

morning a dazzling white, and in the evening illuminated with the red glow of the setting sun. A little farther, across a rushing river (all the rivers rush with mad force from the melting snows of the mountains), through a shady pine wood, a spell of long, dusty road-- about an hour's walk altogether-- and Spiez, on Lake Thun, is reached. Here you can take the boat to Thun, Interlaken, Brienz, St. Beatenburg and other smaller places. Thun is the oldest and most picturesque, Interlaken, a fine place for shopping, a haunt of English and American tourists, and across the green park there is the Jung-frau far far more beautiful and majestic than any words can describe. From Lake Thun you can go on by boat to Lake Brienz one of the prettiest in Switzerland, and the Giesbach waterfall is very fine.

The great thing to do from Wimmis is to climb the Niesen, it towers above the village, a mile high, and from our balcony we just saw a little flagstaff, like a needle, on the summit. This is a cone, under which fifteen people can comfortably stand. All the younger members of our party were very anxious to get to the summit, but there was great questioning among some of us who were older, as to our ability. Hospital life had knocked a great deal of the energy out of two of us, but what we lacked in strength we made up in pluck, and in the liveliest mood started out to buy sticks and alpenstocks. Alas, we did not know what was before us. On a lovely moonlight night, with a good guide, a lantern, our thickest boots, and in excellent spirits, nine of us started. The correct way is (so we were told) to walk up during the night and arrive in time to see the sun rise, this we did, starting at 10 p.m. Shall I ever forget the interminable zig-zag paths through the pine woods, stumbling up in the dark, through the dribbling streams, over exposed roots of trees, stones and rocks, keeping close to the bank on one side lest we should in the darkness step over a precipice on the other. On and on, twelve solid miles of climbing. As we emerged from the darkness of the pines the foremost of our party showed, black figures in the moonlight. After about three hours we got a glimpse of the "Beyond!" in the distance. Massive white clouds! Were they? Hardly, with such a distinct outline filling the whole sky! Snow mountains! there they were. The Eiger Monch, Jung-frau and Blumlisalp in the moonlight.

From 10 till 5 we toiled, and then the reward of our labour. The sun rise on the snow-clad mountain-- no words can express its glorious beauty. Then came breakfast; delicious coffee, bread, butter, honey, and Gruyère cheese. We did not feel sleepy at any time, the air was too clear and rarified for that. Another five hours of descent, stopping now and again to gather the eidelweiss, blue gentian, alpen rose, and wild pansies. Oh, how tired we were! The heat of the day was upon us, and at 1 p.m. a weary and be-draggled little party struggled into Wimmis, and were seen no more until 7 o'clock, when we appeared to enjoy an excellent supper and talk over our wonderful feat, but our aching tendons did not allow us to forget for several days the extra fatigue they had endured.

With what awe and reverence we afterwards looked

at the majestic height of the Neisen, but never again would we of maturer years venture on such a climb. Four of our party spent two days at Montreux, which is on a direct line from Wimmis, and visited the castle of Chillon. For those who have not already been there no place could be found better worth a visit. I think Lake Geneva, (or Lac Lemman as the French call it) is the bluest I have ever seen. There are so many pictures now in England of the beautiful castle that description is needless, and I think most people know Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon."

One interesting detail about the Bernese Oberland is that all the men and women wear the national costume for their little outings and on high days and holidays. We spent several different days at Interlaken, at Thun, on the lake, or in the pine woods at Wimmis. Our holiday drew fast to a close, and as I thought reluctantly of ward work, new pro's., sick people, and my tired fellow nurses, I longed that they also might be refreshed and invigorated by as delightful a holiday as we have enjoyed in the quiet peaceful little village of Wimmis in the heart of the mountains in Switzerland.

In case any may be tempted to follow our example I append a little note of expenses, and wish them all the pleasures we enjoyed.

Return ticket to Interlaken, registration	
of luggage ticket to Wimmis, etc. . . .	£6 13 11
Four weeks board at 6 francs per day . . .	7 0 0
Outings, laundry, gratuities, etc. . . .	6 6 1
	£20 0 0

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The Cookery Exhibition.

The Seventeenth Universal Cookery and Food Exhibition will be held at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Vincent Square, Westminster, from November 27th to December 1st. In the Invalid Cookery Section is one class open only to certificated nurses.

This competition consists of invalid trays containing not less than four dishes of cooked food, including beef-tea, fish, a light pudding, a jelly or custard, and two beverages. The prizes in the Invalid Cookery Section include one gold medal, silver medals, bronze medals, cookery books, and certificates of merit. Miss M. Heather Bigg, Matron of Charing Cross Hospital, is acting on the executive committee.

The profits (if any) will, as on former occasions, be devoted to educational and charitable purposes, providing free instruction in cookery among the poor and working classes, distributing recipes for inexpensive dishes, awarding scholarships for cooks (men and women), and for the benevolent fund of the Universal Cookery and Food Association. Nearly £3,300 of the proceeds of former exhibitions have in the past been handed over to London Hospitals and other charitable institutions.

Exhibitions of this kind serve a most useful purpose in bringing to the notice of those who visit them the latest methods, and dishes, as well as labour-saving appliances.

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