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HOME NEWS

Le Maire,
Le Secrétaire.

Neue Passverordnung.—Der Bundesrat hat, wie gemeldet, eine neue eidgenössische Passverordnung erlassen, durch die der Bundesratsbeschluss vom November 1915, der seinerzeit erstmalig bundesrechtliche Bestimmungen im Passwesen brachte, ersetzt wird und gestützt auf die seit 1915 gemachten Erfahrungen einer in verschiedenen Punkten den heutigen Verhältnissen angepassten Neuregelung Platz macht. Festgehalten ist von der bisherigen Regelung vor allem der wichtigste Punkt, dass nämlich die einst kantonalen Pässe durch einen einheitlichen schweizerischen Pass, ausgestellt von den Kantonen, ersetzt sind; ebenso bleibt die Vorschrift bestehen, dass die Ausstellung des Passes in jedem Kanton nur noch durch eine einzige Stelle zu erfolgen hat. Die Schweiz fordert bekanntlich laut Verordnung vom Jahre 1921 für das Betreten unseres Staatsgebietes die Vorweisung eines Passes; für schweizerische Staat angehörige muss dieser

On this garden, as on Paradiso, which lies nearer its base, San Salvatore, the other guardian of the bay, is gazing all the time. San Salvatore, unlike Monte Bré, does not court the attention of the ambitious coloured villas. Its sides, up which one is permitted to climb by funicular, are contrastingly bare. A little church has, how-

ever, secured the summit for a vantage point, and from its flat roof one gazes over a wide-spread panorama that includes Monte Rosa and Monte Generoso, as well as further-distant snow-clad peaks of the Alps.

Market day is the day of days in Lugano. Early in the morning the country people come trooping into the town, conspicuous among them being old women with faces wrinkled and yellow, carrying on their backs those curious wide-mouthed, sharp-bottomed baskets which are peculiar to the villages of the Italian Lakes. In these *gerlas* they convey to market the produce of their gardens and of their poultry yards. More extensive than usual is the display of goods in the narrow streets around the Piazza; fruits in great abundance, cheese that scents the air rather overpoweringly, the farinaceous foods, polenta, vermicelli, and the rest beloved of the Italians, strings of sausages, as well as silks and satins, the bright-coloured handkerchiefs that so effectively drape the heads of dark-eyed beauties, the red and yellow sunshades for which we in our more doleful climate have little use, all meet and mingle there in the streets of Lugano. Stalls, too, are laid out profusely under the trees where the morning market takes place; in the midst of them you will probably find a huge wagon, drawn by two yellow-coloured oxen, such a yoke as was familiar in Virgil's day, adding a quaint, primitive touch to a scene already sufficiently picturesque.

Up behind the principal streets, whose porticoes succeed in keeping them cool, there are other narrow streets and alleys, less frequented by the tourist; these lie around the cathedral. Every now and then even there one comes upon a house that is brightened by festooning greenery. In the morning you will find their bedclothes hanging out at these windows to air.

All around the lakeside there are dotted little villages, with names that are equally musical, each of which imprints its own individualistic picture on the mind. Of these Gandria is the most picturesque, its old-world houses rising straight out of the water, mellow with age and squalid, but bearing the remains of beautiful frescoes on their walls. By numerous steps and steep and narrow alleys one climbs the hillside to the church, with its characteristic campanile and its tiny burying-ground, passing cottage doors, where cobblers sit at their work under the overhanging trellis-work of soft greenery, and occasionally meeting one of these old women with her *gerla* filled with faggots. Further along the lakeside, at the Grotto, where the gay-painted tea tables overhang the edge of the water, there lives a picturesquely-attired lady who, as the delegates will doubtless be reminded by the hotel porter, will sing to them "in four languages!"

Morcote gave us another steep climb, under purple scented acacias, to its church, also loftily situated. Beside the lake the women were engaged in doing the family washing, kneeling on low boards close to the water, and rubbing and soaping their clothes on flat boards held in front of them. The clothes were subsequently carried home in the curiously-shaped baskets. Castagnola, Cassarate, Tesserete—to all of them one comes through a vine-clad country, where figs and walnuts ripen in the open, and little grey-coloured lizards dart hither and thither in the old stone walls.

Blue skies, blue lake, dazzling sunshine, colour everywhere—such is Lugano!

We do not wish to disturb the feeling of complete harmony created after perusing the above but the following leader headed *Messieurs, faites vos jeux* from the *Daily Dispatch* (Dec. 11th) written on the eve of the meeting seems to be opportune:—

"Life plays some queer tricks at times with the puppets called men. Yesterday the League of Nations Council opened its quarterly session—in a gambling room at Lugano! It may, or may not, be an appropriate setting. It was most certainly an appropriate moment. We are told that millions of American citizens are urging the ratification of the Kellogg Treaty; also that President Coolidge has asked Congress to authorise the expenditure of an additional £270,000 on each of the two giant submarines now being built for the United States Navy. Two days before the delegates assembled in this charming Swiss resort to "make their play" the Swiss Parliament increased its military budget for the coming year by £60,000. On the same day Signor Mussolini drew attention to the fact that while all are in favour of peace the whole world is arming. "We do not want to disturb European equilibrium," he added, "but we must be ready."

