

believe, but it kind of prepared me for what come next. He took the horses away and sold 'em! And her lying in her grave, and the words wrote in her will, 'My trusted servant.'

"It was three years before ever I heard a word of William or his wife, and then I met her sudden in the street. 'Cook,' she says, 'I am glad to see you. Come home long of me,' she says, 'we're quite close by, and it'll do William good to see an old friend.' It was as nice a little house as ever you see, and everything according. "Where's William?" I asked. She took me into the middle room between the parlour and the kitchen, and there was William huddled up over a fire, although it was August. He knew me the first instant, and spoke quite sensible, and I thought no worse but that he was getting over an illness, but when his wife went to make us all a cup of tea, he burst into tears. 'Cook,' he says, 'we've lost everything, every penny. You see the wretched hole we live in, and we'll be turned out on Saturday, sure as fate. There's nine weeks' rent owing and hardly a stick of furniture left, and not a bit of food in the place. But that's not the worst. I could bear it all if she weren't so cruel to me. Night and day I'm in dread of her.'

"Well, of course, I've no right to believe one part of his tale was true, when I could see with my own eyes that the other worn't, but I always did like William, till he sold them horses. Oh, it was the price of greed, and he paid it."

Nurses' Examinations in Cape Colony.

At the recent examination of nurses by the Cape Colony Medical Council the list of successful candidates was headed by Miss Martha Hartman and Miss H. H. Macaskill of the New Somerset Hospital, Cape Town, a result which must be very gratifying to the Matron, Miss Child, and the resident-surgeon, Dr. Moffat, both of whom are keenly interested in the efficiency of the nurse training school at the New Somerset. Of the other successful candidates one was from the New Somerset Hospital, eight from the Provincial Hospital, three from the Kimberley Hospital, one from Rondebosch Cottage Hospital, one from Kokstadt Hospital, one from Monte Rosa Hospital, and three from Bulawayo. Four candidates were rejected.

Cape Colony was the first to institute a system of State registration and examination of nurses. Now various countries have obtained legislation with this object, and yet others are working for it. Great Britain, alas! cannot now be first, but she can benefit by the experience of others,

How to Get to "The End of Everywhere."*



Having been asked several times to contribute something to our journal, and finding one of my own friends and former fellow workers

has summoned up courage to relate her experiences in the working field, I also, take heart of grace, and will do my best, though there seems little to tell, in spite of the fact that there is always much to do!

When first they heard I was going to Griguland East (formerly "No Man's Land" on the maps) my friends held up their hands and asked: "Why are you going to the end of Everywhere?"

And truly at first it felt lonely enough and far off enough to justify the name; but time has altered all that, and now I look forward to the long post-cart journey which hourly carries me nearer in its lumbering dusty way to my own special little corner in the great working field.

You get up at three a.m., after leaving railways and such-like land marks of civilisation behind, and are literally stowed away amidst other bag and baggage, mail-bags and post-cart impedimenta. You are only so much avoirdupois weight to be carted a certain distance. There is a happy time before you if you have an accommodating nature and love novelty, for there is never any knowing what a post-cart means to do in this part of the world.

I clambered in, and over little mountains of packed goods, over the front seat, and across feet and knees belonging to others, and finally squeezed into a small space in the back seat which I found waiting for me. The driver sounded a dreadful "Toot, toot!" on a battered brass bugle, the impatient mules jingled their harness, the whips cracked, and with a tremendous bound and jerk which shot us all over everywhere, the great, clumsy cart at length moved. Having begun, we went on at a pace calculated to thoroughly test our nerves. At first with every bump I gave my neighbour I meekly apologised, but when the sharpest point of his elbow had found the tenderest part of my body more than once, I gave it up in despair, and we agreed to keep all apologies and make one big one each to the other at the end of our journey. We soon all found the best position circumstances would allow for accommodating ourselves and each other—no easy matter cramped as we were—some sitting perched on the laden tent (which was evidently meant for any other use than that of being up and protecting us) others in little heaps on the piles of baggage, and again some squeezed into as small a space as possible on the two seats, their feet finding room amongst the baggage.

A great silence fell on us all when night began to woo day, and the wonderful dawn stole across the

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