Sometime tomorrow we expect to leave here for Lugerne. We will spend a day or so there and then go to Interlaken, to visit the Rhone glacier. Cousin Ther. will probably leave me there and I will go on alone to Geneva and Mt Blanc.

By the way, who, do you suppose, are sitting in the same room with me? Mr. & Mrs. Babbitt. They are both looking fat and jolly.

Write me all about your mouse-hunting expeditions. I wish Papa or Grandma could be with you.

It is time for Table d'Hote now so I must stop writing. Excuse this disconnected epistle, as I am half asleep. I believe a person could sleep the whole time on a mountain like this. Love to all,

Your Aff. Son
George.