

NURSING AND THE WAR.

In the military and civil hospitals, in spite of sad times, the patients had a real cheery Christmas Day. An indulgent staff, presents, excellent fare, flowers, visitors, and entertainment was very generally the order of the day, and well all deserved it. Hospital wards always are the brightest places at this festive season, and the nurses the happiest of women. It is give, give all the time, and nothing makes one feel so light and airy as when spent in the service of others, one goes thoroughly exhausted to bed.

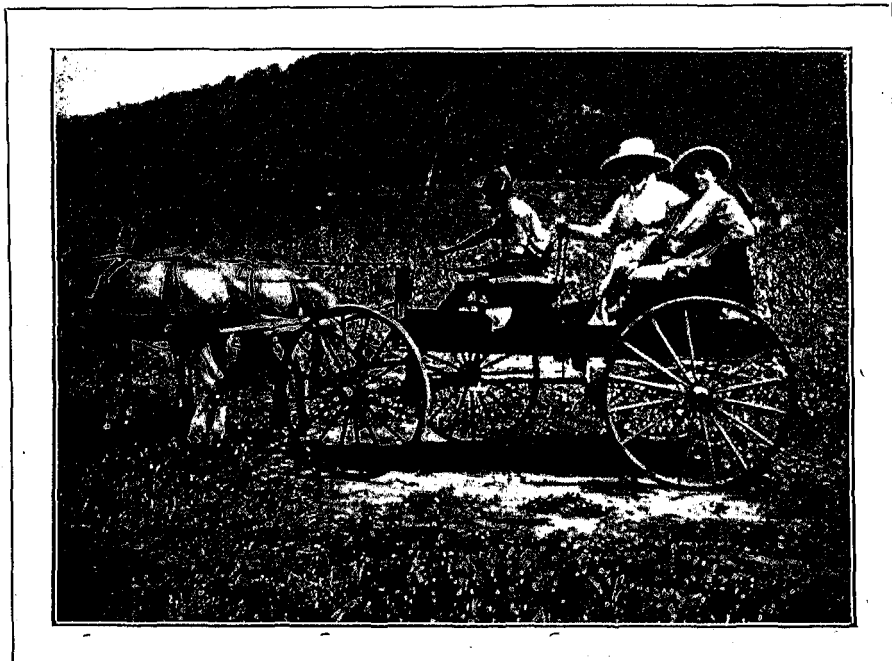
A nurse member of the committee of the First London General Hospital (City of London T.F.) at Camberwell had a happy idea. Last Christmas she sent a card of greeting to every patient in the hospital, and this year she wrote to the Lord Mayor and asked him to send a message to be inscribed on the card, to which request Sir William Soulsby at once replied that the Lord Mayor would do so, and would defray the whole cost. So on Christmas morning each sick and wounded soldier received a pretty patriotic card in red, white and blue, "To greet you right heartily," from the Lord Mayor of London, sending his best wishes for a "Happy Christmas

and a speedy convalescence," on which were inscribed the following words: "Your fighting qualities, courage and endurance have been subjected to the most trying and severe tests, and you have proved yourselves worthy descendants of the British soldiers of the past, who have built up the magnificent traditions of the regiments to which you belong."—*Lord French in an Army Order.*

A Sister writes from British East Africa:— "This is just a wee line to wish you a very happy Christmas and luck in 1917. How time flies! I did think things [the war] would be over, and I should be home by Christmas, but still the campaign goes on, and every Sister is wanted. I have just returned from a week's leave I spent at Kijabe. This used to be the health resort of B.E.A. (a kind of hydro) and kept by Germans!!!

It is now in our possession and this hotel is run as the Maharajah Scindia's Hospital—a convalescent home for officers, and about thirty Tommies. It is an ideal spot, and very hilly, as you will see by enclosed pictures. The house, beautifully situated is three miles from the station, and is a steady climb of almost 1,000 feet. One goes up in a "buck board" drawn by oxen, the road is indescribable and washed away in parts.

We climbed up to the Volcano Longonot one day—we went three-parts of the way on mules. I did not mind the going up so much, but the coming down! All the mules were in a hurry to get home. What with stones, in parts very steep, with no made path, and very long grass and thorns, you can imagine it was a somewhat exciting descent. The pictures sent show the main



ON THE ROAD TO KIJABE.

building, the officers' quarters, and the charming bungalows where the men live. They get shooting and tennis, mules for riding, and altogether thoroughly enjoy life."

This health resort of Kijabe Hill is some 40 miles north of Nairobi, and stands 7,300 feet above sea level in one of the most picturesque and healthy parts of the highlands of British East Africa. From the verandah of the hospital there is a lovely view over the Great Rift Valley, the Suswa in the distance, and on the right Lake Naivasha. It is significant that the Princes George and Konrad of Bavaria made Kijabe Hill their headquarters for their Safari. We wonder into which of our possessions the highly-placed enemy spy has not penetrated of recent years. Let us hope our Colonial Office will read, mark, and learn for the future. It would be interesting

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