

# Home news

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**VAUD.**

The death has occurred at Villeneuve, of M. Henri Chenaux at the age of 72. The deceased was a member of the "Grand Conseil" from 1901-1926. He was also a member of the National Council for some time. Since 1890, M. Chenaux was Professor of topography at the "L'école d'ingénieurs" in Lausanne.

**AARGAU.**

M. Gottfried Bader, Proprietor of the "Eisengiesserei Erzenberg" has died at Liestal at the age of 60.

**TIGINO.**

Three hundred gangers are working to clear a landslide on the St. Gothard Railway line between the tunnels at Biasca and Osogna. The line is completely blocked for a distance of 200 yards, and it is expected that the work of clearing it will not be completed for two days. A motor service is meanwhile carrying passengers, baggage, and mail between Biasca and Osogna.

**VIOLETTA MONTUSCHI.**

At a recent concert of the Recital Club of London we had the great pleasure of hearing Miss Violetta Montuschi, whose father is well-known to many members of the Swiss Colony, playing various compositions on the piano with great technical perfection and a fine sense of musical values. Her programme included some lovely selections from Bach, Scarlatti and Haydn, a Brahms Rhapsody and various pieces by Chopin. While the more formal style of the older composers may perhaps suit Miss Montuschi's self-possessed temperament better than the strong emotionality of Chopin and Brahms, she nevertheless showed herself fully equal to giving an interesting and pleasing interpretation of the latter as well as the former. A clever and a charming artist!

*Dr. E.*

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**REMINISCENCES.**

"Disastrous consequences of my first ball."

By ST.  
Continued.

One little happening on that memorable evening pleased me mightily, although it consisted in the fact, that my fair partner, made, what is called in French a *faux pas* or in English "putting one's foot into it."

Amongst the numerous spectators, was my aunt, — the one who had intimated that my mental faculties were somehow impaired through the fall which I had sustained at a very tender age. — There she sat in all her glory, as if it was *her* show. Her critical eye scanned the happy faces of the revellers, but the happiness of all the young people, which was written on their faces, did not seem to find an echo in her spinster bosom.

Each time I passed her, I noticed a sarcastic smile passing over her visage, in fact it was so obvious that my partner asked me, who that lady with the "rhinoceros face" was.

I could have hugged her for that remark, but as it rather cast a slur on my family I had to inform her, that the Lady with such "distinguished" features was a great-aunt of mine; which brought forth some profuse apologies, which, I need hardly mention, were accepted in good grace.

In fact, this little slip of the tongue, increased her attention to me, and I noticed consequently a little squeeze of the hand, which I took for a happy omen. —

As all good things come to an end, so this "Soirée Dansante" finished up amongst great enthusiasm. Many a parting glance, from a pair of sparkling eyes laid the foundation for future romance.

This time my cab took us back, minus the chocolate box, but with an additional weight of happiness and sweet remembrances.

**WIT AND HUMOUR.**

**From the Mother of Parliaments.**

In moving the address to the King's Speech in the House of Commons Mr. W. W. Wakefield (C.) in a maiden speech said that he approached his task with great diffidence, for in touching on great political questions of the day he must do so without introducing matters of a controversial nature, and he was not sure how that was to be done. If he crossed the white line he begged the forbearance of the House for he was a beginner, steering through the maze of traffic without even a large red letter L attached to his person fore and aft.

Referring to the air defences, he continued: Just over 300 years ago efforts were made to expedite the business of the House from below. To-day we might still search the cellars with various fears — and hopes — but the real threat was from the clouds.

Mr. Attlee (Opposition Leader) in criticising the King's Speech was struck by a "lull" in foreign affairs, believing that there was still a war in Abyssinia. He described the attitude of the Government in the latter conflict as follows:

What we want to-day is a vindication of public law against an aggressor. Can you imagine a situation in which the Home Secretary could get up and deplore an outbreak of house-breaking, but could say that he hoped he would shortly come to a settlement which would be equally acceptable to the house-breakers, the victims, and the Home Secretary?

It would be a difficult task. But I am sure the present Home Secretary would be equal to it, because, after all, that is exactly the line he took in the case of Japan. That would involve sympathy with the house-breakers.

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It would have been an exquisite home journey, because there was such a host of little incidents to review, but it was marred by the fact, that my fair partner suddenly realised that she had left her shawl behind. This discovery seemed greatly to upset her, and I was informed that this precious article adorned various past members of the family, in fact it was considered to be a sort of a family heirloom, and the loss of it would be nothing short of a calamity, and might bring bad luck to future generations of the colonel's family.

Acting like a Gentleman, I ought to have instructed the cab driver to return post haste, in order to claim this shawl, which, as it seemed, was of great importance. But there was a snag, I realised that I had only about enough money on me, to pay the fare straight back, and as a return journey would have meant additional fare, I suggested that the lost article should be claimed the next day by me. This proposal was graciously accepted, and we arrived at our destination without any further troubles.

In fact I was quite pleased that I would have another opportunity to show my gallantry, and on paying the fare I warmly shook hands with the cab driver, who, quite unaccustomed to such enthusiastic acknowledgement of services rendered, gravely shook his head; — Was it a premonition of what was to come? —

As promised, I called the next day, and luckily, the lost article was handed over to me.

Needless to say, that I made use of this, almost Heaven sent opportunity to add a little billet doux with the parcel, which was duly forwarded to the fair recipient. That little note contained a considerable number of allusions to heavenly eyes, warm beating heart, sun kissed locks and dainty hands. Nightingales were singing and chirping throughout the letter, it was simply an orgy of loving and tender thoughts. —

During the next day or two I was in a state of great excitement, because I was sure that my gallant efforts to redeem this historic shawl, and

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the accompanying letter would get some acknowledgement; — it did. —

On returning home two days after the event, I found a little parcel awaiting me, somehow or other it looked familiar to me, but after all parcels always have a certain similarity. With trembling hands I opened it, and there a short note — not even signed, — met my wondering eyes, it read "This does not belong to me!"

I was at my wits end, what did it mean? I undid the packet and — lo and behold — it contained a pair of red bathing-slips — not a costume, with which one is so familiar in this country, often adorning some bathing belle — no, simply an ordinary pair of bathing slips which boys used to wear in those days. —

My sister, who watched me, said afterwards, that my face reflected all the colours of the rainbow, and no wonder, this was a terrible tragedy, how did it happen? The explanation was simple enough, the cupboard which temporarily harboured the shawl ready for dispatch, also contained a parcel of similar size in which the above mentioned article was packed up, ready for the next bathing season; an unlucky slip of the hand made me take the wrong parcel, thus nipping in the bud a romance which started in such a promising way.

Although a detailed report of this most unfortunate happening was at once sent, and an exchange of "goods" effected, no excuse was accepted, and I was accused of having played a very bad joke; and whenever I met a member of this distinguished family, I was treated with utter contempt. In fact, I felt so miserable that I seriously contemplated to leave this valley of sorrow, to a land where people do not wear shawls nor bathing slips, and even to this day I cannot look a lady's shawl straight in the face without getting the "shudders."

*The End.*