

schedules as that of the cabs of Geneva. And month by month a meeting assembles at the Capital and talks over, and passes, various measures that will carry visitors safely and at the least possible expense from breakfast to the mountain top and dinner and bed to follow!

And everywhere the Swiss man has planted his hotel, even upon the most surprising heights, whither all supplies must be borne mysteriously and with great labour from some remote valley. But the engineer has built, and the hotel-keeper has devised, and the Swiss hotel-keeper has reached the triumph of domestic economy. He pervades the world—the Swiss who serves your domestic comfort. It would be difficult to find a city in the civilised world that has not a hotel managed by a man who is competent, courteous, quadrilingual, and trained somewhere in the country where four languages—French, German, Italian, English—meet. He may have been a waiter from a village in Ticino. But that is improbable. From that canton come waiters with the Italian language at heart and several others on tongue. They appear in all the cafés that the world provides, and their sisters, wives, or sweethearts are models. These mostly return to the far-away Alpine valley when the toil has brought the moderate competency, and the Italian waiter ends his days in comfort in some wind-kissed Alpine terrace set proudly as an eagle's nest