

After tea we had a fire up in my room, and, deliciously tired, we luxuriated in dressing gowns, our own deck chairs and delightful books. Each of us had a rest cure in bed for three whole days. At the end of my three days I was so aggressively energetic that The Mac-Tab regretted it!

We went several long walks, starting about 11 a.m., and taking lunch with us. Once to Newton Abbot, where we sat on the west side of Wolborough Hill and watched the sun sink in an opal sky behind the long, impressive grey line of Dartmoor. Another day we walked to Torquay, part of the way by cliffs and shore. We stayed awhile at "sweet Babbacombe," and revelled in its beauties. Then came Anstey's Cove, most exquisite spot. On a murky London day last November an Irish girl was starting for a winter at Torquay.

"What is it like down there?" she asked.

"Oh, all blue and green, with cliffs of the loveliest pinks and crimson, white, and soft greys and yellows, with a turquoise sea, and glorious sunshine touching everything with gold," I told her. She looked incredulous. Later, I heard she found it just like that.

To walk from Torquay to Teignmouth by road, with a full moon playing on the foam-flecked sea below, on a fine, frosty November night, is an experience never to be forgotten.

We rambled in the deep, narrow lanes, finding treasures in ferns and flowers. Blackberries were plentiful, and so large and delicious. We rejoiced to despatch tin boxes of them, with a jar of Devonshire cream, to relatives in the bleak North.

At less than five shillings weekly a head we fared sumptuously. We had time to say all we wanted to say; we steeped ourselves in sunshine; we were braced by occasional gales; our nerves were soothed by the soft Devon rains; our minds were stored with dear Devon's best pictures, and at the beginning of December we returned home feeling renewed throughout.

That was twelve long years ago, and was my last holiday. But I have only to close my eyes to bring back all its joys, and to feel the tug at my heart-strings which Devon so often gives to those who know and love her.

#### HONOURABLE MENTION.

The following competitors receive honourable mention, Miss M. D. Hunter, Miss G. Robinson, Miss K. R. Richardson, Miss James, Miss M. Macfarlane, Miss O'Brien.

#### QUESTION FOR NEXT WEEK.

How would you nurse a case of acute nephritis?

## THE MATRONS' COUNCIL.



A meeting of the Matrons' Council of Great Britain and Ireland was held at the Bourne Hall Hotel, Bournemouth, on Friday July 25th. In the unavoidable and regretted absence of the President, Miss M. Heather-Bigg, Miss Forrest presided. Miss Mollett, the Hon. Secretary read a letter from the Mayor of Bournemouth regretting his inability to take the chair at the open meeting which followed the busi-

ness one, and wishing it every success. She also reported that Miss J. W. Davies Matron of the Royal Infirmary, Bradford had expressed her willingness to represent the Council on the National Council of Women of Great Britain and Ireland at the Annual Meeting to be held at Hull in October.

She also notified a very cordial invitation from Miss Pote Hunt, Matron of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Rochester, inviting the Council to meeting in that city and offering it hospitality. It was agreed to accept the invitation.

#### THE OPEN MEETING.

Miss Forrest also presided at the Open Meeting which followed, when Mrs. Bedford Fenwick spoke on the Nurses' Registration Bill, and announced letters of regret at inability to be present from Mr. Page Croft, Member of Parliament for the constituency, and Mrs. Page Croft, Dr. Simmonds, Canon Daldy, Canon Toyne, the Rev. G. P. Trevelyan, and many others.

Miss Forrest then introduced Mrs. Bedford Fenwick who, she said, had kindly come down from town to address the meeting on the subject of the State Registration of Nurses. No one was better entitled to do so, and no one knew the whole subject better.

#### THE NURSES' REGISTRATION BILL.

Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, President of the Society for the State Registration of Trained Nurses, said it was a pleasure and a privilege to speak to a meeting of nurses and their friends in Bournemouth. She said that the inspiration of the movement for State Registration of Trained Nurses was a part of the great movement which had awakened the civic conscience of women. The nursing of the sick was originally inspired

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