

How to Travel.

A MONTH IN SWITZERLAND.

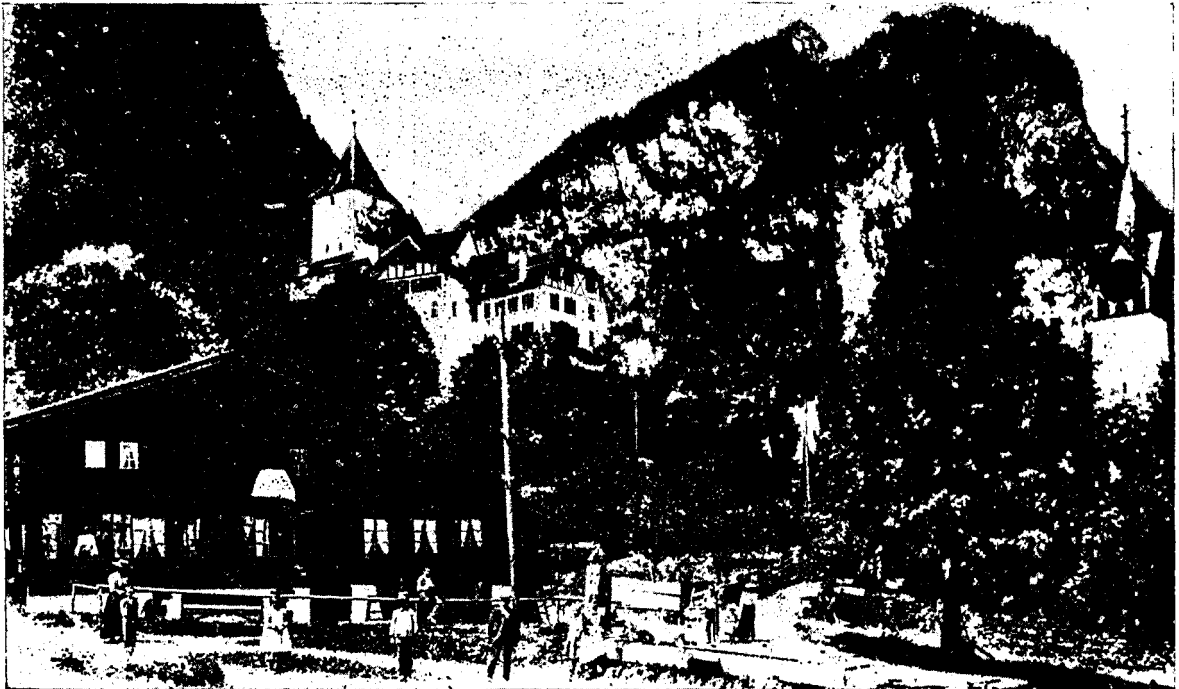
My advice to nurses is, on no account take a holiday in England if they can get out of it. However loyal we may be there is no change so great as to get away from one's own country and fellow-countrymen for the time being.

In the first place it is cheaper, as you get far more for your money.

Secondly, everything is different to what one sees in England, and it is amusing from the time one leaves this country until the time when the great Crucifix of Dieppe Harbour slowly fades away into

teous and attentive host and hostess of the Hotel Löwen, which is exquisitely clean in every detail. The food, of which the supply is generous and liberal, consists of the usual continental breakfast, coffee or tea, and rolls, delicious butter, and honey, raspberry jelly, or cherry jam. Lunch of four or five courses is served at 12.30, and dinner of from five to seven courses at 7.0. There is absolute change of diet, as no dish is served as it is in England.

Being a large party a whole flat in the *Dépendance* was assigned to our use, and attached to this a most delightful and spacious balcony, with sofas, tables, and chairs, and boxes of sweet-smelling flowers along the front, malmaison carnations and geraniums all in gorgeous blossom. Madame Scherler takes great



WIMMIS.

the dim distance and one's holiday, for the present year, at all events, is over.

We started a party of eleven, our destination the little village of Wimmis, in the Bernese Oberland, the most uniquely beautiful and quiet little spot one could find. It is 2,000 feet above the sea-level and in the heart of the mountains (not an English tourist nor an English-speaking tongue in the district). The Niesen and Bergfluh rise above the village on the west.

Peeping out from the pine trees on the Bergfluh are the picturesque castle, now used for municipal chambers, and the little church, clean and white with its red tiled spire and roof contrasting vividly with the dark green of the pines.

We travelled *via* Newhaven, Dieppe, Paris, Berne, Thun, and the little branch line to Wimmis. And now let me here recommend our most cour-

pride in her flowers. On this balcony we made the afternoon tea, so indispensable to the Englishwoman, and more especially to the hospital nurse. We each took half a pound, as it is dear and inferior in these parts, and our tea basket provided us with all we needed in the way of cups and saucers, methylated spirit lamp, and kettle. We took turns in making it, and also in washing up under the village pump, as one of our party—a Hospital Matron too!—disgraced her calling by blocking up the pipe of an indoor basin with tea leaves, this added a little two-franc piece to our weekly bill, so we afterwards used the pump, which was quite as satisfactory and safer. So many things are taken to the pump. We saw our vegetables prepared there, the horses and cows watered, and the beautiful snowy linen left lying in the running stream. A little walk down the road, and there, in all its snow-white beauty, is the lovely Blumlisalp, in the early

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