

among the hills, or nestling sweetly in a valley with goats, sheep, mulberry trees, vines.

But there are others whose aim is different, whose aim is not the ending of life under a proper fig-tree, but the entertainment of the traveller, the making of a fortune by the scientific practice of domestic economy. In this respect the Swiss man is quite unequalled. In this particular service of humanity he spares no pains and has no pride of position. He is determined to learn the whole business.

It was when I was dining with the manager of one of the biggest London hotels that this curious quest of the Swiss man as host flashed across me. We were talking over the matter of tips, and the manager averred that if you threw the tip on the floor it would reach the right man in the end, for there was the common box, and the book with the scheduled shares.

"Fritz, bring the book," said the manager. Fritz brought the book ; but my interest centred in Fritz—twenty years of age, next door to the head waiter, and son of the manager. He had been in the kitchen, after having experience in three languages ; he had put on the waiter's evening dress at midday. But a few minutes' conversation with Fritz convinced me that one other Swiss hotel would in no long time be opened, and organised by a young man who had gone through the whole business.