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nests of microbes. I never pass one. The fumes—you know, are dangerous. They are full of them. (I suppose she meant microbes).

"And don't go near any of those new guests at the hotel," she warned me. "You can't tell where they came from. That new man—they say he's a Serb. He may be, but he looks sick, and my opinion is he's just getting over it. Don't go near him. It's dangerous. You might get his breath. That's the greatest danger—getting their breath."

She took a few minutes to get hers, and then she broke out afresh.

"I'm going to ask the head waitress to take that golden-rod out of the dining-room. It's irritating to the tubes—the pollen, you know. And if your tubes once get inflamed—it's hopeless. You are as good as dead. You can't escape. And please don't go up in the elevator. That new elevator boy, heaven only knows where he came from—probably from a house where they have it."

Poor Miss Harrison!

Some people suffer more than they have to, and she is that sort.

August 1st.

THE national holiday—the fourth we have spent in Switz. I hope it will be the last. I'll never be able to get the moss off me if I have to stay here another year. If Aunt Julia hadn't been so afraid of submarines we would have been back in Canada long ago. But we seem to get wedged in tighter every year. I think we shall all be buried here, judging from present prospects.

No celebration this year—no bands, no processions, no excursions, no anything—except the traditional ringing of bells at 9 p.m., and the mountain fires. It was rumored that there would be no fires of joy this year, owing to the high price of wood, but they blazed forth at the customary hour on the customary heights just the same.

We went up on the roof to see them, and lingered till the last fire died out. It was a beautiful night, warm, clear and cloudless—just the sort of a night to watch the distant fires.

August 2nd.

RAIN, rain, all day long—a cold, drenching rain, which brought out goose-flesh and sweaters. So sudden are the changes in this Alpine land.

These are doleful days in Switzerland. It was depressing enough before the epidemic broke out, but since then we have been living a life of almost monastic seclusion. Owing to the virulent character the Grippe has assumed, the Government has ordered the closing of all places of amusement such as cinemas, theatres, and also of the schools and churches. Public meetings are prohibited unless held in the open air. People are advised to stay in the open air as much as possible, and to avoid trams, trains, boats, etc. The streets are watered with some awful-smelling disinfectant; bowls of disinfectant are placed on the counters in the shops. Eucalyptus has superseded violet as a perfume for handkerchiefs. Many people carry little bags of anti-grippe powder suspended from their necks. Every day the papers give full reports of the epidemic, and also columns of advice. We are told what to do and what not to do. On the grippe comes suddenly and in various forms; we must be prepared for anything. When in doubt, stay in bed and send for the doctor (if you can get one). In Vevey half of them are ill and the rest ready to drop from exhaustion. They make as many as 60 visits a day. There was such a shortage of nurses that the doctors called for volunteers. These volunteers go from house to house, working under the doctors' orders. In the isolation hospital there are 115 cases—28 of them being Tommies. One of the Tommies died. The British motor school here is closed for the present on account of the epidemic. In the old part of the town it is in nearly every house. One day there were sixteen funerals. The public are not allowed to attend funerals because of the contagious character of the disease. It is said that the bodies of those who die from it turn as black as ebony.

On the frontier the epidemic has been raging among the Swiss soldiers. Fifteen thousand have had it, and over three hundred have died. In the closely-populated cities there have been many deaths. In Bern over 200.

Strange to say, there has not been a single case among the employees of the

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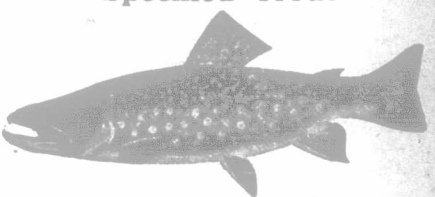
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