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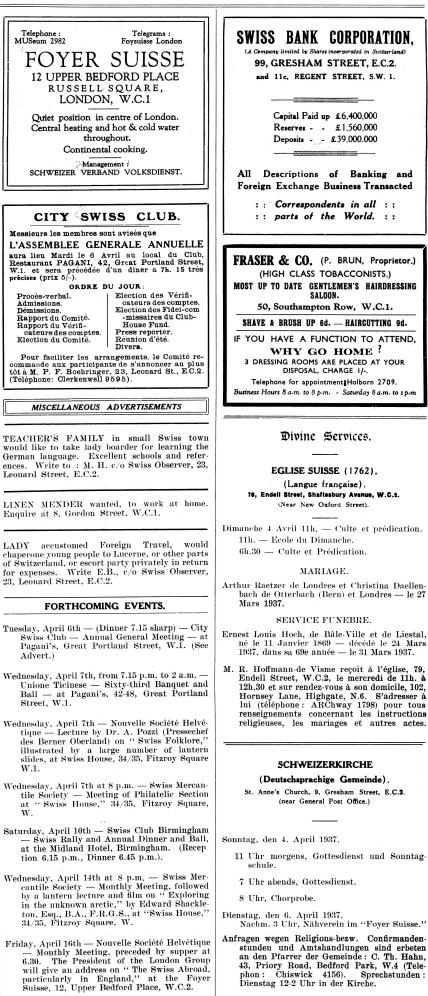
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Friday, April 16th, at 8 p.m. — Schweizerbund (Swiss Club) — Annual Dinner and Ball — at 74, Charlotte Street, W.1. (Extension till

"Hello." His voice was like an outraged bass fiddle.

"Hello," I said. "You look and sound like Thunder over Mexico."

He mopped his forehead with a handkerchief, the size of a towel, and stared at me coldly.

I refused to be squelched. "Are we going to eat?" I asked. "Or would you rather go to some quiet corner and growl to yourself?"

He did not reply, and there was a far away look in his eyes. He shook his head back and forth, muttering to himself. Definitely Jan's mood was grey and cloudy.

"Well," I said, "I take it we eat."

He grunted and said : " I guess we might as well. The Zimmerleuten?"

I said that was all right with me, and then tried to keep from laughing as he started shaking his head again. His face was like the little boy's who has just learned he is being groomed for the Presidency instead of a G-man.

"Tell the public what's happened," I said. "Who did what to you?" Jan took a deep breath and rumbled, "What do you think of a boss that gets you to work on a holiday?"

a nonday?" "So that's what it's all about." "Enough, isn't it? Prof. Hodges said that we'd get a lot of work done to-day because it would be quiet with everybody in town watching the procession. I thought he was joking and said that I thought it was a good idea." He sighed. "About half a second later I realized that the old codger was serious. You should have seen him smile. It was awful. Right then, if I'd asked him to give me his stamp collection he would have parted with it cheerfully. I was faith-ful Jonathan."

By this time we were in front of the Zim-merleuten, which is situated in the older part of the city along the Limmat River. One of Zurich's several "Zunfthäuser," or guild restaurants, the Zimmerleuten has been in existence since far back in medieval times. Now, of course, the Guilds are merely social organisations, and the "Zunfthäu-en" on one to the public ser " are open to the public.

We went in the entrance of the old arcaded we went in the entrance of the out arraded building, and as we went upstairs I could see that for Jan the world was again becoming a bearable place to live in. The storm clouds vanished and a new dawn glowed faintly on his ruddy features. He almost knocked over the hors d'oeuvres wagon as we went to our table, and when we sat down there was a resigned well-if-life-will-go-on expression on his face.

We had a tremendous meal : roast duck that melted in your mouth, peas in butter, flaky French-fried potatoes, and finally a peach melba drowned in whipped cream. When we drank our coffee we were both a little out of breath. Jan leaned back in his chair, lit a cigarette and looked cheerfully at Michel, proprietor and master cook of the restaurant, who had come out of the kitchen to greet his guests. Michel is the only man in Zurich who can dwarf Jan, and I have always suspected that one reason Jan likes to go there is when he looks at Michel he feels actually thin. thin.

"By the way," I said, "just what is this "Sechseläuten" festival they're having this afternoon? All I know about it is that it means, roughly, 'Ringing of bells at six,' and that it's a celebration welcoming spring."

(To be continued).

SWISS MERCANTILE SOCIETY.

We wish to direct the attention of stamp col-lectors to the meeting of the Philatelic section of the above Society, which will take place on Wed-nesday next, April 7th, at "Swiss House," 34/35, Fitzroy Square, W.



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