ob nicht das Interesse nach und nach naturgemäss erlahmen werde. Ein Thema wie das Strafgesetzbuch hätte es verdient, in einer ganz anderen Weise in das Zentrum unserer parlamentarischen Arbeit gestellt zu werden. Haben wir denn wirklich keine Möglichkeiten, mit solchen Stoffen auf eine rationellere Art fertig zu werden? Nicht einmal der Versuch einer gleichzeitigen Beratung in beiden Räten ist gewagt worden. Die schweizerischen Akademiker, die sich kürzlich in einem Studentenparlament zusammengefunden haben, brauchen also ein Beispiel für die von ihnen nicht gerade gelobte Art des nationalrätlichen Betriebes nicht weit zu suchen.

Wir könnten die Beratung des Strafgesetzes von einer Volksstimmung tragen lassen, wenn sie beschleunigt würde. Wir könnten ein Interesse wachrufen, das in lebendiger Weise auf den Ratssaal zurückwirken müsste. Doch wir werden jahrelang im Nationalrat hin- und herreden. Und dann wird das Spiel im Ständerat noch einmal beginnen. Spürt man denn nicht, dass man damit sicherlich keine Jugend für ein schweizerisches Ideal gewinnt, auch wenn diese Zermürbungstaktik mit dem Sieg der Gesetzesfreunde ausgehen sollte?

Die "Gazette de Lausanne" wird nicht müde, zu behaupten, dass das Prinzip des Strafgesetzbuches von nationalen Gesichtspunkten aus falsch sei. Aus einem solchen Satze ermisst man am besten die Schwierigkeit unserer Lage. Wir Schweizer sind genötigt, zu einer Zeit, da das europäische Zusammenleben, die Einordnung in die Weltwirtschaft die grössten Forderungen an uns stellt, uns noch mit der Frage zu beschäftigen, ob es schweizerisch oder unschweizerisch sei, das Verbrechen auf kantonale oder eidgenössische Weise zu bekämpfen. Die anderen Länder sind über diese Diskussion längst hinaus. Wir tun noch so—und das Schicksal erlaubt uns barmherziger Weise, so zu tun—als ob diese Frage bei uns auf eine ganz andere Weise, auf eine ganz besonders schweizerische Weise gelöst werden müsse. Gerade beim Verbrechen suchen wir das Heil in der Verkündung des Föderalismus, statt den Föderalismus auf dem Gebiete der positiven, produktiven, kulturellen Leistung triumphieren zu lassen und die Ordnung der Rechtsprechung dem Gesamtstaate zu überlassen. Immer noch bedeutet vielen der Kanton das Vaterland und die Schweiz bloss einen Zweckverband, dem man möglichst wenig gibt und von dem man möglichst viel verlangt.

Als ich in die Rekrutenschule ging, lieferte noch jeder Kanton das Uniformtuch. Es war eine offene Tatsache, dass die Baselstädter ein feineres Tuch hatten als die Basellandschäftler. Seither ist diese besondere Eigenart der Kantone geopfert worden. Oft wundert man sich darüber, dass dies möglich war. Denn eigentlich, nicht wahr, ging doch eine ganz besondere persönliche, das heisst kantonale Note dabei verloren. Unbegreiflich, dass nicht die grössten Schwierigkeiten entstanden, als ein solches Opfer verlangt wurde.

Nun gehen die Baselstädter und Basellandschäftler im gleichen Tuche. Gleich geworden sind sie dennoch nicht. Was besondere Art ist, bleibt besondere Art, auch wenn wir alle von einem einheitlichen schweizerischen Strafgesetzbuch gerichtet werden. Die Waadtländer brauchen also nicht für ihr Wesen zu fürchten—wenn es sich um ein besonderes, reiches, sich fruchtauswirkendes Wesen handelt—sofern das Gesetz angenommen wird, doch wir müssen ernstlich für die Schweiz fürchten, wenn wir allzuviel Kraft verbrauchen müssen, um