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of the Alps, a sense of military pageant seems inherent in them. This can be seen in the arrangements of the Corpus Christi and other religious processions of the valley. Organised wholly by the peasant villagers these processions are carried out with a discipline and correct stage-management from which many a film producer or pageant-master might learn a lot.

**The Heat Wave.**

My recent remark re the emptiness of my wine-cellar not having touched any of my Scotch, pardon, Swiss compatriots, I am naturally labouring under great difficulties during this very thirsty weather, although, happily, the old Swiss way of thirst quenching by sucking a piece of straw, is always at my service. However, that reminds me of another old Swiss way, or one might almost say Scotch way of doing things cheaply.

**Sleep and Food.**

*Sidmouth Observer*, 3rd July.

The Swiss have a proverb, *Qui dort dine*. "He who sleeps dines." Like all the old proverbs, this one, when truly interpreted, is borne out by facts. To sleep is to require but little food, because the muscles of the body are then at rest, and there is no waste of the tissues; consequently no food is required to replace loss by voluntary work. This principle should more particularly be impressed on nurses attending invalids, because to force food into the stomach of an invalid, who, though not actually asleep, may be at rest, is very injudicious. During the time a person has to lie in bed, the food given should be of the lightest kind, and most easy of digestion. During life there is at all times going on in the body a certain amount of work. The heart and the lungs are always active, and food is required to replace their waste. When a person is sleeping, the heart and lungs require but little food to keep them at work; but when in a state of activity, the case is reversed. As a rule, invalids are overfed. During illness, a person loses his natural appetite, and is too often led, by good-natured people, to take food against his inclination.

I thought the above remarks particularly appropriate also for the hot weather during which we ought to eat as if we were invalids.

But now, let us have a jolly good account of a trip on one of our show mountains:

**Going up Mount Pilatus.**

*Eastern Daily Press*, 3rd July.

"That is a treacherous mountain," I was told, when I announced my intention of making the ascent of Mount Pilatus, the mountain that frowns down upon the Lake of Lucerne in Switzerland. "When all the other mountains are clear, the top of Pilatus is as often as not covered with a cloud. And you can sit up there all day in a fog and get a view of nothing but mist." Pilatus has a bad name among those who climb him for pleasure. Clouds hang about him in an extraordinary way, and have caused many legends to be told about him. The most picturesque is that which connects him with Pontius Pilate, making him the final resting-place of Pilate's much-travelled body.

Legend says that after the Crucifixion Pontius Pilate was so consumed with remorse that, unable to rest in Palestine, he began to roam wildly over the world. He died at length in Rome, whereupon the people considering him to be under a curse, threw his body into the River Tiber. But the swift flowing Tiber would have nothing to do with the body, and threw it back again on to the land. It was then transported to Gaul, and flung into the River Rhone. But the Rhone which also flows swiftly, would not keep it either, and flung it out again. Then at last it was carried to the top of Mount Pilatus and sunk in a lonely tarn. The tarn uttered angry rumblings of disgust, but it had to keep Pilate, since it had no current of water running through it to wash him out again. So there the body remains—but it does not rest. For the unquiet spirit of Pontius Pilate is never still. He is continually gathering clouds on the top of Pilatus, and trying to spoil the weather for the holiday-makers in Lucerne.

That is the legend. I should be more inclined to believe it if I could be certain that there really is a tarn on the top of Pilatus. When I went up I looked for one, but could not see it. When anyone can show me the tarn I will then begin to consider the truth of the legend. In the meantime I think it more likely that the legend was invented to explain the name Mount Pilatus. But the name has probably nothing to do with Pontius Pilate. It is more likely to be derived from a Latin word meaning hatted or hooded, and refers to the cloud which so often rests upon the top of this mountain.

I said I was going up Pilatus. But my Swiss friend said, "No. Wait until we get a really fine day. If you go now you will get no view and will only be disappointed." But I said I was on holiday, and every day was precious, and I could not wait.

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We started early in the morning, on a hot day, when a thick haze covered the plain and the hills; and the snow mountains, 40 miles away were quite invisible. "We shall have no view," said my friend. "Well," I replied, "we shall at least see Pilatus itself, and the cogwheel railway which goes up it, which ascends in some places at a gradient of 1 in 24, and is the steepest cogwheel railway in the world."

Our train hurried along. Close to Lucerne the snow mountains came into view for the first time. They were rather lazy; but there were no clouds upon them. Their outlines were quite clear. And Pilatus, it was absolutely clear too. One or two light white clouds were sailing playfully round above him. But all his seven peaks were visible.

We hurried from the station in Lucerne to the steamer, and by twelve o'clock we had crossed the lake and landed at the bottom of Pilatus. We had neither the time nor the intention of climbing Pilatus on foot. Hastily we jumped into the single carriage of the railway, and soon the little engine, puffing and blowing, was pushing us up the mountain side.

We got to the top a little after one. The light clouds were still at a safe distance above our heads, and in front was the most glorious view of the high Alps, the Bernese Oberland spread out before us in shining white snow, and absolutely clear. "It is one of the best days we have had this year," said the waiter at the hotel. "But you should have been here at 6 a.m. The mountains were much clearer then."

"Hat der Pilatus einen Degen, so gibt es Regen,  
Hat er aber einen Hut, so bleibt das Wetter gut!"

**SWISS FOREIGN TRADE 1913-1928.**

A problem of the greatest interest is to determine whether Swiss foreign trade, particularly export trade, has developed since pre-war days, taking into consideration not only the full figures, but also the fact that prices have increased in a given proportion since 1914. An investigation recently undertaken by the Swiss Federal Office of Statistics relative to the commercial development from 1913 to 1928 of nearly 40 countries, has allowed us to make interesting observations as concerns Switzerland in particular.

	1913	1928	%
	in million	francs	inc.
Exports	1.376	2.134	155
Imports	1.920	2.745	142

As far as increase of exports is concerned, Switzerland ranks to-day 17th among the countries included in this investigation. On the other hand, if we consider the totality of the exports in proportion to the number of inhabitants registered in 1928, we find that Switzerland ranks 7th with a sum of Frs. 540.—, and is preceded only by the following countries: Canada, Australia, Denmark, Argentine, Netherlands and Belgium.

Among the countries in which the total exports, proportionately to the number of inhabitants, are inferior, we will mention:

Great Britain with Frs. 415.—, France, Germany, the United States and Italy.

It is evident that, in order to justly appraise the export and import index of 1928, as compared to pre-war days, one must make due allowance for the general augmentation of prices, as manifested, for example, in the index for wholesale prices. As this world index, in the course of the preceding year, ranged from an average of about 145 to 150% it would seem that Swiss exports are superior than in pre-war times, whereas the opposite deduction appears to be justified for imports. S.I.T.

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