That is what they all say. That is what they said in pre-war days. It is an attitude of which the average schoolboy would be ashamed; yet the highest-placed diplomats all over the civilised (save the mark!) world cannot rise above it. We cannot wonder at South American Republics snarling at one another, and recalling their representatives when the Great Powers set such a poor example. What we can do is to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the portents as they

appear in Bolivia and Paraguay. "It is feared," cable the correspondents, "that hostilities may spread to other South American Republics." That is always the way. The fire among the chaff and war among the nations are one and the same. They begin easily, they spread rapidly, they consume everything, they leave a blackened waste when they are over.

The delegates at Lugano have great opportunities awaiting them. At present the world's diplomats are gambling on war. Let the delegates, and particularly Sir Austen Chamberlain, M. Briand, and Dr. Stresemann gamble on peace. Disarmament is the royal road to peace. It is blocked by fear and mistrust. It is the duty of the delegates to clear the road. *Messieurs, faites vos jeux!*

Swiss Military Expenses.

This is what the *Manchester Guardian* (Dec. 10th) says about the recent increase in our military budget:—

"The Swiss Parliament yesterday concluded two days' debates on the military Budget for 1929, which amounts to 86,500,000 Swiss francs (£3,460,000); notwithstanding the Parliamentary resolution of 1925, in which the Government was invited to limit military expenses to 85,000,000 francs (£3,400,000). This new increase of 1,500,000 francs (£60,000) was not only met with sharp opposition from the Socialists and Communists, but some Radical and Catholic members expressed deep disappointment that the Swiss Government did not deplore this increase of the military Budget of pacifist Switzerland both for national and international reasons. Even these members of the Governmental parties expressed regret that M. Motta's international policy at Geneva is contradicted by the policy of the military department at Berne.

The Swiss Minister of Defence defended the Budget by reference to new expenses amounting to half a million francs (£20,000) caused by the new law increasing military salaries, and pointed out that 1,000,000 francs were necessitated by the repetition of militia exercises, which had not been held for ten years and now seemed inevitable.

The Socialists then proposed the rejection of the credits for these repetition exercises, which, however, were approved by 100 votes to 69. The minority were composed of about 50 Socialists and Communists and 20 Catholics and Radicals.

The vote shows a growing opposition even among the Government parties against the expenditure of money for military needs. It is remarkable that all Catholic and Radical Geneva members, as well as the Radical M. Rusca, of Locarno, voted against the new expenses, thus showing their confidence in the spirit associated with Geneva and Locarno. During the discussions the Socialists sharply reproached the Communists on the ground that they have discredited the Labour movement in the public opinion of the world. The Communist policy of world revolution, it is held, gives the Government new arguments for opposing disarmament."

Mlle. de Watteville.

The *Daily Mail* (Dec. 12th) has the following notice; the heroine is of course a near relative of the other distinguished lady so beloved in our Colony and universally admired in the wide circle of her activity.

"Mlle. Vivienne De Watteville, the young Swiss girl, whose reputation as a big game hunter recently led to her being presented to the Prince of Wales at Nairobi, has been elected a member of honour of the Berne Natural History Society.

Four years ago she was on an expedition in the African bush with her father, when he was killed by a lion. Instead of returning home, as many people in her position would have done, she pushed forward until she had achieved her father's ambition, which was to procure a white rhinoceros for the Berne Museum.

The Prince of Wales, it appears, was particularly interested in a film, supposed to be the first of its kind, which Mlle. de Watteville managed to get of a fight to the death between two bull elephants.

To obtain this she waded waist deep with her camera into a river infested with crocodiles and, disregarding the entreaties of the askari appointed to look after her, calmly turned the handle until one of the beasts fell mortally wounded."

Sausage Party.

In reproducing the following from the *Daily Record* (Dec. 7th) we descend from the sublime to the ridiculous, but our readers will not expect our Minister to emulate the feat of other members of his family in hunting down the white rhinoceros; he must of necessity be satisfied with lesser fry.

"The ex-King of Greece, the Swiss Minister, "Jix," and a host of titled and distinguished folk attended a "sausage party" held the other night by Mrs. Rosita Forbes, the explorer. Sausages in various guises formed the complete menu; sausage balloons and paintings of sausages formed

the scheme of decoration. The poetic art was even conscripted to hymn the praises of sausage on the menu cards. The guests, "Jix" included, enjoyed themselves immensely."

It looks as if we were on the eve of a sausage boom in this country; if any of our readers still have cash to spare, our advertising column will recommend a sound investment.

QUOTATIONS from the SWISS STOCK EXCHANGES

BONDS.	Dec. 11	Dec. 18
Confederation 3% 1903	82.50	82.50
5% 1917, VIII Mob. Ln	101.80	102.35
Federal Railways 3½% A—K	87.05	87.05
" " 1924 IV Elect. Ln.	101.85	102.00
SHARES.	Nom.	Dec. 11 Dec. 18
Swiss Bank Corporation ..	Fr.s. 500	Fr.s. 855 852
Crédit Suisse.....	500	980 987
Union de Banques Suisses.....	500	770 767
Société pour l'Industrie Chimique	1000	3477 3468
Fabrique Chimique ci-dev. Sandoz	1000	5337 5275
Soc. Ind. pour la Schappe	1000	4330 4315
S.A. Brown Boveri	350	588 593
C. F. Bally	1000	1500 1520
Nestlé & Anglo-Swiss Cond.Mk. Co.	200	930 929
Entreprises Suizer S.A.	1000	1210 1240
Comp. de Navig sur le Lac Léman	500	520 520
Linoleum A.G. Giubiasco	100	335 338
Maschinenfabrik Oerlikon	500	805 805

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