

East Africa—proves that our empire building nurses must be stout of heart. She writes:—

“Nurses are so fearfully scarce in this country . . . that I have gone from case to case, and often cannot finish one before I am rushed off to another. . . . Typhoid is rather bad just now; I am at my second case, right up country, on a coffee plantation. The house is very quaint, home built, thatched roof, and most of the rooms are built of wood or tin. All round there is a verandah, so the whole place is open—no front or back doors. We are quite surrounded by a forest beyond the coffee plantation. It is very lonely and weird at night. All last night there was a leopard prowling round quite close. We heard it grunting for such a time.

○ My first typhoid, eight weeks ago, was away in the hills right out in a forest. We saw plenty of “game.” The night I left they had two lions quite close, but the natives did not give the alarm until too late, so they were not able to shoot them. I was on “night” there and used to be kept lively by hyenas coming to the verandah and howling. We work much harder out here than at home, I suppose it is because there are no white servants, and up-country very few white women. One has to do housekeeping, and often the cooking, as well as attend the patient. The Swahili cooks cannot be relied upon, and some are such thieves. You make beef tea and leave it to simmer; they will drink most of it and eat nearly all the meat, and then fill it up with water.

I often wish I could send you over some fruit and flowers. The gardens are exquisite. Roses bloom four times a year, and the carnations are as plentiful as daisies, such big ones, too. The fruit is also plentiful. Here we have lemons, passion fruit, bananas, pineapples, and plums.

I really do not know, Sister, what you would think of the poultry; they are so tiny and skinny, two or three for one rupee (1s. 4d.). One rarely sees a decent English hen. Of course, the settlers go in for English ones, if they can, but the boys steal the eggs. Shenzi hens' eggs (native) are twenty-five for one rupee, or sometimes even thirty, up-country. They are very small. . . .

They wrote and asked me to help at the Government Hospital here, but I was at a bad operation and could not go. They are only supposed to take eighteen patients, but they nearly always have twenty-three, and only four nurses—fearfully understaffed. Two more nurses are due at the end of the month. There is a great scandal about the nursing at times up there; poor things they cannot help it, being so overworked.”

As the Colonial Office is probably responsible for the organization of the Nairobi Hospital, we commend the necessity for more nurses to the Secretary of State for the Colonies. It is the overwork of women where Government Departments are concerned, that is one of the chief reasons why women demand the vote—so that they may have spending power over public funds to which they are compelled to contri-

bute. Mr. “Lulu” Harcourt—that stalwart “anti” might ponder on these things to our mutual advantage.

*The Kingston Infirmary Nurses League Journal* announces that the annual Garden Party will be held at the end of the month, and states editorially “it would materially add to our pleasure to see all the old Nurses, and we shall be glad to offer hospitality for the night to those coming from a distance.”

The death of Nurse C. A. Parker from enteric at Waipiro Bay Hospital N.Z. is reported with deepest regret. She is the first member of the League to pass away. Of her it is recorded “Her religion, was a very potent factor in her life. Writing to me after Easter, 1912, she says “I miss the religious element so much; Easter has come and gone, and no clergyman has been to remind the householders of the Resurrection. But I carry my prayer-book in my pocket, and Sunday by Sunday I read over the service so as to keep in touch with the Church's year.” And writing also to one of her fellow-nurses, she said “Living so near to Nature has brought me closer to God.”

Her life was beautiful in its earnestness, sincerity, and faithfulness; she impressed everyone with the nobility of her aims and ideals.”

A great loss to the League indeed.

“I trust this cottage will be a lasting memorial in making others happy and in holding up before the inhabitants of Roffey, the bright example of a life cut short all too soon,” said the Rev. E. D. L. Harvey on Tuesday in last week, when he presided at the opening of the new Nurses' Cottage at Roffey, which has been built as a memorial to the late Mrs. Innes, the wife of Major J. A. Innes, D.S.O., of Roffey Park. One of the last movements the late Mrs. Innes was interested in was the permanent establishment of a nurse for the poor of Roffey, and one has been endowed by her husband, and there could have been no better memorial to one who always took the greatest interest in nursing than the building, which was formally opened on Tuesday by Lady Burrell, who was accompanied by Sir Merrik R. Burrell, Bart.

It is a double-fronted detached cottage, built of brick, on the one floor bungalow pattern, and admirably fitted up inside. It is only intended as the home of one nurse, and there is a small lobby with cloak-room fittings; a bed room which, like the other rooms, has a beautifully polished wood block floor; a daintily furnished

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